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BAPTIST MESSENGER:
AN
Evangelical Treasury
AND
CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FOR THE YEAR 1890.

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TO OUR READERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Thanks to the loving oversight and continuous care of our Heavenly Father, we are spared to the close of another year. The past is closed; the future is sealed; the present is ours to value and improve. We stand on the threshold of an important epoch; for this day we come to the last decade of the nineteenth century. Many changes have marked the progress of the twelvemonth now numbered with the ages which are gone. Death has entered many homes, and sorrow has troubled many hearts. Faces once familiar are no longer visible to the eye of sense; but every feature lives in the memory of those who survive. There are mental photographs in our keeping which serve to recall loved ones who are not lost but gone before. We shall rejoin them ere long, amid the radiancy and glory of the presence chamber in which the King of kings receives and welcomes the heirs of immortality. In the hope of there meeting each one of you, we wish you in the name of the Lord Jesus, and with the fullest emphasis of greeting, a very HAPPY NEW YEAR. As a contribution to your enjoyment, and as a stimulus to your growth in grace, we commend to your prayerful perusal the pages of this periodical. Arrangements have been made with several valued contributors for the supply of sterling matter from month to month. Truth will be, as hitherto, our permanent aim. The truth is always new to the believer—but, alas! the new is not always true. Be it our endeavour to adhere closely to “the faith once delivered to the saints,” and avoid, as far as possible, that philosophy falsely so-called, which delights in “teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.” What the church requires, and what the world needs, is the loving Gospel of a loving Christ proclaimed by messengers whose hearts, pens, and tongues are swayed by the all-subduing energy of God the Holy Ghost. To the Triune Jehovah be ascribed all praise for evermore.

Yours in Him,

WILLIAM ALEXANDER BLAKE,

Editor.

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Elijah's Appeal to the Undecided.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow Him : if Baal, then follow him."—1 KINGS xviii. 21.

IT was a day to be remembered, when the multitudes of Israel were assembled at the foot of Carmel, and when the solitary prophet of the Lord came forth to defy the four hundred and fifty priests of the false god. We might look upon that scene with the eye of historical curiosity, and we should find it rich with interest. Instead of so doing, however, we shall look upon it with the eye of attentive consideration, and see whether we cannot improve by its teachings. We have upon that hill of Carmel and along the plain three kinds of persons. We have first the devoted servant of Jehovah, a solitary prophet; we have on the other hand, the decided servants of the evil one, the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal : but the vast mass of that day belonged to a third class—they were those who had not fully determined whether to worship Jehovah, the God of their fathers, or Baal, the god of Jezebel. On the one hand, their ancient traditions led them to fear Jehovah, and on the other hand, their interest at court led them to bow before Baal. Many of them, therefore, were secret and half-hearted followers of Jehovah, while they were the public worshippers of Baal. The whole of them at this juncture were halting between two opinions. Elijah does not address his sermon to the priests of Baal; he will have something to say to them by-and-by, he will preach them horrible sermons in deeds of blood. Nor has he aught to say to those who are the thorough servants of Jehovah, for they are not there; but his discourse is alone directed to those who are halting between two opinions.

Now, we have these three classes here this morning. We have, I hope, a very large number who are on Jehovah's side, who fear God and serve Him; we have a number who are on the side of the evil one, who make no profession of religion, and do not observe even the outward symptoms of it; because they are both inwardly and outwardly the servants of the evil one. But the great mass of my hearers belong to the third class—the waverers. Like empty clouds they are driven hither and thither by the wind; like painted beauties, they lack the freshness of life; they have a name to live and are dead. Procrastinators, double-minded men, undecided persons, to you I speak this morning—"How long halt ye between two opinions?" May the question be answered by God's Spirit

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in your hearts, and may you be led to say, "No longer, Lord, do I halt : but this day I decide for Thee, and am Thy servant for ever !"

Let us proceed at once to the text. Instead of giving the divisions at the commencement, I will mention them one by one as I proceed.

I. First, you will note that *the prophet insisted upon the distinction which existed between the worship of Baal and the worship of Jehovah.* Most of the people who were before him thought that Jehovah was God, and that Baal was God too ; and that for this reason the worship of both was quite consistent. The great mass of them did not reject the God of their fathers wholly, nor did they bow before Baal wholly ; but as polytheists, believing in many gods, they thought both Gods might be worshipped, and each of them have a share in their hearts. "No," said the prophet when he began, "this will not do, these are *two* opinions ; you can never make them one, they are two contradictory things which cannot be combined. I tell you that instead of combining the two, which is impossible, you are halting between the two, which makes a vast difference." "I will build in my house," said one of them, "an altar for Jehovah here, and an altar for Baal there. I am of one opinion ; I believe them both to be God." "No, no," said Elijah, "it cannot be so ; they are *two*, and must be two. These things are not one opinion, but two opinions. No, you cannot unite them." Have I not many who say, "I am worldly, but I am religious too ; I can go to the Music Hall to worship God on Sunday ; I went to the Derby the other day : I go, on the one hand, to the place where I can serve my lusts ; I am to be met with in every dancing room of every description, and yet at the same time I say my prayers most devoutly. May I not be a good churchman, or a right good dissenter, and a man of the world too ? May I not, after all, hold with the hounds as well as run with the hare ? May I not love God and serve the devil too—take the pleasure of each of them, and give my heart to neither ?" We answer—Not so, they are two opinions ; you cannot do it, they are distinct and separate. Mark Antony yoked two lions to his chariot ; but there are two lions no man ever yoked together yet—the lion of the tribe of Judah and the lion of the pit. These can never go together. Two opinions you may hold in politics, perhaps, but then you will be despised by everybody, unless you are of one opinion or the other, and act as an independent man. But two opinions in the matter of soul-religion you cannot hold. If God be God, serve Him, and do it thoroughly ; but if this world be God, serve it, and make no profession of religion. If you are a wordling, and think the things of the world the best, serve them ; devote yourself to them, do not be kept back by conscience ; spite your conscience and run into sin. But remember, if the Lord be your God, you cannot have Baal too ; you must have one thing or else the other. "No man can serve two *masters*." If God be served, He will be a Master ; and if the devil be served he will not be long before he will be a master ; and "ye cannot serve two *masters*." Oh ! be wise, and think not that the two can be mingled together. How many a respectable deacon thinks that he can be covetous, and grasping in business, and grind the faces of the poor, and yet be a saint ! Oh ! liar to God and to man ! He is no saint ; he is the very chief of sinners ! How many a very excellent woman, who is received into church fellowship amongst the people of God, and thinks herself one of the elect, is to be found full of wrath and

bitterness—a slave of mischief and of sin, a tattler, a slanderer, a busy-body ; entering into other people's houses, and turning everything like comfort out of the minds of those with whom she comes in contact—and yet she is the servant of God and of the devil too ! Nay, my lady, this will never answer ; the two never can be served thoroughly. Serve your master, whoever he be. If you do profess to be religious, be so thoroughly ; if you make any profession to be a Christian be one ; but if you are no Christian, do not *pretend* to be. If you love the world, then love it ; but cast off the mask, and do not be a hypocrite. The double-minded man is of all men most despicable ; the follower of Janus, who wears two faces, and who can look with one eye upon the (so-called) Christian world with great delight, and give his subscription to the Tract Society, the Bible Society, and the Missionary Society, but who has another eye over there, with which he looks at the Casino, the Cole-hole, and other pleasures, which I do not care to mention, but which some of you may know more of than I wish to know. Such a man, I say, is worse than the most reprobate of men, in the opinion of any one who knows how to judge. Not worse in his open character, but worse really, because he is not honest enough to go through with that he professes. Tom Loker, in "Uncle Tom," was pretty near the mark when he shut the mouth of Haley, the slaveholder, who professed religion, with the following common sense remark :—"I can stand most any talk of yours, but your pious talk—that kills me right up. After all, what's the odds between me and you ? Tan't that you care one bit more, or have a bit more feelin'—it's clean, sheer, dog meanness, wanting to cheat the devil and save your own skin ; don't I see through it ? And your getting religious, as you call it, after all, is a deal too mean for me, run up a bill with the devil all your life, and then sneak out when pay time comes." And how many do the same every day in London, in England ; everywhere else ! They try to serve both masters ; but it cannot be, the two things cannot be reconciled ; God and Mammon, Christ and Belial, these never can meet ; there never can be an agreement between them, they never can be brought into unity, and why should you seek to do it ? "*Two opinions*," said the prophet. He would not allow any of his hearers to profess to worship both. "No," said he, "these are two opinions, and you are halting between the two."

II. In the second place, *the prophet calls these waverers to an account for the amount of time which they had consumed in making their choice.* Some of them might have replied, "We have not yet had an opportunity of judging between God and Baal, we have not yet had time enough to make up our minds ;" but the prophet puts away that objection, and he says, "*How long halt ye between two opinions ? How long ? For three years and a half not a drop of rain has fallen at the command of Jehovah ; is not that proof enough ? Ye have been all this time, three years and a half, expecting, till I should come, Jehovah's servant, and give you rain ; and yet, though you yourselves are starving, your cattle dead, your fields parched, and your meadows covered with dust, like the very deserts, yet all this time of judgment, and trial, and affliction, has not been enough for you to make up your minds. How long, then,*" said he, "*halt ye between two opinions ?*"

I speak not, this morning, to the thoroughly worldly ; with them I have now nothing to do ; another time I may address them. But I am now

speaking to you who are seeking to serve God and to serve Satan ; you, who are trying to be Christian worldlings, trying to be members of that extraordinary corporation, called the "religious world," which is a thing that never had an existence except in title. You are endeavouring, if you can, to make up your mind which it shall be ; you know you cannot serve both, and you are coming now to the period when you are saying, "Which shall it be ? Shall I go thoroughly into sin, and revel in the pleasures of the earth, or become a servant of God ?" Now, I say to you this morning, as the prophet did, "*How long halt ye ?*" Some of you have been halting until your hair has grown grey ; the sixtieth year of some of you is drawing nigh. Is not sixty years long enough to make your choice ? "*How long halt ye !*" Perhaps one of you may have tottered into this place, leaning on his staff, and you have been undecided up till now. Your eightieth year has come ; you have been a religious character outwardly, but a worldling truly ; you are still up to this date halting, saying, "I know not on which side to be." How long, sirs, in the name of reason, in the name of mortality, in the name of death, in the name of eternity, "*How long halt ye between two opinions ?*" Ye middle aged men, ye said when ye were youths, "When we are out of our apprenticeship we will become religious ; let us sow our wild oats in our youth, and let us then begin to be diligent servants of the Lord." Lo ! ye have come to middle age, and are waiting till that quiet villa shall be built, and ye shall retire from business, and then ye think ye will serve God. Sirs, ye said the same when ye came of age, and when your business began to increase. I therefore solemnly demand of you, "How long halt ye between two opinions ?" How much time do you want ? Oh ! young man, thou saidst in thine early childhood, when a mother's prayer followed thee, "I will seek God when I come to manhood ;" and thou hast passed that day ; thou art a man, and more than that, and yet thou art halting still. "How long halt ye between two opinions ?" How many of you have been church-goers and chapel-goers for years ? Ye have been impressed, too, many a time ; but ye have wiped the tears from your eyes, and have said, "I will seek God and turn to Him with full purpose of heart ;" and you are now just where you were. How many more sermons do you want ? How many more Sundays must roll away wasted ? How many warnings, how many sicknesses, how many tollings of the bell to warn you that you must die ? How many graves must be dug for your family before you will be impressed ? How many plagues and pestilences must ravage this city before you will turn to God in truth ? "How long halt ye between two opinions ?" Would God you could answer this question, and not allow the sands of life to drop, drop, drop from the glass, saying, "When the next goes I will repent, and yet that next one findeth you impenitent. You say, "When the glass is just so low, I will turn to God." No, sir, no ; it will not answer for thee to talk so ; for thou mayest find thy glass empty before thou thoughtest it had begun to run low, and thou mayest find thyself in eternity when thou didst but think of repenting and turning to God. How long, ye grey heads, how long, ye men of ripe years, how long, ye youths and maidens, how long will ye be in this undecided, unhappy state ? "*How long halt ye between two opinions ?*"

Thus we have brought you so far. We have noted that there are two opinions, and we have asked the question, how long time you want to

decide. One would think the question would require very little time, if time were all ; if the will were not biassed to evil and contrary to good, it would require no more time than the decision of a man who has to choose a halter or life, wealth or poverty ; and if we were wise, it would take no time at all ; if we understood the things of God, we should not hesitate, but say at once, "Now God is my God, and that for ever."

III. But *the prophet charges these people with the absurdity of their position.* Some of them said, "What ! prophet, may we not continue to halt between two opinions ? We are not desperately irreligious, so we are better than the profane ; certainly we are not thoroughly pious ; but, at any rate, a little piety is better than none, and the mere profession of it keeps us decent, let us try both !" "Now," says the prophet, "how long halt ye !" or, if you like to read it so, "how long *limp* ye between two opinions ?" (how long *wriggle* ye between two opinions ? would be a good word if I might employ it). He represents them as like a man whose legs are entirely out of joint ; he first goes on one side, and then on the other, and cannot go far either way. I could not describe it without putting myself into a most ludicrous posture, "How long *limp* ye between two opinions !" The prophet laughs at them, as it were. And is it not true, that a man who is neither one thing nor another is in a most absurd position ? Let him go among the worldlings ; they laugh under their sleeve, and say, "That is one of the Exeter Hall saints," or "That is one of the elect." Let him go among the Christian people, those that are saints, and they say, "However a man can be so inconsistent, however he can come in our midst one day, and the next be found in such-and-such society, we cannot tell." Methinks even the devil himself must laugh at such a man in scorn. "There," says he, "I am everything that is bad ; I do sometimes pretend to be an angel of light, and put on that garb ; but you do really excel me in every respect, for I do it to get something by it, but you do not get anything by it. You do not have the pleasures of this world, and you do not have the pleasures of religion either ; you have the fears of religion without its hopes ; you are afraid to do wrong and yet you have no hope of heaven ; you have the duties of religion without the joys ! you have to do just as religious people do, and yet there is no heart in the matter ; you have to sit down, and see the table all spread before you, and then you have not power to eat a single morsel of the precious dainties of the gospel." It is just the same with the world ; you dare not go into this or that mischief that brings joy to the wicked man's heart ; you think of what society would say. We do not know what to make of you. I might describe you, if I might speak as the Americans do, but I will not. Ye are half one thing and half the other. You come into the society of the saints, and try to talk as they talk ; but you are like a man who has been taught French in some day-school in England ; he makes a queer sort of Frenchified English, and Englishised French, and everyone laughs at him. The English laugh at him for trying to do it, and the French laugh at him for failing in it. If you spoke your own language, if you just spoke out as a sinner, if you professed to be what you are, you would at least get the respect of one side ; but now you are rejected by one class, and equal rejected by the other. You come into our midst, we cannot receive you ; you go amongst worldlings, they reject you too ; you are too good for them, and too bad for for us. Where are you to be put ? If there

were a purgatory, that would be the place for you ; where you might be tossed on the one side into ice, and on the other into the burning fire, and that for ever. But as there is no such place as purgatory, and as you really are a servant of Satan, and not a child of God, take heed, take heed, how long you stay in a position so absurdly ridiculous. At the day of judgment, wavering men will be the scoff and the laughter even of hell. The angels will look down in scorn upon the man who was ashamed to own his Master thoroughly, while hell itself will ring with laughter. When that grand hypocrite shall come there—that undecided man, they will say, “Aha ! we have to drink the dregs, but above them there were sweets, you have only the dregs. You dared not go into the riotous and boisterous mirth of our youthful days, and now you have come here with us, to drink the same dregs ; you have the punishment without the pleasure.” Oh ! how foolish will even the damned call you, to think that you halted between two opinions ! “How long limp ye, wriggle ye, walk ye in an absurd manner, between two opinions ?” In adopting either opinion, you would at least be consistent ; but in trying to hold both, to seek to be both one and the other, and not knowing which to decide upon, you are limping between two opinions. I think a good translation is a very different one from that of the authorised version—“How long hop ye upon two sprays ?” So the Hebrew has it. Like a bird, which perpetually flies from bough to bough, and is never still. If it keeps on doing this, it will never have a nest. And so with you ; you keep leaping between two boughs, from one opinion to the other ; and so between the two you get no rest for the sole of your foot, no peace, no joy, no comfort, but are just a poor miserable thing all your life long.

IV. We have brought you thus far, then ; we have shown you the absurdity of this halting. Now, very briefly, the next point in my text is this. The multitude who had worshipped Jehovah and Baal, and who were now undecided, might reply, “*But how do you know that we do not believe that Jehovah is God ? How do you know we are not decided in opinion ?*” The prophet meets this objection by saying, “I know you are not decided in opinion, because *you are not decided in practice.* If God be God, *follow Him* ; if Baal, *follow him*. You are not decided in practice.” Men’s opinions are not such things as we imagine. It is generally said now-a-days, that all opinions are right, and if a man shall honestly hold his convictions, he is, without doubt, right. Not so ; truth is not changed by our opinions ; a thing is either true or false of itself, and it is neither made true nor false by our views of it. It is for us, therefore, to judge carefully, and not to think that any opinion will do. Besides, opinions have influence upon the conduct, and if a man have a wrong opinion, he will, most likely, in some way or other, have wrong conduct, for the two usually go together. “Now,” said Elijah, “that you are not the servants of God, is quite evident, for you do not follow Him ; that you are not thoroughly servants of Baal either, is quite evident, for you do not follow him.” Now I address myself to you again. Many of you are not the servants of God ; you do not follow Him ; you follow Him a certain distance in the form, but not in the spirit ; you follow Him on Sundays, but what do you do on Mondays ? You follow Him in religious company, in evangelical drawing-rooms, and so on ; but what do you do in other society ? You do not follow Him. And, on the other hand, you

do not follow Baal ; you go a little way with the world, but there is a place to which you dare not go ; you are too respectable to sin as others sin, or to go the whole way of the world. Ye dare not go the utmost lengths of evil. "Now," says the prophet, twitting them upon this—"if the Lord be God, follow Him. Let your conduct be consistent with your opinions ; if you believe the Lord to be God, carry it out in your daily life ; be holy, be prayerful, trust in Christ, be faithful, be upright, be loving ; give your whole heart to God and follow Him. If Baal be God, them follow him ; but do not pretend to follow the other." Let your conduct back up your opinion ; if you really think that the follies of this world are the best, and believe that a fine fashionable life, a life of frivolity and gaiety, flying from flower to flower, getting honey from none, is the most desirable, carry it out. If you think the life of the debauchee is so very desirable, if you think his end is to be much wished for, if you think his pleasures are right, follow them. Go the whole way with them. If you believe that to cheat in business is right, put it up over your door—"I sell trickery goods here ;" or if you do not say it to the public, tell your conscience so ; but do not deceive the public ; do not call the people to prayers, when you are opening a "British Bank." If you mean to be religious, follow out your determination thoroughly ; but if you mean to be worldly, go the whole way with the world. Let your conduct follow out your opinions. Make your life tally with your profession. Carry out your opinions whatever they be. But you dare not ; you are too cowardly to sin as others do, honestly before God's sun ; your conscience will not let you do it ; and yet you are just so fond of Satan, that you dare not leave him wholly and become thoroughly the servants of God. Oh ! do let your character be like your profession ; either keep up your profession, or give it up : do be one thing or the other.

V. And now the prophet cries, "If the Lord be God, follow Him ; if Baal, then follow him, and in so doing *he states the grounds of his practical claim.*" Let your conduct be consistent with your opinions. There is another objection raised by the crowd. "Prophet," says one, "thou comest to demand a practical proof of our affection ; thou sayest, Follow God. Now, if I believe God to be God, and that is my opinion, yet I do not see what claim He has to my opinions." Now, mark how the prophet put it ; he says, "*If God be God follow Him.*" The reason why I claim that you should follow out your opinion concerning God is, that God is God ; God has a claim upon you, as creatures, for your devout obedience. One person replies, "What profit should I have, if I served God thoroughly ? Should I be more happy ? Should I get on better in this world ? Should I have more peace of mind ?" Nay, nay, that is a secondary consideration. The only question for you is, "If God be God follow Him." Not if it be more advantageous to you ; but, "if *God be God follow Him.*" The secularist would plead for religion on the ground that religion might be the best for this world, and best for the world to come. Not so with the prophet ; he says, "I do not put it on that ground, I insist that it is your bounden duty, if you believe in God, simply because he is God, to serve Him and obey Him. I do not tell you it is for your advantage—it may be, I believe it is—but that I put aside from the question ; I demand of you that you follow God, if you believe Him to be God. If you do not think He is God ; if you really think that the devil

is God then follow him ; his pretended godhead shall be your plea, and you shall be consistent ; but if God be God, if He made you, I demand that you serve Him ; if it is He who puts the breath into your nostrils, I demand that you obey Him. If God be really worthy of worship, and you really think so, I demand that you either follow Him, or else deny that He is God at all." Now, professor, if thou sayest that Christ's gospel is the gospel, if thou believest in the divinity of the gospel, and puttest thy trust in Christ, I demand of thee to follow out the gospel, not merely because it will be to thy advantage, but because the gospel is divine. If thou makest a profession of being a child of God, if thou art a believer, and thinkest and believest religion is the best, the service of God the most desirable, I do not come to plead with thee because of any advantage thou wouldst get by being holy ; it is on this ground that I put it, that the Lord is God ; and if He be God, it is thy business to serve Him. If His gospel be true, and thou believest it to be true, it is thy duty to carry it out. If thou sayest Christ is not the Son of God, carry out thy Jewish or thy infidel convictions, and see whether it will end well. If thou dost not believe Christ to be the Son of God, if thou art a Mahometan, be consistent, carry out thy Mahometan convictions, and see whether it will end well. But, take heed, take heed ! If, however, thou sayest God is God, and Christ the Saviour, and the gospel true ; I demand of thee only on this account, that thou carry it out. What a strong plea some would think the prophet might have had, if he had said, "God is your father's God, therefore follow Him !" But no, he did not come down to that ; he said, "If God be God—I do not care whether He be your father's God or not—follow Him." "Why do you go to chapel ?" says one, "and not to church ?" "Because my father and grandfather were dissenters." Ask a churchman, very often, why he attends the establishment. "Well our family were always brought up to it ; that is why I go." Now, I do think that the worst of all reasons for a particular religion, is that of our being brought up to it. I never could see that at all. I have attended the house of God with my father and my grandfather ; but I thought when I read the Scriptures that it was my business to judge for myself. I know that my father and my grandfather take little children in their arms, and put drops of water on their faces, and say they are baptised. I took up my Bible, and I could not see anything about babes being baptised. I picked up a little Greek ; and I could not discover that the word "baptised" meant to sprinkle ; so I said to myself, "Suppose they were good men, they may be wrong ; and though I love and revere them, yet it is no reason why I should imitate them !" And they counted me right, when they knew of my honest conviction ; and it was quite right for me to act according to my conviction ; for I consider the baptism of an unconscious infant is just as foolish as the baptism of a ship or a bell ; for there is as much Scripture for one as the other. And therefore I left them, and became what I am to-day, a Baptist minister, so called, but I hope a great deal more a Christian than a Baptist. It is seldom I mention it ; I only do so by way of illustration here. Many a one will go to chapel because his grandmother did. Well, she was a good old soul, but I do not see that she ought to influence your judgment. "That does not signify," says one, "I do not like to leave the church of my fathers." No more do I ; I would rather belong to the same denomi-

nation with my father ; I would not wilfully differ from any of my friends, or leave their sect and denomination ; but let God be above our parents ; though our parents are at the very top of our hearts, and we love them and reverence them, and in all other matters pay them strict obedience, yet, with regard to religion, to our own Master we stand or fall, and we claim to have the right of judging for ourselves as men, and then we think it our duty, having judged, to carry out our convictions. Now I am not going to say, "If God be your mother's God, serve Him." Though that would be a very good argument with some of you ; but with you waverers, the only plea I use is, "If God be God, serve Him ;" if the gospel be right, believe it ; if a religious life be right, carry it out ; if not, give it up. I only put my argument on Elijah's plea—"If God be God, follow Him ; but if Baal, then follow him."

VI. And now I make my appeal to the halters and waverers, with some questions, which I pray the Lord to apply. Now I will put this question to them : "*How long halt ye ?*" I will tell them ; ye will halt between two opinions, all of you who are undecided, *until God shall answer by fire*. Fire was not what these poor people wanted that were assembled there. When Elijah says, that "The God that answereth by fire let Him be God," I fancy I hear some of them saying, "No ; the God that answereth by water let Him be God ; we want rain badly enough." "No," said Elijah, "if rain should come, you would say that it was the common course of providence ; and that would not decide you." I tell you, all the providences that befall you undecided ones will not decide you. God may surround you with providences ; He may surround you with frequent warnings from the death-bed of your fellows ; but providences will never decide you. It is not the God of rain, but the God of fire that will do it. There are two ways in which you undecided ones will be decided by-and-by. You that are decided for God will want no decision ; you that are decided for Satan will want no decision ; you are on Satan's side, and must dwell for ever in eternal burning. But these undecided ones want something to decide them, and will have either one of the two things ; they will either have the fire of God's Spirit to decide them, or else the fire of eternal judgment, and that will decide them. I may preach to you, my hearers ; and all the ministers in the world may preach to you that are wavering, but you will never decide for God through the force of your own will. None of you, if left to your natural judgment, to the use of your own reason, will ever decide for God. You may decide for Him merely as an outward form, but not as an inward spiritual thing, which should possess your heart as a Christian, as a believer in the doctrine of effectual grace. I know that none of you will ever decide for God's gospel, unless God decide you ; and I tell you that you must either be decided by the descent of the fire of His Spirit into your hearts now, or else in the day of judgment. Oh ! which shall it be ? Oh ! that the prayer might be put up by the thousand lips that are here : "Lord, decide me now by the fire of Thy Spirit ; oh ! let Thy Spirit descend into my heart, to burn up the bullock, that I may be a whole burnt offering to God ; to burn up the wood and the stones of my sin ; to burn up the very dust of worldliness ; ah, and to lick up the water of my impiety, which now lieth in the trenches, and my cold indifference, that seek to put out the sacrifice."

"O make this heart rejoice or ache!—
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be."

"O sovereign grace, my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too;
A willing captive to my Lord,
To sing the triumphs of His word."

And it may be, that whilst I speak, the mighty fire, unseen by men, and unfelt by the vast majority of you, shall descend into some heart which has of old been dedicated to God by His divine election, which is now like an altar broken down, but which God, by His free grace, will this day build up. Oh! I pray that that influence may enter into some hearts, that there may be some go out of this place, saying—

" 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to obey the voice divine."

Now rest my undivided heart, fixed on this stable centre rest. Oh! that many may say that! But remember, if it be not so, the day is coming *dies iræ*, the day of wrath and anger, when ye shall be decided of God; when the firmament shall be lit up with lightnings, when the earth shall roll with drunken terror, when the pillars of the universe shall shake, and God shall sit in the person of His Son, to judge the world in righteousness. You will not be undecided then, when, "Depart, ye cursed," or, "Come, ye blessed," shall be your doom. There will be no indecision then, when ye shall meet Him with joy or else with terror—when, "Rocks hide me, mountains on me fall," shall be your doleful shriek; or else your joyful song shall be, "The Lord is come." In that day you will be decided; but till then, unless the living fire of the Holy Spirit decides you, you will go on halting between two opinions. May God grant you His Holy Spirit, that you may turn unto Him and be saved!

WE are told that during the American war, when the North was meeting with reverses, Abraham Lincoln came down to a meeting of Congress with a heavy heart. The load on his mind was almost unbearable. At the close of the sitting, Phillip Phillips sang that noble song, "Your Mission," and Abraham Lincoln's eyes filled with tears when he came to this part—

"If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead."

So affected was he, that he wrote on a piece of paper, "Ask Mr. Phillips to sing that song again." He did so, and it was noted that from that day the cause of the Union prospered, and the victory began to be won for freedom.

Cloud and Sunshine; or, All Things Working for Good.

CHAPTER I.—TWO VIEWS OF LIFE.

THE story I purpose telling is one which I hope will prove interesting to all thinking persons. I am now an old man. On my last birthday I reached the "threescore years and ten" which the Psalmist refers to as being the allotted period of human life. And to tell the truth I begin to feel as if I were getting old. My hair has grown grey and is very thin; I have to use glasses in order to read small print; my lungs puff and pant if I attempt to walk fast up hill; and I soon grow tired after a little extra exertion. But though I feel older in body, happily I cannot say that I feel so in mind. With the exception that I am apt to forget names and dates, my mental faculties seem as vigorous as ever. For this I feel very thankful. A sound healthy brain at seventy years of age is indeed something to feel grateful for. How many long before that period, well nigh worn out in mind, have drivelled into the imbecility of second childhood! Worse even than this; how many have been stricken down with paralysis, and with their stiff torpid limbs have been for months and years with enfeebled mental powers fixed to the arm-chair or the bed, dependent upon external aid for being either moved or fed? So if I am under the cloud of advancing age, yet in a large measure I still live in the enjoyment of the sunshine of health of body and vigour of mind, for which I would say, "Bless the Lord, O

my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

But if this were all that I could say, I fear that I should still come very short. What about the soul? How fares that in the sight of its Maker? Is it a saved soul, or a lost soul? If saved, is it healthy or sickly? Is it spiritually prosperous, or in a declining state? One reads of Gaius that the apostle John "wished above all things that he might prosper and be in health, as his soul prospered." Such a healthy Christian as this is rarely to be met with. If some only prospered in body in exact proportion as they prosper spiritually in soul they would be miserable wrecks of humanity; objects of pity to all with whom they come in contact. So feeble are they spiritually that before God they live but a dying life. But so rich a soul was this of Gaius, that if he did but prosper in business and in bodily health as he did in his soul, commercially he would be making his fortune, and he would be free from all the ills that pertain to diseased humanity. What then have I to say about my soul's state? Well, far be it from me to boast, but to the praise and glory of God, I can say honestly that, to a certain extent, my soul does prosper. I know very well that my shortcomings are numerous, that my infirmities often weigh me down and that my sins of thought, word, and deed call daily for the application of that precious "blood which cleanseth from all sin." But, praised be the Lord, I know more than this. With Paul I can say, "I know

Whom I have believed." I know without the shadow of a doubt that God is my Father; that Christ is my Saviour and Master; that the Holy Spirit is my sanctifier and guide; that the Gospel is my never failing comfort and support; that the Lord's service is my delight; and that whenever I am called hence heaven will be my home for ever. In this faith I live; and with this faith I can die. Without such a faith I can safely affirm that all my temporal benefits would leave me desolate and forlorn; but with it I feel now, as I have felt nearly all the years of my long life, that, say what gloomy people may to the contrary, in spite of all life's sorrows, conflicts, disappointments and cares, to the Christian "life is worth living."

And this brings me at once to my point. Why do I sit down to write my history? Because it is such a remarkable one? Not exactly. That I shall have much to relate that is remarkable I have no doubt; but the object I have in view is of a different character altogether.

What kind of an age is the age we live in? It is indisputably above all past ages of the world, an age of refinement and luxury. The facilities for obtaining fleshly enjoyment were never so numerous as they are to-day. The progress of civilisation, of commerce, of art and science, has done much to place within man's reach all that can in a material sense possibly make him happy and content. But is this universally or even generally the case? Strange to state, when according to this view men should be universally happy, one of the most popular questions of the day has been put and widely discussed: "Is life worth living?" That this is the case, the following extract from a learned writer will prove. "It is,"

he says, "certainly singular that the very same Pessimism which has prevailed so widely and so long in the East should be revived in the nineteenth century among the most educated and advanced peoples of Europe. How is it to be explained that an age of enlightenment, of wide-spread education, of unexampled material, mechanical and scientific progress, of political energy, of social liberty, of missionary enterprise, should give birth to so strange a product? In a state of society stationary, dull, unentertaining, such a phenomenon would appear explicable if not natural. But in the nations of western Europe there seems so much scope for activity, so much appreciation of mental power, so much room for progress, and so much stimulus to hope, that Pessimism seems altogether out of place. Especially is this so when we consider the vitality and the growth of Christianity which, notwithstanding repeated and powerful attacks, does far more than hold its own in the moral conflict of the world. However, the fact must be acknowledged, and the issue must be faced." As this learned writer affirms, it certainly is singular that when in all these aspects it must be conceded the world has increased a hundred-fold its facilities for making life happy and joyous, at this time above all others this question regarding the utility of life should have been raised. But, singular as it is, the fact is patent, and therefore the admission of the fact raised another question based upon its acknowledgment, How comes it to pass that in such an advanced age, and among the most civilised peoples such a question could become popular? and that question must be looked at from two opposite points of view.

First, in order to answer it fairly,

it will be best to give its answer from the sceptical Pessimist's standpoint. As a disbeliever in a personal God as the moral ruler of the universe, in a Divine providence, in a supernatural revelation, in immortality, or in a future state of rewards and punishments, to him everything is awry. Here, for instance, is one of his statements: "The universe is an enigma. The sufferings of mankind exceed all good that men experience. Progress, or, as we call it, civilisation, instead of lightening men's sufferings increases them, since it enlarges man's capacities for suffering without proportionately augmenting his means of enjoyment." Now let a man really believe this, then it is but natural for him to conclude that life is not worth living. Let whatever good arise, he tells us it only produces greater evil. If so, the legitimate deduction is that barbarism is preferable to civilisation; that death is preferable to life; and that suicide is man's best refuge from the ills of existence.

That in making this deduction I am not saying too much, I will prove by quoting other extracts from the same pessimistic sceptical creed. The writer says: "The end of human existence is suffering." "The life of man is a struggle for existence with the certainty of being conquered." "A voyage in which there is before every mariner the sure prospect of shipwreck." "It is the superior knowledge of man which renders his life more rich in suffering than that of the animals." "When we consider the suffering on this planet, we see that the moon, where there is no life, is preferable to the earth." "Accustom yourself to consider this world as a penal colony." "The world, and, consequently, man are such that they ought not to exist." "A man should

not address his neighbour as Sir! but as My fellow-sufferer!" "Considering life under the aspect of its objective worth, it is at least doubtful whether it is preferable to nothingness, and I would even say that, if experience and reflection could make themselves heard, it is in favour of nothingness that they would raise their voice." "The life of man oscillates like a pendulum between suffering and weariness." These quotations are of themselves sufficient to show the Pessimist's gloomy standpoint; and who, after reading them, would desire to ally himself with such a fraternity?

To such a gloomy view of human life it is, perhaps, needless to say I am totally opposed. That there is enough misery, suffering and wickedness of all kinds in the world to make the heart ache; that inscrutable and even painful mystery often surround the providence of God; that wickedness frequently triumphs while righteousness is trampled under foot; and that, as things are constituted, the innocent often suffer for the acts of the guilty, I candidly admit. But I hold that so far from the pessimistic view being correct, the real facts of the case, looked at in their issue and in the light of Christian truth, prove to demonstration that the gloomy theory is utterly false. I believe, as it has been well said, that, "Let a just and impartial mind carefully consider the enjoyments, the comforts, the opportunities of healthful exercise of body and of mind which this life affords; and let him then compare them with life's inevitable evils, with sickness, suffering, distressing weariness, privation, and disappointment, — and the result will be a conviction that the good in the majority of cases far outweighs the evil. This seems esta-

blished by the fact that those who complain so bitterly of life are nevertheless usually most unwilling to part with it. They hold it dear, and use every method to prolong it." This being so, the indisputability of the fact utterly demolishes the pessimistic theory.

A pathetic incident that occurred to me in early life was, so far as I can remember, the first thing that led me to take this bright view of human existence. When I was about seven years of age my dear little brother Edgar died. He was a bright, cheerful, handsome, ruddy cheeked boy, with sweet blue eyes, and light brown hair, bidding fair to live a long life. But smitten suddenly with a fatal disease, at the age of four years, in less than a week he died. Mild and lovable, he won the admiration of all with whom he came in contact, and therefore our sudden loss was severely felt. As he lay in his little coffin I stood by my mother's side as she bent over the cold but beautiful face, kissing it, and weeping as if her agony was great. In unison with her I wept too. At last feeling very rebellious that my sweet little playmate should thus rudely be torn away from us all, I said, "Mother, don't you think God very cruel to take our dear Edgar from us?" Never shall I forget my mother's look. In spite of her bitter grief, she seemed shocked at the question. But quickly wiping away her tears, she took me lovingly by the hand, and said : "No, Harry, God is not cruel : He is very kind, and has taken our darling Edgar to heaven, where he is better off than he ever could be in this world." "Then why, mother," I asked, "if he is better off, do you cry?" "Because," she replied, "I feel the loss, my dear boy ; still I know that our loss is his gain,"

and then, further to instruct me, she repeated the following beautiful lines, which she evidently knew by heart :—

"I am almost there,"
Said a dying child,
As he upward looked,
And sweetly smiled,
"The happy homes
Of the blest I see,
And an angel band
Awaiting me.

"I am almost there,
But do not weep—
In a Saviour's arms
It is sweet to sleep,"
And he closed his eyes,
And gently placed
His folded hands
Across his breast.

"I am almost there,
Sweet Jesus, now,"
And the damps of death
O'erspread his brow ;
And his brightening features
Almost smiled,
As we wept beside
The dying child.

"You see, Harry," she said, "the parents and others wept, but there was no weeping on the part of the dear dying child. He could hear Jesus calling him to be with Him in the happy home, all flooded with light and glory, and therefore he longed to be gone. And it was just so with our dear Edgar. Don't you remember, Harry, that just as he was passing away, and we thought by his breathing that he was nearly gone, he slowly opened his eyes, looked up with a fixed gaze, and then with a smile closed them once more, and quietly breathed his last? Ah! I believe that he saw the angels coming to carry his spirit swifter than the lightning's flash to the far-off land, and so he longed to go. The mother weeps, Harry, for her loss, because she cannot help

weeping; but, after all, when she thinks where her dear little boy is, she would not have him recalled again to earth. No! no! he is better off by far, with Jesus, and the spirits of the just made perfect."

The impressions made on my mind on this occasion were not destined to pass quickly away. Though rebellious at first at the bereavement, believing from my mother's statement that in taking my dear little brother away, God had done the best He could do for him, I felt resigned ultimately to the painful dispensation, and used often to picture in my childish imagination the joys that surrounded the ransomed spirit as, with millions of little spirits like himself, he worshipped and served the Lamb once slain. In this case I was led to see that the brightest sunshine succeeded the dark cloud; and I thought that as it was in this instance so it might be in myriads more. Although, therefore, I had not as yet professed to give my heart to the Saviour, the Christian teaching imparted by my dear mother and the Bible gave me consolation that scepticism could not have supplied. Had my bereaved

parent been a gloomy Pessimist, and therefore in answer to my enquiries have told me that we should never see my little brother again, that death was the last of him, and that stern Fate had ruthlessly torn him away from us for ever, my anger would not have been appeased, and the bereavements and sorrows of life would have appeared to me as terrible calamities from which there was no appeal, and to which there was no bright side whatever. Here, then, in my early days, when I knew nothing about creeds, pessimistic or otherwise, by this painful dispensation a lesson was taught me, which in after years led me to take a view of life that largely contributed to promote both my happiness and usefulness; and if the reader will kindly and patiently follow me while relating the details of my narrative, he will find by what I am favoured to recite, that this was only one of many instances in which I proved that "life is worth living" to those who "love God," and who therefore realise that, through "cloud and sunshine," "all things work together for good."

(To be continued.)

A GERMAN clergyman once undertook to preach some sermons on "The Prodigal Son." He got through two or three of them, and then he made a discovery. What was it? "Ah, my friends," said he, "I've found out that I am the prodigal son myself!" This is just where we must be brought. We must take the sinner's place if we would be saved.—DR. MACKAY.

A crow ready to die with thirst flew with joy to a pitcher which he beheld at some distance. When he came he found water in it, indeed, but so near the bottom that with all his stooping and straining he was not able to reach it. Then he endeavoured to overturn the pitcher, so that at last he might be able to get a little of it; but his strength was not sufficient for this. At last, seeing some pebbles lie near the place, he cast them one by one into the pitcher, and thus by degrees raised the water up to the very brim, and so satisfied his thirst. The application is easily seen. Many things which cannot be effected by strength or by the common way of enterprise, may yet be brought about by some new and untried means.—ÆSOP.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE.

(1 Kings iii. 5—15.)

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS FOR THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I am spared once more, on this special occasion, at the commencement of another year. I have many times addressed you on topics taken from the Bible, which indeed is the best of all books, because it is God's revelation to man. In the Bible it tells us how we were created, and man's fall, and the promise of a Saviour. Well, I must say, first of all, how time passes on, how soon the years pass away, what changes there are every year! Yes, everything is changing in this sublunary state. But there is One who never, never changes; He is the "same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." We have taken this subject for our consideration which heads this address.

When Solomon went to sleep one night, the Lord came to him and asked him what He should give him. The Lord said, "Tell Me what I shall give thee." Perhaps many would have asked for fame, riches, honour. Solomon chose wisdom. We read in Proverbs iv. 7 these words: "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom." It was an invaluable thing to choose, especially for a great ruler, and especially when it was the right kind of wisdom, the wisdom which God gives. Our rulers, magistrates, and statesmen need the guidance and wisdom which cometh down from above.

My dear young friends, many I fear do not think about the chief concern, that is the first thing. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." Many put off this important matter—this important question—"What must I do to be saved?" They say, as it were, "Go thy way this time, perhaps another time I will think about it." Thus we find multitudes make sad shipwreck and founder on the rocks of procrastination. You will see at once that this is not true wisdom, at any rate not the advice given you by the sacred Scriptures—not the advice given you by your Sunday school teachers. I want you, without any further delay, to consider this question. What choice are you going to make? Do not put off this question, especially now, at the commencement of another year. Who are you going to choose? There are two masters—the *Lord* and *Satan*. I want you to choose the best Master. This will be a wise choice. Jesus will indeed be an ever-loving Friend—an unchangeable Friend—a faithful Friend. I hope you will be led to seek Him early. May you pray to Him to help you to give Him your youth, and consecrate your life in His service. This will, I can assure you, be a happy choice; you will bring pleasure to your soul. I know you will never regret the choice. It will indeed be a wise one. Let me say, if you were to have everything pertaining to this life, and not have the love of Christ in your heart, you would be in a foolish state. You would be like a man who had built his house on the sand; or like the man who made

more room to bestow his goods, but made no provision for his never-dying soul.

Oh, dear young friends, I hope your choice will be wiser ; and may God guide, bless, and save you ; then, indeed, it will be a happy New Year.

THOMAS HEATH.

Sunday School Superintendent.
Plymouth.

PIONEERS OF THE CROSS.

No. III.—THOMAS J. COMBER.

By REV. JAMES J. ELLIS.

THOMAS JAMES COMBER, one of the most heroic and successful missionary pioneers of our time, was born on the 7th of November, 1852, in Camberwell, London. His parents were pious people, but his conversion and consecration to missionary service may be directly traced to the influence of his Sunday-school teacher. Indeed, it was in response to an appeal from this gentleman that young Comber resolved to devote his life to missionary service. His teacher wisely counselled him to keep this great purpose steadily before his mind, and to work hard until he was able to realise it.

Both counsels he steadily and persistently followed, and one of his tutors at the evening classes which he attended, said of him at this period of his life—"I felt about him that he meant to advance, and to advance altogether." In the year 1871, at the age of nineteen years, Thomas Comber entered Regent's Park College. Perhaps the best test of a man's piety is the impression left by him upon the minds of his companions. Of Thomas Comber, one of his fel-

low students says—"He had a true missionary's love for the lost : he was always seeking souls." The ordinary duties of a student left him but little leisure, but the restless activity of Comber induced him to commence a service for children in Camden Road Chapel. This service was held on Wednesday evenings, and with wonderful success. The children not only loved their teacher, but they learned to love their teacher's Saviour, and thus, while preparing for his life work in Africa, Thomas Comber obtained a present success which was scarcely less remarkable than his triumphs abroad.

The last year of his college course was devoted to a study of medicine and surgery, and in October, 1875, he was set apart for the great purposes of missionary labour. This dedication service was held in Plymouth, and shortly afterwards he started for Africa. He reached the Dark Continent on the 5th of December, 1875. There Comber was located in Victoria, Cameroons, on the east coast, and there he received his first initiation into missionary perils.

The spirit in which he entered upon his new sphere of labour appears in his own words. "My first desire," he says, "is to do my duty as His servant. I want to be faithful, and I want success because I want to succeed in the work my Father has given me to do. I trust I am His first—entirely and exclusively His—if He wants to honour me by choosing me to absolute sacrifice, as far as the dearest relationships of life are concerned, for instance. I am glad to say I never feel any fear or timidity, nor any hopelessness about anything however difficult." After a time Mr. Comber was sent to explore San Salvador. He started for that place

on the 27th of November, 1878. His reception there was of the most cordial character, and he returned home to England to report his discoveries to the Society.

During this visit to England Mr. Comber was married to the daughter of his former Sunday-school teacher. Soon after his arrival at Salvador, Comber was called upon to spare his young wife, for Christ took her to Himself. The widower bitterly felt this bereavement. "But," said he, "the life I have chosen gives me the arm of the Heavenly Father above to lean upon, and faith needs to be stronger than with you in England."

Weeping did not intermit his sorrowing. While he bitterly bewailed the loss of his wife, Thomas Comber resolutely pursued his purpose. This was to penetrate into the interior of Africa, using San Salvador as the basis from whence the crowded interior of the continent could be reached. During one of these attempts he nearly lost his life, but this peril did not deter him from pressing on. At length by dauntless perseverance Stanley Port was reached; from thence a long stretch of waterway rendered the swarming interior easily accessible to the missionaries. In July, 1882, Thomas Comber reached Stanley Port, where he received a hearty welcome from the white men who were already there.

The mission steamer *Peru* was successfully launched, and Comber went in her into the unknown country before him. This voyage lasted five weeks.

In January, 1885, Thomas Comber once more returned home, but before he had been a month in England he heard that his younger brother Sydney, a brother not long before come out to Africa, had died. "He has not made a mistake," said

Thomas, speaking of his Master, "He has not blundered Some of us, had we ten lives, would cheerfully lay them all down at our Master's feet for work in Africa!"

In this spirit he went back to the Congo, and there to his inexpressible joy he baptized the first Congo convert on the 29th March, 1886.

Then came the end. His constitution, weakened by the eleven years of unceasing effort and strain, gave way, and on the 27th of June, 1887, he also went to his rest.

During his sleep he was heard to repeat—

"O Christ, Thou art the Fountain,
The deep wellspring of love,
The springs of earth I've tasted."

Then he went to drink of the river of the water of life!

Richmond, Surrey.

OUR HYMNS:
THEIR AUTHORS AND
ORIGIN.

By REV. R. C. ROBERTS.

No. I.—ANNE STEELE.

IN the list of "memorable names among Baptists," which is given year by year in "The Baptist Handbook," is to be seen the name of Anne Steele, the only female name on that distinguished roll. She was the eldest daughter of Rev. William Steele, Baptist Minister, Broughton, Hampshire, who discharged the pastoral duties of the church there for sixty years. The subject of this memoir was born in the year 1716, baptized at the age of 15, and was a member of the church of which her father was pastor for forty-six years. She evinced exceeding fondness for poetry very early in life, but seemed

unwilling for her poems to be submitted to the public eye ; and when her friends subsequently prevailed on her, she would not have her own name attached to the volumes, but published them under the *nom-de-plume* Theodosia, and is said to have appropriated the profits to charitable purposes. In presenting a copy of her works to her father, she wrote, "If while I am sleeping in the silent grave, my thoughts are of any real benefit to the meanest of the servants of my God, be the praise ascribed to the Almighty Giver of all grace." These lines were penned by her when she was in a low state of health, and when her death would have taken no one by surprise.

Though she had a weak, delicate constitution, she possessed a capacious mind. Her hymns, as all who are acquainted with them know, contain the breathings of a living soul, and have been of great benefit to God's people, cheering them in all their hours of pain and sadness. We have in "Psalms and Hymns with Supplement," twenty-one hymns written by Miss Steele: and from the frequency with which some of them are sung in Divine service, it is very evident that her hymns happily express the feelings of the worshippers. Who can tell what troubled minds have been led to God, the only sure Refuge, by her hymn 456 :

"Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,—
On Thee, when waves of trouble
roll,
My fainting hope relies."

There are a few of her hymns of a cheerful, joyous tone—thus, 803 :

"Ye humble souls, approach your
God,
With songs of sacred praise ;
For He is good, immensely good,
And kind are all His ways," etc.

There is another entitled, "The King of Saints, 257:—

"Come ye that love the Saviour's
name
And joy to make it known ;
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his Throne ' etc.

The majority of her hymns, however, are not of that cheerful nature, but lead us to infer that she was very intimate with sorrow and trouble. There was one event, we are informed, which cast a dark shadow on her subsequent career, and, probably, gave a tinge of sadness to her spirits. She had consented to give her hand in marriage to a young gentleman, named Elscourt, and the day of the marriage was fixed, with all needful preparation ready, when a painful and fatal circumstance cast a gloom over her anticipations, and the whole of her family circle. This Mr. Elscourt went out to bathe in a river the day preceding his marriage, and incautiously ventured beyond his depth, and was drowned.

This sad event told considerably upon her health and spirits, and although she knew how to be still and resigned to God's will, she is said to have carried the effects of it to her grave. It was this trying circumstance is supposed to have given birth to that hymn she wrote, 369 :

"Almighty Maker of my frame !" etc.

The second verse is very suggestive:—

"My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears ;
How frail at best is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and
years!"

If the reader will turn to the 316th hymn, he will at once perceive that hymn also to have been written by her under the pressure of a sad dis-

appointment. She desires in that dark dispensation of Providence to be fully resigned to God's will. How strikingly appropriate are the 3rd and 4th verses :—

"Whate'er Thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For Thou art good, and just, and wise,
O bend my will to Thine!"

Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care."

But the hymn which is regarded as a very great favourite with many is 522 :—

"Father, whate'er of earthly
bliss," etc.

This hymn has doubtless hushed the disquietude of many a troubled soul as it has prayed for that "calm and thankful heart from every murmur free."

Miss Steele died at the age of 61. Dr. Caleb Evans, Bristol, gives the following description of her last illness and death: "Having been confined to her chamber for some years, she long waited with Christian dignity for the awful hour. She often spoke, not merely with tranquillity, but with joy of her decease. She sang beautifully of her Father's home—

"O, may I reach the blissful plains,
Where Thy unclouded glory reigns;
And dwell forever near Thy Throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown."

"When the hour came," says Dr. Evans, "she welcomed its arrival; and though her feeble body was excruciated with pain, her mind was perfectly serene. She uttered not a murmuring word, but was full of resignation, peace and holy joy. She closed her eyes with these animating words on her lips, 'I know that my

Redeemer liveth,' and fell gently asleep in Jesus."

From her pen proceeded that beautiful hymn, 240:

"He lives, the great Redeemer
lives," etc.

She is buried in the parochial ground of her native village, where her tombstone may still be seen with the following inscription on it :—

"Silent the lyre, and dumb the tuneful tongue
That sang on earth her great Redeemer's praise;
But now in heaven she tunes a nobler song,
In more exalted, more harmonious lays."

Pembroke Dock.

SHOWERS.

"HE shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, and as showers that water the earth."—Psa. lxxii. 6.

This text is pleasant reading in poetry; pleasant and life-like in fact. Some texts have ideas that sparkle with sunlight; this is soft and dew-like with showers.

The rain is a *saviour*. How often it is said things must perish without rain; the rain comes, and is salvation to them. The rain is often a saviour to meadows, gardens, and fields.

The rain is a *revivalist*. In the long absence of rain how things flag, droop, and deaden; the rain produces speedy and pleasant changes, and quite cheering to witness.

The state of things, the parched meadows, the dry ground, dying vegetation, require showers of rain. This is a parable of the state of

the minds of men, and their need of showers of spiritual blessing.

While the text indicates the peaceful and prosperous reign of a wise and beneficent Prince; it well applies to Jesus Christ, the Prince of peace, the Saviour of men.

"Jesus Christ shall come down like rain on the mown grass; and as showers that water the earth." The mission and ministry of Jesus Christ is exercised in all gentleness, copiousness, continuance, like showers, and producing the happiest effects. The history of Christ illustrates the parable of the

text. He spake "gracious words." "The common people heard Him gladly." "He shall not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax." How He refreshed the weary and cheered the sad! His miracles were acts of gentle healing, and His ministry the good news of mercy.

So Christians, as disciples of Jesus Christ, should be like showers to others in the spirit of sympathy, kind words and deeds. "The work of mercy and labour of love."

W. ABBOTT.

Blunham.

FOR AND AGAINST.

I THOUGHT of all my sins, and then I thought
Of all my Saviour bore because of sin;
And in my mind a little sum was wrought,
That scattered darkness and let sunlight in:
Where sin abounded, grace did more abound,
Till sin was covered in the deep profound.

I thought of all my foes, some very near,
Some seen, and some in ambush: then I thought
Of all my friends, until I seemed to hear
The sound of angel wings who succour brought;
And last and best, I thought of Him the most
Who is Commander of the angel host.

I thought of all my wants, a cupboard bare,
A bucket empty: then, with joy, I thought,
And peeped into the larder of God's care:
There stood my bread, the very bread I sought;
Enough to feed me for a thousand years:
My God's supply outbalanced all my fears.

I thought of all the duties waiting me,
Many conflicting claims, and then I thought
Of all the grace He promised, full and free,
And seemed to see my every duty wrought
With perfect ease, taken just as they came,
And still His helping grace remained the same.

I thought of all the future, feared all fears,
Supposed all evils: then, rejoicing, thought
Of all my God had promised, till my tears
Changed into glorious singing, as they ought.
God on my side outweighs all other things,
They are but dust-grains on His covering wings.

WILLIAM LUFF.

Gems from Dr. Maclaren's Sermons.

THE COLLATOR of the "Gems from Dr. Maclaren's Sermons" having heard that last year's issue in the *Baptist Messenger* has met with acceptance on the part of its numerous readers, has consented to select a second series for the present year. It is necessary to add that, while Dr. Maclaren's consent has been asked and kindly given, he himself has nothing whatever to do either with the selection or the title. As in the case of last year's issue, so in this, most of the "Gems" will be taken from sermons delivered in past years which have not as yet been published in separate volumes, and have therefore had a more limited circulation.

FAITH is the condition of receiving God's best and highest gifts, but distrust has a kind of voice that appeals to Him too, and seems sometimes to draw Him, as it were, to do something that shall rebuke by the largeness of the gift, the tremulousness of the faith. When He must, He punishes; when He can, He complies even with the requirements of His murmuring children.

HUMBLE as was the little ragged, sapless thorn-bush, springing up and living its solitary life amidst the sands of the desert, it was not too humble to hold God; it was not too gross to burst into flame when He came; it was not too fragile to be gifted with undying being like His that abode in it. And for us each the emblem may be true. If He dwell in us, we shall live as long as He lives, and the fire that He puts in our heart shall be a fountain of fire springing up into life everlasting.

CHRIST's sufferings and death are congruous with that almighty power by which the universe has sprung into being and is sustained. His creative energy is not the highest exhibition of His power. Creation is effected by a word. The bare utterance of the Divine will is all that is needed to make the heavens and the earth, and to "preserve the stars from wrong." But the bare utterance of will is not enough here. If men are to be brought to glory they cannot be brought by the mere desire of God to bring them, or by the mere utterance of His will that they should be brought. This work needs a process, needs that something should be done. This work needs the humiliation, the suffering, the death, resurrection, ascension, and session at the right hand of God, of the Captain of our Salvation and the Prince of our life.

WE have been hearing a good deal this last week in Manchester about the "appreciation of gold." I think if people would estimate what they pay for it, in an immense majority of cases, in treasure that cannot be weighed and stamped, they would find it to be about the dearest thing in God's universe, and that there are few men who make worse bargains than the men who give themselves for worldly success, even when they receive what they give themselves for. There are some of you who know how much what you call enjoyment has cost you. Some of us have bought pleasure at the price of innocence, of moral dignity, of stained memories, of polluted imaginations, of an incapacity to rise above the flesh, and some of us have bought it at the

price of health. The world has a way of getting more out of you than it gives to you.

Do you know why it is that so many of you professing Christians are such poor weaklings in the Christian life, and, if you have any life in you, have it creeping so sluggishly through shrunken veins? I will tell you. It is because you do not in such a fashion feed upon Christ. You do not meditate upon Him. You do not ruminate about Him. You do not slowly and patiently feed upon Him. Why, you cannot take in the beauty of any landscape if you hurry through it like a cheap tripper. You have to sit down quietly there and be still; and let it soak into you; and then there is some chance of your seeing it. You cannot learn to know any man by a hurried interview with him. You must summer and winter with him before you get to the bottom of him. So in these hurrying, tearing, scrambling days that we are all living in now, and with our ears deafened with the jangle of profitless controversies all round about us, how few of us cultivate the habit of patient meditation upon Jesus Christ! And therefore are we faint and weak and half dead. Oh! it is only when we stand quietly beneath the nightly heavens and gaze upwards, that by degrees the focus of the eye changes and becomes familiarised to the light that is darkness, and the violet depths open and open, until we feel as if we could see right to the pillars of the Throne itself. You must lie beside Jesus Christ long and patiently, as some scentless substance is laid beside an aromatic one ere the fragrance can pass from Him to you. "He that eateth," by meditative faith and patient reflection, "he shall live by Me."

MY AMBITION.

BY REV. J. CLARK.

I DO not ask, Almighty God!
That Thou shouldst grant the power to me
To wield some wonder-working rod;
Hold back the sun or part the sea;
Smite foes with death, or startle earth
With marvels until now unknown;
Create a terror-causing death,
Or harvests new from fields unsown;—
I only ask the needful power
To do Thy will in simplest ways;
That, pressing heavenward, hour by hour,
My life may speak my Saviour's praise.
I do not crave some vast estate,
With treasures growing more and more;
A place among the worldly great;
A lordship o'er the toiling poor;
A sounding name that lips must breathe
With show of deference, mixed with awe;
A brow which sparkling gems enwreath;
A will whose uttered word is law;—
But, rather, O Thou Nazarene!
I crave the priceless grace of love;
In this is God's own nature seen,
And all the heaven of heavens above.

Nova Scotia.

Reviews.

Glimpses of Christ. By H. K. WOOD, a Glasgow Merchant. Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling; S. W. Partridge & Co., London.

THE contents are sound and evangelical, and cannot fail to help those who love the truth as it is in Jesus. The style of the writer is solid but thoughtful, and is full of bright, telling illustrations.

Threefold Salvation; or, the Way of Life under various Aspects. By the author of "Evanescent Philosophies," etc. Drummond & Co.

JUST the book to put into the hands of the anxious inquirer after salvation. It deals with the way of life under twelve different aspects. The chapters—Have you got hold, or Personal Appropriation; Saved, but Unconscious, or Thoughts on Assurance; and The Leap from the Wreck, or Instant Peril and Instant Salvation, are very good, and will be certain to help the seekers. Both books are illustrated and prettily bound, and published at 1s. each.

Isabella Macpherson, a Devoted Life.

By the Rev. JOHN MACPHERSON, author of "Henry Moorhouse," "Duncan Matheson," etc., etc. Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

THIS is the life of a noble and earnest worker in the Master's vineyard. The story is well told, in a way which carries the reader through the book without for one minute producing weariness. The great business of soul saving was her life study, and she certainly attained in this work to the description in the words "He that winneth souls is wise." Think of conversing with twenty thousand persons, one by one, and read the

success which attended her efforts, and if you are desponding in the work it will revive you. If you are engaged in bringing lost ones home, it will stimulate you. The closing scenes of this well-spent life are full of touching and teaching incidents.

Farmer Read's Kingdom. The story of one Poplar Farm. By CHARLES R. PARSONS, author of "The Little Woman in Grey." Drummond's Tract Depot, and S. W. Partridge, London.

THE chapters which form this book have appeared from time to time in the pages of *The British Messenger*, and have no doubt been read with pleasure and profit by many. Those of our readers who have gone through the pages of "The Little Old Woman in Grey" will be prepared to find in this work a story of an equally interesting character, and they will not be disappointed. And its pretty get-up makes it suitable for a Christmas or New Year's present to young or old.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.—The extra Christmas numbers of *The Boys' Own* and *The Girl's Own Magazine* will be a source of pleasure and profit to their young readers. *The Boys' Own* number has a very effective frontispiece, *A Winter Idyl*. It has much to say about Christmas: a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year; Christmas in the Clouds; Christmas in the Bay of Biscay; Christmas Bells; A Christmas Day at Sea; A Christmas Masque; A Christmas Carol; a number of good stories, and the whole under the able editorship of G. A. Hutchinson, Esq. *The Girls' Own* is called Christmas Cherries. A frontispiece, Solitude, and on the title-page a well executed

view of Nazareth. The number is full of Christmas and other stories, pictures, and music.

Friendly Greetings gives some capital reading, and a pleasing coloured chromo of the Herbert-Cowper Memorial Window in Westminster Abbey. *The Cottager and Artisan* comes to us in a new dress (cover), and promises a new story in the January number, "Hard as a Nail," and information on the subject of emigration, where to go to, and when to go.

Living Epistles. Letter booklet for the new year. By Rev. WILLIAM FRITH. Partridge & Co.

A THOUGHTFUL little tract. It will serve a good purpose if enclosed and sent in letters with our usual correspondence. *Consecration*, by the same writer, leads off with an article on the Work of the Ragged School Union, also contains a likeness of the President, the Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen.

The Chart and Compass, Sailor's Magazine, answers well to its title. Second million, price one penny. *Will the Old Book Stand?* H. F. Hastings. Marshall Brothers, 10, Paternoster Row. We shall be glad if two millions more are wanted.

The General Baptist Almanack and Directory. By Rev. JOSEPH FLETCHER. A wonderful lot of valuable matter for one penny.

Charity and The Philanthropist. Two serials. All who are interested in benevolent work should read. *Good News, The Gospel Trumpet, British Flag, Life and Light*, have our best wishes.

The Treasury, Nov., and *The Christian World Pulpit* are to hand. Both good, but we think *The Treasury* specially good.

The Baptist, Sword and Trowel, and *The General Baptist*, are very worthy numbers, and we trust each will start in the new year with a large increase of subscribers.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. C. MORGAN, of Colne, has accepted the pastorate at Brayford.

Rev. J. Adams has accepted the pastorate at Whitchurch.

Rev. R. E. Willis, of Bildeston, Suffolk, has accepted the pastorate of Stoke Green Church, Ipswich.

Rev. John Naylor, of Nailsworth, has accepted the pastorate at Holbeach.

Rev. E. Fowler, of Forncett, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Oakengates, Shropshire.

Rev. P. H. Michael, of Bristol College, has accepted the pastorate at Hanham.

Rev. A. Brown has undertaken the oversight of the chapel at Broadclyst, and is working it with Thorverton with local help.

Rev. J. Turner, acting on medical advice, has resigned the pastorate of Moss-side Church, Manchester. "Mr. Turner," writes a correspondent, "has done good work at this church since he was chosen pastor in 1881. He is greatly beloved by his people."

Rev. H. A. Phillips, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at present meeting in the Town Hall, Southport.

Rev. J. W. Wise, of Leigh, Lancashire, has accepted an invitation to Birmingham.

Rev. David Chinnery has accepted the pastorate at Clowes Street, West Gorton, Manchester.

Rev. John Ney has resigned the pastorate at Church, near Accrington.

Rev. J. B. Clarke has announced his intention of resigning the pastorate at Liskeard.

Rev. J. G. Robinson, who has been co-pastor with Dr. Clifford, of Westbourne Park Chapel, and in sole charge at Praed Street, has accepted the pastorate of Bank Buildings Chapel, Weymouth.

Rev. G. S. Walker, owing to failing health, has resigned the pastorate at Rook Lane, Frome.

PRESENTATIONS.

At the Rhondda Chapel, Pontypridd, Mr. H. T. Wales was presented with a timepiece and a silver tea and coffee service on his marriage. Mr. John Kemp presided.

Rev. W. Miall, who for fifty years has been pastor of the Church now meeting at Queen's Road, Dalston, was presented at a meeting on the 26th November with £150, as a token of regard.

Rev. W. H. Broad, on the fifth anniversary of his settlement, has been presented by Cotton Street Church, Poplar, with an address and a purse of gold.

Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, on retiring from the office of chapel-keepers, after sixteen years' service, have been presented by Trinity Road Church, Halifax (Rev. J. Parker, pastor), with a marble clock and a dozen silver spoons.

Rev. W. R. Skerry, who has been pastor of the Church at Woodberry Down since it was opened in June, 1883, preached his valedictory sermons on the 17th of November, having accepted a call from the Church at Denmark Place, Camberwell, so long held by the late Dr. Stanford. At a social meeting, Mr. W. T. Ogden, in the name of the Church and congregation, presented

Mr. Skerry with an illuminated address, bound in Russian morocco, and a cheque for eighty guineas.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. W. TURNER, late of York, has been recognised as pastor at Mill Street Chapel, Bedford. Rev. Dr. Brown, of Bunyan Meeting, presided, and, with the Mayor of the borough, welcomed Mr. Turner in the name of the churches of the town and neighbourhood.

Rev. F. J. B. Westlake, of the Pastors' College, has been recognised as pastor at Radcliffe, near Manchester. The charge was given by Rev. R. Lewis; Rev. G. H. Heynes addressed the church. It was stated that a very gratifying success has already attended Mr. Westlake's ministrations at Radcliffe; the temporary hall has been crowded, and numbers have gone away unable to obtain admission.

Mr. A. J. Reid, of the Pastors' College, was ordained on Thursday, Nov. 21, as pastor at Shoreham. The charge to the pastor was delivered by Professor Marchant. Rev. W. Williams gave the charge to the church. Revs. D. Davies, C. D. Crouch, J. O. Campbell, and C. W. Andrews took part.

Rev. Albert Priter was ordained on Tuesday, Nov. 19, as pastor of Bethel Chapel, Shipley. Rev. C. Spurgeon gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. J. G. Gregson addressed the church. Revs. C. W. Skemp, J. Davis, and D. C. Lloyd took part.

Rev. W. E. Palmer has been recognised as pastor of Succoth Chapel, Rushden. Rev. J. Tomkins, Messrs. J. Jull, F. King, and J. B. Warren took part in the service.

Rev. W. Lomax Mackenzie, of the Pastors' College, was ordained and recognised as pastor of the church at St. Peter's, Margate, on Tuesday, Nov. 26. Rev. Charles Spurgeon preached in the afternoon, and at the evening meeting, which was pre-

sided over by Rev. Turner Lob, delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. James Smith delivered the charge to the church.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE new Welsh chapel at Castle Street, Oxford Circus, was opened on Saturday evening, Nov. 30, when a sermon of more than usual interest was preached by Rev. E. T. Jones. This church was founded in 1839 with twelve members, since increased to 250, and services for a long time were held in various halls in the neighbourhood. Subsequently, Franklin Hall, which occupied the present site, was purchased and converted into a chapel. It, in time, became too small for the congregation, and the committee of management decided upon the erection of a more commodious structure. The new chapel is exceedingly tasteful in design, and appears to be in every way adapted for the needs of the congregation. It will seat six or seven hundred persons, and the lecture hall, underneath, will seat nearly as many. This hall is also used for school purposes and mutual improvement meetings. There are in connection with the church a good library, and a reading-room for the use of men, as well as one for women—open every night. Active mission work is carried on in the neighbourhood by twenty-four young men, who have banded themselves together to do their best for their Welsh brethren in the metropolis. The new chapel has cost about £4,500, nearly £2,000 of which has been already contributed.

The opening services of the new chapel at Wynne Road, Brixton, were concluded on Sunday, November 24, with sermons by Revs. V. J. Charlesworth and Dr. Cowdey. At a tea-meeting held on the 26th, the chair was taken by Mr. Horace B. Marshall, and addresses were given by Revs. E. Henderson, W. J. Mills, Arthur Mursell, W. Williams, and W. E. Wells. A financial statement

was made by the pastor (Rev. Z. T. Downen), and £100 was raised.

A new chapel, which has cost £1,200, has been opened at Pontardawe. Sermons were preached by Revs. D. Mathias and H. Hughes.

MIDDLETON, NEAR MANCHESTER.—The opening services of the new school chapel, Temple Street, were commenced on Tuesday, November 12th, when a sermon was preached by Rev. E. Parker, D.D. On Lord's Day, November 17th, sermons were preached by Revs. W. F. Edgerton and W. H. Fothergill. On the following Lord's Day, Rev. J. T. Marshall, M.A., and Rev. J. J. Smith officiated. On Saturday, Nov. 30th, the services were closed with a large public tea and meeting, the latter presided over by Mr. Thos. Spencer, when addresses were delivered by Revs. W. F. Edgerton, D. O. Davies, W. H. Fothergill, J. J. Smith, and H. Gaunt, Mr. Richard Watson, and Mr. J. O. Hardy. From a statement made by the pastor (Rev. H. Watts) it appeared that the sum of £600 had been already raised, the total cost being £1,150.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Mayor and Corporation of Luton attended service at Park Street Baptist Chapel December 8th, Alderman Alexander having been elected Mayor a second time. The preacher was the pastor, J. H. Blake. The Mayor is the treasurer of the Church.

RECENT DEATH.

DIED, at Bedford, on Thursday, November 7th, Mr. George Gunton, aged 61. At the Old Meeting, Blunham, on Sunday evening, the 10th, the Rev. W. Abbott noticed this death as that of a friend of more than thirty years' standing. He spoke of the service he had rendered as a preacher to the congregation at Blunham and elsewhere, and as pastor of the Baptist Churches at Wilden and Renhold. He remarked on his business abilities and social disposition; as an

independent thinker, true Nonconformist and political reformer; of the Christian principles and spirit actuating him in all the departments of life, and as sustaining and cheering him in his long and painful illness, issuing in the rest that remains for the people of God.

BAPTISMS.

Abercarn, English.—November 17, Three, by E. Aubergy.
Abersychan.—December 1, Three, by J. Coles.
Battle, Sussex.—November 17, Three, by J. Howes.
Birmingham, Balsall Heath Road.—November 24, Three, by A. Hobby.
Blackburn.—Sunday, November 24, Seven, by M. H. Whetnall.
Branderburgh, Lossiemouth, N.B.—November 24, Two, by T. A. Judd.
Brasted, Kent.—November 28, Six, by W. Burnett.
Brecon, Kensington.—November 17, Five, by J. Meredith.
Brentwood Tabernacle.—November 24, Two, by W. Walker.
Cadroxton, Barry.—December 1, Six, by L. T. Evans.
Cardiff, Hope, Canton.—December 1, One, by T. W. Medhurst.
Carmarthen Tabernacle.—November 20, Four, by J. Thomas.
Cloughfold, near Manchester.—November 24, Four, by W. C. Davies, B.A.
Cloughfold, Rossendale, Sion Chapel.—Nov. 24, Four, by W. C. Davies, B.A.
Colwell, Isle of Wight.—November 14, Two, by W. Dean.
Combe Martin.—November 28, Four, by W. Ewens.
Coventry, Gosford Street.—November 24, Three, by A. T. Prout.
Cross Keys, Mon., Hope Chapel.—December 1, Twelve, by C. H. Wilkins.
Cwmifor.—November 14, One, by M. Jones.
Dunfermline, Scotland.—November 13, Six, by J. T. Hagen.
Elland Upper Edge, Yorks.—November 21, Ten, by R. Marsden.
Ferndale.—October 27, One, by E. Morse.
Jouehope, Herefordshire.—November 24, Seven, by J. Roach.
Golear, Sunny Bank.—December 2, Eight, by W. Armitage.
Gravel, Hadnorshire.—November 10, Five, by W. D. Young.
Guernsey, All Saints.—November 17, Two by F. T. Snell.

Hay.—November 17, Four, by I. H. James.
Holyhead, New Park Street.—November 24, Three, by S. Roberts.
Honeyborough, Pem.—November 17, One, by J. Johns.
Horkingstone, Yorks.—December 1, Eight, by H. Davies.
Ibstock, near Ashby.—November 24, Two, by J. P. Newman.
Leeds, Hunslet Tabernacle.—November 24, Two, by A. B. Greening.
Llandysan, Soar.—One, by M. Jones.
Lydney, Glos.—November 6, Two, by E. Davis.
Nazareth, Mountain Ash.—November 24, Eight, by J. Howell.
New Brompton.—November 17, Ten, by W. W. Blockside.
Newport, Mon.—November 3, Two, by A. T. Jones.
Newport, Mon.—November 17, Three, by G. Harris.
Penarth, Stonwell Road.—December 1, Six, by J. O. Stathery.
Pentre, Rhondda Valley.—November 24, Twenty-six, by T. Richards.
Preston, Pole Street.—One, by G. Goodchild.
Redhill, London Road.—October 27, Two; November 13, Four, by G. Davies.
Risca, Mon., Moriah.—November 10, Four, by E. U. Thomas.
Sardis, Pem.—November 24, Five, by J. Johns.
Sheerness, Stode Crescent.—November 24, Two, by G. Curtis.
Shirley, Union Chapel.—November 24, Four, by E. R. Pullen.
Skipton, Yorkshire.—November 3, Two, by W. Judge.
Stratford-on-Avon, Payton Street.—November 6, Three, by J. Pugh.
Tamworth Tabernacle.—November 24, Five, by C. Duxbury.
Tonbridge.—November 17, Seven, by B. G. Knight.
Treharris.—November 10, Two, by W. D. Nicholas.
Trowbridge, Bethesda.—November 11, Three, by J. A. Brown.
Metropolitan Districts.—
Barnes.—November 24, Two, by C. B. Chapman.
Clapham, Grafton Square.—November 24, Two, by J. Hanger.
Crouch Hill, Stapleton Hall Road, N.—November 25, One, by H. H. Pullen.
Lambeth Road, Upton Chapel.—November 27, Ten, by W. Williams.
Lee, S.E., Bromley Road.—November 24, Five, by J. W. Davies.
Norbiton, Bunyan Chapel.—November 24, Two, by J. Clark.
Penge.—November 27, Three, by J. W. Boud; and Three, by Mr. King (Evangelist).

Why are Men Saved ? *

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Nevertheless He saved them for His name's sake."—PSALM cvi. 8.

IN looking upon the works of God in creation, there are two questions which at once occur to the thoughtful mind, and which must be answered before we can procure a clue to the philosophy and science of creation itself. The first one is the question of authorship: Who made all these things? And the next question is that of design: For what purpose were all these things created? The first question, "Who made all these things?" is one which is easily answered by a man who has an honest conscience and a sane mind; for when he lifts his eyes up yonder to read the stars, he will see those stars spell out in golden letters this word—*God*; and when he looks below upon the waves, if his ears are honestly opened, he will hear each wave proclaiming, *God*. If he looks to the summits of the mountains, they will not speak, but with a dignified answer of silence they seem to say,

"The hand that made us is Divine."

If we listen to the ripling of the freshet at the mountain side, to the tumbling of the avalanche, to the lowing of the cattle, to the singing of the birds, to every voice and sound of nature, we shall hear this answer to the question, "God is our maker; He hath made us, and not we ourselves."

The next question, as to design—Why were these things made?—is not so easy to answer, apart from Scripture; but when we look at Scripture we discover this fact—that as the answer to the first question is God, so the answer to the second question is the same. Why were these things made? The answer is, for God's glory, for His honour, and for His pleasure. No other answer can be consistent with reason. Whatever other replies men may propound, no other can be really sound. If they will for one moment consider that there was a time when God had no creatures—when He dwelt alone, the mighty maker of ages, glorious in an uncreated solitude, divine in His eternal loneliness—"I am and there is none beside Me"—can any one answer this question—Why did God make creatures to exist?—in any other way than by answering it thus: "He made them for His own pleasure and for His own glory." You may say He made them for His creatures; but we answer, there were then no creatures to make them for. We admit that the answer may be a sound one *now*. God makes the harvest for His creatures; He hangs the sun

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in the firmament to bless His creatures with light and sunshine ; He bids the moon walk in her course by night, to cheer the darkness of His creatures upon earth. But the first answer, going back to the origin of all things, can be nothing else than this : " For His pleasure they are and were created." " He made all things for Himself and by Himself."

Now, this which holds good in the works of creation, holds equally good in the works of salvation. Lift up your eyes on high ; higher than those stars which glimmer on the floor of heaven ; look up, where spirits in white, clearer than light, shine like stars in their magnificence ; look there, where the redeemed with their choral symphonies " circle the throne of God rejoicing," and put this question : " Who saved those glorified beings, and for what purpose where they saved ?" We tell you that the same answer must be given as we have previously given to the former question—" *He* saved them—He saved them for His name's sake." The text is an answer to the two great questions concerning salvation : Who saved men, and why are they saved ? " He saved them for His name's sake."

Into this subject I shall endeavour to look this morning. May God make it profitable to each of us, and may we be found among the number who shall be saved " for His name's sake." Treating the text verbally—and that is the way most will understand—here are four things. First, *a glorious Saviour*—" *He* saved them ;" secondly, *a favoured people*—" *He* saved them ;" thirdly *a divine reason why He saved them*—" for His name's sake ;" and fourthly, *an obstruction conquered*, in the word " nevertheless," implying that there was some difficulty that was removed. " Nevertheless He saved them for His name's sake." A Saviour ; the saved ; the reason ; the obstruction removed.

I. First, then, here is A GLORIOUS SAVIOUR—" *He* saved them." Who is to be understood by that pronoun " *He* ?" Possibly many of my hearers may answer, " Why, the Lord Jesus Christ is the Saviour of men." Right, my friends ; but not all the truth. Jesus Christ is the Saviour ; but not more so than God the Father, or God the Holy Ghost. Some persons who are ignorant of the system of divine truth think of God the Father as being a great Being full of wrath, and anger, and justice, but having no love, they think of God the Spirit perhaps as a mere influence proceeding from the Father and the Son. Now, nothing can be more incorrect than such opinions. It is true the Son redeems me, but then the Father gave the Son to die for me, and the Father chose me in the everlasting election of His grace. The Father blots out my sin ; the Father accepts me and adopts me into His family through Christ. The Son could not save without the Father any more than the Father without the Son ; and as for the Holy Spirit, if the Son redeems, know ye not that the Holy Ghost regenerates ? It is He that makes us new creatures in Christ, who begets us again unto a lively hope, who purifies our soul, who sanctifies our spirit, and who, at last, presents us spotless and faultless before the throne of the Most High, accepted in the beloved. When thou sayest, " Saviour," remember there is a Trinity in that word—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, this Saviour being three persons under one name. Thou canst not be saved by the Son without the Father, nor by the Father without the Son, nor by Father and Son without the Spirit. But as they are one in creation, so are they one in salva-

tion, working together in one God for our salvation, and unto that God be glory everlasting, world without end, Amen.

But, note here, how this Divine being claims salvation wholly to Himself. "Nevertheless *He* saved them." But, Moses, where art thou? Didst not thou save them, Moses? Thou didst stretch the rod over the sea, and it clave in halves; thou didst lift up thy prayer to heaven, and the frogs came, and the flies swarmed, and the water was turned into blood, and the hail smote the land of Egypt. Wast not thou their Saviour, Moses? And thou Aaron, thou didst offer the bullocks which God accepted; thou didst lead them, with Moses, through the wilderness. Wast not thou their Saviour? They answer, "Nay, we were the instruments, but *He* saved them. God made use of us, but unto His name be all the glory, and none unto ourselves." But, Israel, thou wast a strong and mighty people; didst not thou save thyself? Perhaps it was by thine own holiness that the Red Sea was dried up; perhaps the parted floods were frightened at the piety of the saints that stood upon their margin; perhaps it was Israel that delivered itself. Nay, nay, saith God's Word; *He* saved them; they did not save themselves, nor did their fellow-men redeem them. And yet, mark you, there are some who dispute this point, who think that men save themselves, or, at least, that priests and preachers can help to do it. We say that the preacher, under God, may be the instrument of arresting man's attention, of warning him and arousing him; but the preacher is nothing; God is everything. The most mighty eloquence that ever distilled from the lips of seraphic preacher is nothing apart from God's Holy Spirit. Neither Paul, nor Apollos, nor Cephas, are anything: God gave the increase and God must have all the glory. There are some we meet with here and there who say, "I am Mr. So-and-so's convert; I am a convert of the Rev. Dr. this or that." Well, if you are, sir, I cannot give you much hope of heaven. Only God's converts go there; not proselytes of man, but the redeemed of the Lord. Oh, it is very little to convert a man to our own opinions; it is something to be the means of converting him to the Lord our God. I had a letter some time ago from a good Baptist minister in Ireland, who very much wanted me to come over to Ireland, as he said, to represent the Baptist interest, because it was low there, and perhaps it might lead the people to think a little more of Baptists. I told him I would not go across the street merely to do that, much less would I cross the Irish Channel. I should not think of going to Ireland for that; but if I might go there to make Christians, under God, and be the means of bringing men to Christ, I would leave it to them what they should be afterwards, and trust to God's Holy Spirit to direct and guide them as to what denomination they should consider nearest akin to God's truth. Brethren, I might make all of you Baptists, perhaps, and yet you would be none the better for it; I might convert you all in that way, but such a conversion would be that you would be washed to greater stains, converted into hypocrites, and not into saints. I have seen something of wholesale conversion. Great revivalists have risen up; they have preached thundering sermons that have made men's knees knock together. "What a wonderful man!" people have said. "He has converted so many under one sermon." But look for his converts in a month, and where will they be? You will see some of them in the alehouse, you

will hear others of them swear, you will find many of them rogues, and cheats, because they were not God's converts, but only man's. Brethren, if the work be done at all, it must be done of God, for if God do not convert there is nothing done that shall last, and nothing that shall be of any avail for eternity.

But some reply, "Well, sir, but men convert themselves." Yes, they do, and a fine conversion it is. Very frequently they convert themselves. But then that which man did, man undoes. He who converts himself one day, unconverts himself the next; he tieth a knot which his own fingers can loosen. Remember this—you may convert yourselves a dozen times over, but "that which is born of the flesh is flesh," and "cannot see the kingdom of God." It is only "that which is born of the Spirit" that "is Spirit," and is therefore able to be gathered at last into the spirit-realm, where only spiritual things can be found before the throne of the Most High. We must reserve this prerogative wholly to God. If any man state that God is not Creator, we call him infidel; if any man trench upon this doctrine, that God is the absolute maker of all things, we hiss him down in a moment; but he is an infidel of the worst kind, because more specious, who puts God out of the mercy throne, instead of putting Him out of the creation throne, and who tells men that they may convert themselves, whereas God doth it all. "*He*" only, the great Jehovah—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—"He saved them for His name's sake.

Thus have I endeavoured to set out clearly the first truth of the divine and glorious Saviour.

II. Now, secondly, THE FAVOURED PERSONS—"He saved *them*." Who are they? You will reply, "They were the most respectable people that could be found in the world; they were a very prayerful, loving, holy, and deserving people; and, therefore, because they were good He saved them." Very well, that is your opinion, I will tell you what Moses, says,—"*Our fathers understood not Thy wonders in Egypt; they remembered not the multitudes of Thy mercies; but provoked Him at the sea, even at the Red Sea. Nevertheless He saved them.*" Look at the 7th verse, and you will have their character. In the first place, they were a stupid people—"Our fathers understood not Thy wonders in Egypt." In the next place, they were an ungrateful people—"they remembered not the multitude of Thy mercies." In the third place, they were a provoking people—"they provoked Him at the sea, even at the Red Sea." Ah, these are the people whom free grace saves, these are the men and these the women whom the God of all grace condescends to take to His bosom and to make anew.

Note, first, *that they were a stupid people*. God sends His gospel not always to the wise and prudent, but unto fools;

"He takes the fool and makes him know
The wonders of His dying love."

Do not suppose, my hearer, because you are very unlettered and can scarcely read—do not imagine, because you have always been brought up in extreme ignorance, and have scarcely learnt to spell your name, that therefore you cannot be saved. God's grace can save you, and then enlighten you. A brother minister once told me a story of a man who

was known in a certain village as a simpleton, and was always considered to be soft in the head ; no one thought he could ever understand anything. But one day he came to hear the gospel preached. He had been a drunken fellow, having wit enough to be wicked, which is a very common kind of wit. The Lord was pleased to bless the word to his soul, so that he became a changed character ; and what was the marvel of all was, his religion gave him a something which began to develop his latent faculties. He found he had a something to live for, and he began to try what he could do. In the first place he wanted to read his Bible, that he might read his Saviour's name ; and after much hammering and spelling away, at last he was able to read a chapter. Then he was asked to pray at a prayer-meeting ; here was an exercise of his vocal powers. Five or six words made up his prayer, and down he sat abashed. But by continually praying in his own family at home, he came to pray like the rest of the brethren, and he went on till he became a preacher, and, singularly enough, he had a fluency—a depth of understanding and a power of thought, such as are seldom found among ministers who only occasionally occupy pulpits. Strange it was, that grace should even tend to develop his natural powers, giving him an object, setting him devoutly and firmly upon it, and so bringing out all his resources that they were fully shown. Ah, ignorant ones, ye need not despair. He saved them ; not for *their* sakes—there was nothing in them why they should be saved. He saved them, not for their wisdom's sake ; but, ignorant though they were, understanding not the meaning of His miracles, “He saved them for His name's sake.”

Note, again, *they were a very ungrateful people*, and yet He saved them. He delivered them times without number, and worked for them mighty miracles ; but they still rebelled. Ah, that is like you, my hearer. You have had many deliverances from the borders of the grave ; God has given you house and food day after day, and provided for you, and kept you to this hour ; but how ungrateful you have been ! As Isaiah said, “The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib ; but My people doth not know, Israel doth not consider.” How many there are of this character, who have favours from God, the history of which they could not give in a year ; but yet what have they ever done for Him ? They would not keep a horse that did not work for them, nor as much as a dog that would not notice them. But here is God ; He has kept them day by day, and they have done a great deal against Him, but they have done nothing for Him. He has put the bread into their very mouths, nurtured them, and sustained their strength, and they have spent their strength in defying Him, in cursing His name and breaking His Sabbath. “Nevertheless He saved them.” Some of this sort have been saved. I hope I have some here now who will be saved by conquering grace, made new men by the mighty power of God's Spirit. “Nevertheless He saved them.” When there was nothing to recommend them, but every reason why they should be cast away for their ingratitude, “Nevertheless He saved them.”

And note, once more, *they were a provoking people*—“They provoked Him at the sea, even at the Red Sea.” Ah ! how many people there are in this world that are a provoking people to God ! If God were like man, who among us would be here to-day ? If we are provoked once or twice,

up goes the hand. With some men their passion stirs at the very first offence; others, who are somewhat more placid, will bear offence after offence, till at last they say, "There is an end to everything, and I can bear that no longer; you must stay it, or else I must stay you!" Ah! if God had that temper, where should be he? Well might He say, "My thoughts are not as your thoughts; I am God, I change not, or else ye sons of Jacob had been consumed." They were a provoking people, "nevertheless He saved them." Have you provoked Him? Take heart, if you repent, God has promised to save you; and what is more, He may this morning give you repentance, and even give you remission of sins, for He saves provoking people for His name's sake. I hear one of my hearers say,—“Well, sir, that is encouraging sin with a vengeance!” Is it, indeed, sir! Why? “Because you are talking to the very worst of men, and you are saying that they may yet be saved.” Pray, sirs, when I spoke to the worst of men, did I speak to *you* or not? You say, “No; I am one of the most respectable and best of men.” Well, then, sir, I have no need to preach to you, for you think you do not need mercy. “The whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick.” But these poor people, whom you say I am encouraging in sin, need to be spoken to. I will leave you. Good morning to you! You keep to your own gospel, and I wonder whether you will find your way to heaven by it. Nay, I do not wonder, I know you will not, unless you are brought as a poor sinner to take Christ at His word, and be saved for His name's sake. But I say farewell to you, and I will keep on in my own course. But why did you say I encouraged men in sin? I encourage them to turn from it. I did not say He saved the provoking people, and then let them still provoke Him as they had done before; I did not say He saved the wicked people, and then let them sin as they did before. But you know the meaning of the word “saved;” I explained it the other morning. The word “saved” does not mean merely taking men to heaven; it means more—it means saving them from their sin; it means giving them a new heart, new spirits, new lives; it means making them into new men. Is there anything licentious in saying that Christ takes the worst of men to make them into saints? If there be, I cannot see it. I only wish He would take the worst of this congregation and make them into the saints of the living God, and then there would be far less licentiousness. Sinner, I comfort thee; not in thy sin, but in thy repentance. Sinner, the saints of heaven were once as bad as thou hast been. Art thou a drunkard, a swearer, an unclean person? “Such were some of them; but they have been washed—but they have been sanctified.” Is thy robe black? Ask them whether their robes were ever black? They will tell you, “Yes, we have washed our robes.” If they had not been black, they would not have wanted washing. “We have washed our robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” Then sinner, if they were black, and were saved, why not thyself?

“Are not His mercies rich and free?

Then say, my soul, why not for thee?

Our Jesus died upon the tree,

Then why, my soul, why not for thee?”

Take heart, penitents, God will have mercy on you. “Nevertheless He saved them for His name's sake.”

III. Now we come to the third point—THE REASON OF SALVATION : “He saved them for His name sake.” There is no other reason why God should save a man, but for His name’s sake ; there is nothing in a sinner which can entitle him to salvation, or recommend him to mercy. it must be God’s own heart which must dictate the motive why men are to be saved. One person says, “God will save me, because I am so upright.” Sir, he will do no such thing. Says another, “God will save me because I am so talented.” Sir, He will not. *Your talent!* Why, thou drivelling, self-conceited idiot, thy talent is nothing compared with that of the angei that once stood before the throne, and sinned, and who now is cast into the bottomless pit for ever ! If He would save men for their talent, He would have saved Satan ; for He had talents enough. As for thy morality and goodness, it is but filthy rags, and He will never save thee for aught thou doest. None of us would ever be saved, if God expected anything of us : we must be saved purely and solely for reasons connected with Himself, and lying in His own bosom. Blessed be His name, He saves us “for His name’s sake.” What does that mean ? I think it means this : the name of God is His person, His attributes, and His nature. For His nature’s sake, for His very attributes’ sake, He saved men ; and, perhaps, we may include this also. “My name is in Him”—that is, in Christ ; He saves us for the sake of Christ, who is the name of God. And what does that mean ? I think it means this :

He saved them, first, that He might manifest His nature. God was all love, and He wanted to manifest it ; He did show it when He made the sun, the moon and the stars, and scattered flowers o’er the green and laughing earth. He did show His love when He made the air balmy to the body, and the sunshine cheering to the eye. He gives us warmth even in winter, by the clothing and by the fuel which He has stored in the bowels of the earth ; but He wanted to reveal Himself still more. “How can I show them that I love them with all My infinite heart ? I will give My Son to die to save the very worst of them, and so I will manifest My nature.” And God has done it, He has manifested His power, His justice, His love, His faithfulness, and His truth ; He has manifested His whole self on the great platform of salvation. It was, so to speak, the balcony on which God stepped to show Himself to man—the balcony of salvation—here it is He manifests Himself, by saving men’s souls.

He did it, again, to vindicate His name. Some say God is cruel ; they wickedly call Him tyrant. “Ah !” says God, “but I will save the worst of sinners, and vindicate My name ; I will blot out the stigma ; I will remove the slur : they shall not be able to say that, unless they be filthy liars, for I will be abundantly merciful. I will take away this stain, and they shall see that My great name is a name of love. And, said He, again, “I will do this for My name’s sake ; that is, to make these people love My name. I know if I take the best of men, and save them, they will love My name ; but if I take the worst of men, oh, how they will love Me ! If I go and take some of the offscouring of the earth, and make them My children, oh, how they will love Me ! Then they will cleave to My name ! they will think it more sweet than music ; it will be more precious to them than the spikenard of the Eastern merchants ; they will value it as gold, yea, as much as fine gold. The man who loves

Me best, is the man who has most sins forgiven: he owes much, therefore he will love much." This is the reason why God often selects the worst of men to make them His. Saith an old writer, "All the carvings of heaven were made out of knots; the temple of God, the king of heaven, is a cedar one, but the cedars were all knotty trees before He cut them down." He chose the worst, that He might display His workmanship and His skill, to make unto Himself a name; as it is written, "It shall be unto Me for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." Now, dear hearers, of whatever class you are, here is something I have to offer well worthy of consideration, namely—that if saved, we are saved for the sake of God, for His name's sake, and not for our own.

Now this puts all men on a level with regard to salvation. Suppose that in coming into this garden, the rule had been that every one should have made mention of my name as the key of admittance; the law is, that no man is to be admitted for his rank or title, but only by the use of a certain name. Up comes a lord; he makes use of the name and comes in; up comes a beggar, all in patches; he makes use of the name—the law says it is only the use of the name that will admit you—he makes use of it and he enters, for there is no distinction. So, my lady, if you come, with all your morality, you must make use of His name: if you come, poor filthy inhabitant of a cellar or a garret, and make use of His name, the doors will fly wide open, for there is salvation for every one who makes mention of the name of Christ, and for none other. This pulls down the pride of the moralist, abases the self-exaltation of the self-righteous, and put us all, as guilty sinners, on an equal footing before God, to receive mercy at His hands, "For His name's sake," and for that reason alone.

IV. I have detained you too long; let me close by noticing the OBSTACLES REMOVED in the word "nevertheless." I shall do that in somewhat of an interesting form, by way of parable.

Once on a time, Mercy sat upon her snow-white throne, surrounded by the troops of love. A sinner was brought before her, whom Mercy designed to save. The herald blew the trumpet, and after three blasts thereof, with a loud voice, he said—"O heaven, and earth, and hell, I summon you this day to come before the throne of Mercy, to tell why this sinner should not be saved." There stood the sinner, trembling with fear! he knew that there were multitudes of opponents, who would press into the hall of Mercy, and with eyes full of wrath would say, "He must not, and he shall not escape; he must be lost!" The trumpet was blown, and Mercy sat placidly on her throne, until there stepped in one with a fiery countenance; his head was covered with light; he spoke with a voice like thunder, and out of his eyes flashed lightning! "Who art thou?" said Mercy. He replied, "I am Law; the law of God." "And what hast thou to say?" "I have this to say," and he lifted up a stony tablet, written on both sides; "these ten commands this wretch has broken. My demand is blood; for it is written, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' Die he, or justice must." The wretch trembles, his knees knock together, the marrow of his bones melts within him, as if they were ice dissolved by fire, and he shakes with very fright. Already he thought he saw the thunderbolt launched at him, he saw the lightning penetrate into his soul, hell yawned before him in imagination, and he thought

himself cast away for ever. But Mercy smiled, and said, "Law, I will answer thee. This wretch deserves to die; justice demands that he should perish—I award thee thy claim." And oh! how the sinner tremble. "But there is one yonder who has come with me to-day, my King, my Lord; His name is Jesus; He will tell you how the debt can be paid, and the sinner can go free." Then Jesus spake, and said, "O Mercy, I will do thy bidding. Take Me, Law; put Me in a garden; make Me sweat drops of blood; then nail Me to a tree; scourge My back before you put Me to death; hang Me on the cross; let blood run from My hands and feet! let Me descend into the grave; let Me pay all the sinner oweth; I will die in his stead." And the Law went out and scourged the Saviour, nailed Him to the cross, and coming back with his face all bright with satisfaction, stood again at the throne of Mercy, and Mercy said, "Law, what hast thou now to say?" "Nothing," said he, "fair angel, nothing." "What! not one of these commands against him?" "No, not one, Jesus, his substitute, has kept them all—has paid the penalty for his disobedience; and now, instead of his condemnation, I demand as a debt of justice, that he be acquitted." "Stand thou here," said Mercy, "sit on my throne; I and thou together will now send forth another summons." The trumpet rang again. "Come hither, all ye who have aught to say against this sinner, why he should not be acquitted;" and up comes another—one who often troubled the sinner, one who had a voice not so loud as that of the Law, but still piercing and thrilling—a voice whose whispers were like the cuttings of a dagger. "Who art thou?" says Mercy. "I am Conscience; this sinner must be punished: he has done so much against the law of God that he must be punished; I demand it; and I will give him no rest till he is punished, nor even then, for I will follow him even to the grave, and persecute him after death with pangs unutterable." "Nay," said Mercy, "hear me," and while he paused for a moment, she took a bunch of hyssop and sprinkled Conscience with the blood, saying, "Hear me, Conscience, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' Now hast thou ought to say?" "No," said Conscience, "nothing."

'Covered is his unrighteousness;
From condemnation he is free.'

Henceforth I will not grieve him; I will be a good conscience unto him, through the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ." The trumpet rang a third time, and growling from the innermost vaults, up there came a grim black fiend, with hate in his eyes, and hellish majesty on his brows. He is asked, "Hast thou anything against that sinner?" "Yes," said he "I have; he has made a league with hell, and a covenant with the grave, and here it is signed with his own hand. He asked God to destroy his soul in a drunken fit, and vowed he would never turn to God; see, here is his covenant with hell!" "Let us look at it," said Mercy! and it was handed up, whilst the grim fiend looked at the sinner, and pierced him through with his black looks. "Ah, but," said Mercy, "this man had no right to sign the deed; a man must not sign away another's property. This man was bought and paid for long beforehand; he is not his own; the covenant with death is disannulled, and the league with hell is rent in pieces. Go thy way, Satan." "Nay," said he, howling again, "I have

something else to say ; that man was always my friend ; he listened ever to my insinuations ; he scoffed at the gospel : he scorned the majesty of heaven ; is he to be pardoned, whilst I repair to my hellish den, for ever to bear the penalty of guilt ?" Said Mercy, "Avaunt, thou fiend ; these things he did in the days of his unregeneracy ; but this word ' nevertheless ' blots them out. Go thou to thy hell ; take this for another lash upon thyself—the sinner shall be pardoned, but thou—never, treacherous fiend !" And then Mercy, smilingly turning to the sinner, said, "Sinner, the trumpet must be blown for the last time !" Again it was blown, and no one answered. Then stood the sinner up, and Mercy said, "Sinner, ask thyself the question—ask thou of heaven, of earth, of hell—whether any can condemn thee ?" And the sinner stood up, and with a bold loud voice said, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect ?" And he looked into hell, and Satan lay there, biting his iron bonds ; and he looked on earth, and earth was silent ; and in the majesty of faith the sinner did even climb to heaven itself, and he said, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect ? God ?" And the answer came, "No, He justifieth." "Christ ?" Sweetly it was whispered, "No ; He died." Then turning round, the sinner joyfully exclaimed, "Who shall separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord ?" And the once condemned sinner came back to Mercy ; prostrate at her feet he lay, and vowed henceforth to be hers for ever, if she would keep him to the end, and make him what she would desire him to be. Then no longer did the trumpet ring, but angels rejoiced, and heaven was glad, for the sinner was saved.

Thus, you see, I have what is called, dramatized the thing ; but I don't care what it is called ; it is a way of arresting the ear, when nothing else will. "Nevertheless," there is the obstruction taken away ? Sinner, whatever be the "nevertheless," it shall never the less abate the Saviour's love, not the less shall it ever make it, but it shall remain the same.

"Come, guilty soul, and flee away
To Christ and heal thy wounds :
This is the glorious gospel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.
Come to Jesus, sinner, come,"

On thy knee weep out a sorrowful confession ; look to His cross, and see the substitute ; believe, and live. Ye almost demons, ye that have gone farthest in sin, now, Jesus says, "If you know your need of Me, turn unto Me, and I will have mercy upon you : and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

At an evangelistic meeting a speaker thus referred to the Ritualists :—"The Ritualists," he said, "tell us that their music, and chanting, and painted windows, and crucifixes and dim lights, make people devotional. That is true. But where does it leave them ? Devotional sinners ! It makes them that, and nothing more. There is no change of heart in all this." And the speaker was right. This kind of outward devotion is not the inward worship of God which is the worship of "spirit and of truth."

Cloud and Sunshine; or, All Things Working for Good.

CHAPTER II.—EARLY TRAINING.

HAVING endeavoured thus clearly to lay down the principle which my life's story is intended chiefly to illustrate, it will now be necessary for me to give a few details connected with my early history. I was born in Gloxton, a town in the west of England, in the year 1818. My father, Josiah Ockford, was a master cabinet-maker and joiner. His workshop was situated in a yard at the back of our dwelling-house, and having a thriving business, he was able to keep in constant employment half a dozen workmen and apprentices both summer and winter. He was a tall, spare, good-looking man, but naturally of a quiet turn of mind, and therefore inclined to be more than usually reticent. But if he was not in the habit of talking much, when he did say anything it was generally brief and to the point. He had also a latent fund of dry humour, which often unexpectedly displayed itself in the utterance of striking proverbial sayings, and in making impromptu verses of a racy kind, calculated to provoke not a little merriment among his auditors.

In every respect he was a truly Christian man. Though no "loud talker," he was a consistent walker. Of his own personal experience of the "things of God," he said but little: what he felt, either joyous or otherwise, he invariably kept to himself. But his whole life spoke for him. No one doubted Josiah

Ockford's christianity. As the poet has well said—

"God works in silence, and the quietest,
May have a mission and a ministry
Far, far beyond the noisiest."

It was just so with my father. His mission was that of a godly life that made itself heard and felt wherever he went. Every day it was his custom after dinner to retire into his chamber for a quarter of an hour in order to read the Scriptures and to pray. It being, on account of the exigencies of business, impossible to have family worship in the evening, it was always conducted by him in the morning immediately after breakfast, and his prayers on the occasion were brief and often most impressive. He was a strict Sabbatarian and would permit nothing to be done by us, either in the house or out of it, that he deemed to be inconsistent with the spirit of that holy day. He was also a very generous man and gave away a great deal. But in this respect he lacked discernment, and thus frequently did more harm by his benefactions than he did good. In fact, so great was this propensity of his to bestow alms upon all who solicited them, that my mother felt it necessary to see to it that, as a rule, he carried in his purse no more money than was needed for his daily wants, or there is no telling to what extent he would have been victimised by those lying vagrants, who, know-

ing his weakness, would, by working upon his feelings, have made him their prey.

My mother was small in stature, handsome, and lady-like. Coming of a "good family," her relatives considered that in consenting to become the wife of a tradesman she had married beneath her station. But my mother never entertained such a notion. She wisely estimated that the character of the man was of far greater importance than his social position. She believed with the poet

'Tis less men's titles than their
qualities

We should respect. The peerage
in the man,

This is the best nobility. How
few

Are great with their own great-
ness—diamonds

That need no setting!

Hence, believing this, she always looked up to my father with reverence, and taught her children to entertain for him the same kind of feeling. Well educated, thoroughly domesticated, and possessed of a firm will of her own, she was able to train her children as comparatively few, I fear, are being trained in the present day. In all, she had ten children, three of whom died in their infancy before I was born. Two more also were taken away—a little girl at the age of six years, and Edgar, at the age of four. Of my little sister I remember nothing, as, when she died, I was but eighteen months old, so that the death of my brother Edgar was the only death in our family of which, in my boyish history, I had any experience. It will thus be seen that half my mother's family died and half lived.

As I was the only boy left, in some households I might have been petted and spoiled,

especially as I was the last child but one, and that one, Edgar, having been transplanted above. But my mother knew better than to permit that. As my father, except on the Lord's day and at stated intervals, was rarely at home, to her was committed the training of her household, and as a Christian mother she accepted the responsibility and acted up to it. She had the good sense rarely to interfere either with us or our enjoyments, except it was needful to do so, and then we all realised that her will was law. If she gave a command, she saw that it was obeyed; if she threatened, she fulfilled her threatening; if she promised, the promise was faithfully kept. To whimpering, crying and entreaty she paid no heed; and we soon learnt that we might just as well ask the sun to cease to shine, or the rain to stop falling, or the wind to refrain from blowing, as to ask our mother to change her decision when it had been deliberately avowed. She believed—and in this respect I hold she was perfectly right—that, in accordance with a law of nature, God had ordained that the true mother's will should control the child's will; that to allow the child to be master was to do it irreparable injury, and that its happiness in this life would be best promoted by keeping the reins firmly but kindly in her own hand. This was her domestic creed and she carried it out to the full. And what was the result? A happier home than ours could not have been found in Christendom; and there was not one of her living children who in after years, and long after her body had been placed beneath the green sod, did not bless her memory for the good thus done to them by her effective domestic training.

To show how firmly my mother

kept her word, I will venture to relate one incident which though overruled for my future good was, I am grieved to say, not all to my credit. Unexpectedly our school-master, through being suddenly called out of town on urgent business, gave us on our return to school, after dinner, a half-holiday. It being a hot July day it was proposed that we should go and bathe in the river. But that was just the place that I was forbidden to bathe in on account of its danger. The canal was more shallow, and there I was allowed at any proper time to go ; but the only condition on which I was permitted to go to the river was when my father, who was a good swimmer, could accompany me. At this time I knew this was impossible, as he was away from home and would not return till late at night. What was to be done ? Bathing was my chief delight, and the temptation to go with the rest of the lads was great. My proposal to go and bathe in the canal instead of the river met with no favour ; so after a little wavering I consented to go with them.

It was a glorious afternoon. The sun shone with splendour ; the mowers were cutting down the brown grass ; the rooks were cawing with delight as they flew from branch to branch in the tall trees ; the hedges were lined with wild flowers ; and the smooth, calm, placid river seemed to invite us to plunge in and revel in its cooling streams. There, for a couple of hours, we dived, swam, floated, splashed, and ducked each other to our hearts' content. Never did I enjoy a half-holiday more in my life. But the return home brought reflection, and with reflection, remorse. I had purchased fleshly gratification, but at what price ? It was the first time in my life that

I had in such a form disobeyed my loving parent's wishes, and the thought made me ill at ease. What now was I to do ? Should I at once confess my disobedient act to my mother and ask her forgiveness, or should I wait until I might be compelled to tell the truth ? In justice to myself I may affirm that the idea of telling a falsehood never entered my mind ; I would have suffered any punishment rather than have done that.

On my arrival home at the usual time, I found the tea on the table, and, as nothing was said, for the time being I felt safe. But I had a restless night, and when I did sleep suffered from troublesome dreams. One dream I well remember, and it had some connection with the river. I thought I was sinking in the deep water and tried in vain to get to the top. At last my imaginative struggles woke me, and I was only too glad to find myself in my own snug bed. The next day I got on badly with my lessons at school and was sternly rebuked more than once by the master for my so-called carelessness ! On going home I felt I could bear the suspense no longer, so as soon as tea was over—at which I ate little—and the rest of the family had left the room, I said somewhat abruptly—

"Mother, I want to tell you something !"

"What is it, Harry ?" she asked gravely.

"I have disobeyed your command, mother."

"I know that," she said.

"Know it !" I rejoined in surprise.

"Yes, I know it, Harry."

"What do you know, mother ?"

"I know that yesterday you had a half-holiday, and that you took advantage of it to go with

some of the scholars to bathe in the river."

"Who told you, mother?"

"I don't know, Harry, that I should tell you that, but as in the present case it does not matter, I may inform you that I knew all about it before you came home to tea yesterday. A friend of mine came along the river bank just as you had all entered the river, and then learnt from the lad minding the clothes that you had been given a holiday. As I happened to go to his shop an hour afterwards for an article, as a matter of course he told me about it, thinking that it would give me pleasure."

"Then, why, mother, didn't you tell me last night that you knew?"

"Because, Harry, I wanted to give you an opportunity of making a candid confession."

"But suppose I hadn't confessed, mother, what then?"

"Then, my boy, I should have thought less of you than I do now."

"Then you do think something of me still," I said, tears starting in my eyes.

"Yes; I think that your willingness on reflection to confess your disobedient act shows that you have repented of your folly, and that you are sorry you have so distressed me."

"I am sorry, mother; very sorry," and so saying, as a practical proof of it I cried outright.

I perceived that this touched my mother, but she remained firm. Her lips were compressed for a moment as if she had to stifle rising emotion, and then she said,

"You know Harry, don't you, why we forbade you going to bathe in the river?"

"Yes, mother; because it is dangerous, and you thought if I caught the cramp, or was swept

into a strong current, or got beyond my depth that I might be drowned."

"Yes, Harry; and was not that a sufficient reason for forbidding your going there under penalty of punishment, unless your father went with you?"

"It was, mother. Oh! I did very wrong, but I will never do so again, never!"

"No, my boy, I do not think you will; but for all that you know what I have told you. Did you ever know me to break my promise when I promised you a reward?"

"No, mother."

"Nor to break my word when I threatened to chastise you?"

"No, mother."

"Then, Harry, out of love to you I shall not begin to break my word now. As you have, however, voluntarily confessed your disobedient act and have given proof that you are sorry for your transgression, I will not cane you, but I shall send you at once to bed without your supper; and when you come down in the morning I shall expect you before the rest of the family to ask your father's forgiveness, and promise him that you will never do the like again."

So with a mother's forgiving kiss to bed I went. It was sometime before I fell asleep, but when I did fall off I slept soundly. In the morning at the breakfast table my father's forgiveness was willingly asked and as freely granted; and from that hour until my dear mother's death I never remember again wilfully disobeying her wishes or treating lightly her commands. Thus, through my mother's loving firmness, I was taught a valuable lesson, which in many ways helped me in the future, and gave me bright sunshine in the journey of life.

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

THE MOUNTAIN GATE, and the FARMER'S OLD WAGGON.

BY REV. W. PARRY.

ONE winter's afternoon, a little before sunset, the Mountain Gate and the Old Waggon had the following dialogue. The waggon was on its way home, and had just passed through the gateway. The farmer had just left his team, having gone some fifty or sixty yards to see Farmer Brown, for twenty or thirty minutes. Just outside the Mountain Gate the team stood waiting. The silence was broken by a sigh; it issued from the Gate. The Old Waggon—a large, heavy, stiff, creaking, asthmatic-looking machine, heard the sigh, but being weary and tired with the ascent which it had made, and being naturally dull and slow, did not pay much attention to it; but that sigh being followed by another and another, at last it was aroused to inquire as to the cause.

"What can the matter be, old friend? I have often heard thee creak and groan before, but why these sighs, what troubles thee?"

"Well, answered the old Gate, to tell the truth, I have for a long time felt that my lot is a peculiarly hard one, and my reflections only increase my dissatisfaction and misery."

"You have little to complain of, it appears to me, but much to be thankful for." So said the Waggon.

With another heavy sigh, the Gate replied, "I am afraid you

don't understand me, and I in vain shall look to you for sympathy."

"You are right, old friend, I don't understand you; I am rather perplexed than otherwise; and as for sympathy, I know very little about it. I know I get very little of it; it is a very scarce article in our neighbourhood. Now, make this matter plain, and perhaps I can help you; for although I appear so hard, slow, and heavy, I may be able to help an old friend in distress."

"In truth," said the Old Gate, "I have for a long time felt dissatisfied with my position, it appears to me very humiliating, and I am afraid it will soon become intolerable."

"You astonish me," said the Old Waggon, "for to my dull comprehension, it is one for which you ought to be very thankful."

"Thankful!" said the Gate, with another sigh, creak, and groan.

"Yes, thankful," answered the Waggon; "your lot is an easy one, you are assisted in everything you do, and your position is fixed for life."

"Ah, you have just touched the source of all my troubles—fixed for life, true!"

"Yes," said the Old Waggon, "you are in a secure position, immovable, with only the lightest of duties to fulfil, and upheld and supported by a firm and powerful friend, who will probably never leave nor forsake you."

"Your words only hurt and trouble me," said the Gate. "It is this very fixedness and immobility that grieves me. Yes, my destiny

is fixed ; I shall never move from where I am ; although I often move I never advance ; I am made to swing hither and thither, but make no progress."

"I see more clearly now the nature and cause of your dissatisfaction," said the Old Waggon. "Come, now, let us look at this matter more closely. So you wish to advance, you wish to move about more freely in the world. Idle dreams, friend, and silly as idle."

"You astonish me," said the Gate. "Is that how you think of your own lot, value your own privileges, esteem your own enjoyments, and appreciate the great movements of the world, and in which you are permitted to take part?"

"You speak of privileges, enjoyments, etc., are you sure that I have any such?"

"I am sure," said the Gate, "that you go about a great deal, that you often pass this way, that you are a regular visitor at the market-town, and, when there, you call at the best houses and largest inns."

"Well, and supposing all that to be true, do you esteem that a privilege, and think me happy?" said the Old Waggon.

"Surely, I could not think otherwise," said the Gate ; "for to go about in the world, to mingle with one's fellows, to hear the news and see the sights, must add to one's knowledge and experience, and must make one wiser, better, and happier."

"As for knowledge, what does it profit? My experience is often a painful one; and as for my fellows, I find that nearly all the old waggons hate market-towns, the bustle in the streets, the waiting in the market square, the sharp turns around the street corners, the collisions to which we are sub-

jected, the unceremonious huddling together in hotel yards—in fact, we all complain, and pray for a more quiet life, with less bustle and motion."

"But, surely it must be a relief to you to leave for a short season the lonely farm with its monotonous toil, to see the gay life of the valley which you have just left ; it must be a pleasure to you to see the smart and polished carriage coming out through the palace gate, with its happy, smiling, laughing burden of men and maidens, and rolling along the streets like a thing of life, the admiration of all."

"Ah," said the Old Waggon, "you little think of the ruts I have to go through, the heavy weight beneath which I am made to groan, the sharp piercing stones which I have to grind my way through before I can see such sights ; and then, as to the sights themselves, more than one of these gay, airy, polished brethren of mine has come to a sad end ; more than one have I passed wrecked and ruined, as I have jogged my way through life."

"No doubt accidents will happen, the noblest and best built vehicles may come to grief ; but —"

"I want you to see, old friend," said the Old Waggon, "that I am protesting against all this wild motion ; yes, these my brethren are dangerously fast ; their speed is closely allied to their destruction ; their too rapid career is often the cause of their being wrecked."

"But you admit that it is right to attain to the very perfection of motion, if possible?"

"I have known some of those gents who supposed they had nearly attained to it," said the Old Waggon, "and I was very much amused with their antics. I have observed that they are almost all

distinguished for their levity, gifted with very slight understandings, not blessed with much capacity; their make is altogether frail, they have a good deal of glitter and polish, but it is equalled by an ostentatious bearing, lofty, superior airs, and a good share of pride. They always pass me by with disdain; and when they condescend to notice me, it is with a smile of contempt, scorn, and ridicule. The perfection of motion, old friend, seems to me to be—*slow and sure*."

"No doubt, it is an excellent motto; but don't you think we need something else beside it, say, *speedy and safe*?"

"Those who wish may adopt that; as for myself, I prefer the other," said the Old Waggon; "but why trouble yourself with all this; why this ambition, this delusive desire; can anything be more unwise than to disturb yourself about motion, advancement, and progress? I hear much about such things down in the valley. How has the infection come up here, and made you unhappy?"

"I see I can get no encouragement from you to improve my position, and run abreast with the age, and move onwards with the great army of progress," said the Gate.

"I wish I could help you," said the Old Waggon. "Perhaps I shall do so, by telling you some homely truths:—1. You are now in your right position, a position for which you were made, and in which you were set by those who knew more than you ever will. 2. Your position is one of usefulness—humble, nevertheless serviceable. 3. Dependent, certainly; but an honourable dependence, for you hang upon a true, staunch, firm old friend, who wishes you to lean upon him. 4. And as to this idea of motion which has laid hold of you, remember you

are more blessed than many in that respect. Look at yonder oak tree; it has never moved at all from the spot where it was planted. Yonder rock has been seated there for thousands of years. If your motion is limited, remember everything is a matter of degree. My wish is to move less; why should you wish to move more? 5. Remember, to move more, as you wish, would necessitate the destruction of your present form of existence. Farewell!"

Pontypridd.

WHAT IS THE BASIS OF PERSONAL CONSECRATION?

By REV. W. FRITH,
Editor of "*Consecration*," Minister
of Emmanuel Union Church,
Harringay, N.

OF things which all true Christians should aim at, and especially those who are Baptists, because they profess to take the Bible alone for their guide, it is to live out the Christ-life in the fullest possible measure.

But we propose to consider what should be regarded as the basis of this higher life.

1. There must be a clear apprehension of the doctrine of personal justification, through the grace that is in Christ Jesus; for till this is apprehended in the mind, and realised as a fact in the experience of the heart, there can be no Divine assurance of peace and joy in the soul. This is a pre-requisite to any degree of sanctification.

2. This being realised more or less clearly will give rise to a holy and healthy desire to be sanctified wholly. Of course, the holy life begins in the regeneration of the heart, finds its progressive development in a daily life of practical and

reverential obedience to the precepts of the Divine Word.

3. The habits of the life should be systematic and regular, not fitful and spasmodic. The Word of God needs habitual study and prayerful meditation, in order to realise that spiritual profit which ripens into consecrated habits, and to render the whole character full of moral loveliness—holiness unto the Lord.

4. Added to this there should be the careful perusal of any religious literature which proves helpful in the culture of this life. We ourselves have found this practice to be very helpful in spiritual progress. And our experience will be confirmed in the lives of many others. The heart-life needs special culture if the outer life is to be strong, vigorous, healthy, and active Godward.

5. Above all, habitual prayer that the Holy Ghost may "help our infirmities," and render all our efforts effectual in the cultivation of this life of personal consecration, that the "beauty of holiness" may be conspicuous in our character, and we appear as "vessels of the sanctuary," purified and "meet for the Master's use."

May we in entering this New Year, especially aim at this, so as to "glorify God in our bodies and spirits, which are His."

Manseville, Harrington.

OUR HYMNS: THEIR
AUTHORS AND ORIGIN.

By REV. R. C. ROBERTS.

No. II.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, M.A.

THIS eminent servant of God rendered great service to the cause of Christ in a twofold

capacity, as a hymn writer and also a faithful minister of the Gospel. He is said to have ministered to the same church for the long period of fifty-four years. Long pastorates seem to have been more common in those days than they are at present. Dr. Rippon was pastor of the same church for sixty-three years, having succeeded Dr. Gill, who served the same church for fifty-four years. Many of the old ministers when they accepted the pastorate of a church were understood to accept it for life. There is a story told of a minister, who, after receiving an invitation to a certain church, was taken round by a good deacon in order to select a house where he might reside; this being done, he was taken to the chapel to choose what was called "the minister's pew;" after which he was taken to the cemetery that he might select the place where he should like to be buried. The poor minister was startled at this suggestion, and uncomfortable thoughts rushed into his mind about the character of the people among whom he was going to reside, when the good deacon informed him that all the previous ministers lived and died among them, and they hoped it would be the same with him. Well, Benjamin Beddome could only have had this one pastorate, which he entered upon at the early age of twenty-one; for we find that he died September 3rd, 1797, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was accustomed for some time to compose a hymn to be sung after his sermon on the Lord's day morning. These were afterwards collected into a volume, twelve of which are in our selection.* It is not

* Psalms and Hymns with Supplement.

very difficult to judge the subject of his discourse from the hymn sung at the close. For instance, No. 130,

"Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?" etc.,

probably was sung after a sermon by him on Christ weeping over Jerusalem:

No. 409—

"Faith, 'tis a precious grace
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God."

A very appropriate hymn after a sermon on Faith.

No. 594—probably at the commencement of a baptismal service :

"How great, how solemn, is the work
Which we attend to-day !"

No. 710—either before going down into the water, or after the candidates have been baptized. We can imagine the old minister giving the hymn out, and the candidates joining the congregation in singing it :

"Witness, ye men and angels now,
Before the Lord we speak ;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break,—
That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field."

There is a very pathetic incident connected with one of his hymns, namely, the 507th. He preached on the first Sunday morning in the year 1778, from those words in Psalm xxxi. 15: "My times are in Thy hand," and read at the close of the sermon this appropriate hymn,

"My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in Thy hand," etc.,

a hymn expressive of submission to God in every dispensation of His providence. The next morning, he received intelligence of the sudden death of his son, a young physician of great promise. The stroke was very severe and heavy, but God had graciously prepared him for it, and he could now enter more fully into the sentiments of that hymn, and feel more than ever the truth of the last verse—

"Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mixed with gall ;
'Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,
Be Thou my All in all."

This is one of those songs to be sung in the night of sorrow, expressive of calm, quiet trust in God in the dark hours of affliction.

Pembroke Dock.

JUDAS is much blamed for betraying Christ for three pounds ; many in our day betray Him a hundred times for threepence.—WELSH PREACHER.

PHILLIPS BROOKS gives excellent advice to young preachers when he says—"Begin your ministry by being sure that you give your people your best thoughts ; it will be none too good for them. They will take it all. Only be sure that it is real, and that you are giving it to them for their best good, and then give them the very best and truest that you know."

HE is the happiest and most effective old man whose life has been full of growth, but free from revolution, who is living still in the same thoughts and habits which he had when a boy, but has found them, as the Hebrews say that the Israelites found their clothes in the desert during the forty years, not merely never waxing old upon them, but growing with their growth as they passed from youth to manhood.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

"THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY."

(Solomon's Song ii. 17.)

I.

HOW oft it seems to me,
When musing o'er God's Word,
As if Dark Night concealed the sense—
Had carried all its brightness hence ;
O Lord ! let there be light, I cry :
And He, the Faithful One, is nigh.

II.

The night is not for long,
Yet gloomy while it lasts,
The eye of faith is early strained ;
The heart of love is too soon pained ;
O Lord ! for patient quest, I cry :
And His sweet voice proclaims Him nigh.

III.

At last the morning breaks,
The shadows flee away,
To watchful eyes come glories new—
Truths, glistening bright with morning dew ;
O Lord ! be Thou my morn, I cry :
And He, the Gladsome Light, is nigh.

IV.

I know the joy that springs
Responsive to the light
Of knowledge, as its welcome beams
Upon the mind and judgment streams ;
O Lord ! for clearer light, I cry :
And He, the World's Light, is nigh.

V.

But there is light and light ;
And there is joy and joy ;
An outer and an inner sight ;
An outer and an inner light ;
O Lord ! for inner light, I cry :
And He, the Churches' Light, is nigh.

VI.

Shine, more and more, my Lord,
More clearly let me see
Increasing wisdom in Thy grace—
More rays of glory from Thy face ;
O Lord ! be perfect day, I cry :
And He, Bright Sun of Truth, is nigh.

W. H.

Gems from Dr. Maclaren's Sermons.

The Book of Ecclesiastes is the log-book of a voyager after truth, and tells us all the wanderings and errors of his thinking until he has arrived at the haven of the conclusion that he announces in the final word, "Hear the sum of the whole matter: fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

There are things in life—God has so arranged it—which can only be done fittingly, and for the most part at all, at certain seasons, and the secret of success is the discernment of present duty and the prompt performance of it.

Is it not true that many of us systematically and of set purpose, continually avoid all questions as to the moral nature of our conduct? How many a man and woman I am talking to to-night never sit down to think whether what they have been doing is right or wrong, because they have got deep down an uneasy suspicion as to what the answer would be. So, by reason of fostering passion, by reason of listening to wishes, by reason of the habit of wrong-doing, by reason of the systematic avoidance of all careful investigation of our character and of our conduct, we lose the power of fairly deciding upon the nature of our own acts.

Christ is the true Prometheus, if I may so speak, who brings to earth in the fragile reed of His humanity the sacred and immortal fire which may be kindled in every heart. Open your hearts to Him by faith and He will come in, and with Him the rejoicing life which will triumph over the death of self and sin, and give to you a share in the nature of God.

A man's character is, if I may use a chemical term, a "precipitate" from his actions. Why, it takes acres of roses to make a flask of perfume: and all the long life of a man is represented in his ultimate character. Character is formed like those chalk cliffs in the South, built up eight hundred feet, beetling above the stormy sea, and all made up of the relics of microscopic animals. So you build up a great solid structure—yourself—out of all your deeds. You—young men and young women, boys and girls—are making your characters, your habits, your opinions, and you are making your reputation too. And you will not be able to get rid of that. This is the time for you to make a good record or a bad one, in other people's opinions.

There should flow from faith a tenacious vigour which masters circumstances and does not let them work with us as they please. True, the ship can only be carried by the wind and the currents, but equally true, if there be a good strong hand on the tiller and the canvas be wisely set, she can sail almost in the wind's eye, and two vessels under the impulse of precisely the same atmosphere and marine conditions can head and move in almost

separate directions. Circumstances do make us, but it depends on us *what* they make us.

Man governs nature by obeying it, and he obeys it in order to govern it. And so we obey circumstances in order to harness them to our car. Though they supply the force, the guidance lies in the hand that holds the reins and pulls the bit. The strength of the Christian man will manifest itself in ruling outward things and making them subservient, whether they be sorrowful or joyful, to the highest end of all, even his larger possession of a fuller Divine nature.

One of the old Italian masters has left us his conception of Temperance on the walls of a little chapel, where he has painted a heroic female figure with a bridle upon her lips and her right hand binding the hilt of a sheathed sword to its scabbard. And that conveys in symbol and emblem an idea of a self-command that restrains the utterance of emotion and sheathes the sword of passion.

If you want to govern yourselves, begin with faith. We rule ourselves when we let Jesus Christ rule us. Trust brings Him, and that King will bring order and peace. Where He comes, the rebel desires and passions will cower before Him

“As if they surely knew their sov’ran Lord was by.”

The Christian man, thinking of his conflict and knowing that with his ten thousand it is hard for him to meet the twenty thousand who are arrayed against him, invokes, as some petty chief of a weak tribe might, the aid of the great Emperor whose dominions are at hand, and when he stretches his protecting power over the little territory there is liberty and there is victory for the trembling prince. So hand over the authority and the sovereignty of thy soul to Jesus Christ, and He will give thee the strength to govern thyself.

THOMAS CARLYLE thus describes atheism. He says it is “a stripping of yourself naked, not to the skin only, but to the bone, and walking about in that guise.” Of “Darwin on Species,” he writes—“Species questions (all from oysters) wonderful to me as indicating the capricious stupidity of mankind; never could read a page of it, or waste the least thought upon it.” Evidently, from these pungent extracts, it is clear that this great and original thinker had little sympathy either with atheism or Darwinian evolution.

WHEN Dr. McLeod was drawing near his end he talked, or rather thought, aloud, almost always about death and dying—the dread every one has of the act of dying; and how merciful it was that, though a man in health fears death, yet when he is weakened by disease he is indifferent to its terror; above all what a comfort it is to know that the man Christ Jesus died! On the Friday after he was taken ill his daughter was sitting on his bed, hearing how he was, and he said, “How dreadful it would be if a God of hate ruled the world; how He could torture us! For instance, He could make us die more than once, and each death become a dreadful experience. Let us thank God for His love. After all,” he added after a pause, “death is a wrong name for it; it is birth into the true life.”—BIOGRAPHY.

Reviews,

Around the Wicket Gate. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster,

THIS is a small book of special value. The title tells its own tale. Of course that is borrowed from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Our author describes his little work as "a friendly chat with seekers concerning faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." His experience would naturally detect much similarity in the doubts and difficulties that "Enquirers" find or feign in declaring themselves to be believers, or in enlisting themselves as disciples; and his mother-wit would have met such scruples again and again times past counting. This seems like a summary of interviews the Pastor has held with many an attendant on his ministry. Good, ah! very good, as far as it goes. But a warm shake of his hand, a bright smile of his face, and a kind word from his lips will perhaps continue to cheer some of these timid souls, after they have studied the preacher's parables and smiled at the publisher's pictures.

The British Messenger. The Gospel Trumpet. Annual volumes bound in strong illuminated binding, 1s. and 1s. 6d. each; also Part Twenty-eight of *Good News*, an illustrated monthly, containing articles on Gospel subjects. Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling, and S. W. Partridge & Co., London.

THESE publications cannot fail to secure readers of all ages and stations; they are full of illustrations, both pictorial and anecdotal, and glorious old gospel is to be found on every page. *The Gospel Trumpet* for its large print is very suitable for the aged or for the sick room, and the pictures in *Good News* are specially good.

India: Sketches and Stories of Native Life. By Rev. J. EWEN,

author of *Handbook to Benares*. Illustrated. Elliot Stock & Co., 62, Paternoster Row.

THE writer, who is a ten years' resident in India, has compiled a very informing book from facts seen and heard during his stay amongst Mahometans and Hindoos. The work is given in five chapters, and throws considerable new light on the manners and customs of these interesting people. Those who cannot get at the larger histories will find this a most acceptable volume.

Christmas Arrows. The Quiver Annual for Christmas, 1889, and *Fule Tide*, being Cassell's Annual for 1889, contain all the excellent features for which this firm are so famous.

The Baptist Almanack and Directory, containing Denominational information, almanack information, and short articles, and a good likeness of the Rev. John T. Briscoe. Price twopence, or interleaved for fourpence. Every Baptist should have a copy. Banks & Co., Raquet Court, Fleet Street.

Part 218, January, 1890, of *Christian World and Pulpit*, completes Vol. 36, and contains Title Page and Index.

Volume 7, No. 8, December, 1889, *The Treasury for Pastor and People*. New York, E. B. Treat. London, Nisbet & Co., Berners Street.

WE place this amongst the best serials of the day. The leading sermon, by the Rev. W. C. Roberts, D.D., President of Lake Forest University, is a powerful exposition of God's gift of love to the world, and the papers on the Minister in his Study, by Dr. Taylor, of Broadway Tabernacle, and Some Temptations of the Ministry, by the Rev. A. L. Vail, are full of thought, and written with great care.

Footsteps of Truth. Shaw & Co.,
 Paternoster Row. Edited by C.
 Russell Hunditch.

THE January number leads off with a paper by Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, on *The Secret of True Blessedness*. We always read this Magazine with profit.

We have received from Drummond's Tract Depot, five telling Tractates: "Simply Trusting every Day," by the Rev. Geo. Everard, M.A.; "Better than Rubies," an address to the young, by J. Forbes Moncrieff; "Reading and Running," by Lady Beaujohn Dent; and "His Staff," and "My Garden," by Eva Travers Everard Poole. The two latter are pleasingly got up with glazed pictorial covers, and printed in colours. The contents are in Mrs. Poole's best style, and are published at One Penny each.

The *Philanthropist* Christmas Number, devoted to philanthropic movements and institutions, presents us with a well-told story by George Alfred Cross, called "Old Grimbleton's Will."

"A Monthly Message;" "Simple Gospel Truth for Old and Young;" "Truthful Words for Old and Young;" and "Father Clements, a Story of Stirring Times," by Grace Kennedy, are penny tracts of an excellent kind, by A. Holness, Paternoster Row.

The Baptist Handbook for 1890. A bulky volume full from end to end of most useful information. It must cost great labour, and we consider that for such an immense variety of materials it is wonderfully accurate. What should we do without it?

Good and Bad Elocution: Their great Practical Effects in the World and the Church; the Bible Teaching about them, and How the Best Speakers Succeed. By JOHN MONTEATH DOUGLASS. Thomas Ogilvie Smith, 14, Paternoster Row.

WE advise all interested in this

question to obtain this penny tract. It will be found valuable.

We wish to say a good word for the following serials and the objects they represent. In *His Name, The Chart and Compass, The Voice of Warning, Evangelical Christendom, Bible Women and Nurses' Record, Charity Record, The British Flag, The Illustrated Missionary News, Consecration, Life and Light Scriptures and Day by Day Almanacks, The Child's Guardian*, etc., are ably conducted, and are all, we believe, doing worthy work.

The Baptist Magazine starts well; it is full of the right kind of thing for service to the Churches. It has also a strikingly good likeness of the Rev. F. B. Meyer. The *Sword and Trowel* sounds a solemn note of warning on the subject of what are called Mutual Improvement Societies. This warning is not an hour too soon. We believe that many of them are succeeding in sapping away the spiritual life of the Churches, and enticing many of our people into paths that may seem right unto them, but the end thereof is death.

The Religious Tract Society's Monthlies are to hand; they commence the New Year bright and cheerful, and will be heartily welcomed by their readers, who, with us, wish them good speed. The music in *The Girl's Own* under the title of "Three Album Leaves," "Solitude," "Despair," and "Peace," contains considerable talent, and we feel sure will be appreciated by our young lady friends.

We also call attention to our volume of *The Baptist Messenger* for 1889, containing twelve sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; Papers on Religious Subjects; Demoninational Intelligence; Poetry; Reviews; Sketches; Anecdotes, etc., etc. Strongly bound in cloth and gilt edges, 2s. post free.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. S. J. JONES, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of Hornton Street, Kensington.

Rev. T. Bennett, of Pontypool College, has accepted the pastorate at Granton-on-Spey.

Rev. J. Fenwick has resigned the pastorate of Ebenezer Church, Millgate, Whitworth.

Rev. J. Jenkins, after a pastorate of ten years at Crickhowell, has accepted the pastorate of the English Churches at Dolau and Rhayader, Radnorshire.

Rev. S. Williams, Hackleton, has accepted the pastorate at Tintern.

Rev. A. Graham-Barton, of Hamsterley, has undertaken the pastorate of Crook Church, under the auspices of the Northern Baptist Association.

Rev. H. Henderson has decided to resign the pastorate of North-row Church, Warminster.

Rev. R. Allen has accepted the pastorate of Rhondda Chapel, Pontypridd.

Rev. J. Kendall has resigned the pastorate at Staincliff, near Dewsbury.

Rev. D. Howell, owing to serious illness, has been compelled to resign the pastorate of the English churches at Glasbury and Penyrheol, Breconshire, which he has held for twenty years.

Rev. R. Ellis Williams has resigned the charge of Peniel Church, Cwmavon, and is leaving Wales, having accepted a call to be minister of the Welsh Church, London.

Rev. J. E. Cracknell, who since filling the pastoral office at Blackheath, Cheltenham, Newbury, South Shields, and York Town, has travelled in the United States, Canada, and Australia, preaching and lecturing, has accepted the pastorate of Arthur Street Chapel (Frederick Street),

Gray's Inn Road, and proposes to enter upon his stated labours on Sunday, still retaining his business relations with the Colonies.

Rev. A. E. Realf, of Dunstable, has accepted the pastorate at Castle Street, Guildford.

Rev. G. D. Evans has resigned the pastorate of Old King Street Chapel, Bristol, where he has ministered for fifteen years.

With the New Year the Rev. W. H. Payne commenced his ministry at Arnsby, under most encouraging conditions.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. W. H. PAYNE, previous to leaving Lyndhurst, where he has ministered for thirteen years, was presented with an illuminated address and a purse of money, Mrs. Payne at the same time receiving a silver teapot and photographic groups of her Sunday-school class.

Rev. G. S. Walker, before leaving Rook Lane Church, Frome, has been presented with a Gladstone travelling bag and two addresses.

Rev. T. J. Malyon, before leaving for Australia, has been presented by Vauxhall Church with an illuminated address and a purse of money. It was stated that during Mr. Malyon's ministry 500 members had been received into fellowship, and that the Sunday-school had almost doubled.

Rev. A. T. Jones has been presented by the church at Duckpool Road, Newport, Mon., with a watch and a sum of money as a New Year's gift.

Rev. A. F. Mills has received from his Bible-class at Neath, an address, a writing-desk, and £10, Mrs. Mills at the same time being presented with a tea-urn.

Rev. H. C. Williams, on the completion of twenty-one years' pastorate of the Welsh Chapel, Corwen, has

been presented with a timepiece, an address, and a purse of money; also with a purse of money from a rural chapel in which he frequently ministers. Mr. Williams is an alderman of the County Council.

Rev. A. G. Short, before leaving to enter on the pastorate at Sandown, has been presented by the deacons of the Congregational Church at Bourne, Farnham, with a cheque to furnish his study, in recognition of services rendered to that church during his residence there. Mr. Short, in his acknowledgment, said he regarded the presentation as a valuable pledge of Christian unity.

Mr. C. Clarke has been presented by the teachers and deacons of Princes Street Church, Northampton, with Farrar's "Life of Christ," and "Early Days of Christianity," in recognition of long service in the Sunday-school.

Mr. Steele, of Cam, for twenty-five years the unpaid pastor of the church at Gossington, at the celebration of his silver wedding with the church, has been presented with an easy chair and two volumes of the "Treasury of David." Mrs. Steele also received testimonials of regard.

RECOGNITIONS.

NEATH.—On Thursday evening, December 12th, a service was held at Christ Church to recognise Rev. E. G. Thomas to the pastorate. The service was preceded by a social tea. The mayor was to have presided at the meeting, but owing to an unforeseen occurrence he was unable to do so. Mr. Jno. Howell filled his place. Mr. Mr. David Harris (the secretary) having given a brief history of the church, addresses were delivered by Revs. Jonas Roberts (C.), E. Cole (W.), superintendent of the district, J. Edwards (C.), D. W. Elias (C.M.), Seth Joshua, W. Walters Messrs. Kimble, Phillips, and the pastor.

HALSTEAD, ESSEX.—On Friday, December 7th, a service was held in connection with the ordination of

Mr. George Freeman to the pastorate of North Street Chapel. Mr. Owen Clover presided. Rev. J. S. Morris delivered the charge to the church; Rev. E. J. Farley, Rev. S. Parkinson, Rev. E. Spurrier, Rev. A. Rollason, and Mr. George Freeman, brother of the pastor, also spoke.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BAPTIST UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

—The yearly statistical returns, as given in the official "Handbook," show a marked increase for the year just closing. In England, there are 2,032 churches, in Wales, 623; in Scotland, 103; and in Ireland, 20; making a total of 2,786. With these are associated 3,781 chapels and mission stations, which provide accommodation for 1,227,476. There are 1,881 ordained pastors and 4,082 lay preachers. In the Sunday schools there are 45,339 teachers and 448,796 scholars. The summary of statistics of Baptist churches throughout the world shows a marked increase over the last returns furnished three years ago. In 1886 there were 37,478 churches, with a membership of 3,326,542; but this year there are 43,125 churches, and a membership of 3,816,286, or practically an increase of nearly half a million of baptised members. Of the ministers who reside in England and Wales no fewer than 1,248 and 201 students are members of the Total Abstinence Association.

The Spring Assembly of the Baptist Union is to be held in London on April 28, and two succeeding days. The Autumn Assembly commences on Sunday, October 5th.

RECENT DEATH.

ON January 4th, at Arnsby, Leicester-shire, James Wylde peacefully entered into rest. Within a month he had been a member of the Baptist Church for half a century, having been baptized as a young man, 24 years of

age, by the late Rev. Jas. Webb, Feb. 2, 1840. Throughout his life he maintained his Christian profession; he was a lover of good men, of good books, and of the old truths. For many years he was a constant reader of the BAPTIST MESSENGER. The deceased was one of the Trustees of Arnsby Baptist Chapel. For some years, through an accident, he had been incapacitated from taking any active part in Christian work or attendance at the services. His end was very peaceful and somewhat unexpected.

W. H. P.

BAPTISMS.

Abersychan.—December 29, Five, by J. Cole.
Altrincham, Tabernacle.—December 29, Two, by H. Mowbray.
Bacup, Zion.—December 29, Six, by E. A. Tydeman.
Barrow-in-Furness.—December 4, Four, by F. Wynn.
Bishop's Stortford.—December 18, Four, by G. H. Kilby.
Buckley, Ebenezer.—December 22, Two, by D. Davies.
Buith, Wells.—January 3, Ebenezer, Two, by W. H. Prosser.
Caersws, Mon.—December 8, Twelve, by D. E. Hughes.
Cardiff, Hope Chapel, Canton.—December 29, Two; January 5, One, by T. W. Medhurst.
Cardiff, Splott Road.—December 29, Five, by S. Jones.
Chatham.—December 18, Nine; January 1, Eight, by T. Hancocks.
Coombe-Martin, Devon.—December 19, Four; 22, Three, by W. Ewens.
Dolan (Nantyllan).—Radnor.—December 26, Two, by W. D. Young.
Douctris, Beulah.—December 29, Twelve, by J. Williams.
Dumbarton.—December 8, Eight; 25, Five, by J. McLean.
Edenbridge.—December 10, Three, by R. H. Powell.
Elm Grove, Southsea.—December 29, Four, by J. P. Williams.
Eye, Suffolk.—December 15, Two, by J. G. Skelly.
Great Marlou.—December 31, One, by C. Saville.
Golcar, Sunny Bank.—January 5, Two, by W. Armitage.
Hope, Cross Keys, Monmouth.—January 5, Ten, by C. H. Watkins.
Hull, Tabernacle.—November 14, Eight, by F. Russell.

Keighley, Slack Lane.—January 5, Seven, by H. Davies.
Ke o, N.B..—December 29, Three, by E. Last.
Latchford, Cheshire.—December 8, Four, by J. W. Varley.
Lydney, Gloucestershire.—December 29, Two, by E. Davis.
Lymington, Hants.—November 24, Seven, by J. Collins.
Macclesfield, St. George's Street.—December 29, Two, by J. Hollinshead.
Maidstone, Union Street.—December 30, One, by G. Walker.
Metropolitan District.—
Grafton Square, Clapham.—December 29, Fifteen, by T. Hanger.
Herne Hill.—Three, by W. F. Gooch.
Penge, Tabernacle.—December 31, One, by J. W. Boud.
Trinity, John Street, Edgware Road.—December 29, Two, by H. Trotman.
Upper Holloway.—December 18, Fourteen, by J. Wood.
Woolwich, Parson's Hill.—January 2, Nineteen, by J. Wilson.
Morlais, Merthyr.—December 15, Two, by J. Morgan.
Morley, Tabernacle.—January 1, Four, by C. Welton.
Moriah, Risca, Mon.—December 8, Four, by E. U. Thomas.
Newport, Mon.—November 24, Three, by A. T. Jones.
Nantylwyn, Radnorshire.—January 3, Two, by J. A. Thomas.
New Brompton.—December 29, Four, by W. W. Brocksidge.
Newport, Maindee.—December 29, Three, by A. T. Jones.
Old Sodbury.—New Year's Day, Three, by A. J. Parker.
Oldham, King Street.—December 29, Nine, W. F. Edgerton.
Pentre, Zion.—December 22, Fourteen, by T. Richards.
Pontnewynydd, Pontypool.—December 29, Three, by J. G. Watts.
Portslade-by-Sea.—December 29, Three, by J. O. Campbell.
Princes Risboro'.—January 2, Two, by W. Coombs.
Rye, Ryeford.—January 5, Four, by E. Watkins.
Risca, Mon., Bethany.—December 22, Twenty-two, by T. Thomas.
Ryde (Isle of Wight), Park Road.—December 22, Six, by J. Smale.
Romsey, Hants, Bell Street.—December 29, Four.
Seion, Ponkey.—December 22, Four, by E. Mitchell.
Shipley, Yorks, Bethel.—December 29, Two, by A. Priter.
Scapegoat Hill, Huddersfield.—January 5, Six, by T. R. Lewis.
Shirley, Southampton.—January 2, Union Chapel, Six, by E. R. Pullen.
Stanningley.—January 5, Two, by A. Harrison.
Thornbury.—December 29, Five, by A. J. Parker.

Treharris, Bethel, English.—December 8, Four, by W. D. Nicholas; January 5, Three, by J. Pile.
Tunbridge Wells.—January 1, Eleven, by J. Smith.
Tunbridge.—December 22, Two, by B. G. Knight.
Wantage.—December 18, Two, by A. Phillips.
West Gorton, Birch Street, Manchester.—December 22, Nine, by F. Oliver.

Whitchurch, Hants.—December 31, Two, by R. Smathers.
Wisbech, Hill Street.—December 1, Two; December 29, Five; January 2, Two, by J. W. Campbell.
Worthing.—December 22, Nine, by C. Crouch.
Wrexham.—December 15, Four; December 29, Four; and January 1, One, by P. A. Hudgel.

THE man whose eye is set upon the souls of men, and whose heart burns with the desire to save them, chooses almost with an unerring instinct what figure will set the truth most clearly before their minds, what form of appeal will bring it most strongly to their sluggish wills. He takes these, and rejects every other.—PHILLIPS BROTHERS.

In a discourse delivered by Dr. Armitage at Chicago, on "The Bible and Baptists," the Doctor proved several important things relative to the Baptists. He proved that they had been coeval with the Christian Scriptures themselves; that they have ever contended for the personal right to read the Bible for themselves, and to follow its requirements under the interpretation of their own private judgment; that they have suffered more than any other people for the Bible and for their rigid adherence to its authority; and, finally, that they have been foremost in modern movements to procure and circulate faithful versions of the Bible in all languages of the earth." For the Doctor to have proved all this was the highest tribute that could possibly have been paid to the denomination. It is hoped that to the last the denomination will adhere to its tenets.

It is remarkable in how many ways humble people can serve the Lord's cause if they will. In Lancashire at the present time there is a worthy old Christian man who has laboured long and successfully in the Master's service. To aid the cause with which he is connected, he rises before five o'clock in the morning to go and knock some five factory hands up. For the service thus rendered he receives the munificent pay of twopence each per week. But this money he never touches. He sends one of his daughters to gather it in, and gives it to her and her sister to apply in various ways to their school and their chapel. Hence they had recently a fair sum in hand to give at special services. The twopence a week thus hardly earned is well applied, and must prove a most acceptable freewill offering to the Lord and His people.—H. W.

WHILE other things have been changing, the composition of a sermon remains what it was more than a century ago. Here is Dr. Salter's recipe, composed about 1770 :—

Take some scraps out of the best books you have; weigh and sift them thoroughly, then divide them into three parts, for dividing them more is generally thought to crumble them too much. Work these well and handle them neatly, but neither mince nor chop them. Season the whole with a due proportion of salt, put in nothing that is too hard or difficult to digest, but let all be clear and candid; it should have some fire, for that will raise it and prevent its being heavy. You must garnish it with a few flowers, but not so thick as to hide the substance. Take care it's not overdone, for, as it is the last thing served up, if it is not inviting, some of the company may not taste of it. In a hard frost or extreme cold weather it should be done in twenty minutes, in more temperate weather it may take half an hour. If it is done in a quarter of an hour it is fit for a king.

Five Fears.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before him."—ECCLES. viii. 12.

I HAVE heard it sometimes said by wicked men, when they would arraign the justice of the Most High, that it is unjust that God should condemn men for the use of the powers which He Himself has given them. This most subtle evil has often grieved the hearts of those who are weak and ignorant, and have not seen its untruthfulness—for to speak plainly of it, it is a gross lie. God does not condemn men for the use of the powers He has given them; He condemns them for the misuse of those powers; not for employing them, but for employing them as they ought not to employ them; not for thinking, not for speaking, not for doing, but for thinking, speaking, and doing, contrary to His law. God dameth no man for the use of the powers which He hath given him, let that be again repeated—but He doth condemn them for the abuse of those powers, and for their impudence in daring to turn those powers, which He hath given them for His honour, against His service, and against His throne. Now, my friends, there is no power which God hath given us, which may not be employed for God. I believe that David uttered a great truth, as well as a great exhortation to himself, when he said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

There is nothing in man that God has put there, which may not be employed in God's service. Some may ask me whether anger can be brought in? I answer, Yes. A good man may serve God by being angry against sin, and to be angry against sin is a high and holy thing. You may ask me, perhaps, whether ridicule can be employed? I answer, Yes. I believe we may even rightly employ it in the preaching of God's word. I know this, I always intend to use it; and if by a laugh I can make men see the folly of an error better than in any other way, they shall laugh, and laugh here, too; for ridicule is to be used in God's service; and every power that God hath implanted in man—I will make no exception—may be used for God's service, and for God's honour. What man hath gotten for himself by the fall, cannot be employed to serve God with; we cannot bring before God Adam's robbery, to be a sacrifice to the Almighty, nor can our own carnal and sinful passions honour the Most High; but there are natural powers which God hath conferred, and none of these are in themselves

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sinful. I would have them, therefore, employed for the Master. Yea, even those powers with which it seems impossible to worship, such as the powers of assimilation, eating, and drinking, may be brought to honour God; for what says the Apostle? "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God, giving thanks unto God and the Father by Jesus Christ."

Now, you will notice that fear may be yoked into the service of God. True fear, not fearing, but believing, saves the soul; not doubt but confidence, is the strength and the deliverance of the Christian. Still, fear, as being one of those powers which God hath given us, is not in itself sinful. Fear may be used for the most sinful purposes; at the same time it may be so ennobled by grace, and so used for the service of God, that it may become the very grandest part of man. In fact, Scripture has honoured fear, for the whole of piety is comprehended in these words, "Fear God;" "the fear of the Lord;" "them that fear Him." These phrases are employed to express true piety, and the men who possess it. Fear, I have said, may ruin the soul; alas! it has ruined multitudes. O Fear, thou art the rock upon which many a ship hath been wrecked. Many a soul hath suffered spiritual destruction through thee, but then it hath been not the fear of God, but the fear of man. Many have rushed against the thick bosses of the Almighty's buckler, and defied God; in order to escape the wrath of feeble man. Many through fear of worldly loss have brought great guilt into their consciences; some through fear of ridicule and laughter, have not had the boldness to follow the right, and so have gone astray and been ruined. Yea, and where fear doth not work utter destruction, it is capable of doing much damage to the spirit. Fear hath paralysed the arm of the most gigantic Christian, stopped him in his race, and impeded him in his labours. Faith can do anything, but fear, sinful fear, can do just nothing at all, but even prevent faith from performing its labours. Fear hath made the Christian to sorrow, both by night and day; a cankering fear, lest his wants should not be provided for, and his necessities supplied, has driven the Christian to unworthy thoughts; and distrustful doubting fear hath made him dishonour God, and prevented his sucking the honey out of the promises. Fear hath kept many a child of God from doing his duty, from making a bold profession; hath brought bondage into his spirit. Fear misused, thou art the Christian's greatest curse, and thou art the sinner's ruin. Thou art a sly serpent, creeping amongst the thorns of sin, and when thou art allowed to twist thyself around manhood, thou dost crush it in thy folds, and poison it with thy venom. Nothing can be worse than this sinful fear. It hath slaughtered its myriads, and sent thousands to hell. But yet it may seem a paradox, fear, when rightly employed, is the very brightest state of Christianity, and is used to express all piety, comprehended in one emotion. "The fear of God" is the constant description which the Scripture gives of true religion.

And now, beloved, I shall want you this morning to have some little patience with me whilst I try to go after certain fearing souls whose fear is of the right kind, even a fear which gendereth salvation, but who through it are now suffering some degree of torment, and are wishing to be delivered from it. An old Puritan says, "Jesus Christ would shake hands with a man that had the palsy I must try and do the same this

morning. Some of you have the palsy of fear. I want to come after you and say unto you, "Fear not;" to bid you to be of good cheer, because God would comfort you. There are five different kinds of fear, that persons are labouring under, which I would now endeavour to address.

I. There is, first, THE FEAR CAUSED BY AN AWAKENING CONSCIENCE.—This is the lowest grade of godly fear; here all true piety takes its rises. By nature, the sinner does not fear the wrath of God; he thinks sin a little thing, he looks upon its pleasures and forgets its penalty; he dares the Almighty to the war, and lifts his puny arm against the Eternal. No sooner, however, is he awakened by God's Spirit than fear takes possession of his heart, the arrows of the Almighty drink up his spirit, the thunders of the law roll in his ears; he feels his life to be uncertain, and his body frail. He dreads death, because he knows that death would be to him the prelude of destruction; he dreads life, for life itself is intolerable, when the wrath of God is poured out into his soul. Many of you who are now before me, have passed through that dreadful ordeal of suffering, under a sense of the wrath of God. We, my brethren, shall never forget to our dying day, that hour of desperate grief, when first we discovered our lost estate. By the preaching of the Word, by the reading of the Scriptures, by prayer, or by some Providence, we were led to look within; we discovered the evil of our hearts, and we heard how terribly God would punish the transgressor. Do you not remember how we started from our beds in the morning, having slept uneasily, and bowed our knees in prayer, and prayed until the hot sweat ran down our brow; but rose without a hope that we had been heard? Do you not recollect how, in our business, we were sometimes so absent in mind, that those who were round about us thought that we must have been bereaved of our wits? Do you not well recollect how the best dainties of our meals seemed to have the bitterness of wormwood in them, and the sweetest draughts were mingled with gall; how all day long we sorrowed, and went to our bed at night with another prayer, still as full of agony and still as hopeless; and by night we could not sleep, but dreamed of the wrath to come, saw dreams more horrible than we had dreamed before; each night and day the wrath of God seemed to increase, and our pangs and agonies became more terrible? Oh, we shall never forget it; those of us who have passed through the same will never let that era be forgotten, for the time of its beginning was the time of our conversion, and the time of its end was the time of our salvation. Have I any here who are in this same state this morning? I am coming after you, and in coming after you I proclaim the words of my text, "Surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before Him." Sinner, it shall be well with thee if thou art now made to fear the wrath of God on account of thy sin; if God the Spirit hath poured forth the vials of Almighty wrath into thy soul, so that thou art cast down and sore vexed. Think not thou shalt be destroyed; it shall be well with thee. Let me comfort thee now, whilst thou art suffering these things, remember that what thou sufferest is that which all God's people have had to suffer in a measure. Many poor hearts come to me when I am sitting to see the anxious ones, and at other times, and they tell me they are in such deep distress; surely never anyone felt as they feel. And when I

begin to unfold to them the experience of all saints, and tell them how it is a well-trodden path which almost every traveller to heaven has had to tread, they stand astonished, and think it cannot be so. I tell thee, sinner, that thy deepest woes have been felt by some one, even more keenly than thou feelest them now. Thou sayest, "I sink in deep mire where there is no standing." Why, man, there have been some that have sunk far deeper than thou hast sunk. Thou art up to thy ankles; I have known some to have been up to the loins, and there have been some that have been covered over their very heads, so that they could say, "All Thy waves and Thy billows have gone over me." Your distresses are very painful, but they are not singular; others have had to endure the same. Be comforted, it is not a desert island; others have been there too; and if they have passed through this, and won the crown, thou shalt pass through it, and inherit yet the glory of the believer on the breast of Christ.

But I will tell thee something else to comfort thee; I will put this question to thee—Wouldst thou wish to go back and become what thou once wast? Thy sins are now so painful, that thou canst scarce eat, or drink, or sleep. There was a time when thy sins never haunted thee, when thou couldst drink and play with Satan and with sin as merrily as any one. Come, wouldst thou like to be as thou wast then? "No," I hear thee say; "no, my Master, my God, grieve me more, if so it pleaseth Thee, but do not let me be hardened any more." Ask the poor stricken conscience, in the first agonies and throes of his grief, whether he would like to be a hardened sinner? "No," he says; and when he hears the blasphemer swear against God, the tear is in his eye; he says, "Lord, I thank Thee for my miseries, if they deliver me from hardness of heart. I can extol Thee for my agonies, if they save me from such dire presumption, such rebellion against Thee." Well, then, be of good cheer, your condition, you see, is not the worst of all; there is a worse state yet. Oh, if thou hast come so far, hope thou in Christ, thou shalt come further yet. But the great consolation is this, Jesus Christ died for thee. If God the Holy Ghost hath shown thee that thou art dead in sin, and if He hath revealed to thee the desperate character of thine iniquity, and broken thee in pieces with penitence on account of thy guilt—hear me, I speak not now at hap-hazard, I speak with God's authority—Jesus Christ died for thee; yes, for thee, thou vilest of the vile. I am no general redemptionist, I believe Jesus Christ died for as many as will be saved; I do not believe he died in vain for any man alive. I have always believed that Christ was punished instead of men. Now, if he were punished in the stead of all men, I could see no justice in God punishing men again after having punished Christ for them. I hold and believe—and I think, on Scriptural authority, that Jesus Christ died for all those who believe or will believe; and he was punished in the stead of all those who feel their need of a Saviour, and lay hold on Him. The rest reject Him, despise Him, sin against God, and are punished for their sins. But those who are redeemed, having been blood-bought, shall not be lost. Christ's blood is too precious to have been shed for men who are damned. It is too awful a thing to think of the Saviour standing in a sinner's stead, and then that sinner, after all, having to bear his own iniquities; I can never indulge a thought which appears to be so unrighteous to God, and so

unsafe to men. All that the Saviour bought He shall have. All that His Heavenly Father hath given Him He says shall come unto Him. Now here is something solid for thee, poor soul. I ask again, dost thou know and feel thyself to be lost and ruined? Then the Saviour bought thee, and will have thee; then He was punished for thee, and thou never wilt be punished again; then He hung upon the cross for thee, that thou mightest not perish. For thee there is no hell, so far as thou art concerned. The eternal lake is quenched, the dungeons of hell are broken open, their bars are cut in sunder. Thou art free; no damnation can ever seize thee, no devils can ever drag thee to the pit. Thou art redeemed, and thou art saved. "What!" sayest thou, "I redeemed? Why, sir, I am full of sin." It is the very reason why thou art redeemed. "But I feel myself to be the guiltiest of all the human race." Yes, and that is just the evidence that Christ died for thee. He says Himself, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." If you have got abundance of good works, and think you can go to heaven by them, you will perish; but if you know your guilt, and confess it—it is not my affirmation, but the affirmation of the Scriptures—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom," says the Apostle, "I am chief." Lay hold on that, poor soul; and then I repeat to thee the text, "Yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before Him." It shall be well with thee yet, and black though thou art, thou shalt one day sing among the blood-washed ones in glory everlasting. That is the first stage of fearing God; we shall now proceed to another.

II. There are many who have believed, and are truly converted, who have a fear which I may call THE FEAR OF ANXIETY. They are afraid that they are not converted. They are converted, there is no doubt of it. Sometimes they know they are so themselves, but, for the most part, they are afraid. There are some people in the world who have a preponderance of fear in their characters; it seems as if their mind, from its peculiar constitution, had a greater aptitude for the state of fear than for any other state. Why, even in temporal matters they are always fearing, and when these poor souls get converted, they are always afraid that they are not so. First, they will tell you they are afraid they never repented enough; the work in their hearts, they say, was not deep; it was just superficial surface-ploughing, and never entered into their souls. Then they are quite sure they never came to Christ aright, they think they came the wrong way. How that can be no one knows, for they could not come at all except the Father drew them, and the Father did not draw them the wrong way. Still they hold that they did not come aright; then if that idea is knocked on the head, they say they do not believe aright, but when that is got rid of, they say, if they were converted they would not be the subject of so much sin. They say they can trust Christ, but they are afraid they do not trust him aright; and they always, do what you may, come back to the old condition; they are always afraid. And now, what shall I say to these good souls? Why, I will say this, "Surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before Him." Not only those who believe, but those who fear, have got a promise, I would to God that they had more faith; I would that they could lay hold on the Saviour, and had more assurance, and even attain unto a perfect

confidence ; but if they cannot, shall I utter a word that would hurt them ? God forbid ; " Surely it shall be well even with them that fear God, with them that fear before Him." There are some of these poor creatures who are the holiest and most heavenly minded people in all the world. I have seen men who, with poor desponding spirits, have exhibited the most lovely graces. There has not been the blushing, healthful beauty of the rose ; but the lily hath its beauties, sickly though it seemeth, and these, though they be faint and weak, have eminently the graces of humility and meekness, of patience and endurance, and they practise more of meditation, more of self-examination, more of repentance, more of prayer, than any race of Christians alive. God forbid that I should vex their spirits ; there are some of God's best children who always grow in the shade of fear, and can scarcely attain to so much as to say, " I know whom I have believed." Darkness suits them best ; their eyes are weak, and much sunlight seems to blind them ; they love the shadows ; and though they thought they could sing, " I know my Saviour, I love Him ; and He loves me," they go back again, and begin to groan in themselves, " Do I love the Lord ? indeed, if it be so, why am I thus ?"

Now, I am about to utter a great paradox—I believe that some of these poor fearing people have got the greatest faith of anybody in the world ; I have sometimes thought that great fear, great anxiety, must have great faith with it to keep the soul alive at all. See that man drowning, there—there is another in the water too, I see. He in the distance thinks ; he can swim : a plank is thrown to him ; he believes himself to be in no danger of sinking. Well, he clutches the plank very leisurely, and does not seem to grasp it firmly. But this poor creature here, he knows he cannot swim, he feels that he must soon sink. Now put the means of escape near him, how desperately he clutches it ; how he seems as if he would drive his fingers through the plank ! He clutches it for life or death ; that is his all, for he must perish if he is not saved by that. Now, in this case, he that fears the most believes the most ; and I do think it is so sometimes with poor desponding spirits. They have the greatest fear of hell, and the greatest fear of themselves, and the greatest dread that they are not right. Oh, what a faith they must have, when they are enabled to throw themselves on Christ, and when they can but whisper to themselves " I think that He is mine"—" Surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before Him."

But I want to comfort these poor souls a little. I do not think a minister does well in killing the lambs ; for where would be the sheep next year if he should do so ? But at the same time it is his business to make the lambs grow into sheep if he can. And you who are fearing, I would not say a word to hurt you, but I would say a word to comfort you if I could ; I would remind you that you are not fit to judge of yourself. You have been just now examining yourself, and you came to the conclusion that you really are not a child of God. Now, you will not be offended with me, but I would not give one single farthing for your opinion of yourself. Why, I tell you, you have not any judgment. It is not long ago you were a base, presumptuous sinner, and then you thought yourself all right. I did not believe you then. Well, then you began to reform yourself. You practised many good works, and thought surely you were mending your pace to heaven then. Then I knew you

were wrong. Now you are becoming a true believer in Christ, but you are very fearful, and you say you are not safe. I know you are ; you are not fit to judge. I should not like to see you elevated to the bench ; you would scarcely know how to deal with other men, for you would not know how to deal with yourself ; and who is he that can deal with himself ? We sometimes think ourselves proud, and we are never more humble than when we feel that we are proud. At other times, we think ourselves to be wonderfully humble, and we are never more proud than then. We sometimes say within ourselves, "Now I think I am overcoming my corruptions ;" that is just the time when they are about to attack us most severely. At another time we are crying, "Surely I shall be cut off ;" that is just the period when sin is be routed, because we are hating it the most and crying out the most against it. We are not qualified to judge ourselves ; our poor scales are so out of order, that they will never tell the truth. Now, then, just give up your own judgment, except thus far. Can you say that you "are a poor sinner and nothing at all, and that Jesus Christ is your all in all ?" Then be comforted. You have no right to be anxious ; you have no reason to be so. You could not say that if you had not been converted. You must have been quickened by grace, or else you would not be anxious at all ; and you must have faith, or else you would not be able even to lay hold of Christ so much as to know your own nothingness and His all-sufficiency. Poor soul ! be comforted.

But shall I tell thee one thing ? Dost thou know the greatest of God's people are often in the same condition as thou art now ? "No, no," says the fearful soul, "I do not believe that, I believe that when persons are converted they never have any fear," and they look at the minister, and they say, "Oh, but if I could be but like that minister ; I know he never has doubts and fears. Oh, if I could be like old Deacon So-and-so—such a holy man ; how he prays ! Oh, if I could feel like Mr. So-and-so, who calls to visit me, and talks to me so sweetly. They never doubt." Ah, that is because you do not know. Those whom you think to be the strongest, and are so in public, have their times of the greatest weakness, when they can scarcely know their own names in spiritual things. If one may speak for the rest, those of us who enjoy the greatest portions of assurance have times when we would give all the world to know ourselves to be possessors of grace ; when we would be ready to sacrifice our lives if we might but have the shadow of a hope that we were in the love of Jesus Christ our Lord. Now, little one, if the giants go there, what wonder if the dwarfs must ? What if God's favourite and chosen ones, what if his valiant men, the bodyguard of Christ, those men whose swords are on their thighs, and who stand up for the truth and are its champions—if they sometimes are weak, what wonder if thou shouldst be weak ? What if the heirs of salvation and the soldiers of the cross sometimes feel their knees feeble and their hands hang down and their hearts faint ; what wonder if thou, who art less than the least of all saints shouldst sometimes be in trouble too ? Oh, be of good cheer ; fear will never kill anybody. "Doubts and fears," said an old preacher once, "are like the toothache ; nothing more painful, but never fatal." They will often grieve us, but they will never kill us ; they distress us much, but they will never burn the soul. Fears even do good at times. Let me not, however, praise them too much. I heard a preacher say, the other day,

that fear was a good housekeeper. I said, "So I have heard, but I do not believe it. She never will keep a cupboard full ; she is a good doorkeeper ; she can keep beggars and thieves away ; she is a good housedog to guard us and protect us in the night, and warn us of dangers, lest we fall into them." The fear of anxiety, then, is a good fear. Take this promise—"Surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before him."

III. And now, my brethren, in the next place there is A FEAR WHICH WORKS CAUTION. When we get a little further advanced in the Christian life, our present state is not so much a matter of anxiety as our future state. We believe that we shall never totally fall from grace. We hold it as a cardinal doctrine of our religion, that by no means will God ever leave his people or suffer them to perish. But we often think within ourselves, I am afraid lest I should bring dishonor on the cause of Christ ; I am afraid lest, in some moment of temptation, I shall be left to go astray ; I am afraid lest I should lose that hallowed peace and that delightful joy which it has been my privilege to enjoy, and shall yet go back into the world ; God grant that I may not prove to be a hypocrite, after all ! Now, I have hundreds of persons just now in this place, who are feeling like this ; and I will tell you one ill effect of this fear. These persons say, "I dare not join the church, because I am afraid I shall fall." A friend mentions to them that they hold it to be their duty, if they have believed, to make a profession of their faith in baptism. They say, "Well, I believe it to be my duty to partake of the two institutions of our Saviour ; I ought to be buried with Him in baptism unto death ; I ought also, I know, to hold fellowship with Him in the Lord's Supper ; but I dare not join the church ; for suppose I should bring dishonor upon the cause, suppose I should disgrace the church, what a sad thing it would be !" That fear is good, in itself. But do you think that you would not bring disgrace on Christ's cause as it is ? You are always at the place of worship ; you are never away. You were always looked upon as being one of the church, though you have not made a profession. Now, if you were to sin, would it not dishonor the church even now ? You know your relatives and friends esteem you to be a Christian. You would scarce dishonor the church more if you were actually to join it ; for you really are united with it. If you would be consistent, you must never go to the chapel any more. Just stop away ; give up your seat ; turn right down irreligious ; and then you cannot dishonor the church. Do one or the other, but never think you will be saving Christ's church by dishonoring God, as you really are doing now. And then I will ask you this question, Where do you think a man is safest—in the paths of obedience, or in the paths of disobedience ? Now you know you are disobedient ; you are quite sure of that. Do you think you are safer where your wayward will leads you, or where God's Spirit points the way ? And remember this, if you cannot trust God to keep you standing, you must have a poor faith indeed. If you cannot just risk that and be united with the church, and hope that Christ will keep you, then I fear you will have some terrible fall. If you do not join the church, you will bring far more disgrace upon it by being outside it, than you would have done if you had been united with it and had been kept. Ah, friends, I believe that union with the Christian church is often a means, under God, of preserving men from

sin ; for then they think there is a bond upon them, and a sacred claim, and many of them are more careful what they do. And I trust there would be the same check upon you.

But now, I daresay that the poor creature who has been uttering this, thinks I am about to condemn her ; and the poor man who has been talking so thinks I would cut him off and say he is no child of God. God forbid ! My text belongs to him. You are afraid you will fall into sin —“Surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before Him.” If you should tell me you were not afraid of falling, I would not have you in the church for the world ; you would be no Christian. All Christians, when they are in a right state, are afraid of falling into sin. Holy fear is the proper condition of a child of God. Even the most confident will not go into presumption. He that knows his love to the Saviour, and his Saviour’s love to him, is yet afraid lest he should dishonour him. If there be a man who has an assurance of such a kind, as to put fear out of the question, so that he is never afraid of sinning, I will tell him he has a satanic assurance, an assurance which came from Satan and not from God ; for the more assured we are of our own conversion, the more careful we shall be lest we should offend God, and the more fearful lest by word, or look, or deed, we should grieve God’s Holy Spirit. I love your fear, and love you too for it, you are my brother and sister in Jesus, if you can truly say that you fear lest you should sin. Seek then, my friends, to grow in this fear of caution ; obtain more and more of it ; and whilst thou dost not distrust the Saviour, learn to distrust thyself more and more every day.

IV. I shall not detain you many more minutes ; I have only to notice in the next place the fear which I may call THE FEAR OF JEALOUSY. Strong love will usually promote jealousy. “Love is as strong as death ;” then comes the next, “Jealousy is cruel as the grave.” We cannot love strongly without feeling some jealousy—I mean, not jealousy against the object of our love ; for, “perfect love casteth out fear”—but jealousy against ourselves. “Oh what jealousy,” says the Apostle, addressing the Corinthians, “what revenge,” did grace work in you when you were first converted. The true believer, when he gets his Saviour in full possession, and in blissful communion, is so jealous lest any rival should intrude in his heart ; he is afraid lest his dearest friend should get more of his heart than the Saviour has. He is afraid of his wealth ; he trembles at his health, at his fame, at everything that is dear to him, lest it should engross his heart. Oh, how often does he pray, “My Lord, let me not be of a divided spirit ; cast down each idol—self-will, self-righteousness.” And I tell you the more he loves, the more he will fear lest he should provoke his Saviour by bringing a rival into his heart, and setting up an Antichrist in his spirit ; so that fear just goes in proportion to love ; and the bright love is congenial, and must walk side by side with the deepest jealousy and the profoundest fear. Seek, my brethren, to know the meaning of communion, and you must know, then, the meaning of fear ; for fear and communion must, to a great degree, go together.

V. And now I will conclude by just mentioning that fear which is felt WHEN WE HAVE HAD DIVINE MANIFESTATIONS. Did you never, in the silence of the night, look up and view the stars, feeding, like sheep, on the azure pastures of the sky ? Have you never thought of those great

worlds, far, far away, divided from us by almost illimitable leagues of space? Did you never, whilst musing on the starry heavens, lose yourself in thoughts of God; and have you never felt, at such a time, that you could say with Jacob, "How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven." Have you never seen the craggy hills lift their summits to the skies? Have you never marked the tempests sailing o'er them, and seen the thunder-cloud burst upon the mountain, and heard the heavens shake beneath the tramp of the Most High, and seen the skies all glaring red with fire, when God hath sent his thunder-bolts abroad; and have you not trembled that God was there, and in other and happier seasons have you not in your chamber been so wrapt in devotion, have you not so manifestly known the presence of God that you were filled with trembling? Fear took hold upon you and made all your bones to shake, not because you dreaded God, but because you then saw some of His greatness. It is said of Moses, that when he saw the burning bush he feared to look upon God. God is so great a Being, that the rightly constituted mind must always fear when it approaches into His presence. The Eastern subject, when he came before his king, regarded him as a being so infinitely superior to himself, that even in the vestibule he began to shake, and as he neared the throne he began to totter and his cheek was blanched with fear. Like Esther, he would faint when he came before the king, so glorious was his majesty. And if it be so with earthly monarchs, how fearful must it be to come into the presence chamber of the King of kings, and to feel one's self near Him. Why, I believe that even in heaven we shall have this kind of fear. Certainly the angels have it. They dare not look on God. They veil their faces with their wings, and whilst they cry aloud, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, yet they dare not view Him. The very sight of Him might destroy them, and they tremble at His presence. Now this kind of fear, if you have ever felt it, if it has been produced in your heart by contemplation of God, is a high and hallowed thing, and to you this promise is addressed—"Surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before Him."

And now, might I go round again this morning—I cannot do it personally, yet by my voice—to the poor trembling soul who is overcome with sin. Poor man, where art thou? Hath the devil got hold of thee, and have thy sins covered thee up, so that thou canst not see the face of the sun, and behold the light of mercy? Listen to me; you may never hope till you have left off hoping in yourself. You have never any right to believe, till you have nothing to believe in yourself. Until you have lost all, you have no right to take anything. But now, if you have lost all your own good works and righteousness, if you feel that there is no reason why you should be saved, that is the very reason why you should be. My Master bids me tell the naked to come to His heavenly wardrobe, and take His royal garment for their clothing. He bids me tell the hungry to haste away to His heavenly granaries, and feed upon the old corn of the kingdom to their very full. He bids me tell the thirsty that the river of life is broad and deep, and flows freely to all those who thirst after it. Now, sinner, if thou art sick of sin, and grieved at heart where thou standest, follow me in spirit in these words: "O Lord, I know my guilt, and I confess my misery. If Thou damnest me to all eternity,

Thou wilt be just ; but, O Lord, have mercy upon me, according to Thy promise, which Thou hast made in Christ Jesus, unto those who confess their faults." If that came from your heart, go out of that door, and sing all the way home, for you are a pardoned sinner. You shall never see death—the second death, the death of the soul. Go home to your chamber ! let your heart burst itself in tears of thankfulness. Go, and there prostrate yourself, and bless God that He has enabled you to see that only Jesus can do a helpless sinner good. And then, "go your way ; eat your bread with joy, and drink your wine with a merry heart. Let your head lack no oil, and your face no ointment ; for God hath accepted you ; and you have a right to be happy. Live cheerfully and joyfully all the days of your life, hereafter and for ever."

GOD STILL CREATES.

"We are nothing," said a Christian man, and then added, "but He brought a world out of nothing."

I.

MASTER, I am nothing ; not one barley cake
Have I in my basket, empty is my hand :
Yet, enough, good Saviour, Thou canst ever make,
When we bring Thee nothing in this desert land.

II.

Are you nothing, brother ? have you nothing too ?
Jesus out of nothing everything can call.
Nothing can you give him, nothing can you do—
Oh when we are nothing, He will be our all.

III.

Out of nothing, brother, once He called the earth,
All the starry legions, yonder, sun and moon :
Out of nothing, brother, all things had their birth,
All the gems of midnight, all the flowers of noon.

IV.

Are you nothing, brother ? Yield not to despair,
He is the Creator, finding all in naught :
Making out of nothing life and virtues fair,
Bringing out of nothing what of old He brought.

V.

Solid rocks of patience, jewels bright and pure,
Trees of life and knowledge, blooms of hope and joy ;
Stars of high attainment, ever to endure,
Gems of true devotion, time can not destroy.

VI.

Not my love or merit, not my faith or trust,
Jesus, I am nothing, nothing dost Thou need :
Yet by Thy creating out of lifeless dust,
Thou canst fashion all things by Thy wondrous deed.

WILLIAM LUFF.

Cloud and Sunshine; or, All Things Working for Good.

CHAPTER III.—THE SPRAINED ANKLE.

A GREAT preacher once said that "the mother's heart is the child's schoolroom." If I were asked what above everything else tended to form and mould my character, I should unhesitatingly answer, my mother's influence. That I was in a measure indebted to my father's quiet, consistent, and upright example, I do not for a moment doubt, but certainly by my mother were my thoughts directed and my actions swayed as they never have been by any other human being. It is recorded that some children were once asked by their teacher if they knew one who was always good? One child instantly answered, "Yes, sir, I know one." "Who is it?" asked the teacher in surprise. "My mother!" was the child's loving and innocent reply. What the teacher said to the child I know not, but one thing I know, in my boyish days I should have sympathised very much with that dear child's answer. To me my mother was one who was always good. Even if she corrected me—and she never hesitated to do so when she felt it to be wise and needful—though, as was perfectly natural, I was prone to be rebellious while feeling the smart—ultimately I was sure to come round and endorse this good youthful creed. The idea of my loving mother either going wrong or doing wrong

never entered my mind. Imbued, therefore, with this feeling just as the scholar frequents the school room to obtain knowledge, so I fled to my mother's heart to learn from it all that I believed to be true and good. Thus in my own case I proved that—

"The mother in her office holds the key
Of the soul: and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being, who would be a savage
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man."

Some time ago I was deeply interested in perusing the autobiography of Dr. Lyman Beecher. In that history he gives a graphic description of his first wife, which I have often thought was pre-eminently descriptive also of my own mother. Writing to his children about her he says: "There were some things about your mother's religious character peculiar and very satisfactory in the retrospect. She thought herself converted when five or six years old. She could scarcely remember the time, but that in all her childish joys and sorrows she went to God in prayer. She experienced resignation if anyone ever did. I never saw the like—so entire without reservation or shadow of turning. In no exigency was she taken by surprise. She was just there, quiet as an angel above. I never heard a murmur, and if ever there was a perfect mind as respects submission

it was hers. I never witnessed a movement of the least degree of selfishness, and if there ever was any such thing in the world as disinterestedness she had it." Some critics on reading this personal description would deem it to be too extravagant, too eulogistic by far; but in remembrance of what my sainted mother was and did I never doubted its accuracy for a moment. Without the grace of God and nurtured in evil influences, humanity may, as we see in innumerable cases, become the devil; but imbued by that grace and nurtured among good influences humanity may display the Christ-like spirit to such an extent that the very face, as in the case of Stephen, may appear like that of an angel. The former alas! may be too numerous and the latter too few; but the existence of both cannot be questioned.

As a proof of my mother's submission in the hour of trial and the valuable lesson taught me through it—I will give a painful incident that occurred a few months after the one recorded in the last chapter.

On this occasion my mother set out on a benevolent errand. She went to see the sick wife of one of my father's workmen in order to take the poor woman certain comforts needed to promote her convalescence. But it so happened that on returning home in the darkness, she slipped into a rut and sprained her ankle badly. So great was the wrench that she was unable without acute pain to place her foot to the ground and had to be conveyed home in a coach. Though fomentations and bandages ultimately reduced the swelling to small proportions she was not able to walk across the house with ease for a month at

least. About a fortnight after this accident had happened I remained at home one Sunday evening to keep her company, while my father and sisters attended our usual place of worship. Now to be thus alone with my mother was to me a great treat. Then I could talk to her without fear of interruption, tell her my feelings and ask her any questions that needed answering. So as soon as we were left to ourselves I drew my chair close up to her, and placing my hand fondly upon her knee, I asked her if she began to feel better.

"Not much yet, Harry," she said. "If I put my poor foot even to the ground it gives me a twinge that almost amounts to agony."

"Shall I tell you, mother, what I was thinking about the day after you met with the accident?"

"You may, my boy. What were your thoughts?"

"Well it puzzled me, mother, to think that such an accident should have befallen you, when you had gone out to do such a good action. You go out to give help to Jack Groome's sick wife and then you get repaid for it by having to endure all this suffering! Surely this cannot be right, mother. However is it?"

"Then you thought, Harry, did you that whenever people attempted to do any good work that they should be rewarded for it in a different fashion?"

"Yes, mother, that's just it. I thought that if people only got into trouble in trying to do good there was no inducement for them to attempt it, but quite the contrary. For instance, if you had not tried to do good to this sick person you would not have gone out and sprained your ankle. How much better then it would have been for you to have stayed at home!"

"But would it have been better for the poor sick woman, Harry?"

"No: certainly not, mother."

"You would have said that, my boy, had you gone with me. When I saw her laid upon her bed she was so weak that she could only look at me and give me a faint smile. But that smile spoke volumes. Then as she saw me piling the good things on the small table beside her, her pale face beamed with gratitude, for she knew that for the sake of living for her large family her need of them was great. When I was leaving the room, after some comforting words and the repetition of a few passages of Scripture, I could tell that her eyes were fastened upon me as long as she could see my shadow; and I am informed by our medical man who attends her that from that very hour a change took place within her for the better, and that she can now sit up a good part of the day in a chair in her bedroom. Now is not that good, my child?"

"Yes, mother, I admit all that, and I am glad the poor woman is better, but where I am still puzzled is to know why God should permit you to have all this suffering through doing the good. That's the question I want you to answer."

"But that question is a very hard one to answer, Harry. Suppose I say it is a great mystery and leave it there: well that would not satisfy your inquisitive mind, so I will strive to give you the best answer I can. As the world is constituted we know by experience that accidents happen alike to both good and bad, and that, too, whether they may be doing good or evil. As the writer in Ecclesiastes says 'All things come alike to all; there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked; to the good and to the clean and the unclean; to him that

sacrificeth, and to him that sacrificeth not; as is the good so is the sinner; and he that sweareth as he that feareth an oath.'

"Then if that be so, mother, what is the use of being good or trying to do good? It seems to me that one may just as well be bad as good when all suffer alike."

"Now there, Harry, you are utterly wrong. Because accidents occur to good and bad alike, and that, too, whether they are doing right or wrong, then you affirm that it does not matter whether we do good or evil. Now let us put that to the test. See, Harry, I have met with an accident. When did I meet with it? When I was out on an errand of mercy. Now have I not the satisfaction of knowing that if I suffer it was in doing good? Does not that thought make me happy? Now suppose, on the contrary, that I had met with this accident when out on some bad errand, do you suppose that I should feel as happy as I do now?"

"I shouldn't think you would, mother."

"Then, my boy, that is part of the answer. If accidents occur alike to all, it is ten times, yea, a hundred times, better for them to come in the path of duty than to come to us out of it. But that is only a partial view of the matter. We read in the Scripture that 'all things work together for good to them that love God,' and I feel already that this affliction has drawn me nearer to the Lord, has made the promises of God's Word more precious; and the sweet times I have enjoyed in private, in quiet prayer, I could only tell to an experienced Christian. So happy indeed have I felt at times that I have even thanked God for what has befallen me. I have said with the Psalmist, 'It is good for me that

I have been afflicted, that I might learn Thy statutes.' But I can go even farther than this. I know that this affliction is among the all things that work together for my eternal good, as well as my good in time ; and that is the belief that no wicked person can either have, or cherish. This is the belief that has borne up all the martyrs in all ages from Abel downwards ; and if they had not possessed it their position on earth would indeed have been a poor one, the saddest almost imaginable. Take Abel, for instance, as a sample, not to speak of others. What is recorded concerning him ? We are told that his wicked brother Cain slew him because his own works were evil and his brother's righteous." Now what did Abel gain on earth by being good ? He was murdered by his own brother in hot blood. He was thus cut off probably in his youth or in the prime of life. Was that a reward for being good and doing good ? And what became of his guilty brother ? He was permitted by Divine providence to live, and live on for years until he might have attained hoary age : and in spite of the curse that attended him there is no proof whatever but that he found life sweet. Now, Harry, look at the two. Which is the gainer ? In this world Cain undoubtedly. But what about the other world ? Ah ! there and there alone is the enigma solved. Sudden death to Abel was sudden glory : life eternal ! the enjoyment of his Maker's presence in the world to come for ever and ever ! And what of Cain's hereafter ? There is the judgment day coming, and what will happen then ? Unless he has found mercy — of which we have not a hint given in God's holy Word — his doom must be fearful when God will in strict justice 'award to every man accord-

ing to his deeds.' The day of the righteous, Harry, is to come with all its blessedness ; and the day of the wicked is to come with all its fearful penalties. Now look, my boy, at all these things and ask yourself if it is not grand to suffer in and for well-doing, even though it may bring to us earthly misery, loss, persecution, torture and death, when if so be 'we suffer with Christ we shall also reign with him' ?"

As my mother thus gave vent to her views and feelings it seemed as if her face was radiant with joy. Her voice was tremulous with half-suppressed emotion. It was so musical that I felt as if I did not care how long she talked if she would but keep on. The thought struck me forcibly then, as it often has done since, that if she had possessed courage to have entered the pulpit she would have become a thrilling preacher ; and that she certainly had faith and courage enough to have become a martyr. But I had not time to reflect much, for seeing that I merely gazed on her in admiration she again asked me what I now thought about the matter ?

What could I say but that I believed she was right ? If her argument had not served to reach me it would have been impossible for me to have resisted her faith and her spirit. So deeply indeed did I feel impressed that I there and then told my mother weeping that from that hour I desired to be a Christian like she was. In simple language she pointed out to me Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life and urged me to live for Him who died for me that I might be saved. Sitting in her chair as I knelt by her lap, she poured out a prayer for me such as I never can forget ; and now when I call to mind that this was the turning point in my life in the shape of its leading to

my conversion to God, in that one fact, if I could give no other, I am led to see that out of seeming evil God works the greatest good to his

children—good in this case such as at the time I was not in the least measure able to contemplate.

(To be continued.)

THE BARE WORD OF CHRIST.

A CHRISTIAN man stood watching a ship as it sailed out to sea, which had a missionary on board. By his side stood a worldly friend impressed with the scene. So struck indeed was he with it that he said, "It is a grand fact that that missionary has embarked for such a distant shore on the bare word of Christ!" The remark thus made led the Christian brother afterwards to pen the following appropriate lines :

"On the bare word of Christ" and what more
Did he need for sustaining his soul,
As his lifework he sought on the shore
His spirit had marked for its goal?

"On the bare word of Christ" in that ark
It is safe to encounter the wave
Now dashing in rage o'er his bark,
Now yawning a fathomless grave.

"On the bare word of Christ" aye the word,
That all things upholds by its power,
Can surely His herald defend
In the perils of life's little hour.
Though his ashes at last may not sleep
With his lov'd neath the tear-sprinkled sod,
To the far distant land where he goes,
Just as near are the angels of God.

"On the bare word of Christ" who hath said
"I call thee not servant but friend,
Whose command with the promise is blent,
"I'm with thee lo! e'en to the end."
"On the bare word of Christ" let the truth
As a banner be freely unfurled,
Till to loving allegiance restored
Is each kingdom and tribe of the world.

Let that word as an ensign still float,
And each soldier that falls hand it down,
Till the emerald earth shall be won
As a gem for Immanuel's crown.

"On the bare word of Christ" we may rest,
As we sail for the glorified shore,
To meet our beloved with the blest,
And to dwell with our Lord evermore.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

OUR HYMNS: THEIR AUTHORS AND ORIGIN.

By REV. R. C. ROBERTS.

No. III.—JOSEPH ADDISON.

The subject of this paper occupies a distinguished place in English literature. He is recognized as the master of English prose, and no one who is acquainted with his contributions to the "Spectator" will question his literary distinction. It was, however, for his poetry that he was distinguished among his contemporaries, and to poetry he owed much of the promotion he obtained. He was born in a little parsonage in Wiltshire, in the year 1672. Through the kindness of a gentleman of the name of Joseph Williamson, afterwards Sir Joseph Williamson, his father obtained a living of £120 a year at Milston, in Wiltshire, and it was after his father's patron the essayist was named Joseph. Soon after this his father became Archdeacon of Salisbury, and subsequently Dean of Lichfield, when his boy Joseph was eleven years of age. It was the father's intention that his son should become a clergyman; but after mature reflections the son declined to enter into holy orders. For composing a poem on one of the campaigns of the King, which he presented through Sir John Somers, the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, he obtained a pension of £300 a year during the King's life. With this money he was able to go on the Continent in order to qualify himself by the study of modern languages, and otherwise,

for diplomatic service. Hence we are informed, that while sailing in December, 1700, along the coasts of Italy, he encountered one of those dangerous storms of the Mediterranean. To this storm we are chiefly indebted for the beautiful hymn, called the "Traveller's Hymn," No. 69, in Psalms and Hymns.

"How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!

How sure is their defence!

Eternal wisdom is their guide,

Their help Omnipotence."

"The captain of the ship," says Macaulay, "gave up all for lost, and confessed himself to a Capuchin who happened to be on board. The English heretic, in the meantime, fortified himself against the perils of death with devotions of a very different kind."

It must have been a terrible time to all on board.

"Confusion dwelt in every face,

And fear in every heart;

When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,

O'ercame the pilot's art."*

A terrific storm on sea will soon test a person as to what he is made of. The heathen mariners on their voyage to Tarshish with Jonah on board cried every man to his god. It has been said that if a person wants to learn to pray, he should go to sea and be encountered in a storm. This hymn, however, shows how calm the believer can afford to be even in the most raging tempest. The people of God are blessed with a sure defence. They are guided by eternal wisdom, and supported by the arm of Omnipotence. God is

* This verse has been omitted from the 69th Hymn.

round about them, He keepeth them as the apple of His eye.

"In foreign realms, and lands remote,

Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,

And breathe in tainted air."

It is stated that the sun never sets on Her Majesty's kingdom. Her dominions are so extensive that they are to be found in both hemispheres. And into whatever part her ambassadors are sent they look to her Government for protection. In a far greater sense is this true of the servants of God. In all lands, "they are supported by His care: and

Through burning climes they pass unhurt,

And breathe in tainted air."

And though they may be tossed about by the terrible waves on the raging ocean, the noise of the sea does not prevent His hearing them, their faintest whispers are caught by Him, and believing in His power, they are fully confident that He can save them.

"The storm is laid, the winds retire,

Obedient to Thy will:

The sea that roars at Thy command,

At Thy command is still."

What a calm and confident view the poet takes of God's goodness!

"In midst of dangers, fears, and death,

Thy goodness we'll adore;

We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,

And humbly hope for more."

It is a blessed attainment when we can perceive the goodness of God in the midst of dangers and fears, and be able to praise Him for such, His past mercies inspiring us with the hope of future ones. Addison was very deeply impressed with the goodness of God to him. In all his devotional writings feelings of gratitude for mercies received pre-

dominated. In the last verse of the 95th Hymn he gratefully sings:—

"Through all eternity to Thee

A joyful song I'll raise:

But O! eternity's too short

To utter all Thy praise."

His last moments were perfectly serene. He called for his stepson, the dissipated Earl of Warwick, to his bedside, hoping to produce some salutary effect upon him. He grasped the young man's hand, saying softly to him, "See, in what peace a Christian can die," and shortly after passed away in his forty-eighth year. A friend of his writing on his death, says,—

"He taught us how to live, and,
(oh too high

The price for knowledge), taught
us how to die."

Pembroke Dock.

HOW TO STUDY THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

By DAWSON BURNS, D.D.

THAT the Scriptures *require* to be studied is the assumption which precedes all enquiry into the method of study, yet it is an assumption that by no means ensures its own practical application. It may be said, on the contrary, that the assumption is one which in the case of a great multitude carries with it no practical weight whatever. In a word, they do not study the Bible at all; at best, they merely read or scan it. Yet reading, still less scanning, is not study. Not a few good people would think it very wrong not to read a chapter every day, though when they have read it they know little of what they have read. If examined they could give small account of it, and all that has been gained is a certain devout impression. This is not to be despised; it is, indeed, of real ser-

vice as to the attitude and preparation of the soul for the work of the day. But the effect is much the same as would be produced by reading any religious book or by some quiet meditation. Family reading of the Scriptures is also very excellent, but it is often mechanical, and can never be a substitute for the study of the Divine Word. By study alone can the mind become acquainted with the true meaning of the language of Scripture, and by study alone can it gather, and store up, that moral and spiritual power—that divineness, so to say,—in which the supreme value of Scripture consists.

All things of importance *demand* labour of some kind, and the Scriptures are of use to us in proportion as we expend upon them that labour of the mind which appropriates their vital and vitalizing contents.

I. If we are to study the Scriptures in any complete sense, we must, first of all, have before us the Scriptures in their best translated form. If it would be a mockery to place before the English reader the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, not one word of which would be intelligible to him, it follows that the Bible student should study the most accurate version of the originals he can procure. If he prefers a defective translation to the most perfect, he is preferring something that is not Scripture to that which is. Take a verse—and there are not a few such verses in the Authorised Translation—in which the original sense is rendered either imperfectly or erroneously, what is clearer than that the study of such a verse can only lead to an utter misunderstanding of that fragment of Divine Writ? Sometimes the error may be in a word, as in

Heb. iv. 8, where it is said in the Authorised Version, "If Jesus had given them rest then would he not afterwards have spoken of another day." The more this verse is studied, the more completely will it perplex or mislead the reader till he learns that "Jesus" ought to have been "Joshua," and that the reference is to the successor of Moses, and not to the Jesus whom the writer of the Epistle is actually setting forth as the giver of rest to the children of men.

It ought to be understood that no one who declines to study the Revised Version can be said to study the Bible as it should be studied, simply because he has not before him the best English transcript of it. That the Revised Version is not perfect is true, but this is a very poor reason for preferring a Version far more imperfect, and often conveying what is not the meaning of the sacred writers.

II. Again, a study of the Bible is necessary to an apprehension of its grammatical sense. This even applies to English authors, whose style is not lucid. But translation from one language into another, however good the translation may be, is generally attended with some loss of lucidity, and this is particularly the case when the writer's own style is irregular and abrupt. No one can have studied the Scriptures at all who has not felt the difference between the historical and prophetic styles of the Old Testament and the historical and epistolary styles of the New Testament. To read one of St. Paul's Epistles straight off as if reading some portions of the Gospels, would be simply to leave the mind a blank. A careful attention to prepositions and pronouns, for example, is indispensable to an apprehension

of the sense. Take the verse already quoted. The English reader cannot fail to misunderstand it mistaking "Jesus" for "Joshua," but supposing him to escape that blunder by reading the Revised Version, he may still quite mistake the latter clause, "then would he not afterward have spoken of another day,"—the "he," here, referring not to Joshua but to the Psalmist, who had been previously quoted as prophesying of a future Sabbath, which he could not have done if Joshua had already given a perfect rest to the people of God.

III. The study of the Scriptures should be methodical. I do not mean by this that a certain amount of time should be given to it daily, or weekly, but that whatever passage is taken up, the study of it should be carried through, so that it should be considered in all its parts and bearings. A great deal of narrow doctrinalism is due to the isolated study of special texts. This gives no clear view, often no true view, of the meaning of Scripture. It would be well if one book of the Bible were studied throughout, so that it might be understood as a whole; and should this be done, it will be found profitable when resuming the study to read over again the portions before examined, in order to recall to the mind the connection of thought. This custom will be particularly useful in studying the Epistles of St. Paul and St. Peter, where the links of remark seem to follow in a sort of logical sequence, the chain sometimes comprehending a chapter or upwards.

IV. The study of the Bible will become both more intelligent and delightful by the use of such aids as can be procured. Such aids are now numerous and cheap. Ministers

require those of a larger and more elaborate character, but any Bible student can obtain some work capable of preserving him from serious errors of interpretation and assisting to a correct interpretation of the Scripture text.

Where selection is necessary, those books of Scripture should be first studied which stand first in practical importance. He who should prefer Leviticus to Luke, or Chronicles to Psalms, would show a lamentable deficiency of that common sense without which the study of Scripture will bear little except sour fruit. To us as Christians the New Testament is the more precious portion of Holy Writ, yet for the cultivation of sacred emotions the Psalms, and for the well-ordering of daily life the Proverbs are of incalculable value.

V. Need it be added that the Scriptures should be studied with the chief object of growing in grace and in the experimental knowledge of Christ our Saviour? A giant in mere learning may be a dwarf in piety; yet the study and learning of Scripture are adapted to feed both heart and brain. The unadulterated milk and strong meat of the Word being digested, intellectually and spiritually cause the student to grow and to be ever growing towards the stature of manhood in Christ Jesus. Such a study of the Scriptures as is possible to every Christian man, woman and young person, will reveal its hidden treasures and make them ours. The Bible will be no longer "a broad land of wealth unknown"—which is in fact no wealth to the landowner—but it will yield its store of wisdom to the earnest seeker, who will thus become possessor of the imperishable riches, the currency of the Kingdom of God.

Gems from Dr. Maclaren's Sermons.

The God that is in Christ is the only God that humanity ever loved. Other gods they may have worshipped with cowering terror, and with far-off lip reverence, but this God has a heart and wins hearts because He has, and so Christ opens the way to Him.

He that has anchored himself to Christ may be calm in sorrow and triumphant over temptation. Whatsoever winds may blow, he may ride safely there, and however frowning may be the iron-bound rocks, a cable's length off there, if he has cast out this anchor at the stern, he may quietly wait for the day in the assurance that no shipwreck is possible for him. Your hope will be the ally of all; dignity, patience, victory, will steady the soul and make it participant in some measure of its own steadfastness and security.

"All things are yours, Paul, Apollos, Cephas." These three teachers were all lights kindled at the central Light and therefore shining. They were fragments of His wisdom, of Him that spoke; varying but yet harmonious and mutually complementary aspects of the one infinite Truth had been committed to them. Each was but a part of the mighty whole, a little segment of the circle—

"They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord! art more than they."

What was the future that loomed before this man Noah? The coming of a destruction as certain as God, and the coming of a deliverance as complete as His love could make it. Never mind, although Noah's outlook related but to a temporary catastrophe, and ours has reference to an eternal condition of things. That is a difference of no real moment. We have what Noah had, a definite divine utterance as the source of all our knowledge, of what is coming. Both are alike in having two sides, one dark and menacing with a certain destruction, the other radiant and lustrous with as certain a deliverance. And now the question for each of us is, Do I so believe God that that future is to me what it was to this man—far more real than these fleeing allusions that lie nearer me?

The oftener a man lavishes the treasures of his love, the richer is the love which he has to lavish. The more rigidly he schools and disciplines himself, the more completely becomes his command over his unruly nature. Evil passions die by continual repression, until at last it is possible that a thought or a wish contrary to the highest will of God, may be as rare in a Christian soul as wolves are in a cultivated and long-settled land. It is possible to increase day by day our assured habitual and self-transforming possession of the whole galaxy of Christian graces. If it is possible it is a duty, if it is a duty the neglect of it is sin. Christian professors! try yourselves by that very severe but not too severe standard. Oh! if half the time that Christian men and women waste, were given to the work of enriching their Christian character, the whole aspect of professing Christendom would be different.

Reviews.

Old Margaret ; or, A Saint at Last ; with Striking Portrait. By Rev. J. ELDER CUMMING, D.D. Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

THIS is a very profitable Life-Story, and encouraging to those who have reached 60 years of age without seeking the Saviour. It would seem to say to them, even now, "There is life for a look at the Crucified One, there is life at this moment for thee." The subject of this memoir lived a wicked life until 60, was invited by a Christian lady to attend a religious meeting, and was there convinced of her sins. She cried vehemently to God in the streets of Belfast for salvation. She said she would live in sackcloth all the rest of her life if Jesus would but save her. She was heard and saved, and after the rest of a sanctified life closed with a quiet sunset, as the lips moved, and the soul breathed the last word on this side of the River, HEAVENLY FATHER.

Talks with Men, Women, and Children. By the REV. DAVID DAVIES, Minister of Holland Road Baptist Church, Hove, Brighton. First Series. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THIS volume of closely printed matter, opens with a good picture of Holland Road Baptist Chapel, and is dedicated to Mr. George Thomas Congreve, to whose generous heart the Baptists of Brighton and Christians generally, are indebted for the noble buildings in Holland Road. It contains 50 Discourses or Talks with children, and 52 Sermons. Mr. Davies preaches and writes well for children. He does not fall into the error of talking childishly to them—distinguishes most clearly the

difference between simplicity and mere baby talk. It must have been a treat to the young who were privileged to hear these Talks. Such as Little Boats, Little Foxes, Trimming Lamps, Dorcas and Her Work Basket, Lodgings in the Country, and others must have been listened to with attention, and have made their mark. The sermons are full of sound Christian teaching, and are in Mr. Davies's best style, which blends the word painting with the sometimes eloquent and sometimes conversational. We highly commend this useful book of 416 well-written pages.

New Work by REV. W. HASLAM, M.A. Leaves from My Note Book, attractively bound in cloth boards. Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

THIS is in its exterior a handsome volume, and the contents striking exhibitions of what the grace of God can do. It is divided into two parts, the former containing cases of anxious persons who found the Saviour, and the second part advancing the believers to the fields of piety and privilege, beyond the wicket gate of first experiences. The subjects are of equal importance. We must be assured that the Divine life has been begun in us, we want equal assurance that He who has begun the good work is carrying it on. The writer has proved his ability to deal with both subjects, and we believe it will be a work of power to the seeker, and of stimulous to the Christian reader.

The Messages of Christ. By the REV. JAMES ELLIS, Author of "John Williams," "Harness for a Pair," "Old Frippence." &c. &c. ;

the Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company Limited, 20 and 22 St. Bride Street, E.C.

MR. ELLIS is well known both as a preacher and as a writer of good books. Both with tongue and pen he is doing acceptable work. Mr. Ellis is a clear thinker. He has, when writing, the goal to which he would lead his readers distinctly before him, and, with considerable power of description and aim, always profits those who read his books. His best qualities are to be found here. The chaste beautiful cover is made more so by the healthful teaching within which contains ten messages of the soothing, warning, and stirring characters, full of Christ and the Gospel.

The New Biblical Dictionary for Teachers and Students. A Compendium of information on the principal subjects referred to in the Holy Scriptures, with many Illustrations, and an Introduction by the REV. J. F. KITTO, M.A., Rector of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THIS work is of a most valuable and serviceable character, a treasury of vast biblical wealth and will be of immense service to the Sunday School teacher and others. It was originally published at one guinea, in two volumes, and is now offered to teachers in one volume, at 7s. 3d. Thousands of copies have been disposed of at the highest price, and as this edition contains exactly the same amount of information as the earlier edition, it must be cheapness itself. It is profusely illustrated by teaching woodcuts, and contains 1220 pages of closely printed matter on Bible History Difficulties, Bible Archæology, Oriental Customs, with all the latest information, which may have come into the hands of the first scholars of the day. This enterprise of Mr. Stock's deserves to succeed.

The Apocalypse looked at as the Final Crisis of the Age. With a Brief Review of the Prophetic Works of Mr. and Mrs. Guinness, by a Teacher amongst the Israel of God. Elliot Stock.

THIS work shall have a careful reading and our remarks next month.

The Shield and Spear, No. 50, edited by W. Evans Hurndale, and published by Elliot Stock, is a good, sound, vigorous monthly magazine for preachers.

Vol 7. No. 9, for January. *The Treasury for Pastor and People.* A new evangelical monthly.—We never have come across a tame number. They are full of good things.

The Christian World Pulpit for Feb. is to hand and contains some good sermons from some of our best preachers, but, as it does not profess to limit its pages to the strictly evangelical, we find it occasionally very much mixed, but always worth the subscription.

The Sword and Trowel leads off with an article from the pen of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon "Holding Forth the Word of Life." It is full of the old Gospel ring. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon writes the second leader continued from page nine, subject "Tact." The number also contains a second part illustrated by Mr. Spurgeon's "Journey from Westwood to Mentone."

The Baptist Magazine speaks to us from across the water, as it gives us a good picture and autobiography of the Rev. Allan Webb of Melbourne, Australia, who was born at Leamington in 1838. His early associations were not with the Baptists and only conscientious convictions from reading the Word of God led him to sever old connections and obey his Lord.

The General Baptist contains a leader by the Editor on "Unity or Independence, Which?"

When we take from our shelves some of the magazine serials of a quarter of a century ago and compare their pictorials with those of the present day, we are struck by the contrast both in quantity and in quality. It is very evident that our periodical writers are quite convinced of the great teaching power there is in pictures. Before us are the several serials of the Religious Tract Society, and independent of the precious treasures of letterpress and page illustrations we glance at, in some cases are really works of art in some of their frontispieces.

The Kindly Greetings has a page of great beauty in the view it gives us of Mount Ararat; and the *Boy's Own* presents us with a real prize copy of W. Llewellyn's painting of the "Jolly Old Tar."

Sunday at Home has a most striking coloured picture of the "Enemy sowing Tares."

The Girl's Own a charming one of the "Impatient Mother—The Sheep

panting for her Lamb," which is being carried in the arms of a pretty-looking maid. The appreciative audience of *The Leisure Hour* and *The Cottager and Artisan*.

The "Paint Brush Makers" are very pleasing. The well-executed likenesses in *The Monthly Biographical Series* have always struck us by their excellence; as who shall say how many of our little Dots have been made merry this month by its children's pictures and the story of "The Bear who was too fond of Honey," as told in *The Child's Companion*. Verily there is a great power in pictures.

The following have our best wishes *Consecration, The Gospel Trumpet, Good News, The British Messenger, The British Flag, Evangelical Christendom, The Voice of Warning, Report of Manchester Baptist College, Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society, The Bible Society's Monthly Report, The Daughters of Syria, &c. &c.*

It behoved Him to be made like unto his brethren, "The priest of the world must be like the world." My text this morning says, "Yes and He must be absolutely unlike the world." Now, is it not a strange thing that in these four little tracts which we call Gospels, that might all be printed upon two sides of a penny newspaper, you get drawn, with such few strokes, a picture which harmonises in a possible person, these two opposite requirements, the absolute unlikeness and the perfect likeness? Think of how difficult it would be if it was not a copy from life, to draw a figure with these two characteristics harmonised. What geniuses the men must have been that wrote the Gospels if they were not something much simpler than that, honest witnesses who told exactly what they saw! The fact that the life and death of Jesus Christ as recorded in Scripture, present this strange combination of two opposite requirements in the most perfect harmony and beauty, is in my eyes no contemptible proof of the historical veracity of the picture which is presented to us. If the life was not lived, I for one do not believe that it ever could have been invented.—MACLAREN.

Denominational Intelligence.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. W. Roberts, on leaving Llan-faethlu, Angelsea, for Melinganol, Pembroke, has been presented with an illuminated address, a purse of gold, and a number of books as tokens of esteem.

Rev. W. Gay, who has completed a pastorate of seven years at Golcar, has been presented with a cheque for £108 in recognition of his earnest efforts.

Mr. Joseph Bates, for many years superintendent of Ebenezer Sunday School, Newcastle-under-Lyme, has been presented with an illuminated address on resigning his office.

Miss Mary L. Crumpton has been presented with an album, Dresden vases, and other gifts, in recognition of twenty-four years' service in conducting a Bible-class. Rev. P. Gast, of Spencer-place Chapel, testified to the valuable work among the poor by the Misses Crumpton.

Mr. C. J. Dawson, vice-president of the Tweskesbury Young Men's Bible-class, has been presented with seven volumes of the "Treasury of David" and other works, in recognition of the interest he has taken in the members of the class.

Rev. A. T. Greening has been presented by Longmore Street Church, Birmingham, with a purse of gold, and by the Young Women's Bible class with an inkstand.

Miss Fryar, who for forty years has been a Sunday-school teacher at Chepstow, has been presented with a marble timepiece.

Rev. T. Brimley has been presented with a gold albert by the church at Braunston, where he has laboured for three years.

Mr. Jas. Hart, who has been super-

intendent of the Ecton (Northants) School for many years, has been presented by the teachers, scholars, and friends, with a marble timepiece and an illuminated address as a New Year's gift.

Rev. E. Richards, prior to leaving Harston, has been presented at a farewell meeting with a Bible and a cheque for £20. Owing to the state of his wife's health he has accepted a pastorate in New Zealand.

Miss Brettan, a missionary in connection with the China Inland Mission, and who is now on a visit to this country, has been presented by the church at Windsor (Rev. C. Cole, pastor), of which she was formerly a member, with a communion service, and a set of lantern photographic slides.

Mr. W. R. James has been presented with an address and a purse of seventy guineas, in recognition of twenty years' service as a Sunday-school superintendent at Wycliffe Chapel, Birmingham.

Rev. Hugh Singleton has been presented by the church at Workington with a purse containing £20.

Rev. D. B. Edwards, of Brecon, presided at a farewell meeting to Rev. D. Howells, who, through loss of health, has retired from the pastorate of Glasbury and Penrhewl churches, where he has laboured for upwards of 20 years. The sum of £137 was presented to him, many Churchmen as well as Nonconformists contributing.

Rev. H. Henderson, on leaving Warminster for Harlington, has been presented with a mahogany secretaire writing-table.

Rev. T. A. Plant, pastor of the churches at Ashby and Pockington, Leicestershire, has, on the occasion

of his marriage, been presented by the Packington congregation with a marble clock, by Sunday-school children at Packington with a silver salt-cellar, and by members of the congregation at Ashby with a silver butter-cooler and silver spoons. Mrs. Plant received from her Sunday scholars a glass flower basket.

Rev. J. Kendall, previous to leaving Staincliffe for Ontario, was presented with an illuminated address and £20. Mrs. Kendall also received a biscuit canister; and Miss Kendall an album from her Sunday class.

Rev. Edward Roberts, D.D., on retiring from the pastorate of Tabernacle Chapel, Pontypridd, has been presented with a cheque for £100.

Mr. E. W. Munns has been presented with Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's "Treasury of David" in recognition of his services as Sunday-school superintendent at Dalston-junction Church.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. John Aldis, jun., has resigned the pastorate at Sutton-in-Craven, which he has held for six years.

Rev. Isaac Watson, of the Pastors' College, has succeeded Rev. C. Welton in the pastorate of the joint churches of Driffeld and Hutton Cranswick, Yorks.

Rev. A. J. L. Gliddon has announced his intention to resign, at the end of March, the pastorate of Mornington Road Church, Southport.

Rev. W. John Newton Vanstone, of Leafeld, has accepted a call to High Street Church, Bow, London, E.

Rev. F. A. Jackson has resigned his charge at Old Swan Church, Liverpool, and accepted a call to Syston, Leicestershire.

Rev. J. Seager has resigned the pastorate at Great George Street, Salford.

Rev. J. Dunckey closed, on Sunday, his ministry at Rochdale Road Church, Heywood.

Rev. Robert Smith, of Manchester College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate at Horsforth.

Rev. C. Gayler, formerly of Thornbury, has accepted the pastorate at Clacton-on-Sea.

Rev. Isaac Watts, of King's Lynn, has accepted the pastorate at Castle Donington, Derby.

Rev. R. F. Guyton, late of Delhi, has accepted the pastorate of Trinity Church, Huntingdon.

Rev. W. Slater has resigned the pastorate of the General Baptist Church, Whitwick, where he has ministered for seven years.

Rev. W. Osmond has accepted the pastorate of the Church at Elthorne Road, Holloway.

Rev. J. Albert Thomas (son of Rev. J. Thomas, Carmarthen), has accepted the pastorate of the churches at Ntgywyn and Beulah, Radnorshire.

Rev. I. Idwal Jones, of the North Wales Baptist College, Llangollen, has accepted the pastorate of the Welsh Church at Glyn Ceiriog.

Rev. Isaiah Hopkins, of Pontypool College, has accepted the pastorate at Nantyglo.

Rev. J. A. Thomas, of Haverfordwest College, has accepted a call from the English churches at Beulah and Nantgywyn, Montgomeryshire, in succession to Rev. W. I. James.

Two students from the North Wales College have been ordained to pastorates in South Wales. At Beulah Chapel, Cwmtywrch, Rev. David Price was set apart by Revs. D. Davies, T. Williams, W. Rees, and T. Jones. At Zoar Chapel, Ystalyfera, Rev. Wm. Jones was ordained by Revs. Dr. Davies, J. Thomas and John Jones.

Rev. D. M. Pryse, Myrtletwy, has accepted the pastorate at Riverside, Cardiff.

Rev. Edmund Morley has resigned the pastorate at Coupland Street, Greenheys. It has been arranged that Mr. Morley will, for a time, preach to newly-formed congregations in the district in connection

with the Metropolitan Tabernacle pioneer work.

Rev. G. F. Pitts has, owing to impaired sight, resigned the pastorate at Long Sutton.

Rev. E. A. Tydeman, of Zion Chapel, Bacup, has accepted the pastorate at Foot's Cray and Sidecup.

Rev. S. Williams has accepted the pastorate of the English Church at Tintern-on-the-Wye.

Rev. G. W. Pope, of Diss, has accepted an invitation to a new sphere of labour at Notting Hill, London.

Rev. W. Stott has been asked by the Church at Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, London, to reconsider his resignation, but he abides by his resolve to relinquish the pastorate.

Rev. Joseph Turner, late of Moss Side, Manchester, has accepted the hearty and unanimous invitation of the Back Street Church, Trowbridge, to become its pastor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REV. W. BARKER resigns his charge of Wellington-square Church, Hastings, at the end of March. He was born at Olney, preached his first sermon when only fifteen, and entered the ministry as an Independent at Walsall at the age of twenty-one. His altered views led him soon to the Baptists, and in connection with that body he laboured successively in Staffordshire, Lancashire, and London till 1863, when he accepted the call from the congregation of which he has been ever since the pastor. Under his care a disorganised and scanty body of worshippers has become one of the most flourishing of the local churches.

Penge Tabernacle (Rev. J. Wesley Boud, pastor) reports 581 members, of whom 83 have been added during the year. The Sunday-school has 400 scholars, 38 officers and teachers, three senior Bible classes, and a Christian Band. The amount raised for all purposes was £1,286. The

subscriptions for the new Tabernacle are progressing satisfactorily.

The churches in Cardiff have invited the Baptist Union to hold its autumnal session in that town. The meetings were last held in Cardiff in 1867, under the presidency of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. J. E. CRACKNELL was recognised on Tuesday, January 21, as pastor of Arthur-street Chapel, Gray's Inn Road. Mr. Cracknell succeeds Rev. H. J. Martin, who resigned the pastorate in September last, on receiving a call to Plumstead. The number of members on the church roll at the present time is 70.

Rev. R. Elgar Willis has been recognised as pastor of Stoke-green Church, Ipswich. Mr. R. J. Everitt presided; Revs. A. J. Palmer, T. M. Morris, W. E. Bloomfield, A. A. Dowsett, and J. Martin took part.

Rev. A. E. Realff has been recognised as pastor of Castle-street, Guildford.

REV. A. WALKER, DAWES ROAD, FULHAM.—Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. Alfred Walker in the pastorate were held at this, the London Association Chapel for 1888, on Tuesday, January 28th. After tea, the chair was taken by Rev. W. Stott, president for the year 1888, under whose auspices the chapel was built. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. Garden, and statements having been made by the church secretary, Mr. W. H. Prideaux, and Rev. A. Walker, addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Cuff, J. H. Blake (Luton), R. G. Dawson, J. Calvert, and J. W. Ewing. Mr. Walker has conducted the work here for the past eighteen months, although the church has only recently been formed. It now numbers nearly one hundred members. There is a good Sunday-school, and the congregations are steadily growing.

REV. D. CHINNERY, MANCHESTER, WEST GORTON.—On Tuesday, Jan.

28th, recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. David Chinnery were held. A large number sat down to tea in the schoolroom, the friends themselves supplying the commodities. The public meeting was presided over by Rev. Dr. Maclaren, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Hunter, Clough, Spencer, MacGill, and the pastor. The services throughout were of a most encouraging character. The proceeds were presented to the pastor to defray removal expenses.

NEW CHAPELS.

A CHURCH in the Gothic style, to seat 800 persons, is now in course of erection at Harlesden. The cost is estimated at £5,400.

A new chapel (Calfaria) is in course of erection at a cost of £1,000 at Pontardulais for the church of which Rev. W. B. Jones is minister. The stones for the building have been presented by Alderman T. Williams.

A new Welsh Chapel, for the church of which Rev. Joseph Davies is pastor, has been opened at Birkenhead. It seats 400, and has cost £3,000, of which £600 has to be raised.

BAPTISMS.

Aberaman, English.—January 22, One, by W. Williams.
Attleborough, Warwickshire.—January 26, Three, by W. Satchwell.
Ashton-on-Ribble, Lancashire.—January 30, Five, by J. Easter.
Aberdeen, Academy Street.—January 12, One, by S. Garrioch.
Brasted, Kent.—January 9, Five, by W. Burnett.
Brighton, Sussex Street.—January 12, Three, by S. Hull.

Blaenavon, Forge Side.—February 2, Four, by J. Tucker.
Cross Keys, Mon.—February 2, Fourteen, by O. H. Watkins.
Cardiff, Splott Road.—January 26, Six, by S. Jones.
Chatteris, Cambs, West Park Street.—January 23, Two, by T. Smith.
Cold Inn, Pem.—January 31, Four, by T. Gravell.
Corfe Mullen, Dorset.—January 20, Six, by W. Lloyd.
Clare, Suffolk.—December 1, One; February 2, Three, by E. White.
Colwell, Isle of Wight.—January 9, One, by W. Dean.
Dunfermline, Scotland.—January 22, Two, by J. T. Hagen.
Dumbarton.—January 8, One, by J. McLean.
Dartmouth.—January 30, Three, by F. J. Greening.
Forge Side, Blaenavon.—January 12, Five, by J. Tucker.
Golcar.—January 5, Four; February 2, Three, by W. Gay.
Gosberton.—January 30, Four, by W. F. Dart.
Halifax, Trinity Road.—February 2, Eight, by J. Parker, M.A.
High Wycombe, Loosley Row.—January 19, One, by D. Witton.
Langum.—January 19, One, by W. Davies.
Luton, Park Street.—January 23, Ten, by J. H. Blake.
Melksham.—January 26, Two, by G. A. Webb.
Metropolitan District:—
Henrietta Street.—January 26, Three, by W. Smith.
Penge Tabernacle.—January 27, Two, by J. W. Boud.
Westminster, Romney Street.—December 29, Two, by G. Davies.
Necton.—January 12, One, by T. H. Sparnam.
Newbury, Northbrook Street.—January 26, Twelve, by G. J. Knight.
Ogden, Rochdale.—January 26, Two, by W. S. Llewellyn.
Preston, Pole Street.—January 26, One, by G. Goodchild.
Risca, Mon., Bethany.—February 2, Three, by T. Thomas.
Scapegoat Hill, Huddersfield.—February 2, Two, by T. R. Lewis.
Stourport.—January 29, One, by R. Evans.
St. Peter's, Margate.—January 19, Three, by W. L. Mackenzie.
Seion Ponkey.—January 19, Two, by E. Mitchell.
Tonbridge.—January 19, One, by B. E. Knight.
Treharris, English.—January 5, Three, by W. D. Nicholas.

Faith.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Without faith it is impossible to please God."—Hebrews xi. 6.

THE old Assembly's Catechism asks, "What is the chief end of man?" and its answer is, "To glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever." The answer is exceedingly correct; but it might have been equally truthful if it had been shorter. The chief end of man is to "please God;" for in so doing—we need not say it, because it is an undoubted fact—in doing so he will please himself. The chief end of man, we believe, in this life and in the next, is to please God, his Maker. If any man pleases God, he does that which conduces most to his own temporal and eternal welfare. Man cannot please God without bringing to himself a great amount of happiness; for if any man pleases God, it is because God accepts him as His son, gives him the blessings of adoption, pours upon him the bounties of His grace, makes him a blessed man in this life, and insures him a crown of everlasting life, which he shall wear, and which shall shine with unfading lustre when the wreaths of earth's glory have all been melted away; while, on the other hand, if a man does not please God, he inevitably brings upon himself sorrow and suffering in this life, he puts a worm and a rottenness in the core of all his joys; he fills his death-pillow with thorns, and he supplies the eternal fire with faggots of flame which shall for ever consume him. He that pleases God, is, through Divine grace, journeying onward to the ultimate reward of all those who love and fear God; but he who is ill-pleasing to God, must—for Scripture has declared it,—be banished from the presence of God, and consequently from the enjoyment of happiness. If, then, we be right in saying that to please God is to be happy, the one important question is, How can I please God? And there is something very solemn in the utterance of our text: "Without faith it is impossible to please God." That is to say, do what you may, strive as earnestly as you can, live as excellently as you please, make what sacrifices you choose, be as eminent as you can, for everything that is lovely and of good repute, yet none of these things can be pleasing to God unless they be mixed with faith. As the Lord said to the Jews, "With all your sacrifices you must offer salt;" so He says to us, "With all your doings you must bring faith," or else "without faith it is impossible to please God."

This is an old law; it is as old as the first man. No sooner were Cain and Abel born into this world, and no sooner had they attained to man-

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hood, than God gave a practical proclamation of this law, that "without faith it is impossible to please Him." Cain and Abel, one bright day, erected an altar side by side with each other. Cain fetched of the fruits of the trees and of the abundance of the soil, and placed them upon his altar; Abel brought of the firstlings of the flock, and laid it upon his altar. It was to be decided which God would accept. Cain had brought his best, but he brought it without faith; Abel brought his sacrifice, but he brought it with faith in Christ. Now, then, which shall best succeed? The offerings are equal in value; so far as they themselves are concerned they are alike good. Upon which will the heavenly fire descend? Which will the Lord God consume with the fire of His pleasure? Oh! I see Abel's offering burning, and Cain's countenance has fallen, for unto Abel and unto his offering the Lord had respect, but unto Cain and his offering the Lord had no respect. It shall be the same till the last man shall be gathered into heaven. There shall never be an acceptable offering which has not been seasoned with faith. Good though it may be, as apparently good in itself as that which has faith, yet, unless faith be with it, God never can, and never will, accept it, for He declares, "Without faith it is impossible to please God."

I shall endeavour to pack my thoughts closely this morning, and be as brief as I can, consistently with a full explanation of the theme. I shall first have an *exposition* of what is faith; secondly, I shall have an *argument*, that without faith it is impossible to be saved; and thirdly, I shall ask a *question*—Have you that faith which pleases God? We shall have, then, an *exposition*, an *argument*, and a *question*.

I. First, for the *EXPOSITION*. What is faith?

The old writers, who are by far the most sensible—for you will notice that the books that were written about two hundred years ago, by the old Puritans, have more sense in one line than there is in a page of our new books, and more in a page than there is in a whole volume of our modern divinity—the old writers tell you, that faith is made up of three things: first knowledge, then assent, and then what they call *affiance*, or the laying hold of the knowledge to which we give assent, and making it our own by trusting in it.

1. Let us begin, then, at the beginning. The first thing in faith is *knowledge*. A man cannot believe what he does not know. That is a clear, self-evident axiom. If I have never heard of a thing in all my life, and do not know it, I cannot believe it. And yet there are some persons who have a faith like that of the fuller, who when he was asked what he believed, said, "I believe what the Church believes." "What does the Church believe?" "The Church believes what I believe." "And pray what do you and the Church believe?" "Why we both believe the same thing." Now this man believed nothing, except that the Church was right, but in what he could not tell. It is idle for a man to say, "I am a believer," and yet not to know what he believes; but yet I have seen some persons in this position. A violent sermon has been preached, which has stirred up their blood; the minister has cried, "Believe! Believe! Believe!" and the people on a sudden have got it into their heads that they were believers, and have walked out of their place of worship and said, "I am a believer." And if they were asked, "Pray what do you believe?" they could not give a reason for the hope

that was in them. They believe they intend to go to chapel next Sunday; they intend to join that class of people; they intend to be very violent in their singing and very wonderful in their rant; therefore they believe they shall be saved; but what they believe they cannot tell. Now, I hold no man's faith to be sure faith unless he knows what he believes. If he says, "I believe," and does not know what he believes, how can that be true faith? The apostle has said, "How can they believe on Him of whom they have not heard? and how can they hear without a preacher? and how can they preach except they be sent?" It is necessary, then, to true faith, that a man should know something of the Bible. Believe me, this is an age when the Bible is not so much thought of as it used to be. Some hundred years ago the world was covered with bigotry, cruelty, and superstition. We always run to extremes, and we have just gone to the other extreme now. It was then said, "One faith is right, down with all others by the rack and the sword." Now it is said, "However contradictory our creeds may be, they are all right." If we did but use our common sense we should know that it is not so. But some will reply, "Such-and-such a doctrine need not be preached and need not be believed." Then, sir, if it need not be preached, it need not be revealed. You impugn the wisdom of God, when you say a doctrine is unnecessary; for you do as much as say that God has revealed something which was not necessary, and He would be as unwise to do more than was necessary, as if He had done less than was necessary. We believe that every doctrine of God's Word ought to be studied by men, and that their faith should lay hold of the whole matter of the Sacred Scriptures, and more especially upon all that part of Scripture which concerns the person of our all-blessed Redeemer. There must be some degree of knowledge before there can be faith. "Search the Scriptures," then, "for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of Christ;" and by searching and reading cometh knowledge, and by knowledge cometh faith, and through faith cometh salvation.

2. But a man may know a thing, and yet not have faith. I may know a thing, and yet not believe it. Therefore *assent* must go with faith: that is to say, what we know we must also agree unto, as being most certainly the verity of God. Now, in order to faith, it is necessary that I should not only read the Scriptures and understand them, but that I should receive them in my soul as being the very truth of the living God, and should devoutly with my whole heart receive the whole of Scripture as being inspired of the Most High, and the whole of the doctrine which He requires me to believe to my salvation. You are not allowed to halve the Scriptures, and to believe what you please; you are not allowed to believe the Scriptures with a half-heartedness, for if you do this wilfully, you have not the faith which looks alone to Christ. True faith gives its full assent to the Scriptures; it takes a page and says, "No matter what is in the page, I believe it;" it turns over the next chapter and says, "Herein are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable do wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, to their destruction; but hard though it be, I believe it." It sees the Trinity; it cannot understand the Trinity in Unity, but it believes it. It sees an atoning sacrifice; there is something difficult in the thought, but it believes it; and whatever it be which it sees in

revelation, it devoutly puts its lips to the book, and says, "I love it all ; I give my full, free and hearty assent to every word of it, whether it be the threatening or the promise, the proverb, the precept, or the blessing. I believe that since it is all the Word of God, it is all most assuredly true." Whosoever would be saved must know the Scriptures, and must give full assent unto them.

3. But a man may have all this, and yet not possess true faith ; for the chief part of faith lies in the last head, namely, in an *affiance* to the truth ; not the believing it merely, but the taking hold of it as being ours, and in the resting on it for salvation. Recumbency on the truth was the word which the old preachers used. You will understand that word. Leaning on it ; saying, "This is truth, I trust my salvation upon it." Now, true faith, in its very essence, rests in this—a leaning upon Christ. It will not save me to know that Christ is a Saviour ; but it will save me to trust Him to be my Saviour. I shall not be delivered from the wrath to come by believing that His atonement is sufficient, but I shall be saved by making that atonement my trust, my refuge, and my all. The pith, the essence of faith lies in this—a casting oneself on the promise. It is not the lifebuoy on board the ship that saves the man when he is drowning, nor is it his belief that it is an excellent and successful invention. No ! He must have it around his loins, or his hand upon it, or else he will sink. To use an old and hackneyed illustration : suppose a fire in the upper room of a house, and the people gathered in the street. A child is in the upper story ; how is he to escape ? He cannot leap down—that were to be dashed to pieces. A strong man comes beneath, and cries, "Drop into my arms." It is a part of faith to know that the man is there ; it is another part of faith to believe that the man is strong ; but the essence of faith lies in the dropping down into the man's arms. That is the proof of faith, and the real pith and essence of it. So, sinner, thou art to know that Christ died for sin ; thou art also to understand that Christ is able to save, and thou art to believe that ; but thou art not saved, unless, in addition to that, thou puttest thy trust in Him to be thy Saviour, and to be thine for ever. As Hart says in his hymn, which really expresses the Gospel—

" Venture on Him, venture wholly ;
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

This is the faith which saves ; and however unholy may have been your lives up to this hour, this faith, if given to you at this moment, will blot out all your sins, will change your nature, make you a new man in Christ Jesus, lead you to live a holy life, and make your eternal salvation as secure as if an angel should take you on his bright wings this morning, and carry you immediately to heaven. Have you that faith ? That is the one all-important question ; for while with faith men are saved, without it men are damned. As Brooks hath said in one of his admirable works, "He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved, be his sins never so many ; but he that believeth not in the Lord Jesus must be damned, be his sins never so few." Hast thou faith ? For the text declares, "Without faith it is impossible to please God."

II. And now we come to the ARGUMENT—why, without faith, we cannot be saved.

Now there are some gentlemen present who are saying, "Now we shall see whether Mr. Spurgeon has any logic in him." No, you won't, sirs, because I never pretended to exercise it. I hope I have the logic which can appeal to men's hearts; but I am not very prone to use the less powerful logic of the head, when I can win the heart in another manner. But if it were needful, I should not be afraid to prove that I know more of logic and of many other things than the little men who undertake to censure me. It were well if they knew how to hold their tongues, which is at least a fine part of rhetoric. My argument shall be such as I trust will appeal to the heart and conscience, although it may not exactly please those who are always so fond of syllogistic demonstration—

"Who could a hair divide
Between the west and north-west side."

1. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." And I gather it from the fact that there never has been the case of a man recorded in Scripture who did please God without faith. The 11th chapter of Hebrews is the chapter of the men who pleased God. Listen to their names: "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice;" "By faith Enoch was translated;" "By faith Noah built an ark;" "By faith Abraham went out into a place that he should afterwards receive;" "By faith he sojourned in the land of promise;" "By faith Sarah bare Isaac;" "By faith Abraham offered up Isaac;" "By faith Moses gave up the wealth of Egypt;" "By faith Isaac blessed Jacob;" "By faith Jacob blessed the sons of Joseph;" "By faith Joseph, when he died, made mention of the departure of the children of Israel;" "By faith the Red Sea was dried up;" "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down;" "By faith the harlot Rahab was saved;" "And what more shall I say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gedeon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthae, of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets." But all these were men of faith. Others mentioned in Scripture have done something; but God did not accept them. Men have humbled themselves, and yet God has not saved them. Ahab did, and yet his sins were never forgiven. Men have repented, and yet have not been saved, because theirs was the wrong repentance. Judas repented, and went and hanged himself, and was not saved. Men have confessed their sins, and have not been saved. Saul did it. He said to David, "I have sinned against thee, my son David;" and yet he went on as he did before. Multitudes have confessed the name of Christ, and have done many marvellous things, and yet they have never been pleasing to God, from this simple reason, that they had not faith. And if there be not one mentioned in Scripture, which is the history of some thousand years, it is not likely that in the other two thousand years of the world's history there would have been one, when there was not one during the first four thousand.

2. But the next argument is, *faith is the stooping grace*, and nothing can make a man stoop without faith. Now, unless man does stoop, his sacrifice cannot be accepted. The angels know this. When they praise God, they do it veiling their faces with their wings. The redeemed

know it. When they praise God, they cast their crowns before His feet. Now, a man who has not faith proves that he cannot stoop; for he has not faith for this reason, because he is too proud to believe. He declares he will not yield his intellect, he will not become a child and believe meekly what God tells him to believe. He is too proud, and he cannot enter heaven, because the door of heaven is so low that no one can enter in by it unless they will bow their heads. There never was a man who could walk into salvation erect. We must go to Christ on our bended knees; for though He is a door big enough for the greatest sinner to come in, He is a door so low that men must stoop if they would be saved. Therefore it is that faith is necessary, because a want of faith is certain evidence of absence of humility.

3. But now for other reasons. Faith is necessary to salvation, because we are told in Scripture that *works cannot save*. To tell a very familiar story, and even the poorest may not misunderstand what I say: a minister was one day going to preach. He climbed a hill on his road. Beneath him lay the villages, sleeping in their beauty, with the corn-fields motionless in the sunshine; but he did not look at them, for his attention was arrested by a woman standing at her door, and who, upon seeing him, came up to him with the greatest anxiety, and said, "O sir, have you any keys about you? I have broken the key of my drawers, and there are some things that I must get directly." Said he, "I have no keys." She was disappointed, expecting that everyone would have some keys. "But suppose," he said, "I had some keys, they might not fit you lock, and therefore you could not get the articles you want. But do not distress yourself, wait till some one else comes up. But," said he, wishing to improve the occasion, "have you ever heard of the key of heaven?" "Ah! yes," she said, "I have lived long enough, and I have gone to church long enough to know that if we work hard and get our bread by the sweat of our brow, and act well towards our neighbours, and behave, as the catechism says, lowly and reverently to all our betters, and if we do our duty in that station of life in which it has pleased God to place us, and say our prayers regularly, we shall be saved." "Ah!" said he, "my good woman, that is a broken key, for you have broken the commandments, you have not fulfilled all your duties. It is a good key, but you have broken it." "Pray, sir," said she, believing that he understood the matter, and looking frightened, "What have I left out?" "Why," said he, "the all-important thing, the blood of Jesus Christ. Don't you know it is said the key of heaven is at His girdle; He openeth, and no man shutteth; He shutteth, and no man openeth?" And explaining it more fully to her, he said, "It is Christ, and Christ alone, that can open heaven to you, and not your good works." "What, minister," said she, "are our good works useless, then?" "No," said he, "not after faith. If you believe first, you may have as many good works as you please; but if you believe, you will never trust in them, for if you trust in them you have spoilt them, and they are not good works any longer. Have as many good works as you please, still put your trust wholly in the Lord Jesus Christ, for if you do not your key will never unlock heaven's gate." So then, my hearers, we must have true faith, because the old key of works is so broken by us all, that we never shall enter Paradise by it. If any of you pretend that you have no sins, to be very plain with you,

you deceive yourselves, and the truth is not in you. If you conceive that by your good works you shall enter heaven never was there a more fell delusion, and you shall find at the last great day that your hopes were worthless, and that, like sear leaves from the autumn trees, your noblest doings shall be blown away or kindled into a flame within you yourselves must suffer for ever. Take heed of your good works; get them after faith, but remember, the way to be saved is simply to believe in Jesus Christ.

4. Again: without faith it is impossible to be saved, and to please God, because without faith there is *no union to Christ*. Now, union to Christ is indispensable to our salvation. If I come before God's throne with my prayers, I shall never get them answered, unless I bring Christ with me. The Molossians of old, when they could not get a favour from their king, adopted a singular expedient; they took the king's only son in their arms, and falling on their knees cried, "O king, for thy son's sake, grant our request." He smiled and said, "I deny nothing to those who plead my son's name." It is so with God. He will deny nothing to the man who comes, having Christ at his elbow; but if he comes alone he must be cast away. Union to Christ is, after all, the great point in salvation. Let me tell you a story to illustrate this: the stupendous falls of Niagara have been spoken of in every part of the world; but while they are marvellous to hear of, and wonderful as a spectacle, they have been very destructive to human life, when by accident any have been carried down the cataract. Some years ago, two men, a bargeman and a collier, were in a boat, and found themselves unable to manage it, it being carried so swiftly down the current that they must both inevitably be borne down and dashed to pieces. Persons on the shore saw them, but were unable to do much for their rescue. At last, however, one man was saved by floating a rope to him, which he grasped. The same instant that the rope came into his hand a log floated by the other man. The thoughtless and confused bargeman instead of seizing the rope laid hold on the log. It was a fatal mistake; they were both in imminent peril, but the one was drawn to shore because he had a connection with the people on the land, whilst the other, clinging to the log, was borne irresistibly along, and never heard of afterwards. Do you not see that here is a practical illustration? Faith is a connection with Christ. Christ is on the shore, so to speak, holding the rope of faith, and if we lay hold of it with the hand of our confidence, he pulls us to shore; but our good works having no connection with Christ, are drifted along down the gulf of fell despair. Grapple them as tightly as we may, even with hooks of steel, they cannot avail us in the least degree. You will see, I am sure, what I wish to show to you. Some object to anecdotes; I shall use them till they have done objecting to them. The truth is never more powerfully set forth to men than by telling them, as Christ did, a story of a certain man with two sons, or a certain householder who went a journey, divided his substance, and gave to some ten talents, to another one.

Faith, then, is an union with Christ. Take care you have it; for if not, cling to your works, and there you go floating down the stream! Cling to your works, and there you go dashing down the gulf! Lost because your works have no hold on Christ and no connection with the

blessed Redeemer ! But thou, poor sinner, with all thy sin about thee, if the rope is round thy loins, and Christ has a hold of it, fear not !

“ His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep ;
All that His heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.”

5. Just one more argument, and then I have done with it. “ Without faith it is impossible to please God,” because it is *impossible to persevere in holiness without faith*. What a multitude of fair-weather Christians we have in this age ! Many Christians resemble the nautilus, which in fine smooth weather swims on the surface of the sea, in a splendid little squadron, like the mighty ships ; but the moment the first breath of wind ruffles the waves, they take in their sails and sink into the depths. Many Christians are the same. In good company, in evangelical drawing-rooms, in pious parlours, in chapels and vestries, they are tremendously religious ; but if they are exposed to a little ridicule, if some should smile at them and call them methodists, or presbyterian, or some name of reproach, it is all over with their religion till the next fine day. Then when it is fine weather, and religion will answer their purpose, up go the sails again, and they are as pious as before. Believe me, that kind of religion is worse than irreligion. I do like a man to be thoroughly what he is—a downright man ; and if a man does not love God, do not let him say he does ; but if he be a true Christian, a follower of Jesus, let him say it and stand up for it ; there is nothing to be ashamed of in it ; the only thing to be ashamed of is to be hypocritical. Let us be honest to our profession, and it will be our glory. Ah ! what would you do without faith in times of persecution ? You good and pious people that have no faith, what would you do if the stake were again erected in Smithfield, and if once more the fires consumed the saints to ashes—if the Lollards’ tower were again opened, if the rack were again piled, or if even the stocks were used, as they have been used by a Protestant Church as witness the persecution of my predecessor, Benjamin Keach, who was once set in the stocks at Aylesbury, for writing a book against infant baptism. If even the mildest form of persecution were revived, how would the people be scattered abroad ! And some of the shepherds would be leaving their flocks. Another anecdote now, and I hope it will lead you to see the necessity of faith, while it may lead me on insensibly to the last part of my discourse. A slaveholding American, on one occasion buying a slave, said to the person of whom he was purchasing him, “ Tell me honestly what are his faults.” Said the seller, “ He has no faults that I am aware of but one, and that one is, he will pray.” “ Ah !” said the purchaser, “ I don’t like that, but I know something that will cure him of it pretty soon.” So the next night Cuffey was surprised by his master in the plantation, while in earnest prayer, praying for his new master, and and his master’s wife and family. The man stood and listened, but said nothing at that time ; but the next morning he called Cuffey, and said, “ I do not want to quarrel with you, my man, but I’ll have no praying on my premises ; so you just drop it.” “ Massa,” said he, “ me canna leave off praying ; me must pray.” “ I’ll teach you to pray, if you are going to keep on at it.” “ Massa, me must keep on.” “ Well, then, I’ll give you

five-and-twenty lashes a day till you leave off." "Massa, if you give me fifty, I must pray." "If that's the way you are sauncy to your master, you shall have it directly." So tying him up he gave him five-and-twenty lashes, and asked him if he would pray again. "Yes, massa, me must pray always, me canra leave off." The master looked astonished; he could not understand how a poor saint could keep on praying, when it seemed to do no good, but only brought persecution upon him. He told his wife of it. His wife said, "Why can't you let the poor man pray? He does his work very well; you and I do not care about praying, but there's no harm in letting him pray, if he gets on with his work." "But I don't like it," said the master, "he almost frightened me to death. You should see how he looked at me." "Was he angry?" "No, I should not have minded that; but after I had beaten him, he looked at me with tears in his eyes, but as if he pitied me more than himself." That night the master could not sleep; he tossed to and fro on his bed, his sins were brought to his remembrance; he remembered he had persecuted a saint of God. Rising in his bed, he said, "Wife, will you pray for me?" "I never prayed in my life," said she, "I cannot pray for you." "I am lost," he said, "if somebody does not pray for me; I cannot pray for myself." "I don't know any one on the estate that knows how to pray, except Cuffey," said his wife. The bell was rung, and Cuffey was brought in. Taking hold of his black servant's hand, the master said, "Cuffey, can you pray for your master?" "Massa," said he, "me been praying for you eber since you flogged me, and me mean to pray always for you." Down went Cuffey on his knees, and poured out his soul in tears, and both husband and wife were converted. That negro could not have done this without faith. Without faith he would have gone away directly, and said, "Massa, me leave off praying; me no like de white man's whip." But because he persevered through his faith, the Lord honoured him, and gave him his master's soul for his hire.

III. And now in conclusion, THE QUESTION, the vital question. Dear hearer, have you faith? Dost thou believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with all thy heart? If so, thou mayest hope to be saved. Ay, thou mayest conclude with absolute certainty that thou shalt never see perdition. Have you faith? Shall I help you to answer that question? I will give you three tests, as briefly as ever I can, not to weary you, and then farewell this morning. He that has faith has renounced his own righteousness. If thou puttest one atom of trust in thyself thou hast no faith; if thou dost place even a particle of reliance upon anything else but what Christ did, thou hast no faith. If thou dost trust in thy works, then thy works are anti-christ, and Christ and anti-christ can never go together. Christ will have all or nothing; he must be a whole Saviour, or none at all. If, then, you have faith, you can say,

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

Then true faith may be known by this, that it begets a great esteem for the person of Christ. Dost thou love Christ? Couldst thou die for Him? Dost thou seek to serve Him? Dost thou love His people? Canst thou say,

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

Oh ! if thou dost not love Christ thou dost not believe in Him ; for to believe in Christ begets love. And yet more : he that has true faith will have true obedience. If a man says he has faith, and has no works, he lies ; if any man declares that he believes on Christ, and yet does not lead a holy life, he makes a mistake ; for while we do trust in good works, we know that faith always begets good works. Faith is the father of holiness, and he has not the parent who loves not the child. God's blessings are blessings with both His hands. In the one hand He gives pardon ; but in the other hand He always gives holiness ; and no man can have the one unless he has the other.

And now, dear hearers, shall I down upon my knees, and entreat you for Christ's sake to answer this question in your own silent chamber : Have you faith ? Oh ! answer it, Yes, or No. Leave off saying, " I do not know," or " I do not care." Ah ! you will care, one day, when the earth is reeling, and the world is tossing to and fro ; ye will care when God shall summon you to judgment, and when He shall condemn the faithless and the unbelieving. Oh ! that ye were wise—that ye would care now, and if any of you feel your need of Christ, let me beg of you, for Christ's sake, now to seek faith in Him who is exalted on high to give repentance and remission, and who, if He has given you repentance, will give you remission too. Oh, sinners, who know your sins ! " Believe on the Lord Jesus, and ye shall be saved." Cast yourselves upon His love and blood, His doing and His dying, his miseries and His merits ; and if you do this you shall never fall, but you shall be saved now, and saved in that great day when not to be saved will be horrible indeed. " Turn ye, turn ye ; why will ye die, O house of Israel ? " Lay hold on Him, touch the hem of His garment, and ye shall be healed. May God help you so to do, for Christ's sake. Amen and Amen.

UNTO THEE I LIFT UP MINE EYES. PSALM cxxxiii. 1.

SAVIOUR divine, I humbly come to Thee,
In mercy condescend to look on me :
Thou ever art the contrite sinner's Friend,
On none but Thee alone do I depend.

Thy blood on Calvary was shed I know
Sinners like me to save from endless woe :
This is my only hope, and trust, and plea,
That Thine own precious blood was shed for me.

To whom then should I go but unto Thee ?
Who hast such wondrous love displayed for me.
Help me to raise my soul to Thee above,
And praise Thee for Thy great redeeming love.

Such love divine demands the highest praise,
Far, far beyond what mortal tongues can raise ;
Help me to serve Thee with a heart sincere,
And love supremely Thee, my Saviour dear.

J. DOBE.

Cloud and Sunshine ; or, All Things Working for Good.

CHAPTER IV.—MY MOTHER'S "DEPARTURE."

IN following my profession—which is that of a solicitor—it has fallen to my lot to behold the breaking up of many happy homes. As the world is constituted such breakings up are inevitable. Children grow up to manhood and womanhood ; deaths occur and make serious breaches ; situations have to be obtained in other quarters, and so the dear old home becomes of necessity a thing of the past. It may be in some cases that a large family may dwell together for many years ; but however numerous they may be, as surely as the sun is observed to rise and set the break comes. Perhaps Matilda marries, Benjamin leaves to go to a far-off situation, Edith dies, and so in process of time the original family of ten or twelve dwindles gradually down until father and mother only are left with perhaps a solitary daughter to keep them company.

My own happy home was destined to be no exception to the universal rule. We remained together until one of my sisters married, and then left us for a distant part of the kingdom. At first we missed her very much, but when some fifteen months afterwards she visited us in company with a fine boy three months old, who was named after my father, we felt reconciled to the change, believing it to have been for the best. But a year after this welcome visit, my dear mother began to give signs

that she was not long for this world. Having grown very stout, she was afflicted with asthma, and suffered terribly. Through some unaccountable cause, the disease made rapid progress, and each subsequent month found her breathing grow more and more difficult. At last she could not lie in bed, and was forced night and day to be propped up in a large armchair. To ease her sufferings and give needful sleep, opiates had sometimes to be taken ; but not unfrequently these failed to effect the desired end. But such suffering often terrified me. To see my dear mother nearly strangled, fighting for breath, and rolling from side to side, and gasping as if all were nearly over, almost drove me wild. If there was one being on earth I idolised, it was my mother, and I would not have given her a solitary pain for the world. And yet, here she was, week after week, and month after month, in spite of all our tears and prayers and efforts, enduring agonies untold. Why did God permit one that He loved so well, and who loved Him so well, thus to suffer ? Could He not, being omnipotent, have prevented it ? Nay, more, had He not even ordained it ? Why should it thus be so ? What was the meaning of it ? Here was "the mystery of pain" brought vividly before me in its most acute form. Over this enigma I thought and pondered much. I thought about it in the dead of the night, when through hearing my mother's

paroxysms of coughing, I could not sleep. I thought about it as I sat in our office by day studying the law or writing out legal documents, I thought of it as I sat down to my meals; or as I waited on my mother lovingly to give her in various ways any measure of relief. But when rebellious and even atheistic thoughts rose in my mind and made me gloomy, I was frequently checked by observing the submission with which my Christian mother endured her sufferings, and the inward support she seemed to possess, which enabled her not only to bear them, but positively to triumph over them.

As she drew near her end this became more and more manifest. It seemed that in proportion to her suffering was her heavenly joy. The Psalmist once prayed "Make us glad according to the days, wherein Thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil;" and this has in subsequent ages been the prayer of thousands of God's suffering children. They knew and felt, that however deep the trial, in God their Father there was ample compensation for all that they were called upon to endure; and that in every respect "His grace was sufficient for them." Thus the Apostle Paul affirms: "As the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation aboundeth by Christ." And just so was it in my mother's case. The paroxysm over, with her frail body bathed in perspiration, her tongue would be loosed to praise and glorify God. Thus, on one occasion of this kind, she said to me; "Harry, my dear boy, it is hard to bear; no one can tell how hard it is; but when I am prone to murmur I think I see Jesus looking down upon me as He hangs on the Cross; and as I gaze

on His thorn-crowned brow, His pierced hands and feet, and His pale, loving, bloodstained face, and think I hear Him say: 'I suffered all this for thee, and wilt thou not suffer something for Me?' I feel as if I could say, in the light of His self-sacrificing love: "Lord Jesus! if it will but honour Thee, I would fain suffer far more than even this, if Thou dost desire it." I could thus see that it was the thought of His great sufferings that enabled her so submissively and even cheerfully to bear her own. "The love of Christ constrained her" to endure all without a murmur; yea, even so wrought within her that she was heard even to declare that she would not have it to be otherwise than it was. She had the promises of God's holy Word at her tongue's end; as well as Watts's Psalms and Hymns; and could quote at any time some text or verse that was applicable to her trying case. So full of joy was she that our venerable pastor seemed never tired of paying her visits in order to witness it, and it is no exaggeration to say that Christian brethren and sisters belonging to the church, hearing of her spiritual condition, in order themselves to get a blessing, came to see her for five miles round. Her bright eyes, which seemed to have become enlarged with her sufferings, shone with unwon'ted lustre; and her voice always so clear and musical, though necessarily feebler, still retained a large measure of its past sweetness. When pressed during her easy intervals not to hurt herself by speaking so much, she would say: "Let me speak for Jesus while I can; very soon I shall be able to speak for Him no more on earth; so now "I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,

And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures."

Sometimes she would say to those who thus visited her : "What should I be without religion now? How could I bear to endure all this without the presence of Jesus? Would it not be dreadful? But He is with me, blessed be His name; and with His sweet presence my heaven is already begun below." That such was the fact every visitor could see. It was as plainly to be perceived as it was in the case of Moses, when descending the mount after holding communion with God. The shining of her face proclaimed to all that. "God was the health of her countenance, and her God." Thus, "as the outward man perished the inward man was renewed day by day."

Then finally came the end of the struggle. It was a bright May day, and the sun shone in her bedroom with clear cheering light from the early morn. She had had some sweet hours of refreshing sleep during the night, and was this morning more composed than she had been for some days. But with a kind of prophetic inspiration she seemed to think that she should not see the day out, and she therefore made the request that we should all remain at home, as she said, to "witness her departure." My married sister had been sent for, and she was present, so that my dear mother had the pleasure of seeing us all gather round her during her last moments. As we sat by her bed, she dozed until the

clock struck one. Then she woke up, had a brief spell of coughing and afterwards began to repeat to herself in a quiet undertone several appropriate passages of Scripture and verses of Watts's hymns, with which she was so familiar. Thus we heard her say : "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." "My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Between the repetition of each verse there was a slight pause, as if she found food for meditation in every passage. Then came a longer pause, and her mind seemed to dwell upon favourite hymns, that indicated her present state of feeling. Thus we heard her say :

"My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

"We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon His word ;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

" 'Tis heaven on earth to taste His
love,
To feel His quickening grace ;
And all the heaven I hope above
Is but to see His face.

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

"The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave ;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave."

While quoting these sweet promises and verses, my dear mother's eyes were closed, as if the world was shut out and God alone was permitted to enter in. A faint paroxysm followed, and then she lay quiet, but with a serenity of countenance that indicated the prevalence of abiding peace within, or, as Dr. Watts puts it, there was

"A mortal paleness on the cheek,
And glory in the soul."

Beckoning towards us she held her face for us to take the farewell kiss, which we did, beginning with my father and ending with myself. Then, taking my father's hand and locking it in her own, she sweetly "fell asleep," and passed so quietly away that we could hardly detect the parting breath. The solemnity of that hour I shall never forget. To die so gently, so calmly, and to leave all she loved behind so willingly made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. In the light of that glorious death-bed scene all my sceptical doubts in relation to the "mystery of pain"

gave way, and, forgetting the suffering past, I felt that now I could contentedly look forward to the happy time when we should meet to part no more in the realms of eternal joy and peace.

As my mother lay in her coffin I often stole into the death-chamber to gaze on her placid face. Truly it bore the traces of suffering, but on it was the impress of perfect repose. To me it appeared to be so beautiful, that I never grew tired of gazing upon it, and how many times I kissed the pale marble brow I know not. On the coffin-lid, which recorded her death at the age of fifty-two, were the inscriptions : "In my Father's house are many mansions ;" "He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows ;" "I go to prepare a place for you." It was not then the custom to send funeral wreaths of flowers, but kind and loving notes of sympathy poured in on every hand. By my father's special request, with the exception of our pastor and the officers of the church, the funeral cortège was composed exclusively of the members of our own family and near relatives ; but most of the shops in the district and the houses had shutters up or blinds drawn down in token of the respect in which my mother was held. The chapel was packed when her funeral sermon was preached, and impressions were produced by the honest statements made relative to her life and death that I have reason to believe did good in leading souls to the Saviour.

That we felt very lonely for many months after my dear mother's departure, will be readily believed. But in less than two years after her decease, my father was called upon to meet her in the upper world. It seemed to us, though he said little, that he never got over

his irreparable loss, and that it hastened his end. He was taken off suddenly, the medical man asserting it to be his belief that he died of heart disease. In about nine months after his interment, my remaining sister married; and as she, too, was called upon to leave the town with her husband shortly after her marriage, our well-loved home was finally broken up. My father's foreman bought the stock, and succeeded to the business; our goods were sold by

auction; the foreman took the house on a seven years' lease; and thus, at the age of twenty-one, when my "articles" had expired, and I was beginning to study for passing my legal examinations in the hope of being placed on the solicitors' roll, I was called upon to leave the house which, from my birth, was connected with my happiest and most hallowed associations, to dwell in lodgings, and face the changes of life alone.

(To be continued.)

Gems from Dr. Maclaren's Sermons.

They tell us that the ancients sometimes carried on the fronts of their shields moistened hides on which if the fiery darts fell, they fizzed for a moment and went out. And such a power of extinguishing the flame that threatens to inflame our desires will that faith which realises the unseen ever exercise. Oh! what would tempt a man before whom there shone unobscured and unwavering the solemn light of the great White Throne and Him that sitteth upon it? How should that blue and sulphurous flame kindled by hell itself not be put out by the pure and heavenly flame, if it shone down upon it even, as the fires in your grates are extinguished when the sun shines upon them! Take the shield of faith, and the joys solemn and sweet which come from that unseen world will arm us against the gross and sensuous gladnesses which might otherwise tempt us, and we shall not want to give away our jewels for the glass beads that the world has to offer.

The awful power of habit, if there were no other reason, takes the edge off all gratification, except in so far as God is in it. Nothing fully retains its power to satisfy. Nothing has that power absolutely at any moment; but even what measure of it any of our possessions or pursuits may have for a time, soon, or at all events by degrees, passes away. The greatest part of life is but like drinking out of empty cups, and the cups drop from our hands. What one of our purest and peaceablest poets said in his haste about all his kind is true in spirit of all godless lives:—

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness

But thereafter cometh in the end despondency and madness."

"Vanity of vanities," saith not the preacher only, but the inmost heart of every godless man and woman—"Vanity of vanities: all is vanity."

My brothers, you want neither priests nor ceremonies on the one hand, nor a mere peradventure of "Oh! God is merciful!" in order to deal with the deepest need of your heart. Nothing but the King's own sign-manual on the pardon makes it valid; and unless you and I can somehow or other, come to close grips with God and get into actual contact with Him and hear, somehow, with infallible certitude as from His own lips the assurance of forgiveness, there is not enough for our needs.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

THE INFALLIBLE BOOK.

BY THE REV. T. W. MEDHURST,
CARDIFF.

"O friends, if I did not believe in the infallibility of Scripture—the absolute infallibility of it from cover to cover—I would never enter this pulpit again! If it is left to me to discriminate and to judge how much of this Book is true, and how much is false, then I must myself become infallible, or what guide have I?"—C. H. SPURGEON.

"The Bible is the Word of God, with all the peculiarities of man, and all the authority of God."—PROFESSOR MURPHY.

"There is but one Book; it is the Bible; and it is, and it must remain, the one Book, because it, and it alone, has been given by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost."—WAYLAND HOYT, D.D.

THIS subject is not one of criticism, but of the testimony of God. The inspiration of the Holy Scriptures is one of their own doctrines, to be received from their own testimony. All that we have to do is carefully to consider the meaning of those passages which attribute the inspiration of God to the books of the Old and New Testament Scriptures. We have nothing to do with the mode of inspiration—the method in which the Divine afflatus was conveyed; of that we have no information, that must remain to us a mystery impenetrable. "The psychology of inspiration is, and ever will be, a profound secret." We have to concern ourselves with the result. Before we can believe in the absolute and infallible authority of the Scriptures we must demon-

strate to our own minds that their inspiration secured all their writers from error, not merely as to matters of fact and doctrine, but also as to the very words in which the fact or doctrine is made known.

I avow myself to be a believer in the inspiration of the very words of Scripture. I have no new metaphorical theory of inspiration to propound. I simply contend that the words of God's Book were so under the control of the Holy Spirit, that, in the original writings—the writings as they at first were written—every letter was infallibly true. I affirm the verbal inspiration of the original records of the manuscripts which the inspired writers themselves wrote, or revised after they had been written by their amanuenses. The Scriptures assert the inspiration equally of all their parts. From them we get no hint of the different degrees or kinds of inspiration, in defence of which some have argued. We nowhere read of the inspiration of superintendence, of elevation, of suggestion, or of direction; but we do read that all Scripture is divinely inspired. Superintendence, elevation, and direction are not degrees of the inspiration of Scripture. Had these been all enjoyed by the writers of the Bible it would not have made it an inspired book, nor have entitled it to be called the Word of God. To these speculations, though they are very generally adopted, the writers of the Scriptures give not the slightest support. We nowhere read, all Scripture is excited, some Scripture is invigorated, some Scripture is guided, some Scripture is superintended,

some Scripture is inspired ; but we do read "*All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.*" This passage is the key of the doctrine for which we contend.

"*All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.*" The Greek word translated Scripture is an appropriated word, never used in the New Testament to denote any other than inspired writings. Although the Revised Version translates, "Every Scripture inspired of God," and the words will undoubtedly bear this rendering, yet, seeing the Apostle is treating only of those books received by the Jews as canonical, I regard the translation given in our *authorised version* as being more literal, and, therefore, preferable to that which would imply that some Scripture is not given by inspiration of God. Inspiration extends to all the words of the Holy Book ; holy men wrote the very words breathed into them by the Holy Spirit. Our proof of this can only be derived from the Scriptures themselves. "*Our knowledge of the inspiration of the Bible, like every other doctrine it contains, must be collected from itself.*"

The late Dr. Carson, in his "*Remarks on Dr. Pye Smith's Theory of Inspiration,*" says :—"He (Dr. Smith) very justly argues that the phrase *pasa-graphe* refers to every book of the Old Testament, as being notoriously appropriated to that sense. If so, every writing is not adequate as a translation of the above phrase. Though *writing* is a literal translation of *graphe*, it is not a proper, because not a determinate translation of it here. For, as in the original, *graphe* is here taken in its appropriate sense, its translation must correspond to it, not in its literal, but in its appropriate sense. As *writing* has not such an appropriation in English it

is not an adequate translation, although perfectly literal. *Scripture* ought to have been the word, for it has in English exactly the same appropriated meaning that *graphe* has in the original. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that a translation is good according as it is literal. It may be asserted, without exception, that a literal translation of any book cannot be a faithful one. If a word is not used in its literal sense in the original, it is a mistranslation of it to translate it literally. This is a canon of Biblical interpretation of universal application, and of the greatest moment—a canon not only often violated, but to violate which is, in the estimation of some translators, the highest praise. A translation of this kind, instead of conveying the original with additional light, is perfectly unintelligible."

If the learned doctor be correct in his criticism, 2 Timothy iii. 15-16, distinctly teaches that all Scripture is inspired—all the sacred writings are given by inspiration of God. If the writings be inspired, *the words in which they are written must be inspired.* We cannot have inspired writings unless we have inspired words.

That the Scripture is as divinely inspired as the original utterance of which it is the transcript, is affirmed by the Apostle Paul. "The Holy Scriptures are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," is God-inspired. The writings are termed holy writings because they were divinely breathed forth or inspired. This is true of the whole canon—of everything which the Apostle includes under the generic term Scriptures. The original record was written under God's dictation. This as much

applies to Chronicles, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon, as to Psalms, Isaiah, Daniel, Ezekiel, and John. It applies to each word, doctrine, fact, letter, and sentence of the Holy Scriptures.

Dr John Owen, writing on the "*Operations of the Holy Spirit*," says:—"There were, therefore, three things concurring in this work (that is, the work of producing the Holy Scriptures):—First, the inspiration of the minds of these prophets with the knowledge and apprehension of the things communicated unto them. Secondly, the suggestion of words unto them to express what their minds conceived. Thirdly, the guidance of their hands in setting down the words suggested, or of their tongues in uttering them unto those by whom they were committed to writing, as Baruch wrote the prophecy of Jeremiah from his mouth (Jeremiah xxxvi. 4, 18). If either of these were wanting, the Scripture could not be absolutely and every way divine and infallible; for if the penmen of it were left unto themselves in anything wherein that writing was concerned, who can secure us that no human imperfection mixed itself therewithal? I know some think that the matter and substance of things only was communicated unto them, but as for the words whereby it was to be expressed, that was left unto themselves and their own abilities; and this they suppose is evident from that variety of style which, according to their various capacities, education, and abilities, is found amongst them. 'This argues,' as they say, 'that the wording of their revelations was left unto themselves, and was the product of their natural abilities.' In answer to this I only say that the variety intended ariseth mostly from the

variety of the subject matters treated of; nor is it such as will give any countenance to the profaneness of this opinion, for the Holy Ghost in His work on the minds of men doth not put a force upon them, nor act them any otherwise than they are in their own natures, and with their present endowments and qualifications, meet to be acted and used. He leads and conducts them in such paths as wherein they are able to walk. The words, therefore, which he suggests unto them are such as they are accustomed unto, and He causeth them to make use of such expressions as were familiar unto themselves. So he that useth divers seals maketh different impressions, though the guidance of them all be equal and the same; and he that toucheth skilfully several musical instruments, variously tuned, maketh several notes of music. We may also grant, and do, that they used their own abilities of mind and understanding in the choice of words and expressions; so the Preacher 'sought to find out acceptable words' (Eccles. xii. 10). But the Holy Spirit, who is more intimate unto the minds and skill of men than they are themselves, did so guide, and act, and operate in them, as that the words they fixed upon were as directly and certainly from Him as if they had been spoken to them by an audible voice. Hence 'that which was written was upright, even words of truth,' as in that place (Eccles. xii. 10). This must be so, or they could not speak as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, nor could their writings be said to be of divine inspiration. Hence, oftentimes in the original, great senses and significations depend on a single letter; as, for instance, in the change of the name of Abra-

ham ; and our Saviour affirms that every apex and iota of the law is under the care of God, as that which was given by inspiration from Himself (Matthew v. 18)."

Let us now glance at the testimony given by the Apostle Peter, 2 Epistle i. 19-21 :—"We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts : knowing this first, that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man ; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." This passage refers to the witness of the Old Testament as a whole to Jesus Christ, and not to any particular book or prophecy. It refers to the word written, as well as to the word spoken ; for the Apostle says, "We have also a more sure word of prophecy." It is of the written word Peter is here speaking, "No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation." Peter asserts that the written Old Testament witness to Christ is a more sure word even than the one voice which came from heaven when the Lord Jesus was transfigured. The same infallibility he ascribes to the record of the revelation from God out of heaven as to the original revelation itself.

Another proof for the doctrine of verbal inspiration is to be found in the fact that the words of Scripture are said to be given of the Lord. "The word of the Lord," "Thus saith the Lord," "My words," "God spake in time past unto the prophets." The very words are ascribed unto God ; never the thoughts only. We have a remarkable illustration in John x. 34-35 :

"Jesus answered them, Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are gods? If He called them gods unto whom the word of God came, and the Scripture cannot be broken." Here our Lord settles a controversy about a word. How? By an appeal to the exact wording of a passage in the Psalms (lxxxii. 6), and he adds to that appeal His own majestic assertion, "and the Scripture cannot be broken." The context makes it certain that our Lord refers to the very words of the record ; the Scriptures as a whole—doctrines, facts, and words included—must be unbroken.

In Daniel x. 21, we have this sentence : "I will show thee that which is noted in the Scripture of truth." The writing was as certainly true as its original utterance. "The words of the Lord are pure words," free from the least admixture of sin or error. "Every word of God is pure." In the original transcript of God's thoughts there is not a single false word.

Reports of speeches are often murdered by verbal inaccuracy. God's speeches, doctrines, histories, commands, are all reported in right words. God has given us the thoughts which He revealed to men, in such a way that they are not misrepresented in the process of reducing them to a written form. The inspired record is intended for all ages and peoples ; the spoken revelation was often for only one nation and age ; therefore, an error in the record would have been incalculably worse, and more widely disastrous in its influence, than the spoken revelation. God, by His own Spirit, guided the penmen who transferred His revelations to writing to the selection of right words.

The inspiration of a book is impossible unless the words of the book

are inspired. The book is the record of facts and thoughts in words. We think in words equally as we write in words. To speak of an inspired book of which the words are not inspired is a contradiction in terms. How can a reporter express my exact shade of doctrine or sentiment unless he employ the exact words I use? The only guarantee we can have that the Scriptures are the infallible truth of God is the fact that the words were given by inspiration of God to the writers.

It is also a fact that gives force to our argument, that *much of Scripture was not understood by its writers*. The penmen of the Sacred Word had to search diligently to discover the meaning of what they themselves had written. "Of which salvation the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you: searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow. Unto whom it was revealed, that not unto themselves, but unto us, they did minister the things that are now reported unto you by them that have preached the Gospel unto you, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, which things the angels desire to look into." (1 Peter i. 10—12.) Here the argument appears to us unanswerable, that, so far as the Old Testament witness to Jesus as the Messiah is concerned, if the very words had not been breathed into them by God, the writers never could have supplied them, seeing they did not even comprehend the ideas they had to express. Verbal inspiration in their case was not only possible, but certain—not merely probable,

but necessary. The thoughts and ideas they expressed were beyond their own comprehension; how, therefore, could they suitably express thoughts and ideas which they themselves did not understand, if they were not supplied with the exact words in which they spake and wrote? Daniel says: "And I heard, but I understood not." (Daniel xii. 8.)

(To be continued.)

OUR HYMNS: THEIR AUTHORS AND ORIGIN.

By REV. R. C. ROBERTS.

IV.

REGINALD HEBER.

THE name of Reginald Heber is very familiar to everyone who has some knowledge of hymns, more particularly through one hymn he wrote, namely, "From Greenland's icy mountains," &c. A little country village in Cheshire of the name of Malpas has the honour of being his birthplace. He was born on the 20th of April, 1783, and was richly blessed with very devout parents. His father was the rector of Malpas, and was acknowledged to have been an erudite scholar. And the example of his mother's fervent piety influenced him from his cradle to his grave. Young Reginald is reported to have manifested a great desire for knowledge when a child. Before he was five years of age he could read his Bible with fluency, and at a very early period of his life experienced the work of grace in his heart. At the age of seventeen he commenced his university career at Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself as a scholar and poet. He gained several prizes which the University

offered to competitors, one of them being for an English poem on Palestine. There is an interesting incident connected with this poem. Sir Walter Scott happened to be in Oxford at this time, and at a breakfast party, where Heber was one of the guests, Sir Walter requested the young poet to read the poem to him. He did so, after which Sir Walter pointed out one great omission in it, that in the remarkable circumstances connected with the erection of the Temple, no tools were used in its construction. Reginald at once perceived it, and wrote offhand the striking lines :

“No hammer fell, no ponderous axes
swung,
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric
sprung,
Majestic silence.”

At the age of twenty-four he was ordained to the great work of the ministry, and was presented with the living of Hodnet, in Salop. He entered upon his sacred duties with unwearied devotion, seeking out and studying the wants of his parishioners. He obtained several important appointments during the period he laboured there. He was elected one year to give the Bampton Lectures in London. He also was elected by the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn to be their preacher. At the age of forty he accepted the bishopric of Calcutta, after having twice declined it. His reading the life of Henry Martyn, whose heroic labours, undaunted zeal, and martyr's death, kindled within him that profound missionary enthusiasm, so that he could not refrain from going to India. So we read of him and his wife leaving their native land, and, after a tedious voyage, they arrived at Calcutta, where he entered on his

work with his wonted zeal. He, however, was only permitted to labour there for three years. His end was sad and mournful, and yet, we have no doubt, peaceful and calm. He rose early one morning to visit some of the native Christians in Trichinopoly, and to hold a confirmation service. After which he went to have a cold bath before breakfast. His native servant, becoming uneasy at his long delay there, went in, and to his great dismay, found the good bishop dead in the bottom of the bath, having had, it is supposed, a fit of apoplexy. Thus terminated the useful life of this holy man of God at the early age of forty-three. His mortal remains are interred in St. John's Church, Trichinopoly, India, and a monument has been erected to his sacred memory in St. Paul's, London.

We have in our Selection* fifteen hymns which were the product of this good man's heart and mind. There is said to be a pathetic history associated with one of them, namely, the 610th :

“Thou art gone to the grave,
But we will not deplore thee.”

It was written on Christmas Eve, 1818, after the death of his first child, only a few months old. He felt most keenly the bereavement, and for months after, he could never hear his child's name mentioned without tears.

Bishop Heber wrote several hymns appropriate for special days, particularly as observed by the Church of England. Thus the 1175th was written for St. Stephen's Day. How very appropriate is the second verse.

“The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save,

* *Psalms and Hymns with Supplement.*

Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them who did the wrong :—

Who follows in his train."

It is based on that striking incident, when Stephen, amid a shower of stones hurled at him, saw the heavens opened, and Christ standing at the right hand of God, and Stephen, like his Master, with pardon on his tongue, praying for the forgiveness of his murderers. The 314th Hymn, again, was written for Trinity Sunday.

"Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!"

Then there is the 120th, called the Epiphany Hymn, to be sung on Christmas morning :

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning."

But the most popular of all his hymns is acknowledged to be the 214th. "From Greenland's icy mountains." The origin of this hymn is related in his biography. The poet was staying at

Wrexham with his father-in-law, the Dean of St. Asaph, who was also the vicar of Wrexham. And as the Dean was to preach the following day, Whitsunday, 1819, on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, he asked his son-in-law to write something appropriate to be sung on the occasion. The poet went aside, and shortly after, he read to the Dean three verses. "There, that will do very well," said the Dean. "No, no," replied Heber, "the sense is not complete," and he added at once the fourth verse :

"Waft, waft ye winds His story," &c.

This is a real missionary hymn, and is generally sung at all our missionary meetings. It brings home to us our duty in relation to the poor heathen. Let us try and catch the spirit of its sentiments. May we, who enjoy the blessings of the Gospel, use every means within our reach, so that those who are in darkness may be enlightened by God's truth, and adore their Redeemer, world without end.

Pembroke Dock.

Rebrietus,

The Apocalypse looked at as the Final Crisis of the Age: With a Brief Review of the Prophetic Works of Mr. and Mrs. Guinness, etc. By a Teacher amongst the Israel of God. Author of the "Structure of the Acts of the Apostles," Elliot Stock, Pater-noster Row.

THE writer in the first page ascribes his handbook in memoriam of some of the great and recent dead—Sir E. Denny, Dean Alford, John N. Darby, Rev. F. Dowling. The last-named expressed himself shortly before his death, as much struck with the construction of the Apoca-

lypse in the following sections, in which he fully agreed. The work will prove of real interest to the student of unfulfilled prophecy. The writer is clear in stating his conceptions, and cannot be readily misunderstood. The plan is one which must commend itself to all. To use his own words, the divisions and sections given in the following papers are not merely theories or sections arbitrarily chosen, but the divisions of the Divine writer himself. We consider this volume throws much light on the Book of Revelation, and deserves to have a prayerful perusal from all.

TRACTS, &c.

The Baptised on behalf of the Dead.
Who : an Answer and an Appeal.

By R. A. MACFIE, F.R.S.G. Nisbet
& Co., Berners Street.

A GOOD and sound exposition of a very difficult and much controverted Scripture.

Marrian : A Story of London Life.
By G. W. M'CREA. S. W. Part-
ridge & Co., 5, Paternoster Row.

A TRUE story, very beautiful, and beautifully told.

*The Royal Banquet : A Popular Ex-
position of the Lord's Supper.* By
T. E. CRIPPERS. Alexander &
Shepherd, 27, Chancery Lane.

EVERY communicant and also non-communicant should read this.

*Three Sermons on Apostolical Suc-
cession, The Christian Priest-
hood, The Real Presence in
the Eucharist.* By the Rev.
HENRY BATCHELOR. J. R. Walters,
Gazette Office, Weston-super-
Mare.

WE wish three things : 1st, that there were no necessity for such exposure of error on these questions ; 2nd, we wish that the men holding Papistical views would leave Protestantism and enter the church of Rome ; 3rd, we wish for these three sermons a great success and a large circulation. We are sorry this three-penny exposition has no London publisher.

*Baptism : a Reference to Passages of
the New Testament which show
its Mode, its Subjects, and its
Design.* W. H. Alexander &
Shepherd, Furnival Street, Hol-
born.

A CAPITAL tract on Baptism, specially good because the writer all through is asking, What saith the Scriptures ? and answering the inquiry from the Scriptures themselves.

*The Relation of the Church of Christ
to the Sunday School.* By L. H.
COLLS, pastor of the Martyrs'
Memorial Baptist Church, Beccles.

Robert Banks & Son, Racquet
Court, Fleet Street. Price one
penny.

WE wish it were possible to get every church member, officer, and minister to read this timely and excellent tract. We know many cases where the school is the joy of the minister and the rejoicing of the church ; but we know others where it is the reverse. A good minister was asked by the superintendent when he (the minister) visited the Sunday School *what he wanted there* ; and it came within our knowledge a short time since to meet with a good minister who had been conducting evangelistic services, and found that no good could manifest itself because the super and some of the teachers had determined that none should join the church until the minister resigned. This is sad ; they are spots on our feasts of charity. We would circulate this address by tens of thousands.

The Gospel's Echo. An illustrated Gospel tract magazine at one half-penny. The March number has a telling article on "I must go to the Prayer Meeting."

The Gospel Trumpet, The British Messenger, The Footsteps of Truth, Consecration, with a good likeness of the Rev. H. R. Lovell, are all good as usual. *The Voice of Warning, The Bible Societies' Monthly Reporter*, and its instructive gleanings for the young, with *Evangelical Christendom, British Flay, In Thy Name*, etc., etc., are doing well in the work of the Lord.

WE have received music and words of a *Choral March, Honour to the Mighty*. The words and music by George Weddell. Weeks & Co., 14, Hanover Square. It was sung at the Glasgow International Exhibition. It is published in both notations and is full of stirring strains.

The monthly part of *The Christian World Pulpit* for March contains a fine discourse by the Rev. Hiles

Hitchens "To Daughters," Proverbs xxix. and xxxi. *The Treasury* for February contains much valuable reading, and amongst other contributions one by the Rev. Samuel Spear, D.D., New York, on "The Biblical Hades;" and "How can Jesuitism be Successfully Met?" by Dr. D. H. MacVicar, of Montreal.

The Religious Tract Society has again laid under tribute the thoughtful Christian public by another rich logical contribution, No. 62 of Second Series of *Present Day Tracts*, subject:—Egoism, Altruism and Christian Endaemonism, by the Rev. M. Kaufmann, M.A. It is powerfully written, and is severely logical. We should think it impossible for the sceptic to get away from this reasoning. *The Cottager and Artisan* furnishes us with likeness and sketch of Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer; also two views of the bridge of Forth, with some wonderfully interesting details respecting that marvel of modern engineering skill. The four monthlies, *Leisure Hour*, *Sunday at Home*, *Girls' Own* and the *Boys' Own Papers*, are worthy efforts each in its own circle; while the

Friendly Greetings, *Child's Companion*, *Little Dots*, and *Life of Dr. Edmund Calamy* bring us a mass of varied, cheap and wholesome literature. We wish them good speed.

A very instructive service of song, entitled the *Nonconformist Historic Service of Song*, by Libertas, has been published by F. S. Sheldrick, 11, Bridge-street, Cambridge. It has considerable historic merit, and will charm those who love the old music and old tunes of former days. It ought to produce many pleasant evenings. We have perused with much interest the work of our friend the Rev. W. Evans Hurdall. "From Room to Room" is romance in real life.

Our own magazines:—*The Baptist* gives the likeness and brief autobiography of a worthy layman of our body, S. R. Pattison, Esq., F.G.S. *The Sword and Trowel*, with pictorial illustrations, tells again the thrilling story of the preaching in the Surrey Gardens Music Hall by the Rev. O. H. Spurgeon: and *The General Baptist* contains a chapter on the causes of our failure in Christian work, by the Rev. Walter Wynn.

It is not heaven that makes Christ worth following, but Christ make heaven worth seeking.—*Welsh Preacher*.

"Better suffer than inflict a wrong." "Better be silent than speak ill."—*Welsh Proverbs*.

THE pastor who allows every one in the church to do that which is right in his own eyes will soon learn that his charge is not a church of Christ but a congregation of evil doers.—REV. J. MARTIN.

AM just come in to breathe a little after visiting the sick. How beautifully Christ's example meets and suits us in everything. In visiting the sick poor one endures innumerable petty sufferings from the close den, bad air, and fifty things which are sometimes almost insufferable to our senses and tastes. But when one is disposed to fly, or get disquieted, the thought comes of His washing His disciples' feet, and living among wretched men. "He who was rich," from whom all tastes and the perception of the beautiful has come, He who was heir of all things. Yet, with His human nature what must He have put up with in love?—N. McLEON.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

MR. J. E. ROBERTS, B.A., of Regent's Park College, and son of Rev. R. H. Roberts, of Ladbroke Grove Chapel, Notting Hill, has accepted the invitation from the congregation at Union Chapel, Manchester, to become the assistant of Dr. Maclaren.

Rev. W. T. Rosevear, of Coventry, intimated to his congregation on Sunday that he has now reached the fortieth year of his ministry, and that he has decided to retire from the stated ministry within the next two years.

Rev. J. Millard has resigned the pastorate at Bugbrooke, Northants.

Rev. J. Holden, of the Manchester Baptist College, has accepted the pastorate at Rishworth.

Rev. D. Ross of Coatbridge N.B., has accepted the pastorate of Northcote Street Church, Stockton-on-Tees.

Rev. A. Lester has decided to terminate, in June, the pastorate of Zion Chapel, Wollaston, where he has ministered for nearly three years.

Rev. Hector Thomas, of Shrewsbury, has accepted the pastorate at Hatherton.

Rev. G. M. Rice, of Woodchester, has accepted the pastorate at Lineholme, Todmorden, Yorks.

Rev. H. Ellis, M.A., of Manchester College, has accepted the pastorate at Farsley.

Rev. W. H. Tetley has intimated his intention of resigning the pastorate of Osmaaston Road Church, Derby, at the end of the present year.

Rev. T. Rhys Evans, after a pastorate of nineteen years, has given notice of his intention to terminate his ministry at Charley Way, Shepshed, in June next. Mr. Evans has

been in the ministry for 32 years, 29 of which he has spent in Leicester-shire.

Rev. W. Gray has intimated his intention to resign the pastorate of Birchcliffe, Hebden Bridge.

Rev. S. S. Allsop, on account of ill-health, has intimated his intention to resign the pastorate of New Street Chapel, Burton-on-Trent.

Rev. J. McLean, of Dumbarton, has accepted the pastorate at South Side, Glasgow.

Rev. J. M. Bergin has announced his intention to retire in July from the pastorate at Sutton, after eighteen years' ministry.

Rev. O. Owens of the Tabernacle, Porth, has accepted the pastorate of Bethany English Church, Treherbert.

Rev. J. S. Jones, of Penrhyn Coch, has entered on the pastorate of Zion Church, St. David's.

Rev. T. Howells, Pembroke, has accepted the pastorate of Hope Chapel, Gilwern, and proposes to enter on the duties in April.

Rev. Thos. R. Dann, of Rawdon College, son of Rev. Jas. Dann, of Oxford, has accepted the pastorate at Hay Hill, Bath.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. G. W. Pope, on leaving Diss, has been presented with an address and a purse of money, Mrs. Pope at the same time receiving an album.

Mr. Frank Greenwood, on leaving for America, has been presented by the Sunday-school at Todmorden, with a Bible, silver pencil-case, and silver penknife.

Rev. A. Graham, previous to leaving Tewkesbury, was presented with a purse of twelve guineas and a cabinet, Mrs. Graham at the same time receiving an album.

Mr. John Allen, on leaving for Harrow, has been presented by the

church at Abbey-road, St. John's-wood (Rev. W. Stott, pastor), with an illuminated address in recognition of many years' service as deacon.

Rev. James Seager having accepted the post of travelling secretary for the South-West Division of the Society for the Stopping of the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors on Sundays, preached his farewell sermons at Great George Street Chapel, Salford, on Sunday, terminating a pastorate of ten years. At a farewell meeting on Monday, he was presented with a writing cabinet and a purse containing £34. Mrs Seager received from the women's class, of which she has been teacher, a work basket. Among the letters expressive of kindly regard, was one from the Rev. J. W. Pethe- rick, rector of St. Bartholomew's, Salford.

Rev. G. D. Evans, on resigning the pastorate of Old King Street Chapel, Bristol, where he has ministered for sixteen years, was presented at a meeting held in the College, Stokes Croft, to which he has rendered valuable service as financial secretary and librarian, with a cheque for £452 10s. 6d. Mr. Charles Townsend presided; Revs. R. Glover, H. Arnold Thomas, G. Jarman, and R. Richard delivered fraternal addresses, and letters of regret for inability to attend were received from Dr. Culross, Dr. Gotch, Rev. E. G. Gange, and other ministers. Mrs. Evans, on the same occasion, was presented with a salver bearing an appropriate inscription.

Rev. W. Pratt, M.A., previous to leaving for Jamacia, has been presented by Pembroke Church, Liverpool, with £70, and by the Christian Workers' Association with an illuminated address.

Rev. J. C. Roberts, pastor of Princess Street Chapel, Northampton, has been presented with a purse of money from the members, and with a study chair from the young men.

Mrs. Bailey, wife of Rev. G. T. Bailey, on leaving Haslingden for Leyton, has received a Bible from the members of her class.

Rev. G. T. Bailey, who is leaving Haslingden for Leyton on account of climate, was presented with a purse of gold by his friends at Bury Road.

Rev. J. Hasler, honorary secretary of the Southern Baptist Association, has been presented with an address and a cheque for £50 in recognition of his services.

Mrs. S. Alchurch has been presented by the teachers of the Gosford Street Schools, Coventry, with a writing desk in recognition of his services to the school, particularly in connection with the drum and fife band.

Mr. S. Nursey has been presented by the church at Bungay (Rev. J. T. Bowtell pastor) with Bagster's Bible and a History of Protestantism, in recognition of his services as leader of the singing for many years.

Mr. F. Pentelow, choirmaster of Mount Pleasant Chapel, Northampton, has been presented with a silver-mounted ebony baton and a morocco-bound copy of the *Messiah*, and Mr. W. E. Billingham, the organist, with a clockwork metronome, and two volumes of *The Young Organist*, in recognition of their services.

Rev. Edward Moore, on resigning the pastorate of Golborne Street Chapel, Warrington, has been presented with a gold watch and an illuminated address.

Mr. Gideon Gore, for twenty years leader of the singing at Zion Chapel, Trowbridge, has been presented with an illuminated address, a marble clock, and a purse of gold.

Rev. J. Fletcher has celebrated his 16th anniversary at Commercial Road Chapel. Mr. J. Johnson Evans presided. Revs. Dr. Clifford and J. L. Brooks were among the speakers. The pastor was presented by the deacons with a study chair, by the young men with an illuminated address, by the Sunday-school teachers with a set of gold studs and solitaires, and by the young ladies with an umbrella. Mrs. Fletcher also received a dinner-service from the ladies of the Dorcas Society and

others. During the sixteen years 700 have joined the church; the present membership is 306.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. WALLACE PETTMAN, late of Bath, was recognised on Thursday, March 6th, as pastor at New Park Road, Brixton Hill. The sermon was preached by Rev. F. B. Meyer, and the public meeting was presided over by Mr. G. Rouse, a former superintendent of the Sunday School. Revs. J. P. Clarke, J. P. Gledstone, Z. T. Downen, J. Douglas, and E. Roberts, delivered fraternal addresses. The church is now entering upon its jubilee year.

Rev. E. Dyer, late of Atherton, was recognised on the 13th of Feb. as pastor at Southend-on-Sea. One feature of the tea-meeting was a large "recognition cake" bearing the inscription "Hephzibah," which was cut up by Mrs. Dyer, and a portion distributed to every one present. Revs. C. Spurgeon, Dr. Karfoot, G. D. Hooper, and A. Waller took part in the services.

Rev. G. T. Gillingham, late of Barking, Essex, was recognised on Thursday, Feb. 13th, as pastor of the Tabernacle, Winslow. Mr. Neal presided. Rev. L. R. Foscett gave the charge to pastor and Church. Revs. J. Pither, G. Parker, and M. J. Major, were among the speakers.

Rev. Greenwood Robinson has been recognised as pastor of Bank-buildings Chapel, Weymouth. Revs. Dr. Culross, J. P. Tetley, J. Gibson, and W. Lewis delivered fraternal addresses.

Rev. Evan Jones, of Denbigh, has been recognised as pastor of the Welsh Churches at Llanfair, Zoar, and Llansanau. Revs. E. Parry, D. Davies, D. Edwards, and T. Roberts took part.

Rev. C. Stovell has been recognised as pastor at Chudleigh. Revs. S. Vincent, E. Edwards, S. Lync, and E. Scammell took part.

Rev. John Taylor, late of Nailsworth, was recognised at Holbeach on the 11th of Feb. Revs. Wm. Evans, W. Sexton, C. H. Burton, and J. S. Hockin took part.

NEW CHAPELS.

MEMORIAL stones of a new church at Harlesden, Willesden Junction, have been laid by Colonel Griffin (on behalf of the London Association), Dr. Clifford, Mr. A. Meiklejohn, and Mr. J. J. Smith. Rev. J. T. Wigner delivered an address. The cost is estimated at £5,400. The collections amounted to £200. A public tea, which was provided in the Wesleyan Lecture Hall, was largely attended. The evening meeting, held in the Wesleyan Church, was presided over by Colonel Griffin, Rev. J. T. Briscoe, president of the London Baptist Association, and others taking part.

A new English Baptist chapel has been erected at Treherbert, Rhondda Valley, Glamorgan. It is constructed of iron, will accommodate about 350 persons, and cost £500. The opening services took place on Sunday and Monday, March 2nd and 3rd, when Revs. Harris, Morris, Davies, and Richards preached to large congregations.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REV. W. SUMNER, in opening a bazaar, which took the form of a Waldensian village, stated that £1,115 had been secured towards the new chapel at Armley. The proceeds of the bazaar, on the first day, added £121 to this amount.

Boundary-road Church, Walthamstow, has celebrated the extinction of a debt which amounted to nearly £500 in April, 1888, when the present pastorate commenced; in the interval the cost of a new heating apparatus has been defrayed. At the thanksgiving service Rev. Arthur Budgen was presented with a study table as a mark of esteem for energy displayed in extinguishing the debt.

RECENT DEATHS.

THE Baptist Church at Sandy was a branch of the Baptist Church at the Old Meeting, Blunham; and was formed into a separate church, by the Rev. W. Abbott, on Monday, December 20th, 1858. Mr. Voysey was invited to commence his pastorate on the first Sunday in the year 1859. His ministry, which was exercised here during thirty-two years, was plain and useful, accompanied with the Divine blessing. For twenty years it was beset with difficulties; but during the past ten years circumstances have much favoured the Baptist cause here. Intelligent and influential Nonconformists have come into the place, and much helped on the Christian work. A large and handsome chapel has been built within the last two years; the old chapel has been renovated and adapted for week services and Sunday School purposes.

The illness of the deceased pastor was of short duration. He preached for the last time on Sunday, February 9th. Great respect was shown to his memory by the large congregation assembled on the day of the funeral, and also on the Sunday evening, when the funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Abbott, of Blunham.

At Chiswick, on March 17th, William Fuller Blake, eldest son of Rev. W. A. Blake, Editor of *Baptist Messenger*.

BAPTISMS.

Abergele.—Feb. 23, Seven, by T. Roberts.
Ashwater District.—At Muckworthy, March 2, One, by T. Yauldren.
Aberdeen, Academy Street.—Feb. 9, One, by S. Garrioch.
Barrow-in-Furness.—Feb. 9, One, by F. Wynn.
Brighton, Sussex Street.—March 9, Three, by C. S. Hull.
Bradford, Sandy Lane.—March 2, One, by F. Wynn.
Blaina, Mon.—Feb. 20, Two, by C. Rees.
Cardiff (Splott Road).—Sunday, Feb. 23, Three, by S. Jones. (Hope Chapel).—Feb. 23, One, by T. W. Medhurst, making a total of thirty-nine during the first year of his pastorate at Cardiff.
Cross Keys (Hope Chapel).—March 3, Four, teen, by Rev. C. H. Watkins.

Crook.—March 9, One, by A. G. Barton.
Dumbarton.—Feb. 4, Three, by J. McLean.
Dunnington, Alcester.—Feb. 9, by C. Chrystal.
Devizes.—Feb. 18, Two, by J. Bell, B.A.
Doncaster.—Feb. 26, Two, by H. Butler.
Esher.—Feb. 27, Three, by J. E. Perrin.
Franksbridge.—March 2, Two, by T. D. Jones.
Gravel, Radnorshire.—Feb. 2, Two, by W. D. Young.
Guernsey (All Saints' Church).—Feb. 19, Three, by T. Snell.
Hunslet Tabernacle.—Feb. 26, Three, by A. E. Greening.
Liverpool, Kensington.—Feb. 26, Seven, by E. E. Walter.
Leeds, Hunslet Tabernacle.—Jan. 26, Eight, by A. E. Greening; North Street.—Feb. 23, Nine, by J. Horn.
Luton, Park Street.—Feb. 6, Seven, by J. H. Blake.
Margate, St. Peter's.—March 9, One, by L. Mackenzie.
Macclesfield, St. George Street.—Feb. 23, One, by J. Hollinshea's.
Morley.—Feb. 23, Five, by C. Melton.
Maesyrhelem, Radnor.—Feb. 2, Two, by D. Davies.

Metropolitan District:—

Berkeley Road, Chalk Farm.—March 7, Six, by G. Scudamore.
Brompton (Onslow Chapel).—Feb. 23, Five, by J. Garden.
Clapham, Grafton Square.—Feb. 9, Four, by T. Hanger.
Highgate, Southwood Lane.—Feb. 23, Two, by J. H. Barnard.
Lambeth (Upton Chapel).—Feb. 24, Ten, by W. Williams.
Lee, S.E., Bromley Road.—Feb. 23, Two, by J. W. Davies.
Penge, S.E.—Feb. 26, Seven, by J. W. Boud.
Silvertown, E.—Feb. 27, Four, by J. W. Back.

Newport, Monmouthshire.—Jan. 26, Four, and Feb. 23, Three, by A. T. Jones.
Newbury.—Feb. 23, Three, by G. J. Knight.
Pontypridd, Glam.—March 9, Carmel Chapel, Fifteen, by E. E. Probert; English.—One, by G. G. Cule.
Pem., Cold Inn.—March 2, Five, by T. Gravel.
Pontypool, Upper Trosnan.—Feb. 23, Six, by D. Thomas.
Ryde, I.W. (George Street).—Feb. 23, Seven, by E. B. Pearson.
Shipley (Yorks).—Feb. 23, Two, by A. Priter.
Staincliffe (Yorks).—Feb. 23, Nine, by F. Oliver.
Sutton St. James.—Feb. 23, Six, by D. C. Chapman.
Scapgoat Hill, Golar, Huddersfield.—March 2, Three, by T. R. Lewis.
St. Bride's, near Newport, Mon.—Feb. 9, Four, by W. Owen.
Treharris, Bethel, English.—Feb. 2, One, by W. D. Nicholas.
Wrexham.—Feb. 9, Three, by P. A. Hudgell.

Secret Sins.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."—Psalm xix. 12.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS arises partly from pride, but mainly from ignorance of God's law. It is because men know little or nothing concerning the terrible character of the divine law, that they foolishly imagine themselves to be righteous. They are not aware of the deep spirituality and the stern severity of the law, or they would have other and wiser notions. Once let them know how strictly the law deals with the thoughts, how it brings itself to bear upon every emotion of the inner man, and there is not one creature beneath God's heaven who would dare to think himself righteous in God's sight in virtue of his own deeds and thoughts. Only let the law be revealed to a man; let him know how strict the law is, and how infinitely just, and his self-righteousness will shrivel into nothing—it will become a filthy rag in his sight, whereas before he thought it to be a goodly garment.

Now, David, having seen God's law, and having praised it in this Psalm which I have read in your hearing, he is brought, by reflecting on its excellency, to utter this thought, "Who can understand his errors?" and then to offer this prayer, "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."

In the Lateran Council of the Church of Rome a decree was passed that every true believer must confess his sins, all of them, once in a year to the priest, and they affixed to it this declaration, that there is no hope of pardon but in complying with that decree. What can equal the absurdity of such a decree as that? Do they suppose that they can tell their sins as easily as they can count their fingers? Why, if we could receive pardon for all our sins by telling every sin we have committed in one hour, there is not one of us who would be able to enter heaven, since, besides the sins that are known to us and that we may be able to confess, there are a vast mass of sins, which are as truly sins as those which we do observe, but which are secret, and come not beneath our eye. Oh! if we had eyes like those of God, we should think very differently of ourselves. The sins that we see and confess are but like the farmer's small samples which he brings to market, when he has left his granary full at home. We have but a very few sins which we can observe and detect, compared with those which are hidden to ourselves and unseen by our fellow-creatures. I doubt not it is true of all of us who are here, that in every

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hour of our existence in which we are active, we commit tens of thousands of unholinesses for which conscience has never reproved us, because we have never seen them to be wrong, seeing we have not studied God's laws as we ought to have done. Now, be it known to us all that sin is sin, whether we see it or not—that a sin secret to us is a sin as truly as if we knew it to be a sin, though not so great a sin in the sight of God as if it had been committed presumptuously, seeing that it lacks the aggravation of wilfulness. Let all of us who know our sins, offer this prayer after all our confessions: "Lord, I have confessed as many as I know, but I must add an etcetera after them, and say, 'Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.'"

That, however, will not be the pith of my sermon this morning. I am going after a certain class of men who have sins not unknown to themselves, but secret to their fellow-creatures. Every now and then we turn up a fair stone which lies upon the green sward of the professing church, surrounded with the verdure of apparent goodness, and to our astonishment we find beneath it all kinds of filthy insects and loathsome reptiles, and in our disgust at such hypocrisy, we are driven to exclaim, "All men are liars; there are none in whom we can put any trust at all." It is not fair to say so of all; but really, the discoveries which are made of the insincerity of our fellow-creatures are enough to make us despise our kind, because they can go so far in appearances, and yet have so little soundness of heart. To you, sirs, who sin secretly, and yet make a profession; you break God's covenants in the dark and wear a mask of goodness in the light—to you, sirs, who shut the doors and commit wickedness in secret—to you I shall speak this morning. O may God also be pleased to speak to you, and make you pray this prayer: "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."

I shall endeavour to urge upon all pretenders present to give up, to renounce, to detest, to hate, to abhor all their secret sins. And, first, I shall endeavour to show *the folly of secret sins*; secondly, *the misery of secret sins*; thirdly, *the guilt of secret sins*; fourthly, *the danger of secret sins*; and then I shall try to apply some words by way of remedy, that we may all of us be enabled to avoid secret sins.

I. First, then, THE FOLLY OF SECRET SINS.

Pretender, thou art fair to look upon; thy conduct outwardly upright, amiable, liberal, generous and Christian; but thou dost indulge in some sin which the eye of man has not yet detected. Perhaps it is private drunkenness. Thou dost revile the drunkard when he staggers through the street; but thou canst thyself indulge in the same habit in private. It may be some other lust or vice; it is not for me just now to mention what it is. But, pretender, we say unto thee, thou art a fool to think of harbouring a secret sin; and thou art a fool for this one reason, that thy sin is not a secret sin; *it is known*, and shall one day be revealed; perhaps very soon. Thy sin is not a secret; the eye of God hath seen it; thou has sinned before His face. Thou hast shut to the door, and drawn the curtains, and kept out the eye of the sun, but God's eye pierceth through the darkness; the brick walls which surrounded thee were as transparent as glass to the eye of the Almighty; the darkness which did gird thee was as bright as the summer's noon to the eye of Him who beholdeth all things. Knowest thou not, O man, that "all things are naked and open

to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do?" As the priest ran his knife into the entrails of his victim, discovered the heart and liver, and what else did lie within, so art thou, O man, seen by God, cut open by the Almighty; thou has no secret chamber where thou canst hide thyself; thou hast no dark cellar where thou canst conceal thy soul. Dig deep, ay, deep as hell, but thou canst not find earth enough upon the globe to cover thy sin; if thou shouldst heap the mountains on its grave, those mountains would tell the tale of what was buried in their bowels. If thou couldst cast thy sin into the sea, a thousand babbling waves would tell the secret out. There is no hiding it from God. Thy sin is photographed in high heaven; the deed when it was done was photographed upon the sky, and there it shall remain, and thou shalt see thyself one day revealed to the gazing eyes of all men, a hypocrite, a pretender, who didst sin in fancied secret, observed in all thine acts by the all-seeing Jehovah. O what fools men are, to think they can do anything in secret. This world is like the glass hives wherein bees sometimes work: we look down upon them, and we see all the operations of the little creatures. So God looketh down and seeth all. Our eyes are weak; we cannot look through the darkness; but His eye, like an orb of fire, penetrateth the blackness; and readeth the thoughts of man, and seeth his acts when he thinks himself most concealed. Oh; it were a thought enough to curb us from all sin, if it were truly applied to us—"Thou, God, seest me!" Stop thief! Drop thou that which thou has taken to thyself. God seeth thee! No eye of detection on earth hath discovered thee, but God's eyes are now looking through the clouds upon thee. Swearer! scarce any for whom thou carest heard thy oath; but God heard it; it entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. Ah! thou who ledest a filthy life, and yet art a respectable merchant bearing among men a fair and goodly character; thy vices are all known; written in God's book. He keepeth a diary of all thine acts; and what wilt thou think on that day when a crowd shall be assembled, compared with which this immense multitude is but a drop of a bucket, and God shall read out the story of thy secret life, and men and angels shall hear it. Certain I am there are none of us who would like to have all our secrets read, especially our secret thoughts. If I should select out of this congregation the most holy man, should bring him forward and say, "Now, sir, I know all your thoughts, and am about to tell them," I am sure he would offer me the largest bribe that he could gather if I would be pleased to conceal at least some of them. "Tell," he would say, "of my acts; of them I am not ashamed; but do not tell my thoughts and imaginations—of them I must ever stand ashamed before God." What, then, sinner, will be thy shame when thy privy lusts, thy closet transgressions, thy secret crimes shall be gazetted from God's throne, published by His own mouth, and with a voice louder than a thousand thunders preached in the ears of an assembled world? What will be thy terror and confusion then, when all the deeds thou hast done shall be published in the face of the sun, in the ears of all mankind? O renounce the foolish hope of secrecy, for thy sin is this day recorded, and shall one day be advertised on the walls of heaven.

II. In the next place, let us notice—THE MISERY OF SECRET SINS.

Of all sinners the man who makes a profession of religion, and yet lives in iniquity, is the most miserable. A downright wicked man, who

takes a glass in his hand, and says, "I am a drunkard, I am not ashamed of it," he shall be unutterably miserable in worlds to come, but, brief though it be, he has his hour of pleasure. A man who curses and swears, and says, "That is my habit, I am a profane man," and makes a profession of it, he has, at least, some peace in his soul; but the man who walks with God's minister, who is united with God's Church, who comes out before God's people, and unites with them, and then lives in sin, what a miserable existence he must have of it! Why, he has a worse existence than a mouse that is in the parlour, running out now and then to pick up the crumbs, and then back again to his hole. Such men must run out now and then to sin; and, oh! how fearful they are to be discovered! One day, perhaps, their character turns up: with wonderful cunning they manage to conceal and gloss it over; but the next day something else comes, and they live in constant fear, telling lie after lie, to make the last lie appear truthful, adding deception to deception, in order that they may not be discovered.

"Oh! 'tis a tangled web we weave,
When once we venture to deceive."

If I must be a wicked man, give me the life of a roystering sinner, who sins before the face of day; but, if I must sin, let me not act as a hypocrite and a coward; let me not profess to be God's, and spend my life for the devil. That way of cheating the devil is a thing which every honest sinner will be ashamed of. He will say, "Now, if I do serve my master I will serve him out and out, I will have no sham about it; if I make a profession, I will carry it out; but if I do not, if I live in sin, I am not going to gloss it over by cant and hypocrisy." One thing which has ham-stringed the church, and cut her very sinews in twain, has been this most damnable hypocrisy. Oh! in how many places have we men whom you might praise to the very skies, if you could believe their words, but whom you might cast into the nethermost pit if you could see their secret actions. God forgive any of you who are so acting!—I had almost said, I can scarce forgive you. I can forgive the man who riots openly, and makes no profession of being better; but the man who fawns, and cants, and pretends, and prays, and then lives in sin—that man I hate, I cannot bear him, I abhor him from my very soul. If he will turn from his ways, I will love him, but in his hypocrisy he is to me the most loathsome of all creatures. 'Tis said the toad doth wear a jewel in her head, but this man hath none, but beareth filthiness about him, while he pretends to be in love with righteousness. A mere profession, my hearers, is but painted pageantry to go to hell in; it is like the plumes upon the hearse, and the trappings upon the black horses which drag men to their graves—the funeral array of dead souls. Take heed above everything of a waxen profession that will not stand the sun; take care of a life that needs to have two faces to carry it out; be one thing, or else the other. If you make up your mind to serve Satan, do not pretend to serve God; and if you serve God, serve Him with all your heart. "No man can serve two masters," do not try it, do not endeavour to do it, for no life will be more miserable than that. Above all, beware of committing acts which it will be necessary to conceal. There is a singular poem by Hood, called "The Dream of Eugene Aram"—a most remarkable piece it is

indeed, illustrating the point on which I am now dwelling. Aram has murdered a man and cast his body into the river—"a sluggish water black as ink, the depth was so extreme." The next morning he visited the scene of his guilt

"And sought the black accursed pool,
With a wild misgiving eye;
And he saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry."

Next he covered the corpse with heaps of leaves, but a mighty wind swept through the wood and left the secret bare before the sun.

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
On land or sea though it should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep."

In plaintive notes he prophesies his own discovery. He buried his victim in a cave, and trod him down with stones, but when years had run their weary round the foul deed was discovered and the murderer put to death.

Guilt is a "grim chamberlain," even when his fingers are not bloody red. Secret sins bring fevered eyes and sleepless nights, until men burn out their consciences, and become in very deed ripe for the pit. Hypocrisy is a hard game to play at, for it is one deceiver against many observers; and for certain it is a miserable trade, which will earn at last, as its certain climax, a tremendous bankruptcy. Ah! ye who have sinned without discovery, "Be sure your sin will find you out;" and bethink you, it may find you out ere long. Sin, like murder, will come out; men will even tell tales about themselves in their dreams. God has sometimes made men so pricked in their consciences that they have been obliged to stand forth and confess the story. Secret sinner! if thou wantest the foretaste of damnation upon earth, continue in thy secret sins; for no man is more miserable than he who sinneth secretly, and yet trieth to preserve a character. Yon stag, followed by the hungry hounds, with open mouths, is far more happy than the man who is followed by his sins. Yon bird, taken in the fowler's net, and labouring to escape, is far more happy than he who hath weaved around himself a web of deception, and labours to escape from it day by day by making the toils more thick and the web more strong. Oh! the misery of secret sins! Truly, one may pray, "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."

III. But now, next, the guilt—THE SOLEMN GUILT OF SECRET SIN.

Now, John, you do not think there is any evil in a thing unless somebody sees it, do you? You feel that it is a very great sin if your master finds you out in robbing the till; but there is no sin if he should not discover it—none at all. And you, sir, you fancy it to be a very great sin to play a trick in trade, in case you should be discovered and brought before the court; but to play a trick and never be discovered, that is all fair—do not say a word about it, Mr. Spurgeon, it is all business; you must not touch business; tricks that are not discovered, of course you

are not to find fault with them. The common measure of sin is the notoriety of it. But I do not believe in that. A sin is a sin, whether done in private or before the wide world. It is singular how men will measure guilt. A railway servant puts up a wrong signal, there is an accident—the man is tried, and severely reprimanded. The day before he put up the wrong signal, but there was no accident, and, therefore, no one accused him for his neglect. But it was just the same, accident or no accident; the accident did not make the guilt, it was the deed which made the guilt, not the notoriety, nor yet the consequence of it. It was his business to have taken care; and he was as guilty the first time as he was the second, for he negligently exposed the lives of men. Do not measure sin by what other people say of it: but measure sin by what God says of it, and what your own conscience says of it.

Now, I hold that secret sin, if anything, is the worst of sin; because secret sin implies that the man who commits it has Atheism in his heart. You will ask how that can be. I reply, he may be a professing Christian, but I shall tell him to his face that he is a practical Atheist, if he labours to keep up a respectable profession before man, and then secretly transgresses. Why, is he not an Atheist, who will say there is a God, yet at the same time thinks more of man than he does of God? Is it not the very essence of Atheism—is it not a denial of the divinity of the Most High when men lightly esteem Him and think more of the eye of a creature than of the observation of their Creator? There are some who would not for the life of them say a wicked word in the presence of their minister, but they can do it, knowing God is looking at them. They are Atheists. There are some who would not trick in trade for all the world if they thought they would be discovered, but they can do it while God is with them: that is, they think more of the eye of man than of the eye of God; and they think it worse to be condemned by man than to be condemned by God. Call it by what name you will, the proper name of that is practical Atheism. It is dishonouring God; it is dethroning Him; putting Him down below His own creatures; and what is that but to take away His divinity? Brethren, do not, I beseech you, incur the fearful guilt of secret sins. No man can sin a little in secret, it will certainly engender more sin; no man can be a hypocrite and yet be moderate in guilt; he will go from bad to worse, and still proceed, until, when his guilt shall be published, he shall be found to be the very worst and the most hardened of men. Take heed of the guilt of secret sin. Ah, now if I could preach as Rowland Hill did, I would make some people look to themselves at home, and tremble too! It is said that when he preached, there was not a man in the window, or standing in the crowd, or perched up anywhere, but said, "There, he is preaching at me; he is telling me about my secret sins." And when he proclaimed God's omniscience, it is said men would almost think they saw God bodily present in the midst of them looking at them. And when he had done his sermon, they would hear a voice in their ears, "Can any hide himself in secret places that I cannot see him? saith the Lord. Do I not fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord." I would I could do that; that I could make every man look to himself, and find out his secret sin. Come, my hearer, what is it? Bring it forth to the daylight; perhaps it will die in the light of the sun. These things love not to be discovered. Tell thine own conscience, now,

what it is. Look it in the face ; confess it before God, and may He give. Thee grace to remove that sin and every other, and turn to Him with full purpose of heart ! But this know—that thy guilt is guilt discovered or undiscovered, and that if there be any difference it is worse, because it has been secret. God save us from the guilt of secret sin ! “Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.”

IV. And note, next, THE DANGER OF SECRET SIN. One danger is, that a man cannot commit a little sin in secret, without being by-and-by betrayed into a public sin. You cannot, sir, though you may think you can preserve a moderation in sin. If you commit one sin, it is like the melting of the lower glacier upon the Alps ; the others must follow in time. As certainly as you heap one stone upon the cairn to-day, the next day you will cast another, until the heap, reared stone by stone, shall become a very pyramid. See the coral insect, at work, you cannot decree where it shall stay its work. It will not build its rock just as high as you please, it will not stay until it shall be covered with weeds, until the weeds shall decay ; and there shall be soil upon it, and an island shall be created by tiny creatures. Sin cannot be held in with bit and bridle. “But I am going to have a little drink now and then, I am only going to be intoxicated once a week or so. Nobody will see it ; I shall be in bed directly.” You will be drunk in the street soon. “I am only just going to read one lascivious book ; I will put it under the sofa-cover when anyone comes in.” You will keep it in your library yet, sir. “I am only going into that company now and then.” You will go there every day, such is the bewitching character of it ; you cannot help it. You may as well ask the lion to let you put your head into his mouth. You cannot regulate his jaws : neither can you regulate sin. Once go into it, you cannot tell when you will be destroyed. You may be such a fortunate individual that, like Van Amburgh, you may put your head in and out a great many times ; rest assured that one of these days it will be a costly venture. Again, you may labour to conceal your vicious habit, but it will come out, you cannot help it. You keep your little pet sin at home ; but mark this, when the door is ajar the dog will be out in the street. Wrap him up in your bosom, put over him fold after fold of hypocrisy to keep him secret, the wretch will be singing some day when you are in company ; you cannot keep the evil bird still. Your sin will gad abroad ; and what is more, you will not mind it some of these days. A man who indulges in sin privately, by degrees gets his forehead as hard as brass. The first time he sinned, the drops of sweat stood on his brow at the recollection of what he had done ; the second time, no hot sweat on his brow, only an agitation of the muscle ; the third time there was the sly, sneaky look, but no agitation ; the next time, he sinned a little further ; and by degrees he became the bold blasphemer of his God, who exclaimed, “Who am I that I should fear Jehovah, and who is He that I should serve Him ?” Men go from bad to worse. Launch your boat in the current—it must go where the current takes it. Put yourself in the whirlwind—you are but a straw in the wind ; you must go which way the wind carries you—you cannot control yourself. The balloon can mount, but it cannot direct its course ; it must go whichever way the wind blows. If you once mount into sin there is no stopping. Take heed if you would not become the worst of characters, take heed of the little

sins, they, mounting one upon another, may at last heave you from the summit and destroy your soul for ever. There is a great danger in secret sins.

But I have here some true Christians who indulge in secret sins. They say it is but a little one, and therefore do they spare it. Dear brethren, I speak to you, and I speak to myself, when I say this—let us destroy all our little secret sins. They are called little, and if they be, let us remember that it is the foxes, even the little foxes, that soil our vines; for our vines have tender shoots. Let us take heed of our little sins. A little sin, like a little pebble in the shoe, will make a traveller to heaven walk very wearily. Little sins, like little thieves, may open the door to greater ones outside. Christians, recollect that little sins will spoil your communion with Christ. Little sins, like little stains in silk, may damage the fine texture of fellowship; little sins, like little irregularities in the machinery, may spoil the whole fabric of your religion. The one dead fly spoileth the whole pot of ointment. That one thistle may seed a continent with noxious weeds. Let us, brethren, kill our sins as often as we can find them. One said—“The heart is full of unclean birds; it is a cage of them.” “Ah, but,” said another divine, “you must not make that an apology, for a Christian’s business is to wring their necks.” And so it is; if there be evil things, it is our business to kill them. Christians must not tolerate secret sins. We must not harbour traitors; it is high treason against the King of Heaven. Let us drag them out to light, and offer them upon the altar, giving up the dearest of our secret sins at the will and bidding of God. There is a great danger in a little secret sin; therefore avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and shun it, and God give thee grace to overcome it!

V. And now I come, in finishing up, to plead with all my might with some of you whom God has pricked in your consciences. I have come to entreat you, if it be possible, even to tears, that you will give up your secret sins. I have one here for whom I bless God; I love him, though I know him not. He is almost persuaded to be a Christian; he halteth between two opinions; he intendeth to serve God, he striveth to give up sin, but he findeth it a hard struggle, and as yet he knoweth not what shall become of him. I speak to him with all love: my friend, will you have your sin and go to hell, or leave your sin and go to heaven? This is the solemn alternative: to all awakened sinners I put it; may God choose for you, otherwise I tremble as to which you may choose. The pleasures of this life are so intoxicating, the joys of it so ensnaring, that did I not believe that God worketh in us to will and to do, I should despair of you. But I have confidence that God will decide the matter. Let me lay the alternative before you:—on the one hand, there is an hour’s merriment, a short life of bliss, and that a poor, poor bliss; on the other hand, there is everlasting life and eternal glory. On the one hand, there is a transient happiness, and afterwards overwhelming woe; in this case there is a solid peace and everlasting joy, and after it overflowing bliss. I shall not fear to be called an Arminian, when I say, as Elijah did, “Choose you this day whom you will serve. If God be God, serve Him; if Baal be God serve him.” But, now, make your choice deliberately; and may God help you to do it! Do not say you will take up with religion, without first counting the cost of it; remember, there is your lust to be given up, your pleasure

to be renounced; can you do it for Christ's sake? Can you? I know you cannot, unless God's grace shall assist you in making such a choice. But can you say, "Yes, by the help of God, earth's gaudy toys, its pomps, pageantries, gewgaws, all these I renounce"?—

"These can never satisfy,
Give me Christ or else I die."

Sinner, thou wilt never regret that choice, if God help thee to make it; thou wilt find thyself a happy man here, and thrice happy throughout eternity.

"But," says one, "Sir, I intend to be religious, but I do not hold with your strictness." I do not ask you to do so; I hope, however, you will hold with *God's* strictness, and God's strictness is ten thousand times greater than mine. You may say that I am puritanical in my preaching; God will be puritanical in judging in that great day. I may appear severe, but I can never be so severe as God will be. I may draw the harrow with sharp teeth across your conscience, but God shall drag harrows of eternal fire across you one day. I may speak thundering things! God will not speak them, but hurl them from his hands. Remember, men may laugh at hell, and say there is none; but they must reject their Bibles before they can believe the lie. Men's consciences tell them that

"There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
Where sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire and chains."

Sirs, will ye keep your secret sins, and have eternal fire for them? Remember it is of no use, they must all be given up, or else you cannot be God's child. You cannot by any means have both; it cannot be God and the world, it cannot be Christ and the devil; it must be one or the other. Oh! that God would give you grace to resign all; for what are they worth? They are your deceivers now, and will be your tormentors for ever. Oh! that your eyes were open to see the rottenness, the emptiness and trickery of iniquity. Oh! that God would turn you to Himself. Oh! may God give you grace to cross the Rubicon of repentance at this very hour; to say, "Henceforth it is war to the knife with my sins; not one of them will I willingly keep, but down with them, down with them; Canaanite, Hittite, Jebusite, they shall all be driven out."

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

"But oh! sir, I cannot do it; it would be like pulling my eyes out." Ay, but hear what Christ says: "It were better for thee to enter into life with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire." "But it would be like cutting my arm off." Ay, and it would be better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, than to be cast into hell fire for ever. Oh! when the sinner comes before God at last, do you think he will speak as he does now? God will reveal his secret sins: the sinner will not then say, "Lord, I thought my secret sins so sweet, I could not give them up." I think I see how changed it will be then. "Sir," you say now, "*you are too strict*;" will you say that when the eyes of the Almighty are glower-

ing on you? You say now, "*Sir, you are too precise;*" will you say that to God Almighty's face? "*Sir, I mean to keep such and such a sin.*" Can you say it at God's bar at last? You will not dare to do it then. Ah! when Christ comes a second time, there will be a marvellous change in the way men talk. Methinks I see him; there He sits upon His throne. Now, Caiaphas, come and condemn Him now! Judas! come and kiss Him now! What do you stick at, man? Are you afraid of Him? Now, Barabbas! go; see whether they will prefer you to Christ now. Swearer, now is your time; you have been a bold man; curse Him to His face now. Now, drunkard; stagger up to Him now. Now, infidel; tell Him there is no Christ now—now that the world is lit with lightning and the earth is shaken with thunder till the solid pillars thereof do bow themselves—tell God there is no God now; now laugh at the Bible; now scoff at the minister. Why, men, what is the matter with you? Why, can't you do it? Ah! there you are; you have fled to the hills and to the rocks—"Rocks, hide us! mountains fall on us! hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne." Ah! where are now your boasts, your vauntings, and your glories? Alas! alas! for you, in that dread day of wonders.

Secret sinner, what will then become of thee? Go out of this place unmasked; go out to examine thyself, go out to bend thy knee, go out to weep, go out to pray. God give thee grace to believe. And oh, how sweet and pleasant the thought, that this day sinners have fled to Christ, and men have been born again to Jesus! Brethren, ere I finish, I repeat the words at which so many have cavilled—it is now or never, it is *turn* or *burn*. Solemnly in God's sight I say it; if it be not God's truth I must answer for it in the great day of account. Your consciences tell you it is true. Take it home, and mock me if you will; this morning I am clear of your blood: if any seek not God, but live in sin, I shall be clear of your blood in that day when the watchman shall have your souls demanded of him; oh, may God grant that you may be cleared in a blessed manner! When I went down these pulpit stairs a Sabbath or two ago, a friend said to me words which have been in my mind ever since—"Sir, there are nine thousand people this day without excuse in the day of judgment." It is true of you this morning. If you are damned, it will be not for want of preaching to you, and it shall not be for want of praying for you. God knoweth that if my heart could break of itself, it would, for your souls, for God is my witness, how earnestly I long for you in the bowels of Christ Jesus. Oh, that He may touch your hearts and bring you to Him! For death is a solemn thing, damnation is a horrible thing; to be out of Christ is a dreadful thing, to be dead in sin is a terrific thing. May God lead you to view these things as they are, and save you, for His mercy's sake!

"Lord, search my soul, try every thought,
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of Thine eyes.
Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in Thy perfect way."

Gems from Dr. Maclaren's Sermons.

"They say. What say they? Let them say." If we take Christ's commandment for our absolute law, and Christ's approbation for our highest aim and all-sufficient reward, we shall then be able to brush aside other maxims and other people's opinions of us, safely and humbly, and to say, "With me it is a very small matter to be judged of you or of man's judgment. He that judgeth me is the Lord."

The envoy of some foreign power cares very little what the inhabitants of the land to which he is ambassador may think of him and his doings; it is his sovereign's good opinion that he seeks to secure. The soldier's reward is his commander's praise, the slave's joy is the master's smile, and for us it ought to be the law of our lives—and in the measure in which we belong to Christ really it will be the law of our lives—that "we labour that, whether present or absent, we may be pleasing to Him."

There is an old Christian legend—absurd as a legend, beautiful as a parable—that the Cross on which Christ was crucified was made out of the wood of the Tree of Life. It is true in spirit, for He and His work will be the source of all life for earth and for heaven, whether of body, soul or spirit. They that wash their robes have the right of unrestrained access to Him in whose presence, in that loftier state, no impurity can live.

We do not screw ourselves up to think about God and Christ in our daily life. So the truths which we believe slip from our slack grasp before we know that they are gone. A conjurer will put a coin in a man's palm and shut his hand upon it and say "Are you sure you have got it?" "Open your hands." It is not there. That is how a good many of you lose your religion: you think you have it, you once had it. The last time you looked at it, it was there. It is not there now. Why? Because you have not added to your faith strength, and made the efforts of mind and will which are needed in order to keep hold of the things which have been freely given to you of God.

The human is kindred with the divine. The drop of water is of one nature with the boundless ocean that rolls shoreless beyond the horizon and stretches plumbless into the abysses. The tiniest spark of flame is of the same nature as those leaping hydrogen spears of illuminated gas that spring hundreds of thousands of miles high in a second or two in the great central sun. And though on the one hand there be finiteness and on the other infinitude; though we have to talk in big words of which we have very little grasp about "Omniscience" and "Omnipresence" and "Eternity" and such like, these things may be deducted and yet the Divine nature may be retained; and the poor ignorant, finite, dying creature that perishes before the moth may say, "I am kindred with Him whose years know no end; whose wisdom knows no uncertainty nor growth; whose power is Omnipotence, and whose presence is everywhere. He that can say 'I am' is of the same nature as His whose mighty proclamation of Himself is I AM THAT I AM. He who can say 'I will' is of the same nature as He who willeth and it is done.

Cloud and Sunshine; or, All Things Working for Good.

CHAPTER V. —AN UNLOOKED- FOR ACQUAINTANCE.

TO have to come down to lodgings after having lived all their past lives with loving relatives, in a most happy home, is with many a great trial. At any rate it was so with me. Although I was with a pleasant old couple, in decent rooms, and was well waited on, my loneliness at times seemed almost insupportable. What would I not have given at such seasons just to have had one more glance at my dear mother's sweet face, or to have heard once more her musical voice! Sometimes I looked round suddenly, as if I expected to see her in some part of the room, and then realised afresh the bitterness of the bereavement.

To banish my grief I plunged deeply into my legal studies, and worked hard in order to pass successfully my final examination. After many headaches the day came, and full of hope I went up to the Metropolis, and, in the room set apart for the purpose, filled up my papers for presentation to the examiners. Judge, therefore, of my disappointment and sorrow, when instead of passing, through some stupid mistakes, I was "plucked," and had the mortification of returning home with the knowledge that it would be fully three months before I could enter the lists for a second examination. So confident had I been of success, that at first I could hardly believe that I had not succeeded. As an

articled clerk I had passed my preliminary examination creditably, and was supposed by my superiors to have been well posted up in the details of my profession. Then I certainly had left no stone unturned in my endeavours, since I had taken my lodgings, to acquire any further legal information that might lead not only to success, but to enable me also to pass with commendation. But here was the fact, I had, without question, ignominiously failed, and nothing remained for me but to start afresh, and with as good a grace as possible. As the proverb said, "It was no use crying over spilt milk." The liquid once spilt there is no gathering it up again, and if required more must be obtained. All that I had to do was to buckle on my armour afresh and "never say die." The Spanish proverb tells us that "Perseverance kills the game," and every hunter knows that. The poet, too, is right when he says:—

"In the stern plans and purposes of
life,
We promise fair at starting most
of us;
But though we've lusty energy
enough,
'Tis fitful and impulsive, and the
goal
Is, after all our efforts, never
reached.
Oh! were there more of plodding
patient stuff
In our poor gusty natures, were the
oar
As pleasant as the sail, had we but
learned

The virtue of that motto—Persevere,
How seldom should we have to
turn again
Unfreighted, unsuccessful !”

It was this “plodding, patient stuff” that I wanted now, and without giving way to fretful, useless discontent, I would then seek earnestly to possess it.

But for all that I needed a little relaxation and rest, and, like a prudent man, I determined to take it. It was now near Christmas, and as my younger sister had given me a cordial invitation to eat my roast beef and plum pudding in her new home, I wrote saying that she might expect me on Christmas eve. Her husband was the master of a large village school in the neighbourhood of Bristol : the district was hilly and picturesque, it abounded with pleasant country walks along the roads and over hill and dale, and as the air was bracing, I hoped to be well recruited for my hard study when I came back.

But little did I think what momentous results were to follow this unexpected visit, for unexpected it really was. Had I passed my final examination, it was my intention to have paid a visit to Southampton in acceptance of an invitation given me by a legal friend, who was much interested in my future career. But so ashamed did I feel at my failure, and so unwilling to talk about it, that I determined to postpone my visit to his hospitable house, until success had crowned my efforts, and I could face him and other legal friends with more courage. To my dear sister, instead, I therefore accordingly went, and good cause for rejoicing I had then and in after years that I did go. Until this visit I had looked upon my failure as being the most disastrous thing that could

possibly have happened to me ; now I was to be led to see that it was a real “blessing in disguise” that had fallen to my lot. The fact is we cannot always see before us, and it is well we cannot. As the hymn says :—

“What may be our future lot,
Well we know concerns us not ;
This should set our heart at rest,
What His love appoints is best.”

Though very humbling to flesh and blood at times, failure may be often far more beneficial for us than victory. Constant success might be our ruin ; and if it did not amount to that, it might, at any rate, cripple our best energies, and make us less useful than we might otherwise prove to be in the long run. The most useful men in the world in all departments of life have been men who have achieved lasting fame after well-nigh crushing defeats, to which they were determined, however, never to succumb. Who that has read history does not know that ? At this early period of my life I was destined in a way that I never dreamed of to learn the lesson—and in after years in other ways, the lesson was oft repeated—a proof to me that out of seeming evil a beneficent Providence is ever educing real good, and that the good is ever to be found if we have but discernment and patience to look for it.

The coach being crowded, I had to take a seat with other passengers on the outside. But as the day was, though cold, both fine and clear, and I had taken care to be well wrapped up, I thoroughly enjoyed my long drive of about forty-five miles. At the terminus my sister and her husband met me and gave me a joyous welcome. But scarcely had we saluted one another, when I was told that in a short time

another visitor was expected in the shape of a lady.

"An old one or young one?" I asked, roguishly.

"A young one, of course," replied my sister, with mock indignation: "do you suppose that we should invite an old one to keep *you* company?"

"But an old one might be very pleasant company for all that," I observed, feeling that my sister was doing that portion of her sex but scant justice.

"That may be," said she, tossing her head, "but you would rather have *this* young one, I know!"

Believing that my sister had some good reason for entertaining her opinion, I felt it to be best to ask for the present no more questions, but rather to leave the matter in abeyance until I should be privileged to judge for myself.

And I had not to wait very long. In a couple of hours the young lady was expected to arrive at the same inn by a coach that came from an opposite quarter. I was asked if I would go to meet her. Of course I willingly agreed to do so. But by this time some slight snow had begun to fall, and umbrellas were in request. Again we sallied out to meet the coach containing the expected guest, and, on its arrival, she stepped out, with others, and was promptly recognised by my sister.

"Oh, Amelia, here you are then at last! We are so glad to see you. Come on with me. Fred and Harry will see to your luggage. Harry is my brother, dear. Of course you do not know him, so allow me to introduce him to you. He is come to stay a week with us, and I think you will be pleased to know each other, and will enjoy your visit to us together. Harry Ockford! Miss Amelia Locke! Shake hands with each other, if you please."

In this light-hearted way we were introduced to one another; and assuring Miss Locke that it gave me great pleasure to have the honour of her acquaintance, I busied myself with my brother-in-law in looking after her luggage. This was soon put in a porter's care, and then we followed the ladies to Oak Cottage.

While the ladies were changing their dress and chatting pleasantly together, I ventured to ask my brother-in-law who the young lady was. He informed me that she was the only daughter of a retired chemist in Pendlebury, a small country town some thirty miles distant. Her mother was dead and she kept her father's house. They had, he believed, two servants, and were supposed to be fairly well off. His wife had become acquainted with her at the same academy to which they both went for the purpose of securing the finishing touch to their education. He had only seen her once before, but had heard much said in her praise. When he saw her on the first occasion, he and Emily were on their wedding tour. They happened to be passing through the town and so gave her a call; but, as that call lasted but for a few hours only, and she was mostly then in his wife's private company, he saw but little of her. The second time he had seen her was that night.

Mr. Ellison had barely given me this information before the ladies entered the room, and while my sister was busily employed in looking after the supper-table, Miss Locke chatted freely with us. Now in the light I was able to take several good glances at her. She was tall and somewhat slim, but a truly handsome figure. Her face was inclined to be oval, the forehead high, and parted at the top by two

rich folds of deep brown hair. The eyebrows were regularly arched, overhanging dark piercing eyes, which, however, looked very frank and open. Her nose was in every respect handsome and well defined; her ruby lips, thin and well closed, but slightly exhibiting a beautiful array of white teeth, whenever she gave a merry laugh; and the chin corresponded with the rest of the face. Her voice was pleasant but not quite so musical as my mother's; but she had equally as good a flow of language. Her dress was in all respects in good taste, indicating the thoroughbred lady. It took but a few minutes for both of us to feel at home in each other's company; so in a bantering tone she said:

"So you are a lawyer, sir, are you?"

"Not quite," I replied smiling, "I am only striving to be one."

"Oh! striving to be one, are you? Then you have not yet passed your examinations?"

"No," I said, somewhat ashamed to have to make the confession, but determined at all risks to be straightforward. "I regret to say that I have not yet passed my final examination; I went under the trying ordeal a month ago only, and alas! was ignominiously plucked."

"Oh! I am so sorry," she said: and she looked as if she really meant it.

That word and that look won me over in an instant. Had she uttered a taunting or even light word, I should have felt it acutely. But she evidently observed, both by the partial blush on my face and the rather sorrowful tone in which I made the confession, that I still felt the smart of the freshly made wound; and with a true woman's sympathetic nature she determined instinctively to say what she could to heal it. I therefore at once

thanked her for her sympathy, and told her that I hoped next time to be more fortunate.

"Oh!" she said, encouragingly, "I'm sure you'll pass creditably on the next occasion; you don't look like one that intends to meet with continuous defeat. Besides, I don't know but what it is best, after all, for you to have been defeated. You will now struggle harder than ever, and will come out of the fiery furnace a far sounder lawyer. I know well how it was with me at school—I only failed once, and that was the first time, in my French and German. That touched my pride, or self-respect, or whatever you like to call it, and I firmly determined that on no future examination should such a defeat ever fall to the lot of Amelia Locke again. And it never did. Giving up some pleasures that I had ventured unwisely at such a time to indulge in, I studied from early morn till late at night till my brain sometimes reeled and I even fell asleep while going over the lessons. The consequence was the next time I passed in everything, and several times after; and if you keep at it in the same style, Mr. Ockford, you may depend upon it that you will meet with the same good fortune."

"Yes," said my sister, chiming in, "I know that to be true; but I know more than that, Harry. Miss Locke's modesty, of course, prevented her from informing you that on each occasion, also, she gained first-class prizes and passed with honours, and that she was at the head of the school when she left."

"Come, Emily, I did not intend that to be brought out; still, it was so, and I hope my humble example will serve to give your worthy brother some little encouragement."

Such kindhearted words coming from such a quarter, made me feel better than I had done for months past. Miss Locke could see that they had cheered me up, and, therefore willing to strengthen the impression made, she added with a pleasant laugh—

"Some people, you know, sir, look upon lawyers as being in a lump nothing better than a set of legal rogues. You have perhaps heard the Dutch proverb, 'The greater the lawyer, the worse Christian.' But I don't believe that; I entertain no such an opinion."

"And why are you so charitable?" I asked.

"Because I have a cousin who is a solicitor, and I am sure that a better Christian and a more worthy and conscientious gentleman never lived."

"But may he not be an exception to the general rule?" asked my brother-in-law, sceptically.

"No, Mr. Ellison, I should think not. I cannot for the life of me see why a lawyer may not be as good a man as a doctor, a chemist, a schoolmaster, or a member of any other profession. We must have teachers of law, magistrates, and judges, or I am afraid society would be but poorly off."

"I am very glad, Miss Locke," I remarked, "that you argue so correctly. If I had not entertained a similar view, I can assure you I should never have embraced the legal profession. My father, at first, took the same kind of view that you intimate many people take, but my mother, whose uncle was a solicitor, took a view that was exactly opposite, and so ultimately won my father over to her side. Her uncle was, though not a professed Christian, a very worthy and useful citizen, and one who was held in high honour in the town in which he lived until his decease. It was through his kind aid that I obtained an introduction into a respected firm's office, and I saw nothing either there or in any other legal quarter, at that time or since, that has given me cause to repent of my choice. In my case, I hope, at any rate, that the Dutch proverb will be reversed, and that it will turn out to be, 'The better lawyer, the better Christian.'"

"So do I," said Miss Locke. "But see, your sister is calling us to supper, and to tell you the truth, my long and cold journey has made me feel as if I am ready for it."

(To be continued.)

THE following touching fact may be relied on:—In a Leicestershire village was a little boy named Wilfred. He was just four years and three months old. Suddenly he came in from his play, and said to his mother, "What should you think, mamma, if the gentle Jesus sent for me to the beautiful land soon?" His mother, who had lost all her children early in life save this one, was stunned at the question; but recovering herself after a moment or two, she replied, "I do not know what I should think, my dear, but I hope I should try and think it was for the best." "But what would you do," he asked, "without your little boy then?" He then left his mother to ponder over the trying question. Singular to relate, three weeks afterwards he was taken ill and died. Did he feel Jesus calling him when he thus put these questions? Who can tell?

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

THE INFALLIBLE BOOK.

By REV. T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.
(Continued from page 104 of April Number.)

IT is sometimes asked, "Do you mean to assert that the first nine chapters of the first Book of Chronicles are as much inspired as the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah? Do you ascribe the same degree of inspiration to the genealogies of Matthew and Luke as to the composition of the Epistle to the Romans?" We reply, "We know nothing of degrees of inspiration in Holy Scripture, because Scripture is itself silent with respect to them." If the first nine chapters of first Chronicles are a part of the Jewish Canon to which our Lord referred when He said, "The Scripture cannot be broken," and of which Paul said, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," then undoubtedly the records given by the Holy Spirit in Chronicles are as true as the prophecies transmitted to us by the prophet Isaiah. The same is true concerning everything recorded in the sacred Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments. If the Spirit did not inspire the words of the first nine chapters of the first Book of Chronicles, and of the genealogies of Matthew and Luke, what did He superintend when those records were written?" They contain simply a list of words, being the names of persons. Doctrine there is none, sentiment there is none, poetry there is none; they are merely a record of words; and if the words in which they were originally given by the Spirit were not true, they were misleading

and worthless. If ever caution over words was necessary, it was necessary in those records. There stand the chapters, as a part of the Scripture given by inspiration of God. If the Spirit had anything to do with them, He had to do with their words, for their words are their only value.

Another question asked is, "How do you account, on your theory of verbal inspiration, for the different versions we find in Scripture of the same kind of words?" This objection, though at first sight it may seem plausible, is in reality both unfounded and absurd. It is taking it for granted that several accounts of the same thing, differing in phraseology, though substantially agreeing, cannot all be the words of inspiration; which has no foundation in truth. Suppose the writers of Scripture to be uninspired men, would variety of expression in relating the same things, affect the truth of their narrative? If not, why presume that it would affect it on the supposition of their being inspired? Is not the Spirit at liberty to employ whatever variety He pleases? If the Holy Spirit sanction variety, is it not equally consistent for Him to dictate variety? Surely we are not to limit the Spirit of God by denying Him the right to vary His own phraseology in imparting to us His sublime conceptions. The different versions are all His, and are in perfect harmony with identity of thought.

In the same way we account for the diversity of style in the several writers of Scripture. These variations are all the Spirit's mode of

presenting truth. He made use of the various degrees of culture among the writers, as, for example, the education of Luke and of Paul, as mediums, just as a musician uses the instrument on which he plays. But Luke and Paul were simply the amanuenses of the Holy Spirit, as the pipe or reed is but the medium through which the musician discourses his melodious strains. "Do not many writers, do not most orators, sometimes give calm narration, and sometimes rise on the pinion of imagination into the regions of poetry? He who writes a manuscript may sometimes use a steel pen, hard and fine, and then change for a good quill, soft and flowing; but the same hand guides both." It is not questioned that the individual peculiarities and culture of the different writers of Scripture are evident in the books that bear their names; that there is an intense love of nature seen in the writings of David which you will look for in vain in those of Ezra; that the memory of Mark was of a different character to that of Luke; that John saw things from a different standpoint to that taken by Matthew; that you will look in vain in Amos for evidence of the same culture as you will find in Isaiah; that Paul has a style of thinking which distinguishes his pen from that of any other great writer; that there are diversities of gifts and operations. We but assert it is the same Spirit who worked through them all. A talented author thus describes a rising storm: "The wind howled, the branches of the forest stirred, and sent forth sounds like an incantation. Soon might be distinguished the various voices of the mighty trees as they expressed their terror or their agony. The oak roared, the beech shrieked, the elm

sent forth its deep and long-drawn groan: while ever and anon, amid a momentary pause, the passion of the ash was heard in moans of thrilling anguish." Now, varied as were these voices, it was the same wind that shook every leaf. Wind, the chosen symbol of the Spirit. It is evidence of a Divine hand that Scripture is not in the monotone of one style. It is the "divers manners" and various capacities of its penmen that give the grandeur of its harmony. A music, not from a single pipe, but from an organ, filling the temple of the ages with its varied tones blending in perfect accord; but all the result of the same Divine breath.

The inspiration of certain parts of the Scripture is frequently denied, on the supposition that the Apostles themselves sometimes admit that they are not speaking by inspiration. This objection proceeds on a mistaken view of the meaning of the passages on which it is founded.

In 1 Corinthians vii. the Apostle Paul is supposed, in some places, to disclaim inspiration, and, in one place, not to be certain whether or not he is inspired. This, at first sight, will appear to be evidently contrary to the uniform style of the Apostle's writings, and altogether improbable, when, as a commissioned and accredited ambassador of Jesus Christ, he is answering certain questions put to him by a Christian Church, to whom he had just before asserted that he spoke "not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth;" and that he was addressing them "in the name of the Lord Jesus." Attention to this might have prevented the adoption of the meaning that has been affixed to the passages referred to, which tends to unsettle

the minds of Christians respecting the inspiration of the Scriptures. No such indecision, however, attaches to the passages in question.

In answer to the question about marriage, Paul says (1 Cor. vii. 6) "I speak this by permission, and not of commandment." Does this mean that the Spirit permitted him, but did not command him, to give the answer he had done? Even upon this supposition, the Apostle's declaration must be according to the mind of the Spirit; for Paul could not, on such an occasion, have been permitted to say what was contrary to it. But this would have been a very extraordinary and unusual mode of communicating that mind, and evidently is not what is here intended. The obvious meaning is that what the Apostle here said was in the way of permission, not of commandment. "I speak this," he says, "as a permission, and not as a commandment;" and without this, the Apostle might have been understood as enjoining marriage as an indispensable duty. In the second Epistle to Corinthians, eighth chapter and eighth verse, the Apostle expresses himself to the same purpose, in a passage which no one misunderstands:—"I speak not by commandment, but by the occasion of the frowardness of others, and to prove the sincerity of your love." Again, at the tenth verse, the seventh chapter of his first Epistle, Paul says, "Unto the married I command, yet not I, but the Lord." This commandment had been delivered by the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. The Apostle, therefore, had no new commandment to deliver to them, or no commandment from himself only, but one which the Lord had given. In verse 12 he says, "To the rest speak I, not the Lord." Here he states

there was no former commandment given by the Lord, to which he might refer them; on this point he now delivers to them the will of God. So far, indeed, was this commandment from having been given before, that it was the repeal of an old one, by which, under the Jewish dispensation, the people were commanded to put away their wives, if heathens. Can it be supposed that the Apostle is speaking from himself, and not under the direction of the Holy Spirit, when he is declaring the abrogation of a part of the law of God? In verse 25, he says, "Now concerning virgins, I have no commandment of the Lord: yet I give my judgment as one that hath obtained mercy of the Lord to be faithful." Here, again, no commandment had been formerly given to which Paul could refer those to whom he wrote. But now he gave his judgment as one that had obtained mercy of the Lord to be faithful in the discharge of that ministry which he had received—to deliver the whole counsel of God to man. In verse 40, he further says, "I think also that I have the Spirit of God." In this, as in many other passages, the word translated "I think" does not mean doubting, but the most positive certainty. It imports not an uncertain opinion, but conviction and knowledge. If Paul meant it to be understood that he was not certain whether he was inspired or not, he would contradict all that he has positively affirmed in the same Epistle, on the subject of his inspiration, both before the expression in question, and afterwards, when he says (xiv. 37), "If any man think himself to be a prophet, or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things which I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord." And it would stand directly

opposed to what he affirms in (1 Thessalonians iv. 8), "He therefore that despiseth, despiseth not man but God, who hath also given unto us His Holy Spirit." But so far is this from being the case, that in order to impress the minds of those to whom he wrote, with the importance of what he had said, Paul concludes by assuring them that he wrote by the Spirit of God.

(To be continued).

OUR HYMNS: THEIR AUTHORS AND ORIGIN.

By REV. R. C. ROBERTS.

V.

ISAAC WATTS.

AMONG the list of hymn writers Dr. Watts occupies a very prominent and conspicuous position. He truly won the appellation given him as "the real founder of English hymnody." He was born at Southampton, July 17th, 1674. His parents were sturdy Nonconformists, his father being a deacon of the Congregational Church in the town, and his mother was of an exiled Huguenot family, driven over to England by intolerance and the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The young poet was born in very troublous times, when Nonconformists suffered severely for their principles. His father, together with a few others, was imprisoned by Charles II., because he would not attend the Established Church, and it is said, that in many months of the years 1674-75 might be seen a respectable young woman, with a child at her breast, sitting on the steps of the gaol, seeking and waiting for admission to see her husband. And when Isaac was only

nine years of age, his father was compelled to flee from home into exile from his family. No exact information is given as to the plan of his concealment, except two years in which he lived principally in London, and thus the family experienced great privations, until those happier days when greater liberty was granted them to worship God. A very tempting offer was made to the young poet by certain gentlemen in Southampton, to send him to one of the Universities, defray all his expenses there, and train him up for the Church of England. But, although Nonconformists were comparatively poor, and exposed to great persecutions, while the way to promotion seemed to lie only in conformity to the Established Church, yet it is said that Isaac Watts did not hesitate for a second, but respectfully and firmly replied that he was determined to take up his lot among the Dissenters. In order to prepare him for the Dissenting ministry he was sent to London and placed under the tuition of the Rev. Thomas Rowe, Congregational minister, whose church he subsequently joined. After completing his studies there he returned for some time to his father's house at Southampton, and during his stay he attended the little Dissenting chapel, but the psalmody was so far beneath what he considered the beauty and dignity of a Christian service that he could not forbear complaining of it to his father. "Give us something better," was the reply. He did, and the following Sabbath the service was concluded with a new hymn which he composed—and a beautiful hymn it is—No. 261 :

"Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's Throne."

This is the tradition of the origin of Dr. Watts's first hymn. It was received with great enthusiasm. He was afterwards entreated to produce another and another. He continued to do so from Sabbath to Sabbath, until almost a volume was formed, although they were not published for some considerable time after.

There are two families whose names will always be associated with the poet's—the Hartopps and the Abneys. He left Southampton and entered the Hartopp's family, a most respectable and influential family in Newington. He was evidently engaged as the tutor of the future baronet. It was full of daughters. Seven daughters and two sons, and Watts their tutor. Rather a tempting position for a young man amidst all those bright glances and radiant faces. Some think that the probability of him marrying one of them would have been greater had there been fewer of them. In course of time he became pastor of Mark Lane Independent Church, of which Sir John Hartopp and other influential persons were members. His health, however, was a frequent source of interruption to him in his pastoral duties. The hymns and poems he composed, expressing the experience of pain and weakness, were no imaginations of a poet. His very delicate health roused his friends to the tenderest sympathy. Sir Thomas and Lady Abney invited him to spend a week with them at their magnificent residence in Hertfordshire. He went for a week, and stayed there thirty-six years, until his death. Sir Thomas died in the year 1722, but Lady Abney and her family still welcomed their distinguished guest. Watts was once favoured with a visit at Lady Abney's from the Countess of Hun-

tingdon, when he thus addressed her :

"Madam, your ladyship is come to see me on a very remarkable day."

"Why is this day," said she, "so remarkable?"

"This day thirty years," replied the doctor, "I came hither to the house of my good friend Sir Thomas Abney, intending to spend but one single week under his friendly roof, and I have extended my visit to exactly thirty years."

Lady Abney, who was present, immediately addressed the doctor.

"Sir, what you term a long thirty years' visit, I consider as the shortest visit my family ever received."

There is a very old adage that "poets are born, not made." This undoubtedly was true of Watts. He himself declares that he was a maker of verses from fifteen to fifty. But it was at the age of twenty, when he resided at Southampton, that the true poetic fervour is said to have come upon him. Some of his hymns appear to have strong local interest. For instance No. 612 :—

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign."

It is supposed that this hymn was suggested by the beautiful views in the neighbourhood across the Southampton Waters, the poet looking out upon the fine scenery of the harbour and the river, and the green glades of the New Forest on its farther bank. Then the idea suggested itself to him of "a land of pure delight," and of "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, dressed in living green," as an image of the heavenly Canaan.

No. 76. "I'll praise my Maker with my breath," possesses special interest, as having been uttered by

John Wesley when near his death. It was sung by him the day before he died, and were among the last words he murmured.

Dr. Watts wrote in all about six hundred hymns, and we have in our Selection* no less than two hundred and twenty-six of them. Josiah Conder says: "He was the first who succeeded in overcoming the prejudice which opposed the introduction of hymns into our public worship." Very severe attacks were made on his metrical version of the Psalms by some who were considered the spiritual lights of that age. Romaine says, "I want a name for that man who should pretend to make better hymns than the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost's collection is large enough: it wants no addition. It is as perfect as its author. Why in such a case would any man in the world take it into his head to write hymns for the use of the Church? It is just the same as if he were to write a new Bible, not only better than the old, but so much superior that the old is to be thrown aside. As for his version of the Psalms, they are so far from the mind of the Spirit, that he is sure if David was to read them he would not know them to be his." But Dr. Watts did not profess to give a *literal* translation of the Psalms. He Christianized them. "'Tis not," says he, "a translation of David that I pretend, but an imitation of him, so nearly in Christian hymns that the Jewish Psalmist may plainly appear, and yet leave Judaism behind." Prior to this period, while the Protestant people in England in their prayers and in their sermons were Christians, they were in their praises but

little better than Jews. Dr. Watts, however, greatly improved this by his version of the Psalms.

The poet's orthodoxy, again, has been questioned by some. It happened that the Unitarians took several of his hymns, and altered them to suit their own theology, hence many supposed him to have been a Unitarian. It would be difficult to know how any could regard him as such, if they only read the 114th hymn.

"Ere the blue heavens were stretched
abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God He was; the Word was
God,
And must divinely be adored."

He was as strong a believer in the divinity of Christ as was the writer of the fourth Gospel. He has been designated by some "The Poet of the Atonement." He had a most exalted view of Christ, as may be seen from the following verse, hymn No. 222:

"Join all the glorious names:
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His
worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour
forth."

There is, again, hymn 221, in which he sets forth the incomparable greatness and glory of Christ. After seeking to compare Him to the rose, lily, vine, rock, stars, sun, and other objects, he concludes:—

"Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor
stars,
Nor heaven, His full resemblance
bears,
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold Him face to face."

Philip Doddridge, we are told, was a great admirer of Watts's hymns.

* Psalms and Hymns with Supplement.

Preaching on one occasion in a barn to a large assembly of plain country people, not far from Northampton, at the close of the sermon gave out the 627th hymn :—

"Give me the wings of faith to rise."

The hymn had such an effect on the congregation that most of them were in tears, some were not able to sing it, so deeply were their minds affected by it. And there is something very pathetic in it. Some of its verses bring many reminiscences fresh to our minds. They recall scenes we have witnessed in connection with loved ones, who though they are out of sight have still a cherished place in our memories.

"Once they were mourning here
below,
And wet their couch with tears,
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and
fears."

Although Dr. Watts was a man of a weak, delicate constitution, he lived to the age of seventy-four years. He always took a very calm and tranquil view of his death. He said to Lady Abney, "I bless God I can lie down with comfort at night, not being solicitous whether I awake in this world or in another." At another time, he said, "I should be glad to read more, yet not in order to be confirmed more in the truths of the Christian religion, for I believe them enough to venture into eternity on them." When he was almost worn out and broken down by his infirmities, he said to a friend standing by that he remembered an aged minister used to say that the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the Gospel for their support as the common and the unlearned. "And

so," said he, "I find it." They are the plain promises of the Gospel that are my support, and I bless God they are *plain* promises, which do not require much labour or pains to understand them, for I can do nothing now but look into my Bible for some promise to support me, and live upon that. He seemed perfectly resigned. He said, "I could, if God please, lay my head back and die without terror this afternoon or night." We can understand some of his hymns about death after this. It was no morbid desire, but the soul longing to be with God. In the 3rd verse of 618th hymn, he says :—

"O! if my Lord would come and
meet,
My soul should stretch her wings
in haste ;
Fly fearless through death's iron
gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed."

There is also the 602nd which he composed :—

"O for an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all its frightful powers."

He realized his wish on a November afternoon, in the year 1748 ; his gentle spirit passed away into the presence of his Saviour, whom he loved to extol when here below. And although upwards of 140 years have elapsed since then, he has left behind him a name that is still cherished with affection by all who are acquainted with his hymns. Monuments have been erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey and other distinguished places, but the greatest monument of him is the many beautiful hymns he wrote, and which are sung by thousands of believers every Sabbath. All denominations of Christians sing them. They are found

in every selection. They have cheered the hearts of numbers, and given fresh impetus to the desponding and hopeless. The name of Dr. Watts will evidently be re-

membered while hymns are sung on earth, for his hymns will live after many other human productions shall have passed away.

Pembroke Dock.

Reviews.

The Book Friend and its Work, 1889.
Passmore & Alabaster.

WE look, as we are sure many of our readers must, for this charming annual in its season. It comes out most appropriately in the spring of the year. Mrs. Spurgeon toils on every month, ever patient, though never safe from severe attacks of pain. But when we read her report, we know that she has caught the inspiration of nature—

“The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of the singing of birds is
come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard
in our land.”

With a disposition sweetly sensitive, a vein of poetry flows through every tale she has to tell, and every gracious reflection she has to express. If any of our friends have not had their attention called to the April number of *The Sword and Trowel*, they will like to be told that the Editor's articles are peculiarly bright and interesting. “Baptizing at Isleham Ferry” gives Mr. Spurgeon's narrative of his own baptism, with a wood-cut. “From Westwood to Mentone” supplies Part IV. of his journey, noticing places worth halting at, and illuminating it with four pictures. Then on page 188, there is a hymn written by the rev. gentleman, the outcome of his own personal experience.

The Old-Fashioned Book on the Old-Fashioned Religion. By an Old-Fashioned Man. Second Edition.
Passmore & Alabaster.

A REFUTATION of Unitarianism very

racily written by a venerable disciple of the Lord Jesus, who is an ardent believer in the inspiration of Holy Scripture. In good binding, the price is 1s. 6d. We commend the book to you, fully confident that you will commend it to your neighbour if you make its acquaintance.

The Weekly Pulpit: A Series of Suggestive Sermons, Outlines, Critical and Homiletical Notes, Illustrations, Addresses, etc. For the use of Preachers. Volume Seven. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THIS volume contains eighty-three Sermons and Outlines, some of them special and suitable discourses for Children and Sunday School Anniversaries, Christmas, etc. Also some good Homiletics, Expositions, and Sermon Studies, anecdotal illustrations and topics for addresses and copious indexes of subjects and texts. It is quite up to the excellent volumes which have preceded it. The sermon material does not answer to the flimsy stuff we sometimes get under the term sermon outlines, such as what Barnabas saw, what Barnabas said, what Barnabas felt, or we shall in the first place say a few words. Then, secondly, if we have time we shall say a few more words. Here is much originality, naturalness, plainness, and yet not expressed in a commonplace way. It is a good, sound, useful work, and as such we commend it to those who know how wisely to use such Hints and Helps.

The Mystery of God; A Consideration of some Intellectual Hindrances to Faith. By T. VINCENT TYMMS. Fourth and cheaper edition. Elliot Stock.

WE congratulate the public on the issue of a Fourth Edition of this thoughtful and valuable book; so many in circulation must have had a very healthful influence in putting a check on some of the subtle errors and mistakes of our times. This issue will show the non-necessity for our commendation, the demand speaks for itself. Materialism, Pantheism, Theism, The Straits of Theism without Revelation, The Mystery of Evil, the Miracle of Revelation, and the Oracles of God, are the subjects dealt with, and all who read must profit. We hope this cheaper edition may soon be followed by a demand for another.

The Poems of William Leighton. Complete Edition. Illustrated by John Leighton. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

It is touchingly beautiful, full of poetry of the highest order. The writer seems at all times in touch with the religious, moral and intellectual sympathies of his readers; sweetly emotional, without being fanciful. He himself comes from a noble ancestry, and he seems to have been blessed with the watchful training and earnest prayers and sympathies of a loving Christian mother. How mysterious that William Leighton, who had so much power of usefulness to charm and bless the world, should be called away to the rest above at the early age of twenty-eight years; but he being dead yet speaketh. It would be difficult to select from these gems any one or two for special commendation. They must be read—all of them, and the reader will be richly rewarded.

The chaste and elegant binding makes it specially a good book to present to a friend young or old.

Wanted, a New Reformation, Baptist or Baptismal Regenerationist—which? By Rev. A. E. CLARKE, B.A., late of St. Mark's, Preston. With brief introduction by C. H. Spurgeon. Price twopence. Elliot Stock.

THIS is sharp but true. The blows fall with sledge-hammer force, but it is against a deadly error, and who would attack such in kid gloves? We hope that any and all concerned will ask, are the charges true? Is Baptismal Regeneration taught, sometimes in positive terms and in others by intimations? and is it true that the man who enters eternity with this as his hope will enter it with a lie in his right hand? Read and circulate is our most earnest advice.

The Treasury for Pastor and People. Vol. VII., Number 11: Nisbett & Co., 21, Berners Street.

WE have often said a good word for this monthly, being an American publication. There is to us a freshness and newness of manner and plan which makes it pleasant reading. This number contains a well-thought-out Sermon by Dr. Hawker, on Christ, the True Interpreter of History.

April number of the *Christian World Pulpit* is of full and varied quality.

The General Baptist Magazine, now under the editorship of our friend and brother the Rev. J. Fletcher, seems to us much improved. It seemed to us some time since not to have so much life and go in it as in former years. We think the one editorship has greatly improved it, as seen by the very bright number for April. *The Baptist* is worth more than a casual reading this month. The article on Exposition and Notes on Scriptural Instruction are very profitable contributions.

We are glad the Religious Tract Society in the April number of *Sunday at Home* have given No. 1,

on Gambling by an early Christian Bishop. It is a good protest against this evil, which is poisoning and bringing such dreadful ruin to the young men and their homes in our country. We have also read with pleasure, and our young friends must have felt the same, the several poetic pieces in the *Girls' Own*, *Faraway Day*, by R.S. Hichens. Influence of Christianity on Female Character. The Approach of Spring. The Primrose, by the Rev. Newman Hall. Primroses, and Violets, by Gertrude Harraden. The two Marys and the Orphan Easter Hymn, by Annie Beale; these alone make this a specially good number.

We are thankful for another intellectual contribution to religious controversy in Number 62 of *Present Day Tracts*. "The Two Geologies: a Contrast and a Comparison," by W. Sunderland Lewis, M.A. The readers of the *Tract Magazine* will be taken

with the brief paper on the romantic earnest American evangelist, Jerry Macauley.

The following have our kind words, prayers, and best wishes: *In His Name*, we like the new cover. The Palestine Exploration Fund Office, 1, Adam Street, Adelphi. The *Anchor Watch*, a paper of the Royal Naval Scripture Readers. The *British Flag*—God speed it amongst our soldiers. The Bible Society's *Gleanings for the Young*, and the Bible Society's *Reporter*. What is the *Trinitarian Bible Society's* and three other papers—write to the office and obtain copies. *Life and Light*, by Robert Edward Sears, is a sound and Scriptural tract. More tracts from Sterling. *Good News*, *The Gospel Trumpet* and the *British Messenger*, *Evangelical Christendom*, *The Voice of Warning* and *The Philanthropist*, all these are doing a good work, and we wish them every success.

Denominational Intelligence

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.
Rev. A. A. Saville, of Carlisle, has accepted the pastorate at Leygate Lane, South Shields.

Rev. W. Barker has preached his farewell sermon in Wellington Square Church, Hastings, thus severing a connection of over twenty-five years.

Rev. G. W. Roughton, of Blockley, has accepted the pastorate at North Row Chapel, Warminster, Wilts.

Rev. T. L. Thomas, of Merthyr, has accepted the pastorate of Sharon Church, Goytre, where both Welsh and English services are held.

Rev. W. R. Peacock has accepted the pastorate at Wellington Square, Hastings.

Rev. W. Thomas, of Abercwmboy, has accepted the pastorate at Hebron, Dowlais.

Rev. J. F. Porteous has accepted the pastorate of a church worshipping in the Temperance Hall, Doncaster. A fund has been commenced for the erection of a permanent church.

Rev. A. Lester, of Wollaston, has accepted the pastorate at Keppel Street, Bloomsbury.

Rev. James E. W. Cook, of Teignmouth, has accepted the pastorate at Dawley.

Rev. George Wilson has resigned the charge of Commercial Street chapel, Oxford, after a pastorate of two years.

Rev. T. Henry Smith has resigned the charge of West Park Street Chapel, Chatteris, and accepted the pastorate at Walsworth Road, Hitchin.

Rev. C. A. Ingram, of King's Sutton, has accepted the pastorate at Leafeld, Witney.

Rev. E. Tamsett Davis has accepted the pastorate at West Hill, Wandsworth.

Rev. T. Hagen, of Coalville, has accepted the pastorate of Bethel Chapel, Infirmary Street, Bradford.

Rev. F. C. Spurr has given notice of his intention to resign in July the

pastorate of Longcross Street Church, Cardiff. Mr. Spurr, who has been a successful mission preacher, has arranged to join Rev. F. B. Meyer in the 'Forward Movement' in connection with the churches in London.

Rev. John Penny has resigned the pastorate at St. Leonards-on-Sea, where he has ministered for six years, during which time the membership has largely increased, and there has been a substantial reduction in the building debt. Mr. Penny entered on pastoral work in 1844, at Coleford, Forest of Dean, whence, after sixteen years' ministry, he removed to Clifton, where he ministered for twenty-four years. Owing to failure of health, he purposes to reside at Honor Oak, S.E.

Rev. J. E. Brett has resigned the pastorate at Eastcombe, which he has held for more than fifteen years, and accepted a call to Tewkesbury.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. J. S. Morris, on leaving Leyton, has been presented with a clock set with Westminster and Cambridge chimes. Mr. Morris's new sphere of work is at Harley College, Bow, where he is theological lecturer, superintendent of the evangelistic work, and pastor of the church at Berger Hall.

Rev. G. H. Cook has been presented with seven volumes of the "Pulpit Commentary" and a purse of gold on the completion of fourteen years' ministry at Sumner Hill, Maindee, Newport, Mon. The church, which at the commencement of Mr. Cook's pastorate, had thirty-five members, has now 195.

Rev. H. Davis, on his marriage, has been presented by the young men's class and guild at Meltham with a number of books selected by himself.

Mrs. J. Royce has been presented by the friends of the Oakham and Langham Churches with a silver fruit and flower stand in recognition of her services at the harmonium and as conductor of the singing for the last 20 years.

Mr. Samuel Harvey, on leaving Bury St. Edmunds, has been presented by the church of which he has been for some time deacon, with a purse of £20, and with an address and £25 from the Reform Club.

Mr. Ambrose Smith, on completion of 25 years' service as treasurer of the Sunday-school at Lowestoft, has been presented with an illuminated address.

Mr. C. Mallett, on resigning the office of choirmaster, has been presented by the church at Lowestoft with a secretaire.

Rev. F. J. Steward, of Priory Street Chapel, Corsham, has been presented with a purse of gold on leaving for Australia.

Rev. W. J. Dyer, who has entered on the tenth year of his pastorate at Bridgnorth, has been presented, in the name of the congregation, the Sunday-school teachers, and the mutual improvement association, with a keyless gold watch and guard.

Mr. W. West has been presented with a cheque, in recognition of his services as organist at West Haddon Chapel.

Rev. H. Dyer has been presented with £35 from the church at Rickmansworth, of which he has been pastor for six years.

Rev. H. Oakley, of Cottenham, at the closing meeting of the week-evening Bible class, was presented with a purse of gold for the purchase of books.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. H. A. Phillips, of the Pastors' College, has been recognised as minister of the Church meeting in the Town Hall, Southport. Rev. J. J. Berry presided; Rev. W. F. Edgerton gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. C. B. Sawday addressed the Church. At the evening meeting Alderman Wood presided; Revs. C. Williams and E. E. Walter were among the speakers. It was announced that the congregation have already secured a site for a church.

Ordination services have been held

in George Square Church, Greenock, in connection with the settlement of Rev. George M. Macdonald, M.A., B.Sc. The morning service was conducted by Rev. Alex. Wylie, of Edinburgh, in the afternoon Mr. Macdonald preached, and in the evening the pulpit was occupied by Dr. Flett, of Paisley.

Rev. H. Sanders has been recognised as pastor of Bethesda Chapel, Trowbridge. Rev. A. J. Brown presided, and Revs. O. Brand, J. Hanson, G. A. Webb, and S. J. Somers took part.

NEW CHAPELS.

Dr. H. Parry Jones, a member of the Anglesea County Council, has presented the church at Gwalchmbi with an excellent site on which to erect a chapel. Services were begun here by the Home Missionary Society last year.

A chapel to seat 600 persons is to be erected at Tubbermore, Derry, at a cost of £1,000, as a memorial to the late Dr. Alexander Carson. The pastorate is now filled by Rev. R. H. Carson.

An iron chapel to accommodate about 350 persons has been erected for English services, at Treherbert, in the Rhondda Valley.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdeen (Academy-street).—March 23, One, by J. Garden ; George-street.—March 23, Nine, by A. Pisset, M.A.
Abersychan, (English).—March 16, Four, by J. Coles.
Abergele.—March 30, Six, by T. Roberts.
Ayr, N.B.—March 26, Two, by J. Horne.
Builth Wells, at Ebenezer.—March 25, One, by W. H. Prosser.
Burnham, Essex.—March 19, Three, by C. D. Gooding.
Bethel, Treharris.—March, Two, by W. D. Nicholas ; (Pontyclown).—March 23, Eleven, by C. Highton.
Birmingham, Circus Chapel.—March 16, Two, by H. Weaver.
Bridgnorth.—April 6, One, by W. J. Dyer.
Clitheroe, Lancashire.—March 31, Two, by W. Sage, B.D.
Cold Inn, Pem.—March 30, One, by T. Gravell.

Dowlais.—March 23, One, by A. Humphreys.
Dunfermline, Scotland.—March 12, Two, by J. T. Hagen.
Esher.—April 3, One, by J. E. Perrin.
Farnworth, Lancs.—April 6, Five, by F. G. West.
Guernsey.—March 30, Three, by T. Snell.
Great Grimsby, Victoria-street.—March 30, Twelve, by E. Lauderdale.
Hull, George-street.—Seventeen, by J. O'Dell.
Hope, Crosskeys.—April 6, Five, by C. H. Watkins.
Inskip, near Preston.—April 6, One, by R. A. Burrows.
Knighton.—April 6, Two, by W. Williams.
Langum.—April 6, One, by W. Davis.
Lord's Hill, Salop.—March 16, Seven ; April 6, Seven, by W. Jenkins.
Maesyrhelem, Radnorshire.—April 6, One, by D. Davies.
Morrison (Grove-place).—March 30, Two, by W. John.
Merthyr, Tabernacle.—March 2, by J. P. Williams.
Metropolitan District.—
Camberwell.—April 6, Eleven, by G. W. Linneear.
Clapham, Grafton-square.—March 30, Three, by T. Hanger.
Commercial-street, Whitechapel.—Five, by W. H. Stevens.
Penge.—April 2, Two, by J. W. Boud.
Spencer Place, Goswell-road.—Three, by P. Gaat.
Woolwich (Joseph-street Mission).—Thursday, March 20, Three, by J. Wilson.
Old Sodbury.—February 26, Six, by A. J. Parker.
Oldham, Pitt street.—April 6, Three, by W. Hughes.
Pembroke Dock (Bush-street).—April 2, Four, by R. C. Roberts.
Redditch.—April 2, Seven, by E. W. Berry.
Risca, Mon.—Bethany, March 16, Three, by T. Thomas.
Ryde, Park-road.—March 16, Four, by J. Smiles.
Redruth.—March 30, Five, by F. E. Miller.
Speen, Bucks.—March 26, Two, by C. Saville.
Sheerness, Stode-crescent.—March 30, Five, by G. Curtis.
Southsea, Elm-grove.—April 6, Eleven, by J. F. Williams.
Sheepwash.—April 4, Three, by E. Spanton.
Scapegoat Hill, Huddersfield.—April 6, Two, by T. R. Lewis.
Tunbridge Wells.—April 2, Six, by J. Smith.
Treharris, Brynhyfayd.—March 13, Five, by W. Jones.
Velindre, Radnor.—February 23, Three, by T. Rowson.
Winton, Westmorland.—March 30, One, by W. Maynard.
Wolsingham, Durham.—March 30, Two, by R. Scott.
Wrexham.—March 23, Two, by P. A. Hudgell.
Yalding, near Maidstone.—March 27, Three, by T. Whittle.

The True Christian's Blessedness.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.”—Romans viii. 28.

I. **WE** have here the description of a true Christian, and a declaration of that Christian's blessedness. We have him first very succinctly, but very fully described in these words—“Them that love God, them who are the called according to His purpose.” These two expressions are the great distinguishing marks whereby we are able to separate the precious from the vile, by discovering to us who are the children of God.

The first contains an outward manifestation of the second—“Them that love God.” Now, there are many things in which the worldly and the godly do agree; but on this point there is a vital difference. No ungodly man loves God—at least not in the Bible sense of the term. An unconverted man may love a God, as, for instance, the God of nature, and the God of the imagination; but the God of revelation no man can love, unless grace has been poured into his heart, to turn him from that natural enmity of the heart towards God, in which all of us are born. And there may be many differences between godly men, as there undoubtedly are; they may belong to different sects, they may hold very opposite opinions, but all godly men agree in this, that they love God. Whosoever loveth God, without doubt, is a Christian; and whosoever loveth Him not, however high may be his pretensions, however boastful his professions, hath not seen God, neither known him, for “God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.” True believers love God as their *Father*; they have “the spirit of adoption, whereby they cry Abba, Father.” They love Him as their *King*; they are willing to obey Him, to walk in His commands is their delight; no path is so soft to their feet as the path of God's precepts, the way of obedience thereunto. They love God also as their *Portion*, for in Him they live and move and have their being; God is their all, without Him they have nothing, but possessing Him, however little they may have of outward good, they feel that they are rich to all the intents of bliss. They love God as their future *Inheritance*; they believe that when days and years are past they shall enter into the bosom of God; and their highest joy and delight is the full conviction and belief, that one day they shall dwell for ever near His

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throne, be hidden in the brightness of His glory, and enjoy His everlasting favour. Dost thou love God, not with lip-language, but with heart-service? Dost thou love to pay Him homage? Dost thou love to hold communion with Him? Dost thou frequent His mercy-seat? Dost thou abide in His commandments, and desire to be conformed unto His image? If so, then the sweet things which we shall have to say this morning are thine. But if thou art no lover of God, but a stranger to Him, I beseech thee do not pilfer to-day and steal a comfort that was not intended for thee. "All things work together for good," but not to all men; they only work together for the good of "them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

Note the second phrase, which contains also a description of the Christian—"the *called* according to his purpose." However much the Arminian may try to fritter away the meaning of this 8th chapter of the Romans we are obliged as long as we use terms and words to say, that the 8th chapter of the Romans and the 9th, are the very pillars of that Gospel which men now call Calvinism. No man after having read these chapters attentively, and having understood them, can deny that the doctrines of sovereign, distinguishing grace, are the sum and substance of the teaching of the Bible. I do not believe that the Bible is to be understood except by receiving these doctrines as true. The apostle says that those who love God are "the called according to His purpose;" by which he means to say two things—first, that all who love God love Him because He called them to love Him. *He* called them, mark you. All men are called by the ministry, by the Word, by daily providence, to love God; there is a common call always given to men to come to Christ, the great bell of the gospel rings a universal welcome to every living soul that breathes; but alas! though that bell hath the very sound of heaven, and though all men do in a measure hear it, for "their line is gone out into all the earth and their Word unto the end of the world," yet there was never an instance of any man having been brought to God simply by that sound. All these things are insufficient for the salvation of any man; there must be superadded the special call, the call which man cannot resist, the call of efficacious grace, working in us to will and to do of God's good pleasure. Now, all them that love God love Him because they have had a special, irresistible, supernatural call. Ask them whether they would have loved God if left to themselves, and to a man, whatever their doctrines, they will confess—

"Grace taught my soul to pray,
Grace made my eyes o'erflow,
'Tis grace that kept me to this day
And will not let me go."

I never heard a Christian yet who said that he came to God of himself, left to his own free-will. Free-will may look very pretty in theory, but I never yet met any one who found it work well in practice. We all confess that if we are brought to the marriage-banquet—

" 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That gently forced us in,
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin."

Many men cavil at election ; the very word with some is a great bugbear ; they no sooner hear it than they turn upon their heel indignantly. But this know, O man, whatever thou sayest of this doctrine, it is a stone upon which, if any man fall, he shall suffer loss, but if it fall upon him it shall grind him to powder. Not all the sophisms of the learned, nor all the legerdmain of the cunning, will ever be able to sweep the doctrine of election out of Holy Scripture. Let any man hear and judge. Harken ye to this passage in the 9th of Romans ! "For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of Him that calleth ; It was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated. What shall we say then ? Is there unrighteousness with God ? God forbid ! For he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion. So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." "Thou wilt say then unto me, Why doth He yet find fault ? for who hath resisted His will ? Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God ? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus ? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour ? What if God, willing to show His wrath, and to make His power known, endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction : And that he might make known the riches of His glory on the vessels of mercy, which He had afore prepared unto glory. Even us, whom He hath called, not of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles." These are God's words ; if any man doth cavil at them, let him cavil ; he rejecteth the testimony of God against Himself. If I promulgated the doctrine on my own authority I could not blame you if you should turn against me, and reject it ; but when, on the authority of Holy Scripture, I propound it, God forbid that any man should quarrel therewith.

I have affirmed, and I am sure most Christians will bear witness, that what I said was the truth, that if any man loveth God he loves Him because God gave him grace to love Him. Now, suppose I should put the following question to any converted man in this hall. "Side by side with you there sits an ungodly person ; you two have been brought up together ; you have lived in the same house ; you have enjoyed the same means of grace ; you are converted, he is not ; will you please to tell me what has made the difference ?" Without a solitary exception the answer would be this : "If I am a Christian and he is not, unto God be the honour." Do you suppose for a moment that this is any injustice in God in having given you grace which He did not give to another ? I suppose you say "Injustice, no ; God has a right to do as He wills with His own ; I could not claim grace, nor could my companions ; God *chose* to give it to me ; the other has rejected grace wilfully to his own fault, and I should have done the same, but that He gave 'more grace,' whereby my will was constrained." Now, sir, if it is not wrong for God to do the thing, how can it be wrong for God to purpose to do the thing ? and what is election, but God's purpose to do what He does do ? It is a fact which any man must be a fool who would dare to deny that God does give to one man more grace than to another ; we cannot account for the salvation of one and the

non-salvation of another but by believing, that God has worked more effectually in one man's heart than another's—unless you choose to give the honour to man, and say it consists in one man's being better than another, and if so I will have no argument with you, because you do not know the gospel at all, or you would know that salvation is not of works but of grace. If, then, you give the honour to God, you are bound to confess that God has done more for the man that is saved than for the man that is not saved. How, then, can election be unjust, if its effect is not unjust? However, just or unjust as man may choose to think it, God has done it, and the fact stands in man's face, let him reject it as he pleases. God's people are known by their outward mark : they love God, and the secret cause of their loving God is this—God chose them from before the foundation of the world that they should love Him, and He sent forth the call of His grace, so that they were called according to His purpose, and were led by grace to love and to fear Him. If that is not the meaning of the text I do not understand the English language. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are *the called according to His purpose.*"

Now, my hearers, before I proceed to enter into the text, let the question go round. Do I love God? Have I any reason to believe that I have been called according to His purpose? Have I been born again from above? Has the Spirit operated in my heart in a manner to which flesh and blood never can attain? Have I passed from death unto life by the quickening agency of the Holy Ghost? If I have, then God purposed that I should do so, and the whole of this great promise is mine.

II. We shall take the words one by one, and try to explain them.

1. Let us begin with the word "work." "We know that all things *work.*" Look around, above, beneath and all things *work.* They work, *in opposition to idleness.* The idle man that folds his arms or lies upon the bed of sloth is an exception to God's rule; for except himself all things work. There is not a star, though it seemeth to sleep in the deep blue firmament, which doth not travel its myriads of miles and work; there is not an ocean, or a river, which is not ever working, either clapping its thousand hands with storms, or bearing on its bosom the freight of nations. There is not a silent nook within the deepest forest-glade where work is not going on. Nothing is idle. The world is a great machine, but it is never standing still: silently all through the watches of the night, and through the hours of day, the earth revolveth on its axis, and works out its predestinated course. Silently the forest groweth, anon it is felled; but all the while between its growing and felling it is at work. Everywhere the earth works; mountains work; nature in its inmost bowels is at work; even the centre of the great heart of the world is ever beating; sometimes we discover its working in the volcano and the earthquake, but even when most still all things are ever working.

They are ever working too, *in opposition to the word play.* Not only are they ceaselessly active, but they are active for a purpose. We are apt to think that the motion of the world and the different evolutions of the stars are but like the turning round of a child's windmill; they produce nothing. That old preacher, Solomon, once said as much as that. He said—"The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth

about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits." But Solomon did not add, that things are not what they seem. The world is not at play; it hath an object in its wildest movement. Avalanche, hurricane, earthquake, are but order in an unusual form; destruction and death are but progress in veiled attire. Everything that is and is done, worketh out some great end and purpose. The great machine of this world is not only in motion, but there is something weaving in it, which as yet mortal eye hath not fully seen, which our text hinteth at when it says, It is working out good for God's people.

And once again, all things work *in opposition to Sabbath*. We morally speak of work, especially on this day, as being the opposite of sacred rest and worship. Now, at the present moment all things work. Since the day when Adam fell all things have had to toil and labour. Before Adam's fall the world kept high and perpetual holiday; but now the world has come to its work-days, now it hath to toil. When Adam was in the garden the world had its Sabbath: and it shall never have another Sabbath till the Millennium shall dawn, and then when all things have ceased to work, and the kingdoms shall be given up to God, even the Father, then shall the world have her Sabbath, and shall rest; but at present all things do work.

Dear brethren, let us not wonder if we have to work too. If we have to toil, let us remember, this is the world's week of toil. The 6,000 years of continual labour, and toil, and travail, have happened not to us alone, but to the whole of God's great universe; the whole world is groaning and travailling. Let us not be backward in doing our work. If all things are working, let us work too—"work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work." And let the idle and slothful remember that they are a great anomaly; they are blots in the great work-writing of God; they mean nothing; in all the book of letters with which God has written out the great word "work," they are nothing at all. But let the man that worketh, though it be with the sweat of his brow and with aching hands, remember that he, if he is seeking to bless the Lord's people, is in sympathy with all things—not only in sympathy with their work, but in sympathy with their aim.

2. Now, the next word, "All things work *together*." That is *in opposition to their apparent confliction*. Looking upon the world with the mere eye of sense and reason, we say, "Yes, all things work, but they work contrary to one another. There are opposite currents; the wind bloweth to the north and to the south. The world's barque, it is true, is always tossed with waves, but these waves toss her first to the right and then to the left; they do not steadily bear her onward to her desired haven. It is true the world is always active, but it is with the activity of the battlefield, wherein hosts encounter hosts and the weaker are overcome." Be not deceived; it is not so; things are not what they seem; "all things work *together*." There is no opposition in God's providence; the raven wing of war is co-worker with the dove of peace. The tempest strives not with the peaceful calm—they are linked together and work together, although they seem to be in opposition. Look at our history. How many an event has seemed to be conflicting in its day, that has worked out good for us! The strifes of barons and kings for mastery might have

been thought to be likely to tread out the last spark of British liberty ; but they did rather kindle the pile. The various rebellions of nations, the heavings of society, the strife of anarchy, the tumults of war—all, all these things, overruled by God, have but made the chariot of the church progress more mightily ; they have not failed of their predestinated purpose—"good for the people of God." I know, my brethren, it is very hard for you to believe this. "What!" say you : "I have been sick for many a day, and wife and children, dependent on my daily labour, are crying for food : will this work together for my good?" So saith the word, my brother, and so shalt thou find it ere long. "I have been in trade," says another, "and this commercial pressure has brought me exceedingly low, and distressed me : is it for my good?" My brother, thou art a Christian, I know thou dost not seriously ask the question, for thou knowest the answer of it. He who said, "all things work together," will soon prove to you that there is a harmony in the most discordant parts of your life. You shall find, when your biography is written, that the black page did but harmonise with the bright one—that the dark and cloudy day was but a glorious foil to set forth the brighter noon-tide of your joy. "All things work together." There is never a clash in the world : men think so, but it never is so. The charioteers of the Roman circus might with much cleverness and art, with glowing wheels, avoid each other ; but God, with skill infinitely consummate, guides the fiery coursers of man's passion, yokes the storm, bits the tempest, and keeping each clear of the other from seeming evil still enduceth good, and better still ; and better still in infinite progression.

We must understand the word "together," also in another sense. "All things work *together* for good : " that is to say, *none of them work separately*. I remember an old divine using a very pithy and homely metaphor, which I shall borrow to-day. Said he, "All things work *together* for good ; but, perhaps, any one of those 'all things' might destroy us if taken alone. The physician," says he, "prescribes medicine ; you go to the chemist, and he makes it up ; there is something taken from this drawer, something from that phial, something from that shelf : any one of those ingredients, it is very possible, would be a deadly poison, and kill you outright, if you should take it separately ; but he puts one into the mortar, and then another, and then another, and when he has worked them all up with his pestle, and has made a compound, he gives them all to you as a whole, and together they work for your good, but any one of the ingredients might either have operated fatally, or in a manner detrimental to your health." Learn, then, that it is wrong to ask, concerning any particular act of providence ; is this for my good ? Remember, it is not the one thing alone that is for your good ; it is the one thing put with another thing, and that with a third, and that with a fourth, and all these mixed together, that work for your good. Your being sick very probably might not be for your good, only God has something to follow your sickness, some blessed deliverance to follow your poverty, and He knows that when He has mixed the different experiences of your life together, they shall produce good for your soul, and eternal good for your spirit. We know right well that there are many things that happen to us in our lives that would be the ruin of us if we were always to continue in the same condition. Too much joy would intoxicate us, too much

misery would drive us to despair ; but the joy and the misery, the battle and the victory, the storm and the calm, all these compounded make that sacred elixir whereby God maketh all his people perfect through suffering, and leadeth them to ultimate happiness. "All things work together for good."

3. Now we must take the next words. "All things work together *for good*." Upon these two words the meaning of my text will hinge. There are different senses to the word "good." There is the *worldling's* sense: "Who will show us any good?"—by which he means *transient good*, the good of the moment. "Who will put honey into my mouth? Who will feed my belly with hid treasures? Who will garnish my back with purple, and make my table groan with plenty?" That is "good,"—the vat bursting with wine, the barn full of corn! Now God has never promised that "all things shall work together" for such good as that to His people. Very likely all things will work together in a clean contrary way to that. Expect not, O Christian, that all things will work together to make thee rich; it is just possible they may all work to make thee poor. It may be that all the different providences that shall happen to thee will come wave upon wave, washing thy fortune upon the rocks, till it shall be wrecked, and then waves shall break o'er thee, till in that poor boat, the humble remnant of thy fortune, thou shalt be out on the wide sea, with none to help thee but God the Omnipotent. Expect not, then, that all things shall work together so for thy good.

The Christian understands the word "good" in another sense. By "good," he understands *spiritual good*. "Ah!" saith he, "I do not call gold good, but I call faith good! I do not think it always for my good to increase in treasure, but I know it is good to grow in grace. I do not know that it is for my good that I should be respectable and walk in good society; but I know that it is for my good that I should walk humbly with my God. I do not know that it is for my good that my children should be about me, like olive branches round my table, but I know that it is for my good that I should flourish in the courts of my God, and that I should be the means of winning souls from going down into the pit. I am not certain that it is altogether for my good to have kind and generous friends, with whom I may hold fellowship; but I know that it is for my good that I should hold fellowship with Christ, that I should have communion with Him, even though it should be in His sufferings. I know it is good for me that my faith, my love, my every grace should grow and increase, and that I should be conformed to the image of Jesus Christ my blessed Lord and Master." Well, Christian, thou hast got upon the meaning of the text, then. "All things work together," for that kind of good to God's people. "Well!" says one, "I don't think anything of that, then." No, perhaps thou dost not; it is not very likely swines should ever lift their heads from their troughs to think aught of stars. I do not much wonder that thou shouldst despise spiritual good, for thou art yet "in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity;" a stranger to spiritual things, and let thy despising of spiritual things teach thee that thou art not spiritual, and therefore thou canst not understand the spiritual, because it must be spiritually discerned. To the Christian, however, the highest good he can receive on earth is to grow in grace. "There!" he says, "I had rather be a bank-

rupt in business than I would be a bankrupt in grace ; let my fortune be decreased—better that, than that I should backslide ; there ! let Thy waves and Thy billows roll over me—better an ocean of trouble than a drop of sin ; I would rather have Thy rod a thousand times upon my shoulders, O my God, than I would once put out my hand to touch that which is forbidden, or allow my foot to run in the way of gainsayers." The highest good a Christian has here, is good spiritual.

And we may add, the text also means *good eternal*, lasting good. All things work together for a Christian's lasting good. They all work to bring him to Paradise—all work to bring him to the Saviour's feet. "So He bringeth them to their desired haven," said the Psalmist—by storm and tempest, flood and hurricane. All the troubles of a Christian do but wash him nearer heaven ; the rough winds do but hurry his passage across the straits of this life to the port of eternal peace. All things work together for the Christian's eternal and spiritual good.

And yet I must say here, that sometimes all things work together for the Christian's *temporal good*. You know the story of old Jacob. "Joseph is not, Simeon is not, and now ye will take Benjamin away ; all these things are against me," said the old Patriarch. But if he could have read God's secrets, he might have found that Simeon was not lost, for he was retained as a hostage—that Joseph was not lost, but gone before to smooth the passage of his grey hairs into the grave, and that even Benjamin was to be taken away by Joseph in love to his brother. So that what seemed to be against him, even in temporal matters, was for him. You may have heard also the story of that eminent martyr who was wont always to say, "All things work together for good." When he was seized by the officers of Queen Mary, to be taken to the stake to be burned, he was treated so roughly on the road that he broke his leg ; and they jeeringly said, "All things work together for good, do they ? How will your broken leg work for your good ?" "I don't know," said he, "how it will, but for my good I know it will work, and you shall see it so." Strange to say, it proved true that it was for his good ; for being delayed a day or so on the road through his lameness, he just arrived in London in time enough to hear that Elizabeth was proclaimed queen, and so he escaped the stake by his broken leg. He turned round upon the men who carried him, as they thought, to his death, and said to them, "Now will you believe that all things work together for good ?" So that though I said the drift of the text was spiritual good, yet sometimes in the main current there may be carried some rich and rare temporal benefits for God's children, as well as the richer spiritual blessings.

4. I am treating the text as you see, verbally. And now I must return to the word "work"—to notice the tense of it. "All things *work* together for good." It does not say that they *shall* work, or that they *have* worked ; both of these are implied ; but it says that they *do* work now. All things at this present moment are working together for the believer's good. I find it extremely easy to believe that all things *have* worked together for my good. I can look back at the past, and wonder at all the way whereby the Lord hath led me. If ever there lived a man who has reason to be grateful to Almighty God, I think I am that man. I can see black storms that have lowered o'er my head, and torrents of opposition that have run across my path ; but I can thank God for every incident

that ever occurred to me from my cradle up to now, and do not desire a better pilot for the rest of my days, than He who has steered me from obscurity and scorn, to this place to preach His word and feed this great congregation. And I doubt not that each of you, in looking back upon your past experience as Christians, could say very much the same. Through many troubles you have passed, but you can say, they have all been for your good. And somehow or other you have an equal faith for the future. You believe that all things will in the end work for your good. The pinch of faith always lies in the present tense. I can always believe the past, and always believe the future ; but the present, the present, the present, that is what staggers faith. Now, please to notice that my text is in the present tense. "All things *work*," at this very instant and second of time. However troubled, downcast, depressed, and despairing the Christian may be, all things are working now for his good ; and though like Jonah he is brought to the bottom of the mountains, and he thinks the earth with her bars is about him for ever, and the weeds of despair are wrapped about his head, even in the uttermost depths all things are now working for his good. Here, I say again, is the pinch of faith. As an old countryman once said to me, from whom I gained many a pithy saying—"Ah ! sir, I could always do wonders when there were no wonders to do. I feel, sir, that I could believe God ; but then at the time I feel so there is not much to believe." And he just paraphrased it in his own dialect like this—"My arm is always strong, and my sickle always sharp, when there is no harvest, and I think I could mow many an acre when there is no grass ; but when the harvest is on I am weak, and when the grass groweth then my scythe is blunt." Have not you found it so too ? You think you can do wondrous things ; you say,

"Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Now I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world."

And now a little capful of wind blows on you and the tears run down your cheeks, and you say, "Lord, let me die ; I am no better than my fathers." You, that were going to thrash mountains, find that molehills cast you down.

It behoveth each of us, then, to comfort and establish our hearts upon this word "work." "All things work." Merchant ; though you have been sore pressed this week, and it is highly probable that next week will be worse still for you ; believe that all things even then are working for your good. It will cost you many a pang to keep that confidence ; but oh ! for thy Master's honour, and for thine own comfort, retain that consolation. Should thine house of business threaten to tumble about thine ears, so long as thou hast acted honourably, still bear thy cross. It shall work, it is working for thy good. This week, mother, thou mayest see thy first-born carried to the tomb. That bereavement is working for thy good. O man, within a few days, he that hath eaten bread with thee may lift up his heel against thee. It shall work for thy good. O thou that art high in spirits to-day, thou with the flashing eye and joyous countenance, ere the sun doth set some evil shall befall thee, and thou

shalt be sad. Believe then that all things work together for thy good ; if thou lovest God, and art called according to His purpose.

5. And now we close by noticing *the confidence* with which the apostle speaks. "A fiction !" says one ; "a pleasant fiction, sir !" "Sentimentalism !" says another ; "a mere poetic sentimentalism." "Ah !" cries a third ; "a downright lie." "No," says another, "there is some truth in it, certainly ; men do get bettered by their afflictions, but it is a truth that is not valuable to me, for I do not realize the good that these things bring." Gentlemen, the apostle Paul was well aware of your objections ; and therefore mark how confidently he asserts the doctrine. He does not say, "I am persuaded ;" he does not say, "I believe ;" but with unblushing confidence he appears before you and says, "*We*" (I have many witnesses) *we know* that all things work together." What, Paul, are you at ? So strange and startling a doctrine as this asserted with such dogmatic impudence ? What can you be at ? Hear his reply ! "*We know ;*" In the mouth of two or three witnesses it shall all be established ; but I have tens of thousands of witnesses." "*We know,*" and the apostle lifts his hand to where the white-robed hosts are praising God for ever.—"These," says he, "passed through great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb : ask them !" And with united breath they reply, "*We know* that all things work together for good to them that love God." Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, Daniel, all the mighty ones that have gone before, tell out the tale of their history, write their autobiography, and they say, "*We !*" It is proven to a demonstration in our own lives ; it is a fact which runs like a golden clue through all the labyrinth of our history—"All things work together for good to them that love God." "*We,*" says the apostle again—and he puts his hand upon his poor distressed brethren—he looks at his companions in the prison-house at Rome ; he looks at that humble band of teachers in Rome, in Philippi, in all the different parts of Asia, and he says, "*We !*" "*We know* it. It is not with us a matter of doubt ; we have tried it, we have proved it. Not only does faith believe it, but our own history convinces us of the truth of it." I might appeal to scores and hundreds here, and I might say, brethren, you with grey heads, rise up and speak. Is this true or not ? I see the reverend man rise, leaning on his staff, and with the tears guttering his old cheeks, he says, "Young man it is true ; I have proved it ; even down to grey hairs I have proved it ; He made, and He will carry ; He will not desert His own !" Veteran ! you have had many troubles, have you not ? He replies, "Youth ! troubles ? I have had many troubles that thou reckest not of ; I have buried all my kindred, and I am like the last oak of the forest ; all my friends have been felled by death long ago. Yet I have been upheld till now ; who could hold me up but my God ?" Ask him whether God has been once untrue to him, and he will say, "No ; not one good thing hath failed of all that the Lord God hath promised ; all hath come to pass !" Brethren, we can confidently say, then, hearing such a testimony as that, "*We know* that all things work." Besides, there are you of middle age, and even those of us who are young ; the winter has not spared our branches, nor the lightnings ceased to scathe our trunk ; yet here we stand ; preserved by conquering grace. Hallelujah to the grace that makes all things work together for good !

O my hearer, art thou a believer in Christ? If not, I beseech thee, stop and consider! Pause and think of thy state; and if thou knowest thine own sinfulness this day, believe on Christ, who came to save sinners, and that done, all things shall work for thee; the tumbling avalanche, the rumbling earthquake, the tottering pillars of heaven, all, when they fall or shake, shall not hurt thee; they shall still work out thy good. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be baptized, and thou shalt be saved," for so runneth the gospel. The Lord bless you! Amen.

THE BELIEVER CONFESSING CHRIST IN BAPTISM.

(THE SAVIOUR TO THE BELIEVER ON HIS BAPTISM.)

WITHIN the sacred courts I saw thee,
When confessing to My Name;
As the liquid grave closed o'er thee
Death to sin thou didst proclaim!

Be thou ever faithful to Me,
Ne'er forget the vow thus made;
And sustaining grace I'll send thee,
Therefore be not thou afraid!

Should'st *thou* fear? Lo! I've redeemed thee—
Not with silver, nor with gold—
Having yielded life to save thee
Shall I not more love unfold?

Thou art mine! thy name I gave thee—
And I call thee still by name!
Through the waters I will lead thee,
Bring thee safely through the flame!

Flooded rivers shall not 'whelm thee
When through them thou needs must go;
In each circumstance I'll shield thee;
Thou shalt conquer every foe!

Fear thou not for I am near thee!
My right hand shall thee uphold;
On my hands thy name is graven,
Sweetest pledge of love untold!

Trust in Me! have not I loved thee
With an everlasting love?
And my lovingkindness draws thee
Onward to thy home above.

Be thou faithful, soon thou'lt see Me,
For I come with glad surprise,
Bringing all my true ones with Me
While my armies crowd the skies!

MARY MASON.

Cloud and Sunshine; or, All Things Working for Good.

CHAPTER VI.—A MYSTERIOUS BARRIER.

CHRISTMAS DAY has always been to me a very happy day. As my beloved parents never indulged in the superstitious notions concerning it prevalent among the Ritualists, instead of treating it as a holy day—except it happened to fall on the Sabbath—we invariably treated it at home as a holiday. The only day we were taught to regard as a sacred day was the Lord's Day, and that as the reader has seen we kept strictly. Other days were all treated alike, to be devoted to work, play, or religious service as opportunity afforded. To me, therefore, the joyous salutation of wishing each other on Christmas morning "A Merry Christmas and a happy New Year!" was a perfectly natural thing, and it sprang from my lips as spontaneously as "Good morning, sir!" or "Good night!" Christmas gifts, Christmas fare, and Christmas games, combined with happy family reunions, joyous walks and visits, and cheerful tales told by one and another as we sat round the blazing hearth, made many of these days most memorable, days that will not be forgotten while life lasts.

But let it not be supposed that my parents allowed the day to be spent in an exclusively selfish manner. While revelling in enjoyment ourselves, the poor and needy were never overlooked. Amongst the poor both in the church and neighbourhood, as well as our own

workpeople, were not a few who found their Christmas Days to be far happier than they otherwise would have been, in consequence of the pecuniary and festive gifts bestowed in an unostentatious and quiet way by my generous parents at this season of the year. From whom such gifts came, numbers never knew, but I have no doubt that in many humble homes fervent thanksgivings were often raised to God for His goodness in putting it into the hearts of the unknown donors, thus seasonably to supply the wants of the sick and the afflicted, as well as the needy sons and daughters of toil.

Of course the death of my mother made not a little difference the first Christmas Day that followed her decease. In spite of all our cheerfulness the thought of the dear absent one would cross our minds, and its tendency was to check anything like hilarity. We missed her in the house, in conversation, in our various games, and in our walks. When with us in her palmy days she was the life and soul of all our movements; and she left nothing undone that could be done in order to make us all feel as happy as we could feel. But we were consoled by the thought that if she was not with us in our earthly home she was in far better company in her heavenly home; and we also knew that if she could speak to us and let us know her mind she would wish us not to relax our innocent enjoyments for a moment on her account.

The one who evidently felt her absence most was my father ; he was rarely seen to smile, and when he did laugh, the laugh seemed to be forced. It was clearly manifest that his thoughts were mournful ones, and that they centred in a different sphere to that of the earthly. He only spent another Christmas Day with us, and four months afterwards he, too, entered into rest. The third Christmas Day my sister and I spent at a near relative's house with other company, and the day was of a most enjoyable kind. Her marriage took place a few weeks afterwards ; and this, therefore, was the first Christmas in which I was left to myself to take the course which I thought it best to pursue.

To say that I looked forward to it with pleasurable feelings would hardly be correct ; on the contrary, I anticipated it with some little dread. My unexpected failure also served to intensify that shrinking sensation ; hence, I did not even dare to hope for an enjoyable time in my sister's new home. But how vastly different were the facts of the case to these dismal forebodings. The cheerful surroundings of my brother-in-law's hospitable mansion, combined with the genial company and conversation of Miss Locke, tended to make this Christmas Day one of the happiest that I had ever spent in my life. And as it was with that day, so was it with the whole week. Miss Amelia and I were thrown much together and the result may be anticipated. Admiration for her person and talents grew into attachment ; and I ventured occasionally to ask her to accompany me in taking long country walks to let her see it. Seeing that it gave me pleasure, and, doubtless, enjoying the rambles

herself, she did not refuse me, but evidently took my overtures to be prompted by mere personal friendship. But the end of the week brought matters to a crisis. I felt that I could not leave her there alone. I, therefore, opened my mind secretly to my sister, who evidently felt much pleased to see what was going on. She encouraged me to stay longer if I wished, and to be candid I did not need much pressing. I was my own master, and I could stay another week if I chose. This I determined to do, and when Miss Locke heard of it from my sister she seemed surprised. That she began to suspect something appeared clear from the fact that she always afterwards excused herself from walking out with me alone. It was evident she saw that I had been smitten and was staying longer on her account. Though still kind she became more distant. We played together games of chess and draughts ; held long and interesting conversations ; and took walks in company with my brother and sister, or both ; but the air she wore was that of a polite and genial friend, and nothing more.

Finally the time came when there was only one day longer for either of us to remain. On the ensuing morning we were both to take our coaches and go separate ways ; I to travel forty-five miles to Gloxton ; she to journey thirty miles to Pendlebow. Now what was I to do ? Up and down I paced the garden alone to consider the course it would be best to pursue. At last my mind was made up. I would embrace the first opportunity that day of avowing my affection and seeking her hand. And that opportunity was not long in presenting itself. In the same

parlour in which we first sat down together, with the door closed against intrusion, I made known to her my desire. She did not appear to be in the least put about, though she slightly blushed. She calmly heard all that I had to say, and when I had ceased she thus spoke :

"You are very kind, Mr. Ockford, to hold such a high opinion of me, and to make me such an offer. I am sure I do not deserve such attentions ; and did I not see that you are really in earnest in what you say, I might think that you merely flattered me. But I will be plain and straightforward with you. However I might personally feel towards you I am not at liberty to accept your overtures ; therefore, once for all, I must decline them."

"I am sorry for that, Miss Locke, very ;" I replied, with a look that showed the sorrow to be real ; but may I ask you why you refuse me ?"

"If you did, Mr. Ockford, I must not tell you."

"Are you engaged, Miss Locke ?"

"No, I am not."

The relief that this answer gave me was evidently indicated by my brightened-up countenance, and she saw it ; but that I might not be too elated, or indulge in false hopes, with characteristic candour she continued :

"But while I am not engaged, Mr. Ockford, the barrier that lies between yourself and an alliance with me is almost as great as that. I could no more engage myself to you or to any gentleman just now, than I could fly ; at least, not without doing wrong. And even to tell you what this barrier is would not be right. It is a mystery and it must remain so, for even your dear sister does not know it. Be con-

tent, therefore, my good friend, to remain in the dark and make the best of it."

"That I must make the best of it, Miss Locke, there can be no doubt whatever ; but as to being content about it, that is another matter. Where there is genuine affection, or real love, for a person it is impossible to be content to be wrapped up in mystery concerning that person. We want to know all that can be known, and until the revelation is clearly made, the mind must be more or less in a state of unrest. Take my case, for instance. You have not said that my proposal is to you personally distasteful. If that had been the barrier, then, as a matter of course, my fate is sealed. You put it on quite another ground. You say that you are not at present at liberty to be engaged to any gentleman, so the barrier is a broader one than that of personal antipathy. Will you therefore pardon me if without asking you to betray your secret—and that as a gentleman I have no desire to do—I put to you, without giving offence, another question ?"

"Certainly, Mr. Ockford," she said, smilingly. "But it does not follow that I shall be bound to answer it."

"That I leave with yourself, Miss Locke. It is a straightforward question that I wish to put to you, and that because I know you to be in love with plain dealing. May I therefore ask you whether, supposing that this mysterious barrier did not exist, from what you have seen and heard about me, would you feel inclined to encourage me in my suit ?"

I gazed earnestly in her face, knowing how much depended on the answer she might give. But for a few moments she gave no

reply whatever. Then she turned away, and with her elbow on the table, buried her forehead in her hand. It was clear that she was doubtful as to what reply to give. But after a minute's consideration, she spoke—

"You want me to be plain with you, Mr. Ockford, and I will strive to be so. Let me go back a bit. I knew nothing of you till I met you on Christmas Eve. Then I was pleased to meet with you as a brother of Mrs. Ellison, and we soon became friends. As a friend I enjoyed your company for a week, but when I heard that you were going to stay a second week, I instinctively felt, with a woman's true intuition, that I had something to do with it. Knowing how things stood, I determined to save you from any measure of disappointment—to be a little more reserved in your company, and perhaps you have noticed it."

"I have, Miss Locke, and it has given me some pain."

"But it need not have done so, Mr. Ockford. If you had known me as I know myself, you would have given me credit for acting for your good. Here then, up till now, matters have thus stood. We have been no more than newly found friends, and we are no more than that now. I cannot effect an engagement with you at the present, and I know not when I could in the future. Why, therefore, should I tell you whether I should or should not be inclined to accept you as my suitor? The barrier may never be removed; of what use then would the knowledge be to you?"

"Not much, Miss Locke; but supposing I felt disposed to wait for you, in the hope that ere long it might be removed; then the knowledge, if favourable, would be very helpful?"

"I should not think you a very wise man, Mr. Ockford, if you waited for me on any such grounds. You might have to wait for many long years, and you would become weary with waiting, and my heart would be pained to keep you waiting. And then, if after all your waiting you never had me, what a sad mistake you would have made! But I will not bandy any more words with you. I think it is enough for you to know that at present I can enter into no engagement with you, neither can I let you know why I cannot do so. As a friend, I shall be pleased either to meet you, or even to correspond occasionally with you, leaving you free to make any engagement with any lady you might like. Should this mysterious barrier be removed then you, if free, would be at liberty to press your suit, and at present I know of no reason why I should reject it. Perhaps, in saying this, I have said more than I ought to have said, but I should like to satisfy you if I could."

Thanking her for this crumb of comfort, our interview came to an end. She rose to leave the room, and I was left alone to engage in my melancholy musings. That Miss Locke did not dislike either my person or my overtures was quite plain, and so far that was satisfactory. But what this barrier to making any engagement with any suitor could be was, indeed, an unsolvable enigma. When she could not make it known to such a confidential friend as my sister, it must be something very remarkable. To rack my poor brain with a possible solution would be futile. All that I could do was to leave it until a kind providence made it known to me, and then to act accordingly. When alone with my sister in the evening,

I candidly told her what had passed between us, and she was as much puzzled by it as myself. All that she could do was to cheer me up with the assurance that whenever this barrier was removed, I might count upon success with certainty. It was something to know that Miss Amelia was favourably prepossessed towards me, and therefore time and patience might work wonders!

On the next day we parted. My coach started first, and both ladies

bade me adieu, Miss Locke at the same time tendering me her warmest wishes for my future prosperity. The journey home was a sorrowful one. One idea alone took possession of my mind, and, do what I could, I could not drive it out. I had been defeated in one way once, and now as a defeated suitor, was this to be my second and still more serious failure?

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

OUR HYMNS: THEIR AUTHORS AND ORIGIN.

By REV. R. C. ROBERTS.

VI.—PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

THIS distinguished servant of Christ is acknowledged to have been one of the most learned, pious, and catholic-hearted men of his age. He was born in London, in the year 1702, his mother being a daughter of a Bohemian or Moravian clergyman, who had to make his escape from Prague, at a time of persecution against Protestants in his native city. From the meagre account we have of his mother, we learn that she was eminent for her devotedness to religion, and took a deep interest in the spiritual instruction of her boy. Not having that access to books which parents are privileged with at the present day, she taught him in scripture history on the Dutch tiles in the fireplace, whether

by hieroglyphics, or by writing the names, dates, and events, we cannot say. She, however, fostered in his mind that desire after, and love for, scriptural knowledge which he subsequently so largely possessed. Little did that mother probably imagine, when she took her young pupil to the fireplace, and used those Dutch tiles as lesson books to expound the Scriptures, that the same pupil, would in after years, write an exposition of the Bible for family worship, which has been so great a boon to numbers who practise such. Very little is known of his father, but there are reasons for believing that he was a pious man. Philip lost both his parents ere he attained his fourteenth year, and owing to the imprudence of someone who administered the family affairs, he was sadly reduced in circumstances. Such unfortunate incidents do occasionally occur: administrators of property having lacked the necessary prudence or honesty to carry out the wishes of the deceased, many an orphan has been deprived of his rights. But

the God of the orphan raised up a good friend for young Doddridge in the person of Dr. Samuel Clark, who, being a gentleman in comfortable circumstances, and possessing a generous spirit, became his foster-father. He was placed in a good school, under a superior teacher, where he made very great progress in learning. He began at the early age of 14 to keep a diary, in which he gives an account of his admission to the Lord's Supper when he was 17 years old, and of his faith, his devout affections, and his covenant with God, alluding also very gratefully to the kindness he received from Dr. Clark, his kind benefactor and spiritual guide.

Doddridge evinced a very strong desire to become a minister of the Gospel, and the Duchess of Bedford having become acquainted with his character and inclination through her steward, who was an uncle of his, very generously offered to support him at one of the universities, and secure him a living in the Established Church. This was a favourable opportunity to a young aspirant, and would have been to many an irresistible temptation to forego all their Nonconformist principles. But Doddridge manifested greater loyalty to his religious convictions, and, whilst thankfully acknowledging the Duchess's kind offer, he honourably declined it. It was his ambition to become a Nonconformist minister, so he applied to Dr. Calamy for his advice and assistance, but, strange to say, he held out not the least encouragement to him in that direction. Doddridge, writing on this incident a little time after, says, "It was with great concern that I received this doctor's advice, but I desire to *follow* providence, not to *force* it. The Lord give me grace to glorify Him in whatever station

He sets me: then here am I; let Him do with me what seemeth good in His sight." Not knowing what course to take, he wisely resolved to devote one morning to ask counsel of God, when in the midst of his devotion, the postman brought a letter from his old friend Dr. Clark, offering to assist him in entering into the dissenting ministry. "This," he says, "I looked upon as an answer from heaven." He went to a private academy for a short time, and when only twenty years of age, became a minister of the Gospel. He was greatly encouraged to find that the first sermon he preached from those striking words in 1 Cor. xvi. 22, was the means of the conversion of two persons to God.

Doddridge spent the greater part of his life at Northampton, as a tutor of a college, which he was principally the means of founding there. He was the respected tutor of it for 22 years, during which period 200 students were trained by him, the majority of whom entered the ministry. He was accustomed to meet them at six o'clock on a summer's morning, and thus not only availed himself of the best time for study, but taught the students also by practice to be very early risers.

It is very gratifying, again, to observe the deep interest he took in the religious welfare of his children. "As a father," he says, "it shall be my care to intercede for my children daily; to converse with them often upon some religious subject; to drop some short hints of the serious kind when there is not room for large discourse; to pray sometimes with them separately; to bring them early to communion with the church; to study to oblige them, and secure their affection." His eldest daughter,

who died at an early age, was universally loved, and when asked how it was that every one loved her, replied, "I suppose it is because I love everybody."

Doddridge occupies no inferior position in hymnody. He composed in all 364 hymns. We have in Psalms and Hymns with Supplement, upwards of 60 of his hymns, many of which are greatly admired. Such as—

No. 77 "O God of Bethel, by whose hand Thy people still are fed."

„ 712 "O happy day that fixed my choice."

„ 1137 "My gracious Lord, I own Thy right to every service I can pay."

„ 109 "Grace! 'tis a charming sound."

The finest of all his hymns is considered to be the 115th—

"Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes."

"I should be disposed," says the Rev. W. Garrett Horder, "to rank this as one of the noblest hymns ever written, alike as to style and substance." Most of these hymns were composed by Doddridge, to be sung after his sermons, and thus as a supplementary epitome of his discourse. For example, hymn 224, "Jesus, I love Thy charming name," was the condensation of a sermon on 1 Pet. ii. 7, "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious." Hymn 77, "O God of Bethel, by whose hand," was written to be sung after a sermon on "Jacob at Bethel."

A little explanation may be necessary relative to the date of these hymns. They are all dated 1755. This was not the year they were composed, but published. Doddridge died four years prior to

that at Lisbon, Oct. 26th, 1751, where he had gone for the benefit of his health. And although his mortal remains lie in the British burial ground there, some of his hymns are continually sung by many Christian congregations throughout our land; and his books, especially his "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," have been considerably helpful to numbers of God's people. He died as he lived in full confidence in his Saviour, having no gloomy apprehension of the future. He had often looked forward without fear to the termination of his earthly existence, and in one of his hymns he beautifully sang,—

"Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!

Ye mortal powers decay!

Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day."

Pembroke Dock.

THE INFALLIBLE BOOK.

By REV. T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

(Concluded from page 132 of May Number.)

THE only other passage in which Paul is supposed to disclaim inspiration occurs in 2 Cor. xi. 17, "That which I speak, I speak it not after the Lord, but as it were foolishly, in this confidence of boasting." In this passage Paul does not refer to the authority by which he spoke, but to the example of the Lord "I speak not according to the example or manner of the Lord, but after the manner of fools"—a manner which, as he tells the Corinthians in the next chapter, they had compelled him to adopt. Such is the sense of those passages in which the Apostle seems to disclaim inspiration; but even if the meaning so often attributed to them were the just one, those

passages would not at all militate against the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, because in that case Paul was inspired to write precisely as he has done, since they form a part of Scripture, "all" of which "is given by inspiration of God." If he has told us that he was not inspired on these points, he certainly was inspired to make the denial.*

The phrase, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," of necessity embraces all that can be called Scripture. In 2 Peter iii. 16, Paul's Epistles are distinctly classed with "the other Scriptures." Both Old and New Testament Scriptures are therefore included in Paul's inspired assertion.

The honour of revelation, the comfort and edification of the believer, and the truth of the express statements of the Scriptures themselves, demand our belief that the Bible, as originally given, is divine in every word.

That they who deny the distinguishing doctrines of Christianity should be anxious to free themselves from the incumbrance of the inspiration of the records that contain it, or, that which comes to the same thing, should modify the doctrine so as to destroy it, while they retain the word, is very natural. Accordingly, such writers, while they nominally acknowledge the inspiration of the Sacred Volume, have contrived to accompany the admission with so many exceptions, to modify the theory into such a variety of forms, and to load the subject with so many distinctions, that with the utmost facility they can make every obnoxious passage bend to their purpose.

* Robert Haldane on "The Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures."

But that any real lover of the Word of God, to whom it is sweeter than honey from the comb, and more precious than fine gold and all the treasures of the earth, should in any measure give countenance to such conduct, is to be deplored. Surely this is a thing most incongruous and inexcusable. Whatever may be the origin of such a sentiment, it is uncalled for by any of the phenomena of Scripture, it is without foundation in the Word of God itself, and it is directly contrary to its most express statements.

As might be expected, the theory of inspiration adopted by many learned men leads to a devastation of the Scriptures, to which no bounds can be assigned. It is a cancer that will gradually spread until it devours the very vitals of Christianity. Inspiration is first denied to the words, next to such things as relate to common and civil affairs; from this the progress to the non-inspiration of whole books of Scripture is perfectly easy and natural. So far, it appears, the disease has spread its contagion in many professedly learned writers of the present day. The Rev. Malcolm MacColl has made this astounding assertion:—"The Bible nowhere asserts its own inspiration. As far as internal evidence alone goes, the Bible is nothing more than a hap-hazard collection of writings which the art of the binder has made into one book." In refutation of this I quote the assertion of Paul, in 1 Cor. ii. 13:—"Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but that which the Holy Ghost teacheth."

I close with a quotation from a suggestive little book, "Christ and the Scriptures," by the Rev. Adolph Saphir, B.A.:—"The Bible not merely was inspired, but is so still.

The Holy Ghost not merely inspired the men as they wrote, but He is still connected with the Scripture. It was originally Spirit-breathed, but the Spirit is still breathing on it. When the soul, thirsting after God, reads the words, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; buy wine and milk without money and without price;' when the burdened heart and oppressed conscience reads the words, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest,' the words are breathed again by the Spirit. It seems as if the ink was not yet dry, and as if the warm breath of eternal love, from which these promises flowed, was even now quickening and consoling the troubled soul. The Spirit makes the Scripture a living word. The Spirit breathes here as in no other book. He makes the writing spirit and life, and man lives by it, because it is the word proceeding even now out of the mouth of God. He who has experienced this can have no doubt about the origin of Scripture; for in his measure he receives it from God Himself, as David, Isaiah, Paul, and John received it. It is to him a Divine Word. He knows not merely it is written, but that it is the living word and voice of

the Lord. In obeying its precepts he knows he acts in obedience to his heavenly Father: in resting on the promises and assurances which he reads in Scripture he is convinced he is trusting to the Lord his God and Redeemer; and when, in the hour of his departure, his soul clings to the consolations of strong hope, set before us in the Word, it is in the voice of the Saviour Himself, who says to him, 'Be of good cheer, it is I.'

"Eternal Spirit! 'twas Thy breath
The oracles of truth inspired,
And kings, and holy seers of old,
With strong prophetic impulse
fired.

Filled with Thy great almighty
power,
Their lips with heavenly science
flowed;
Their hands a thousand wonders
wrought,
Which bore the signature of God.

The powers of earth, and hell, in
vain
Against the Sacred Word combine;
Thy providence through every age
Securely guards the Book Divine.

Thee, its great Author, source of
light,
Thee, its Preserver, we adore;
And humbly ask a ray from Thee,
It's hidden wonders to explore!"

"A PROMISE made is a debt to be paid."—*Welsh Proverb.*

WHEN the merciful God forgives the sin He forgets it. He says, "For I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more."

DR. THEODORE CUYLER says that Mr. Gladstone remarked to him. "Amid all the pressure of my public life and duties I have always thanked God for the rest and repose of the Sunday."

Reviews.

The Story of My Wanderings in the Land of My Fathers. By ISAAC LEVINSOHN, Author of "The Story of Isaac Levinsohn." With Two Portraits of the Author, and other Illustrations, Alfred Holness, 14, Paternoster Row.

ALL who have read the story of the author's life will be prepared for a charming description of his Wanderings in the Land of his Fathers. We seem to feel an instinctive desire at all times to hear and read what the Jew has to say of his Fatherland, and with this spirit we have read the volume before us. We have heard the writer preach the Gospel, and plead the cause of Christian missions to the Jews. His style is simple, instructive, and attractive. He seldom, if ever, wearies his audience, and he has thrown all these qualities of mental manner into the writing of his book. It is full of glow, striking illustration, and Gospel teaching. The likenesses are life-like. It is profusely embellished with pictures, well bound, and we venture to predict for it a large circulation.

The Word in the School. By ANDREW SIMON LAMB, Scotch Advocate of the Inner Temple. James Nisbet & Co.

THE main object of the writer is to maintain that the Scriptures should be fully taught in all National and Board Schools in England. We are always glad to read our author, because in the main of his views of religious truth we are at one with him, and we also sympathise with him in the desire to have the saving truths of the Gospel sown far and wide. It is only as to the when, where, and how to attain this end that we dissent from him. Now, as to a uniform system of religious teaching in schools paid in great

measure from the national purse is to us a forlorn hope. If it is to be national it must be fully representative of the nation, and so of necessity very much mixed. We should have Scripture history taught in all State-aided schools, but for the doctrinal we must rely on home teaching, Sunday schools, free evening schools, etc., and multiply them ten thousandfold.

We have received from Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling, the packets Nos. 1 and 2 of the *Watchman's Series of Leaflets on Romanism* for inserting in letters and general distribution. Fifty copies in each packet for sixpence. A very practical and cheap way of spreading truth and destroying error. London Depot, Partridge & Co.

How Our Freedom Was Won. A Survey of the Epistle to the Galatians. By JOSEPH P. ROTHERHAM. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

WE accord with much that is said in this tract, though we do not agree with the writer in his remarks against creeds. Why, in this tract he himself is maintaining a creed, and we have never yet met with a professedly creedless man who, after all, had not in some form a creed of his own.

Baptised for the Behoof of the Dead—Who? An Answer and an Appeal. By R. A. MACFIE, F.R.S.E. James Nisbet & Co., Berners Street. Second edition.

WE have noticed the previous edition, and are glad so find a second issue called for.

The Revival of Trade. By WILLIAM TURNER, F.S.S. Elliot Stock.

ALL interested in the subject should read it.

Atheism and Arithmetic or Mathematical in Nature. Arithmetic in Plants and Planets. Mathematics in Musical Science. Number in Vital Action. By H. L. HASTINGS. London: S. Bagster & Sons.

THIS is number fifteen of the Anti-Infidels Library, and is a thoughtful, well-written essay.

We call attention to an appeal for help to build class rooms and additional space for Christian work in connection with the Albany Institute, Camberwell, London. The building, as far as labour is concerned, will be done gratuitously by members and workers in their after hours. It has the hearty approval of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, who has also promised two literal donations. Send for a copy of the prospectus. Secretary, J. W. Gray Ramsey, 157, Camberwell Road, S.E.

We advise all who would know at this season of the year all that is being done on various mission fields not to omit reading *Evangelical Christendom*. The May number is specially interesting. J. S. Phillips, 121, Fleet Street.

The Treasury. An Evangelical Monthly for Pastor and People. JOSEPH SANDBERSON, D.D., LL.D., Editor.

APRIL number completes the seventh volume, and contains an excellent index for the yearly volume.

May part of *Christian World Pulpit* presents its readers with number three of Valuable Sermons to Young

Women, by the Rev. J. HILES HITCHEN, D.D. The Sermon is addressed to the unmarried.

We are right glad to see so correct and striking likeness of the Rev. J. T. Brown, of Northampton, in the May number of the *Baptist Magazine*. We have often met our veteran brother, but have seldom indeed met with his likeness. We think the *Baptist Magazine* has supplied a want. Thoughts about Church Matters is the subject of a leader in the *Sword and Trowel*. We are in considerable sympathy with this article by the Editor. Amongst the many papers and books written (we were about to say legion) on H. M. Stanley, the one on his early life in the *General Baptist* will be very acceptable to our magazine readers.

The April number of the Bible Society's *Monthly Reporter* and the *Gleanings for the Young* are very suitable indeed for the objects of the Society, and must create increased love to the Word of God. We commend the paper on Do Bibles last long enough? to all concerned, specially to our school managers.

May part, 135, *Boy's Own*, gives its readers a frontispiece of great beauty. Subject—"On Duty," painted by Philip E. Stretton, exhibited at the Royal Academy 1888. Also commences a stirring new tale by Paul Blake, "The Cairn on Carn Brae." The part is crowded with articles of a very instructive character produced in such a form as must be read by our boys and young people. Paterfamilias should far and wide order it for the lads.

CHAPELS in olden times used to be stuck up anywhere. A minister once when in Yorkshire, asked two men by a stile where the Baptist chapel was. They looked at each other, and at last one replied, "I guess, Tom, he means the Dippers." The minister said, "Yes, they are the sort I'm after. Being thus duly enlightened on the fact, the man said, "Well, go down th' hill, till thee come to a house wi' a pig-hole at the end, an' there it is." Who would get such guidance as that now?

Gems from Dr. Maclaren's Sermons.

There is only one thing that promises less than it performs and which can satisfy a man's soul; and that is cleaving to God. Go to Him; let nothing draw you away from Him. Let us hold by Him in love, thought, obedience; and the lies that tempt us to our destruction will have no power over us; and we shall possess joys that neither pall nor end, nor leave behind them a bitterness upon the lips. "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness." Better what Christ offers in the cup which He drank off, whereof, though the taste may be bitter at first, what remains is His own joy, perpetual and full.

Brethren, do not trust yourselves to a hope that is less than certitude, nor grovel along those low levels concerning which the warning is always to be repeated, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," but aspire and lift your hope to Heaven that you may be sure that "to-morrow shall be as this day and much more abundant."

It is very hard for a man to have riches, and not to trust them. So Jesus said to His disciples once, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom," and when they were astonished at His words he repeated them with the significant variation, "How hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God." So He would teach us that the misuse and not the possession of wealth is the barrier; but so too He would warn us that nine times out of ten the possession of them in any more than an ordinary measure tempts a man into confidence in them.

Only when we keep firm hold of Christ as the gift of God and the Explainer of all that God does can we face the darkness, the perplexities, the torturing questions that from the beginning have harassed men's minds as they looked upon the mysteries of human misery. If we recognise that God has given us His Son, then all things become if not plain, at least lighted with some gleam from that great gift; and we feel that the surrender of Christ is the constraining fact which shapes after its own likeness, and for its own purpose, all the rest of God's dealings with men. That gift makes everything believable, reasonable, possible rather than that He should spare not His own Son, and then should counterwork His own act by sending the world anything but good.

When you fathers and mothers forgive your children, what does it mean? Does it not mean that your love is neither deflected nor embittered any more by reason of their wrong-doing, but pours upon them as of old? So God's forgiveness is at bottom—"Child there is nothing in my heart to thee but pure and perfect love." We fill the sky with mists, through which the sun itself has to look like a red ball of lurid fire. But it shines on the upper side of the mists all the same, and all the time, and thins them away, and scatters them utterly, and shines forth in its own brightness on the rejoicing heart. Pardon is God's love unchecked and unembittered, granted to the wrong-doer. And that is a Divine act, and a Divine act alone. Pharisees and Scribes were perfectly right. No man can forgive sins but God only.

The resurrection of Christian men and women is put upon a different platform from the resurrection of others. It comes on a different principle, it arises from a different source, and it results in a different gift and a different destiny. "If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you." Whatever may be the case with others the resurrection of those who had Christ in their hearts here is but the last step in the completion and manifestation of the process which began with the faintest throb of faith and the smallest answering trickle of a drop of the life to the inmost heart.

Men pit the Old Testament against the New; the God of the Old Testament against the God of the New. They sometimes tell us that there is antagonism. Modern teachers are wanting us to deny that the Old is the foreshadowing of the New, and the New the fulfilment of the Old. My text (Rev. xv. 2-3) asserts in opposition to all such errors the fruitful principle of the fundamental unity of the two; and bids us find in the one the blossom, and in the other the fruit, and declares that the God who brought the waters of the ocean over the oppressors is the God that has mercy upon all, in Jesus Christ, His dying Son.

I want to protest, in a sentence, against confusing the issues about this question of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ in that fashion which is popular nowadays when we are told that miracle is impossible and that *therefore* there has been no resurrection. That is not the way to go about ascertaining the truth as to asserted facts. Let us hear the evidence. The men who brush aside the testimony of the New Testament writers in obedience to a theory, either about the impossibility of the supernatural, or about the fatal and final issues of human death, are victims of prejudice in the strictest meaning of the word; and are no more logical than the well-known and proverbial reasoner who when told that facts were against him, with sublime confidence in his own infallibility, is reported to have said, "So much the worse for the facts." Let us deal with evidence, and not with theory when we are talking about alleged facts of history.

The new science of comparative religion has been made by some of its adepts to bear witness unfavourably to the claims of Christianity. A far truer use of it would be this—Wherever men have worshipped at an altar, and wherever there has been an altar there has been on it a sacrifice offered by a purged hand that symbolised moral purity. And all these are witnesses that humanity recognises the necessity which my text (Heb. vii. 26) affirms has been met in Christ. Some people would say "Yes! and your doctrine of a Christ who is Sacrifice and Priest, has precisely the same origin as those altars many, smoking with cruel sacrifices to tyrannical gods." But to me the relation between the faiths of the world and the Gospel of Christ, in reference to this matter, is much rather this, that they proclaim a want and Christ brings the satisfaction of it; that they with one voice cry, "Oh! that I knew where I might find Him! How shall a man be just with God?" and that the Cross of Christ answers their longings, and offers the means by which we may draw nigh to God. "Such a High Priest became us."

Denominational Intelligence

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. H. N. MITCHELL, late Congregational minister at Okehampton, has accepted the pastorate at Morice Square, Devonport.

Rev. A. E. Clarke, B.A., who recently seceded from the Church of England, has accepted the pastorate at Coupland Street, Greenheys, Manchester.

Rev. A. Hall, after a ministry of five years at Hampton Court, has accepted a call to the church at Warrior Square, St. Leonards.

Rev. S. Nield has accepted an invitation to become assistant pastor at Wynn Street, Birmingham.

Rev. A. J. Parry has accepted an invitation to his former sphere of labour at Cefnawr, after an absence of twenty-two years.

Mr. T. Davies, of Pontypool College, has accepted the pastorate at Trehafod, Rhondda.

Rev. W. Pulford, of Bristol College, has accepted the pastorate at Ford Forge, Northumberland.

Rev. J. Hunt Lynn (late of Gurney Road, Stratford), has accepted the pastorate of Zion Chapel, New Cross Road, S.E.

Rev. J. S. Hopkins, of Treharris, having completed his course at Pontypool College, has accepted a call from the church at Waterhouses.

Rev. R. Wignall has resigned the pastorate at Waterfoot, Rosendale.

Rev. F. E. Robinson, of Bolton, has accepted the pastorate of Kingsbridge, Devon.

Rev. E. Osborne, of Southampton, has accepted the pastorate at Ilfracombe.

Rev. J. Evans, of Cardiff, late of Regent's Park College, London, has accepted the pastorate of the church meeting at Memorial Hall, New Walk, Leicester.

Rev. T. Williams, B.A., of Coleford, Gloucestershire, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the church at Tilehouse Street, Hitchin, Herts.

Mr. C. F. Perry, of Nottingham College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Liskeard, endorsed by the Committee of the Association and the Council of the Baptist Union, to become mission pastor, and he will commence his ministry within the next fortnight.

Rev. J. C. Hewson, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate at Hornchurch.

Rev. S. J. Somers, of Upottery, Honiton, has accepted the pastorate at Beckington, near Bath.

Rev. John Lewis, of Haverfordwest College, has accepted the pastorate of the Welsh Church at Tyldesley, Lancashire.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. W. STOTT, on terminating a 27 years' ministry at Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood, was presented at a farewell meeting with an address, in album form, accompanied by a purse containing £138. A number of gifts which had been presented to Mr. and Mrs. Stott were placed on view under the platform. Among the letters expressing regret for inability to attend was one from Canon Duckworth. Revs. H. Sharpe (Holy Trinity, Hampstead), Dr. Angus, F. Sloper, W. Walker, H. Trotman, and F. B. Meyer delivered addresses.

Rev. E. F. and Mrs. Pitts, on leaving Long Sutton, have been presented with a silver-plated hot water jug, in recognition of services rendered to the church and Sunday school during five years. Mrs. Pitts was also presented with a token of regard from her Sunday school class.

Rev. J. J. Ellis, on leaving Richmond, has been presented with books and a purse of twenty-five guineas, Mrs. Ellis and Miss Ellis also receiving tokens of regard.

Rev. Wm. Guthrie Myles, who has for eleven years been pastor of the church at Morocambe, has been presented with a purse containing £111 subscribed by persons of various denominations. Amongst those who attended at the presentation were Rev. C. Y. Gorton, M.A., rector, Revs. J. I. Waddy, H. W. Burgoyne, S. Wright, and H. Perfect. Mr. Myles intends taking up his residence in America.

Mr. E. Thomas has been presented by the Welsh church at Rhon, near Wrexham, with a watch and chain in recognition of his services, for many years, as accompanist.

Rev. T. Hagan, previous to his departure for Bradford, was presented, at a farewell meeting in Coalville, with a purse containing ten guineas.

Rev. A. P. Fayers, who has completed seven years' pastorate at Rawdon, near Leeds, has been presented with sixty guineas. During his pastorate 109 have been received into fellowship, and the Sunday scholars have increased from 160 to 265. Revs. T. G. Rooke, J. Haslam and T. Hatton delivered congratulatory addresses.

Rev. A. C. Gill has been presented by the ladies of the church meeting at St. George's Hall, Torquay, with a tea-pot and bread-server.

Rev. C. Wickerson has been presented by the church at Chase Road, Southgate, N., with an address and a writing table, Mrs. Wickerson at the same time receiving a portrait of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. The collection of funds for a permanent structure in place of the present iron building is being systematically conducted.

Rev. T. E. Lovell, on returning from his wedding tour, was presented by the church at West Haddon with an address, a copy of the poetical works of Mrs. Browning, and a purse containing four guineas.

Rev. H. B. Case, on leaving

Mitcham, has been presented with Smith's Dictionary of the Bible.

Rev. J. Pearce, before leaving Bovey Tracy, where he has ministered for eleven years, was presented with a purse of sovereigns in testimony of esteem and regard.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. G. T. Baily, formerly of Bury Road Church, Haslingden, was recognised on Monday as pastor of Vicarage Road Church, Leyton. Rev. C. Spurgeon preached in the afternoon. The meeting in the evening was presided over by the former pastor, Rev. J. S. Morris, and addresses were delivered by Revs. James Baillie, E. Farley, J. Bradford, E. George, J. Cox, T. J. Hazzard, J. J. Knight, John Hillman, G. W. Carr, J. Ives, and W. B. Anstey.

Rev. A. C. G. Rendell, formerly of Earls Barton, has been recognised as pastor at Long Buckby. Revs. Dr. Culross, J. Collier, J. M. Williams, J. Bailey, and F. W. Pollard took part in the service.

Mr. F. Oliver, late student of Manchester College, was ordained on Tuesday to the pastorate at Staincliffe, Batley. Rev. Dr. E. Parker gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. J. T. Marshall addressed the church. Revs. F. Overend, W. F. Edgerton, J. M. McCleary, T. Lewis, W. Hughes, F. Hall, A. C. Perriam, and E. Greenwood took part.

The church worshipping in Addison Hall, Uxbridge Road, Notting Hill, held services in recognition of the settlement of Rev. G. W. Pope, as pastor on April 17. Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., preached a sermon in the afternoon, and tea followed. In the evening a public meeting was held, when Rev. J. T. Briscoe, Dr. Morison (of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church), W. W. Haines, and others spoke.

Rev. W. H. Payne, formerly of Lyndhurst, was recognised on the 6th of May as pastor at Arnsby. Revs. J. M. G. Owen, J. G. Greenhough, R.

Caven, W. Evans, G. Barker, J. Cornish, E. Yemm, G. Hirst, H. Cheney, and E. Hipwood took part. The proceeds of the tea and collection realised about £20 towards the renovation fund.

NEW CHAPELS.

TING, High Street Chapel, a building in the Early English style of Gothic architecture, erected at a cost of £8,200, to supersede the old chapel in Frogmore Street, has been opened with a sermon by Rev. Dr. Clifford. Revs. J. T. Wigner and W. J. Avery took part in the opening services. About £700 still remains to be raised.

The opening services in connection with the new church Penuel, at Oswestry, took place recently, when Dr. Gethin Davies, Principal of North Wales College, and Alderman Cory of Cardiff, took part. In the evening Mr. Cory lectured on "A Tour in Egypt." The building has cost £1,200.

The new chapel at Sudbury, Suffolk, erected at a cost of £2,000, has been opened with services in which Revs. Dr. Clifford, J. T. Wigner, and T. M. Morris have taken part. Towards the sum of £300 required to render the building free of debt, Mr. W. Cayford has promised £50.

Mr. E. N. Davies, of Penygraig, laid the foundation-stone of a new chapel for the English Baptists, now worshipping in the Board School, Williamstown.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LUTON.—Park Street, Lord's Day, May 11th, 1890.—The Sunday School sermons were preached by Dr. Kirton. The collection was £56. On Monday evening the annual meeting was presided over by the pastor, J. H. Blake, and nearly three hundred prizes distributed amongst the scholars by Miss Wootton.

REDBURN.—The school sermons were preached by J. H. Blake, of Luton, on May 11th, and a service of song was given in the afternoon

by the scholars. The attendance was large and the collection good.

SWAVESEY, CAMBS.—The anniversary sermons were preached by J. H. Blake on Tuesday, May 6th. The services were of a most successful character.

BETHEL MECHAM, — Under the pastorate of the Rev. W. D. Nicholas, the above church is making rapid progress. A new vestry has been built and paid for, and the debt of the chapel considerably reduced.

RECENT DEATHS.

AT Brentford, on May the 13th, in the faith and hope of the Gospel, Frances Mary Barnes, the wife of Mr. James Barnes. The departed was for some years a member of the church at Shouldham Street, London, and at Park Chapel, Brentford, during the ministry of Rev. W. A. Blake. Her remains were interred at Ealing Cemetery on the 19th of May, the Revs. W. A. Blake and W. Edwards conducting the service. Her death was improved the following Sunday evening at Boston Road Chapel by Mr. Blake.

BAPTISMS.

Abergyle.—May 4, Five, by T. Roberts
Aldershot.—April 30, the Tabernacle, Six, by J. Aubrey.
Ashton-on-Ribble, Lancashire.—April 27, Five, by J. Euster.
Ayr, N. H.—April 20, Two, by J. Horne.
Hardwell, Suffolk.—May 4, One, by G. F. Wall.
Harrow-in-Furness, Abbey-road.—April 20, Two, by F. Wynn
Heccles, "Martyrs' Memorial."—Five, by L. H. Colls.
Hirkenhead, Jackson-street.—April 15, Two, by T. Lydall.
Blakenham, Forge Side.—April 27, Two, by J. Tucker, Pontypool.
Hodfari, Flintshire.—April 13, One, by T. S. Mold.
Cardiff.—"Firzah," Michaelstone-y-Vedw, April 20, One, by W. H. Davies.
Carlton, Beds.—April 6, Two, by F. King.
Celefra, Glos.—March 23, Nine, by J. Williams.
Clare, Suffolk.—April 8, One; May 4, Two, by E. White.
Cozall, Shropshire.—April 17, Two, by W. Williams.

Crawley, Sussex.—April 17, Three, by J. McAuslane.
Exeter, South-street Chapel.—April 20, Three, by E. C. Pike, B.A.
Farnworth.—April 20, Five, by F. G. West.
Grays, Essex.—April 29, Three, by R. Baily.
Halifax, Pelton-lane.—April 2, Five, by A. B. Preston.
Jerne Minster, Blandford, Dorset.—May 4, One, by A. Tovey.
Landbech, Cambridgeshire.—May 4, Five, by T. Heywood.
Knighton.—May 4, Two, by W. Williams.
Leeds, Hunslet Tabernacle.—April 27, Two, by E. A. Greening.
Llandyfan, Soar.—May 3, Three, by M. Jones.
Llanrist.—April 6, Two, by T. Roberts.
Lord's Hill, Salop.—May 4, Two, by W. Jenkinson.
Loughwood, Devon.—May 4, Four, by R. Bastable.
Metropolitan District.—
Leyton.—April 30, Five, by G. T. Bailey.
Norbiton, Bunyan Chapel.—April 20, Four, by J. Clark.
Penge.—April 30, Two, by J. W. Boud.
Spencer Place, Goswell-road.—April 27, Six, by P. Gast.
Woolwich.—April 24, Parson's Hill, Twenty-four, by J. Wilson.

Oxford, New-road.—April 13, Nine, by J. Dann.
Pisgah, Talywain.—April 6, Three; May 4, Eight, by D. B. Richards.
Pontycloun, Bethel.—April 13, Three, by C. Highton.
Pontypool, Upper Trossent.—May 4, Seven, by D. Thomas.
Ranoth, Cowbridge.—April 27, Two, by O. Jones.
Redhill, London-road.—March 30, Four; April 13, Eight, by G. Davies.
Ryde, Isle of Wight, Park-road.—April 20, Five, by J. Smale; Christ Church.—April 27, Three, by L. B. Pearson.
Shipley, Yorks.—May 4, Nine, by A. Priter.
Shrewsbury.—March 30, Seven; April 9, Four, by H. V. Thomas.
Southend-on-Sea.—April 20, Six, by E. Dwyer.
Southport, Town Hall.—May 1, Five, by H. A. Phillips.
South Woodford.—April 12, by J. R. Cox.
Staincliffe, Yorkshire.—April 27, Six, by F. Oliver.
Two Locks, Llantarnam (Mon).—April 6, Five, by E. R. Evans.
Uley, Dursley, Gloucestershire.—On Easter Sunday, Four, by R. Montgomery.
Ulverston.—May 4, One, by W. Pilling.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

1 THESS. v. 17.

AN important command.
 Our reasons for obeying it.

1. Every blessing is promised in connection with it: "Ask and ye shall receive."

"In everything by prayer make known your requests unto God."

2. It is the evidence of our reality.

"Behold, he prayeth," the hall mark of heaven's gold.

3. It gives to the believer true strength

4. Nothing blesses the world so much as prayer. Moody's work in Britain was born of prayer.

5. The victories of the Church have been in proportion to its prayer.

Elijah, Hezekiah, Pentecost, the Reformation, the praying Church, the conquering Church.

6. We have not yet realised our power.

A writer says, "Prayer passes beyond sun and stars, it enters the presence chamber of the Almighty amid ceaseless strains of praise. That whisper reaches the Divine ear, touches the infinite heart, moves the Omnipotent arm; it brings forth troops of angels on ministries of mercies; it sets in motion long trains of events and brings down showers of blessing on those who uttered it."

Cheddar.

T. B. FIELD.

The Condescension of Christ.

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."—2 Cor. viii. 9.

THE apostle, in this chapter, was endeavouring to stir up the Corinthians to liberality. He desired them to contribute something for those who were the poor of the flock, that he might be able to minister to their necessities. He tells them, that the churches of Macedonia, though very much poorer than the church at Corinth, had done even beyond their means for the relief of the Lord's family, and he exhorts the Corinthians to do the same. But suddenly recollecting that examples taken from inferiors seldom have a powerful effect, he lays aside his argument drawn from the church of Macedonia, and he holds before them a reason for liberality which the hardest heart can scarcely resist, if once that reason be applied by the Spirit. "My brethren," said he, "there is One above, by whom you hope you have been saved, One whom you call Master and Lord, now if you will but imitate Him, you cannot be ungenerous or illiberal. For, my brethren, I tell you a thing which is an old thing with you and an undisputed truth—'For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.' Let this constrain you to benevolence." O Christian, whenever thou art inclined to an avaricious withholding from the church of God, think of thy Saviour giving up all that He had to serve thee, and canst thou then when thou beholdest self-denial so noble,—canst thou then be selfish, and regard thyself, when the claims of the poor of the flock are pressed upon thee? Remember Jesus; think thou seest Him look thee in the face and say to thee, "I gave Myself for thee, and dost thou withhold thyself from Me? For if thou dost so, thou knowest not My love in all its heights and depths and lengths and breadths."

And now, dear friends, the argument of the apostle shall be our subject to-day. It divides itself in an extremely simple manner. We have, first, *the pristine condition of our Saviour*—"He was rich." We have next, *His condescension*—"He became poor." And then we have *the effect and result of His poverty*—"That we might be made rich." We shall then close by giving you a doctrine, a question, and an exhortation. May God bless all these, and help us to tell them aright.

I. First, then, our text tells us THAT JESUS CHRIST WAS RICH. Think not that our Saviour began to live when He was born of the Virgin Mary; imagine not that He dates His existence from the manger at

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Bethlehem ; remember He is the Eternal, He is before all things, and by Him all things consist. There was never a time in which there was not God. And just so, there was never a period in which there was not Christ Jesus our Lord. He is self-existent, hath no beginning of days, neither end of years ; He is the immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Saviour. Now, in the past eternity which had elapsed before His mission to this world, we are told that Jesus Christ was rich ; and to those of us who believe His glories and trust in His divinity, it is not hard to see how He was so. Jesus was rich *in possessions*. Lift up thine eye, believer, and for a moment review the riches of my Lord Jesus, before He condescended to become poor for thee. Behold Him, sitting upon His throne and declaring His own all sufficiency. "If I were hungry, I would not tell thee, for the cattle on a thousand hills are Mine. Mine are the hidden treasures of gold ; Mine are the pearls that the diver cannot reach ; Mine every precious thing that earth hath seen." The Lord Jesus might have said, "I can stretch My sceptre from the east even to the west, and all is Mine ; the whole of this world, and yon worlds that glitter in far off space, all are Mine. The illimitable expanse of unmeasured space, filled as it is with worlds that I have made, all this is Mine. Fly upward, and thou canst not reach the summit of the hill of My dominions ; dive downwards, and thou canst not enter into the innermost depths of My sway. From the highest throne in glory to the lowest pit in hell, all, all is Mine without exception. I can put the broad arrow of My kingdom upon everything that I have made."

But He had besides that which makes men richer still. We have heard of kings in olden times who were fabulously rich, and when their riches were summed up, we read in the old romances, "And this man was possessed of the philosopher's stone, whereby he turned all things into gold." Surely all the treasures that he had before were as nothing compared with this precious stone that brought up the rear. Now, whatever might be the wealth of Christ in things created, He had the *power of creation*, and therein lay His boundless wealth. If He had pleased, He could have spoken worlds into existence ; He had but to lift His finger, and a new universe as boundless as the present would have leaped into existence. At the will of His mind, millions of angels would have stood before Him, legions of bright spirits would have flashed into being. He spake, and it was done ; He commanded, and it stood fast. He who said, "Light be," and light was, had power to say to all things, "Be," and they should be. Herein, then, lay His riches ; this creating power was one of the brightest jewels of His crown.

We call men rich, too, who have *honour*, and though men have never so much wealth, yet if they be in disgrace and shame, they must not reckon themselves amongst the rich. But our Lord Jesus had honour, honour such as none but a Divine Being could receive. When He sat upon His throne, before He relinquished the glorious mantle of His sovereignty to become a man, all earth was filled with His glory. He could look both beneath and all around Him, and the inscription, "Glory be unto God," was written over all space ; day and night the smoking incense of praise ascended before Him from golden vials held by spirits who bowed in reverence ; the harps of myriads of cherubim and seraphim continually thrilled with His praise, and the voices of all those mighty hosts

were ever eloquent in adoration. It may be, that on set days the princes from the far-off realms, the kings, the mighty ones of His boundless realms, came to the court of Christ, and brought each his annual revenue. Oh, who can tell but that in the vast eternity, at certain grand eras, the great bell was rung, and all the mighty hosts that were created gathered together in solemn review before His throne. Who can tell the high holiday that was kept in the court of heaven when these bright spirits bowed before His throne in joy and gladness, and, all united, raised their voices in shouts and hallelujahs such as mortal ear hath never heard. Oh, can ye tell the depths of the river of praise that flowed hard by the city of God? Can ye imagine to yourselves the sweetness of that harmony that perpetually poured into the ear of Jesus, Messiah, King Eternal, equal with God His Father? No; at the thought of the glory of His kingdom, and the riches and majesty of His power, our souls are spent within us, our words fail, we cannot utter the tithe of His glories.

Nor was He poor in any other sense. He that hath wealth on earth, and honour too, is poor if he hath not *love*. I would rather be the pauper, dependent upon charity, and have love, than I would be the prince, despised and hated, whose death is looked for as a boon. Without love, man is poor—give him all the diamonds, and pearls and gold that mortal hath conceived. But Jesus was not poor in love. When He came to earth, He did not come to get our love because His soul was solitary. Oh no, His Father had a full delight in Him from all eternity. The heart of Jehovah, the First Person of the Sacred Trinity, was divinely, immutably linked to Him; He was beloved of the Father and of the Holy Spirit; the Three Persons took a sacred complacency and delight in each other. And besides that, how was He loved by those bright spirits who had not fallen! I cannot tell what countless orders and creatures there are created who still stand fast in obedience to God. It is not possible for us to know whether there are, or not, as many races of created beings as we know there are created men on earth. We cannot tell but that in the boundless regions of space, there are worlds inhabited by beings infinitely superior to us; but certain it is, there were the holy angels, and they loved our Saviour; they stood day and night with wings outstretched, waiting for His commands, hearkening to the voice of His word; and when He bade them fly, there was love in their countenance and joy in their hearts. They loved to serve Him, and it is not all fiction that when there was war in heaven, and when God cast out the devil and his legions, then the elect angels showed their love to Him, being valiant in fight and strong in power. He wanted not our love to make Him happy, He was rich enough in love without us.

Now, though a spirit from the upper world should come to tell you of the riches of Jesus he could not do it. Gabriel, in thy flights thou hast mounted higher than my imagination dares to follow thee, but thou hast never gained the summit of the throne of God.

“Dark with insufferable light thy skirts appear.”

Jesus, who is he that could look upon the brow of Thy Majesty, who is he that could comprehend the strength of the arm of Thy might? Thou art God, Thou art infinite, and we poor finite things are lost in Thee.

The insect of an hour cannot comprehend Thyself. We bow before Thee, we adore Thee ; Thou art God over all, blessed for ever. But as for the comprehension of Thy boundless riches, as for being able to tell Thy treasures, or to reckon up Thy wealth, that were impossible. All we know is, that the wealth of God, that the treasures of the infinite, that the riches of eternity, were all Thine own : Thou wast rich beyond all thought.

II. The Lord Jesus Christ then was rich. We all believe that, though none of us can truly speak it forth. Oh, how surprised angels were, when they were first informed that Jesus Christ, the Prince of Light and Majesty, intended to shroud Himself in clay and become a babe, and live and die ! We know not how it was first mentioned to the angels, but when the rumour first began to get afloat among the sacred hosts, you may imagine what strange wonderment there was. What ! was it true that He whose crown was all bedight with stars, would lay that crown aside ? What ! was it certain that He about whose shoulders was cast the purple of the universe, would become a man, dressed in a peasant's garment ? Could it be true that He who was everlasting and immortal, would one day be nailed to a cross ? Oh ! how their wonderment increased ! They desired to look into it. And when He descended from on high, they followed Him ; for Jesus was "seen of angels," and seen in a special sense ; for they looked upon Him in rapturous amazement, wondering what it all could mean. "He for our sakes became poor." Do you see Him as on that day of heaven's eclipse He did ungird His majesty ? Oh, can ye conceive the yet increasing wonder of the heavenly hosts when the deed was actually done, when they saw the tiara taken off, when they saw Him unbind His girdle of stars, and cast away His sandals of gold ? Can ye conceive it, when He said to them, "I do not disdain the womb of the virgin ; I am going down to earth to become a man" ? Can ye picture them as they declared they would follow Him ! Yes, they followed Him as near as He would permit them. And when they came to earth, they began to sing, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men." Nor would they go away till they had made the shepherds wonder, and till heaven had hung out new stars in honour of the new-born King. And now wonder, ye angels, the Infinite has become an infant ; He, upon whose shoulders the universe doth hang, hangs at His mother's breast, He who created all things and bears up the pillars of creation, hath now become so weak, that He must be carried by a woman ! And oh, wonder ye that knew Him in His riches, whilst ye admire His poverty ! Where sleeps the new-born King ? Had He the best room in Cæsar's palace ? hath a cradle of gold been prepared for Him, and pillows of down, on which to rest His head ? No, where the ox fed, in the dilapidated stable, in the manger, there the Saviour lies, swathed in the swaddling bands of the children of poverty ! Nor there doth He rest long ; on a sudden His mother must carry Him to Egypt : He goeth there, and becometh a stranger in a strange land. When He comes back, see Him that made the worlds handle the hammer and the nails, assisting his father in the trade of a carpenter ! Mark Him who has put the stars on high, and made them glisten in the night ; mark Him without one star of glory upon His brow—a simple child as other children. Yet leave for a while the scenes of His childhood and

His earlier life ; see Him when He becomes a man, and now ye may say, indeed, that for our sakes He did become poor. Never was there a poorer man than Christ ; He was the Prince of poverty. He was the reverse of Croesus—he might be on the top of the hill of riches, *Christ* stood in the lowest vale of poverty. Look at His dress, it is woven from the top throughout, the garment of the poor ! As for His food, He oftentimes did hunger, and always was dependent upon the charity of others for the relief of His wants ! He who scattered the harvest o'er the broad acres of the world, had not sometimes wherewithal to stay the pangs of hunger. He who digged the springs of the ocean, sat upon a well and said to a Samaritan woman, "Give me to drink !" He rode in no chariot, He walked His weary way, foot sore, o'er the flints of Galilee. He had not where to lay His head. He looked upon the fox as it hurried to its burrow, and the fowl as it went to its resting-place, and He said, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests ; but I, the Son of Man, have not where to lay My head." He who had once been waited on by angels, becomes the servant of servants, takes a towel, girds Himself and washes His disciples' feet ! He who was once honoured with the hallelujahs of ages, is now spit upon and despised ! He who was loved by His Father, and had abundance of the wealth of affection, could say, "He that eateth bread with Me hath lifted up his heel against Me." Oh for words to picture the humiliation of Christ ! What leagues of distance between Him that sat upon the throne, and Him that died upon the cross ! Oh, who can tell the mighty chasm between yon heights of glory, and the cross of deepest woe ! Trace Him, Christian, He has left thee His manger, to show thee how God came down to man. He hath bequeathed thee His cross, to show thee how man can ascend to God. Follow Him, follow Him, all His journey through ; begin with Him in the wilderness of temptation, see Him fasting there, and hungering, with the wild beasts around Him ; trace Him along His weary way, as the Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief. He is the bye-word of the drunkard, He is the song of the scorner, and He is hooted at by the malicious ; see Him as they point their finger at Him, and call Him "drunken man and wine-bibber !" Follow Him along His *via dolorosa*, until at last you meet Him among the olives of Gethsemane ; see Him sweating great drops of blood ! Follow Him to the pavement of Gabbatha ; see Him pouring out rivers of gore beneath the cruel whips of Roman soldiers ! With weeping eye follow Him to the cross of Calvary, see Him nailed there ! Mark His poverty, so poor, that they have stripped Him naked from head to foot, and exposed Him to the face of the sun ! So poor, that when He asked them for water they gave Him vinegar to drink ! So poor, that His unpillowed head is girt with thorns in death ! Oh, Son of Man, I know not which to admire most, Thine height of glory, or Thy depths of misery ! Oh, Man, slain for us, shall we not exalt Thee ? God, over all, blessed for ever, shall we not give Thee the loudest song ? "He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor." If I had a tale to tell you this day of some king, who, out of love to some fair maiden, left his kingdom and became a peasant like herself, ye would stand and wonder, and would listen to the charming tale ; but when I tell of God concealing His dignity to become our Saviour, our hearts are scarcely touched. Ah ! my friends, we know the tale so well, we have heard it so often ; and

alas ! some of us tell it so badly that we cannot expect that you would be as interested in it as the subject doth demand. But surely, as it is said of some great works of architecture, that though they be seen every morning, there is always something fresh to wonder at ; so we might say of Christ, that though we saw Him every day, we should always see fresh reason to love, and wonder, and adore. "He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor."

I have thought that there is one peculiarity about the poverty of Christ, that ought not to be forgotten by us. Those who were nursed upon the lap of want feel less the woes of their condition. But I have met with others whose poverty I could pity. They were once rich ; their very dress which now hangs about them in tatters, tells you that they once stood foremost in the ranks of life. You meet them amongst the poorest of the poor ; you pity them more than those who have been born and bred to poverty, because they have known something better. Amongst all those who are poor, I have always found the greatest amount of suffering in those who had seen better days. I can remember, even now, the look of some who have said to me when they have received assistance—and I have given it as delicately as I could, lest it should look like charity—"Ah, sir, I have known better days." And the tear stood in the eye, and the heart was smitten at bitter recollections. The least slight to such a person, or even too unmasked a kindness, becomes like a knife cutting the heart. "I have known better days," sounds like a knell over their joys. And verily our Lord Jesus might have said in all His sorrows, "I have known better days than these." Methinks when He was tempted of the devil in the wilderness, it must have been hard in Him to have restrained Himself from dashing the devil into pieces. If I had been the Son of God, methinks, feeling as I do now, if that devil had tempted me I should have dashed him into the nethermost hell, in the twinkling of an eye ! And then conceive the patience our Lord must have had, standing on the pinnacle of the temple, when the devil said, "Fall down and worship me." He would not touch him, the vile deceiver, but let him do what he pleased. Oh ! what might of misery and love there must have been in the Saviour's heart when He was spit upon by the men He had created ; when the eyes He Himself had filled with vision, looked on Him with scorn, and when the tongues, to which He Himself had given utterance, hissed and blasphemed Him ! Oh, my friends, if the Saviour had felt as we do, and I doubt not He did feel in some measure as we do—only by great patience He curbed Himself—methinks He might have swept them all away ; and, as they said, He might have come down from the cross, and delivered Himself, and destroyed them utterly. It was mighty patience that could bear to tread this world beneath His feet, and not to crush it, when it so ill-treated its Redeemer. You marvel at the patience which restrained Him ; you marvel also at the poverty He must have felt, the poverty of spirit, when they rebuked Him and He reviled them not again ; when they scoffed Him, and yet He said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He had seen brighter days ; that made His misery more bitter, and His poverty more poor.

III. Well, now we come to the third point—WHY DID THE SAVIOUR COME TO DIE AND BE POOR ? Hear this, ye sons of Adam—the Scripture says, "For your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be

made rich." For *your* sakes. Now, when I address you as a great congregation, you will not feel the beauty of this expression, for *your* sake "Husband and wife, walking in the fear of God, let me take you by the hand, and look you in the face, let me repeat those words, "for *your* sakes He became poor." Young man, let a brother of thine own age, look on thee and repeat these words, "though He was rich, yet for *your* sake He became poor." Grey-headed believer, let me look on you and say the same, "For *your* sake He became poor." Brethren, take the word home, and see if it does not melt you—"Though He was rich, yet for *my* sake He became poor." Beg for the influences of the Spirit upon that truth, and it will make your heart devout and your spirit loving—"I the chief of sinners am, yet for my sake He died." Come let me hear you speak; let us bring the sinner here, and let him soliloquise—"I cursed Him, I blasphemed, and yet for my sake He was made poor; I scoffed at His minister, I broke His Sabbath, yet for my sake was He made poor. What! Jesus, couldst Thou die for one who was not worth Thy having? Couldst Thou shed Thy blood for one who would have shed Thy blood, if it had been in his power? What! couldst Thou die for one so worthless, so vile?" "Yes, yes," says Jesus, "I shed that blood for thee." Now let the saint speak; "I," he may say, "have professed to love Him, but how cold my love, how little have I served Him! How far have I lived from Him; I have not had sweet communion with Him as I ought to have had. When have I been spending and spent in His service? And yet, my Lord, Thou dost say 'for *thy* sake I was made poor.'" "Yes," saith Jesus, "see Me in My miseries; see Me in My agonies; see Me in My death—all these I suffered for *thy* sake." Wilt thou not love Him who loved thee to this great excess, and became poor for thy sake?

That, however, is not the point to which we wish to bring you just now; the point is this, *the reason why Christ died* was, "that we through His poverty might be rich." He became poor from His riches, that our poverty might become rich out of His poverty. Brethren, we have now a joyful theme before us—those who are partakers of the Saviour's blood are rich. All those for whom the Saviour died, having believed in His name and given themselves to Him, are this day rich. And yet I have some of you here who cannot call a foot of land your own. You have nothing to call your own to-day, you know not how you will be supported through another week; you are poor, and yet if you be a child of God, I do know that Christ's end is answered in you; *you are rich*. No, I did not mock you when I said you were rich; I did not taunt you—you are. You are really rich; you are *rich in possessions*: you have in your possession now things more costly than gems, more valuable than gold or silver. Silver and gold, have I none, thou mayest say; but if thou canst say afterwards "Christ is all," thou has outspoken all that the man can say, who had piles of gold and silver. "But," thou sayest, "I have nothing." Man, thou hast all things. Knowest thou not what Paul said? He declares that "things present and things to come, and this world, and life and death, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." The great machinery of providence has no wheel which does not revolve for you. The great economy of grace, with all its fulness, is yours. Remember that adoption, justification, sanctification, are all yours. Thou hast everything that heart can wish in spiritual things; and thou

have everything that is necessary for this life ; for you know who hath said, "having food and raiment, let us therewith be content." You are rich ; rich with true riches, and not with the riches of a dream. There are times when men by night do scrape gold and silver together, like shells upon the seashore ; but when they wake in the morning they find themselves penniless. But yours are everlasting treasures ; yours are solid riches. When the sun of eternity shall have melted the rich man's gold away, yours shall endure. A rich man has a *cistern* full of riches ; but a poor saint has got a *fountain* of mercy ; and he is the richest who has a fountain. Now, if my neighbour be a rich man, he may have as much wealth as ever he pleases, it is only a cistern full, it will soon be exhausted ; but a Christian has a fountain that ever flows, and let him draw, draw on for ever, the fountain will still keep all on flowing. However large may be the stagnant pool, if it be stagnant, it is but of little worth ; but the flowing stream, though it seem to be but small, needs but time, and it will have produced an immense volume of precious water. Thou art never to have a great pool of riches, they are always to keep on flowing to thee : "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure." As old William Huntingdon says, "The Christian has a hand-basket portion. Many a man, when his daughter marries, does not give her much ; but he says to her, 'I shall send you a sack of flour one day, and so-and-so the next day, and now and then a sum of gold ; and as long as I live I will always send you something.'" Says he, "She will get a great deal more than her sister who has had a thousand pounds down. That is how my God deals with me ; he gives to the rich man all at once ; but to me day by day." Ah, Egypt, thou wert rich when thy granaries were full, but those granaries might be emptied ; Israel were far richer when they could not see their granaries, but only saw the manna drop from heaven, day by day. Now, Christian, that is thy portion—the portion of the fountain always flowing, and not of the cistern-full and soon to be emptied.

But remember, O saint, that thy wealth does not all lie in thy possession just now ; remember thou art rich in *promises*. Let a man be never so poor as to the metal that he hath, let him have in his possession promissory notes from rich and true men ; and he says, "I have no gold in my purse, but here is a note for such-and-such a sum—I know the signature, I can trust the firm—I am rich, though I have no metal in hand." And so the Christian can say, "If I have no riches in possession, I have the promise of them ; my God hath said, 'No good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly,'—That is a promise that makes me rich. He has told me, 'My bread shall be given me, and my water shall be sure.' I cannot doubt His signature. I know His word to be authentic ; and as for His faithfulness, I would not so dishonour Him as to think He would break His promise. No, the promise is as good as the thing itself. If it be God's promise, it is just as sure that I shall have it, as if I had it."

But then the Christian is very rich in *reversion*. When a certain old man dies that I know of, I believe that I shall be so immensely rich that I shall dwell in a place that is paved with gold, the walls of which are builded with precious stones. But, my friends, you have all got an old man to die, and when he is dead, if you are followers of Jesus, you will come in for your inheritance. You know who that man is, he is very

often spoken of in Scripture ; may the old man in you die daily, and may the new man be strengthened in you. When that old man of corruption, your old nature, shall totter into its grave, then you will come in for your property. Christians are like heirs, they have not much in their minority, and they are minors now : but when they come of age they shall have the whole of their estate. If I meet a minor, he says, "That is my property." "You cannot sell it, sir ; you cannot lay hold of it." "No," says he, "I know I cannot ; but it is mine when I am one-and-twenty, I shall then have complete control ; but at the same time it is as really mine now as it ever will be. I have a legal right to it, and though my guardians take care of it for me it is mine, not theirs." And now, Christian, in heaven there is a crown of gold which is thine to-day ; it will be no more thine when thou hast it on thy head than it is now. I remember to have heard it reported that I once spoke in metaphor, and bade Christians look at all the crowns hanging in rows in heaven—very likely I did say it—but if not, I will say it now. Up, Christian, see the crowns all ready, and mark thine own ; stand thou and wonder at it ; see with what pearls it is bedight, and how heavy it is with gold ! And that is for thy head, thy poor aching head ; thy poor tortured brain shall yet have that crown for its arraying ! And see that garment, it is stiff with gems, and white like snow ; and that is for thee ! When thy weekday garment shall be done with, this shall be the raiment of thy everlasting Sabbath. When thou hast worn out this poor body, there remaineth for thee, "A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Up to the summit, Christian, and survey thine inheritance ; and when thou hast surveyed it all, when thou hast seen thy present possessions, thy promised possessions, thine entailed possessions, then remember that all these were bought by the poverty of thy Saviour ! Look thou upon all thou hast, and say, "Christ bought them for me." Look thou upon every promise, and see the blood stains on it ; yea, look, too, on the harps and crowns of heaven and read the bloody purchase ! Remember thou couldst never have been anything but a damned sinner unless Christ had bought thee ! Remember, if He had remained in heaven, thou wouldst for ever have remained in hell ; unless He had shrouded and eclipsed His own honour thou wouldst never have had a ray of light to shine upon thee. Therefore bless His dear name, extol Him, trace every stream to the fountain ; and bless Him who is the source and the fountain of everything thou hast. Brethren, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

IV. I have not done ; I have three things now to say, and I shall say them as briefly as possible.

The first is a doctrine ; the doctrine is this : If Christ in His poverty made us rich, what will He do now that He is glorified ? If the Man of Sorrows saved my soul, will the Man now exalted suffer it to perish ? If the dying Saviour availed for our salvation, should not the living, interceding Saviour, abundantly secure it ?

"He lived, He lives and sits above,
For ever interceding there ;
What shall divide us from His love,
Or what shall sink us in despair ?"

If when the nail was in Thine hand, O Jesus, Thou didst rout all hell, canst Thou be defeated now that Thou hast grasped the sceptre? If, when the thorn crown was put about Thy brow Thou didst prostrate the dragon, canst Thou be overcome and conquered now that the acclamations of angels are ascending to Thee? No, my brethreu, we can trust the glorified Jesus, we can repose ourselves on His bosom; if He was so strong in poverty, what must He be in riches?

The next thing was a *question*, that question was a simple one. My hearer, hast thou been made rich by Christ's poverty? Thou sayest, "I am good enough without Christ; I want no Saviour." Ah, thou art like her of old who said, "I am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing, whereas, saith the Lord, 'Thou art naked and poor and miserable.'" O ye that live by good works, and think that ye shall go to heaven because you are as good as others; all the merits you can ever earn yourselves are good for nothing. All that human nature ever made turns to a blot and a curse. If those are your riches, you are no saints. But can you say this morning, my hearers, "I am by nature without anything, and God has by the power of His Spirit taught me my nothingness."

My brother, my sister, hast thou taken Christ to be thine all in all? Canst thou say this day with an unfaltering tongue, "My Lord, my God, I have nothing; but Thou art my all." Come, I beseech thee, do not shirk the question. Thou art careless, heedless; answer it, then, in the negative. But when thou hast answered it, I beseech thee beware of what thou hast said. Thou art sinful, thou feeblest it. Come, I beseech thee, and lay hold on Jesus. Remember, Christ came to make those rich that have nothing of their own. My Saviour is a physican; if you can heal yourself, He will have nothing to do with you. Remember, my Saviour came to clothe the naked. He will clothe you if you have not a rag of your own; but unless you let Him do it from head to foot, He will have nothing to do with you. Christ says He will never have a partner—He will do all or none. Come then, hast thou given up all to Christ? Hast thou no reliance and trust save in the cross of Jesus? Then thou hast answered the question well. Be happy, be joyous; if death should surprise thee the next hour, thou art secure. Go on thy way, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.

And now I close with the third thing, which was an *exhortation*. Sinner, dost thou this morning feel thy poverty? Then look to Christ's poverty. Oh, ye that are to-day troubled on account of sin—and there are many such here—God has not let you alone; He has been ploughing your heart with the sharp ploughshare of conviction; you are this day saying, "What must I do to be saved?" You would give all you have to have an interest in Jesus Christ. Your soul is this day sore broken and tormented. Oh, sinner, if thou wouldst find salvation, thou must find it in the veins of Jesus. Now, wipe that tear from thine eye a moment, and look here. Dost thou see Him high where the cross rears its terrible form? There He is. Dost see Him? Mark His head. See the thorn-crown, and the beaded drops still standing on His temples. Mark His eyes; they are just closing in death. Canst see the lines of agony, so desperate in woe? Dost see His hands? See the streamlets of blood flowing down them. Hark! He is about to speak: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Didst hear that, sinner? Pause a moment

longer, take another survey of His person—how emaciated His body, and how sick His spirit! Look at Him. But, hark? He is about to speak again: “It is finished.” What means He by that? He means that He has finished thy salvation. Look thou to Him, and find salvation there. Remember, to be saved, all that God wants of a penitent is to look to Jesus. My life for this—if you will risk your all on Christ, you shall be saved. I will be Christ’s bondsman to-day, to be bound for ever if He breaks His promise. He has said, “Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.” It is not your hands that will save you; it must be your eyes. Look from those works whereby you hope to be saved. No longer strive to weave a garment that will not hide your sin, throw away that shuttle; it is only filled with cobwebs. What garment can you weave with that? Look thou to Him, and thou art saved. Never sinner looked and was lost. Dost mark that eye there? One glance will save thee, one glimpse will set thee free. Dost thou say, “I am a guilty sinner?” Thy guilt is the reason why I bid thee look. Dost thou say, “I cannot look!” Oh, may God help thee to look now. Remember, Christ will not reject thee; thou mayest reject Him. Remember now, there is the cup of mercy put to thy lips by the hand of Jesus. I know if thou feeblest thy need, Satan may tempt thee not to drink, but he will not prevail; thou wilt put thy lips, feebly and faintly, perhaps, to it. But oh, do but sip it! and the first draught shall give thee bliss; and the deeper thou shalt drink, the more of heaven shalt thou know. Sinner, believe on Jesus Christ; hear the whole gospel preached to thee. It is written in God’s Word, “He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved.” Hear me translate it—He that believeth and is *immersed* shall be saved. Believe thou, trust thyself on the Saviour, make a profession of thy faith in baptism, and then thou mayest rejoice in Jesus, that He hath saved thee. But remember not to make a profession till thou hast believed; remember, baptism is nothing until thou hast faith. Remember, it is a farce and a falsehood until thou hast first believed; and afterwards it is nothing but the profession of thy faith. Oh, believe that; cast thyself upon Christ, and thou art saved for ever! The Lord add His blessing, for the Saviour’s sake. Amen.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

ALONE he stands a prisoner in chains,
Untinged his thoughtful brow with blush of shame;
No trembling fears seize upon his frame,
Though weak from long imprisonment and pains.

There in the royal presence he explains,
How he, as Lord of glory, saw the Christ;
Though Pharisee, became evangelist;
And bravely at that bar his faith maintains.

The pompous Roman says that he is mad;
The king, politic, versed in courtly wiles,
Thinks him a harmless fanatic, and smiles;
Unblanched stands Jesus’ messenger; and glia,
Before the sovereign of a hostile race,
To own the crucified, to speak Messiah’s grace.

Pontypridd.

WM. PARRY.

Cloud and Sunshine; or, All Things Working for Good.

CHAPTER VII. — THE SECRET REVEALED.

TIME, like "an ever-rolling stream," passes swiftly on. Nearly three years have expired since my pleasant fortnight's enjoyment of Miss Locke's company in my sister's residence; and I am now happily found in a different position to that which I was in then. Instead of being an anxious candidate for legal honours, it is my privilege to be the junior partner of a firm of solicitors in my native town, and in receipt of a professional income that fully justified me in setting up a home of my own if I had felt so inclined. But the reason why I was not so inclined may be easily surmised. Although from the time, when mounting the coach, I parted from Miss Locke, I had never been favoured with so much as a single glance of her goodly person, her image was too deeply impressed on my mind to make me think of any other lady being my wife, while there was the slightest chance of winning her as my own. And this she knew well. From the day that I wrote to her, informing her joyfully of my success in passing my examination, and being placed on the solicitor's roll, a correspondence had been kept up between us that served to strengthen our friendship for each other, if not to lead to something more. From the general tenor of her interesting epistles, as well as from stray expressions, I knew for a certainty that if she

could enter into an engagement with me she would, and that it was to her a source of regret that for the time being she could not do so. But I knew even more than this. From communications sent to me by my sister, Mrs. Ellison, I learnt that although she was not fully aware of the nature of the barrier that prevented the alliance being made, it was caused by Miss Locke's domestic relationships, and was more immediately connected with her father's state and condition. This much had leaked out in Miss Locke's correspondence with herself; but here her information ceased. What was really the matter with her father, and why the affair should be kept such a secret, puzzled us both as much as ever.

The time had now come, however, for the mystery to be solved, and its solution was brought about in a most unexpected manner.

My sister was surprised one morning in the month of December, by receiving a brief but urgent note from Miss Locke soliciting her, if possible, to take the first coach to Pendlebow, and be prepared to stop for a few days at least, as she had been plunged into great trouble. What this trouble was Miss Locke did not state, but she informed her that all would be made clear on her arrival. Leaving her dear child—a bright little fellow of two years old—in the charge of her husband and servant, my sister took the coach forthwith, travelling as an inside passenger to her destination. As the coach passed the

door she was set down at it, and met with a warm welcome from Miss Locke, who appeared greatly relieved at seeing her once more.

"Oh, Emily!" she remarked, "how glad I am that you have come so soon. For such promptitude I owe you a debt of gratitude that I know not how to repay. No doubt, you will wonder greatly why I have dared to send for you in such a hurry; but I know you will pardon me when you know all. Oh! no one can tell what I have been called upon to endure for the last six months, and now it has reached a climax. But I will not tell you a thing till you have had some refreshment; after your long cold ride you must be perishing for hunger I am sure."

Without another word my sister was taken upstairs to divest herself of her outer garments, and then down to the dining-room, where a sumptuous meal was laid out. Supper over, she was about to draw up to the fire to talk with her hostess when she was startled by a series of yells, indicative of rage and terror that seemed to come from some other part of the house.

"What's that?" she cried in alarm, as she saw Miss Locke rise from her chair looking as pale as death, and trembling all over.

"It is my father, dear, my poor, poor father; and I must go to him at once. Do not be afraid, all is right; I will soon be back, and then you shall learn what it means."

Again, again those terrible yells rang through the house, but they gradually subsided, and in the course of ten minutes Miss Locke returned.

"No wonder, Emily," she said as she entered, "you are alarmed, and I ought to crave your pardon for subjecting you to such an unpleasant ordeal without having first

explained matters to you. But I really did not think my poor father would have broken out to-night into such a paroxysm of rage and terror. He has been remarkably quiet all day and slept a great deal; but it appears from what the attendant says he woke up suddenly, as from some terrible dream, and the paroxysm has been the result."

"Then is your father insane, dear?" asked my bewildered sister, beginning to suspect the state of things.

"Alas! love, I am sorry to say he is, I fear, hopelessly insane; and it is because of that and other matters unfortunately connected with it that I have sent for you now. But now without any further delay let me tell you my story, sad though you will find it to be:

"My father, as you are aware, is a retired chemist. He was, when my dear mother married him, thirty years ago, the chief partner in a good firm in Sheffield. But I am sorry to say, that prior to that time he had acquired the habit of drinking, and although never known to be absolutely drunk, he was occasionally when in company in that jovial state which is next to it. My mother having heard of this peremptorily refused to make any engagement with him unless he gave her a pledge that he would forsake such company, and drink moderately in his own home. Being deeply in love with her, he willingly gave her the required pledge; kept it faithfully for more than a year; and then they were married. For some years things went on smoothly and happily. In the third year of their marriage a son was born, and his advent seemed to bind father to his happy home more than ever. Two years after that I made my appearance in the world; and I have been told that my father's

delight at having a daughter born to him was great. Certain I am, that when my brother Archibald was five years of age, and I was three, it was his pride to take us out together, as locking our tiny hands in his I walked on one side, and my brother walked on the other.

"But my parents had not been married more than a dozen years when trouble came to our home. By degrees my mother learnt the painful fact that my father was fast relapsing into his old habits, staying out late in jovial and dissipated company, and becoming an intemperate man. Moved, however, by her loving persuasion and remonstrances, he frequently made vows to reform; kept them for a while, and then under the influence of temptation became worse than in the past. The result was, that the other partners in the firm—two gentlemen of ability and wealth—were compelled for the sake of the business to buy him out; and as they were able to pay him a comparatively large sum, and he also inherited a handsome legacy left him by his father, recently deceased, he had plenty to retire upon, and so gave up business altogether. Taking a good house in the suburbs to which a fine garden was attached he spent a large amount of his time in gardening; and as he made it his hobby we had a home, I can assure you, with beautiful surroundings. We children liked the change much, and here for some years we spent our happiest days. And to tell you the truth, though our father occasionally broke out into his old habits, on the whole, the out-door exercise in the garden and grounds seemed to exert a beneficial influence upon him; and our dear mother felt thankful for the fact that in a great measure he was

thus secured from some of the temptations of town life. The health of all of us was likewise improved; and thus for the time being the change worked for our mutual benefit."

"Had your mother any more children, Amelia?"

"Yes, she had two, another boy and another girl; but both died in their infancy. Archy and I alone lived to grow up. You will remember seeing him once. When we were at school together he called to see me and bring me some presents from home, and you remarked what a fine young man he was. He did not stay but a few minutes, as he was merely passing through the town on his way to Scarborough, to spend part of his holiday with our parents, who were then stopping there for a month's recreation."

"Did he not pay you that visit, Amelia, just before we broke up and left the academy for good?"

"Yes, it was at that time, and I do not think you ever saw him after, or heard of what happened in relation to him."

"No: you said that he was not at home when Fred and I called on our wedding tour; and I do not think that he was then specially referred to again. But if you will remember I asked where he was, and what he was doing when you visited us three years ago; and you told me that he had left home and gone abroad, and that you had not heard from him for some time. I also thought from your manner that you did not feel disposed to talk about him, so I refrained from asking you further questions."

"And you did right, Emily; I did not want you to ask me anything more, and so you will remember that I instantly changed the conversation. But now I will reveal

all. The college to which Archy was sent, was one in which he got on well educationally, turning out quite a ripe scholar. But during his last year, he unhappily formed the acquaintance of a young student who had plenty of money to spend, and who, taking to him, led him foully astray. Like his father, he was too easily led, and was therefore drawn by this wicked young man into questionable company where he was plied with intoxicating drink, and taught to be a gambler. The result was, that just before he left college in his twentieth year, he had contracted gambling debts that amounted to over two hundred pounds; and my parents at the time were not aware that he owed a single penny. When the revelation came to them it gave them a shock that was indescribable, and as the consequence of it, my mother was thrown into a bed that she kept for several weeks. Its effect too on my father was most disastrous. He paid Archy's debts to save him from exposure, but he fled to his old enemy, the drink, for consolation. And now came the climax. Archy came home, and happened to enter the house when father was in drink. My mother being in bed they were most unfortunately left alone. They quarrelled, and Archy being a high spirited lad, foolishly dared his father to do his worst. This madened my father, and he struck him to the floor, and as he rose told him to leave the house and never darken its doors again. Archy took him at his word, went straight to the hall, took down his top coat, and without even saying good-bye to his poor mother, stalked away from the door, and has never been seen by us since."

"And have you never heard a word from him either?" asked my sister.

"Yes, once, and only once," replied Miss Locke. "A week after his departure a short loving letter addressed to my mother came to hand bearing the Metropolitan postmark, but with no address whatever; and that letter is still in my possession. Would you like to hear it read, Emily?"

"I should, indeed," said my sister, who began to feel very anxious concerning the young man's fate.

Stepping aside to her desk, Miss Locke drew out a small drawer, and took from it a quarto sheet folded as letters used to be before envelopes were invented. The handwriting was bold and beautiful and the brief epistle ran thus:

MY VERY DEAR MOTHER,—When I came home once more to see you, I came to ask my parent's pardon for my sin and folly, having fully resolved to lead a new life. But the interview I had with father undid it all. Perhaps if he had not had the accursed drink he might never have knocked me down, or have bidden me leave my home; but now he has done so, and I have taken him at his word. I feel that I must, however much I suffer for it, abide by the consequences of my act, and bid you all farewell. It is my intention to go abroad, and if I get on I shall certainly write to you again. In the meantime accept my warmest love, and give the same to Amelia. Do not grieve for me; but strive to believe that all will turn out for the best. In that hope, I remain as ever, your loving son, ARCHIBALD LOCKE.

"And did he ever write again?" asked my sister.

"If he did," replied Miss Locke, "we never received the letter. It is now seven years since he went away, and we have heard absolutely nothing. When father became sober and realised the mischief he

had done he did all that he possibly could to trace the fugitive, but without success. Money and detective skill proved of no avail; and at last, after several weary months of disappointing labour, the search was given up as fruitless. But the worst had not as yet come. My dear mother never got over it: the blow broke her heart: she pined gradually away, and eighteen months afterwards her wasted body was consigned to the tomb."

"And how did you go on after that, Amelia?"

"Well, before mother departed this life she entreated me to give her my faithful promise that I would never forsake my father while he lived, nor make a matrimonial engagement which might lead to his abandonment. She said she knew that no one could control him as I could; and if after her decease I could but induce him to leave the place in which we lived, and go far away to some town or village where our sad history was totally unknown, and he would be more free from temptation, she thought she could die more contentedly. As to poor Archy, she said, should he ever come back—and she had prayed hundreds of times that he might—she felt persuaded that I would receive him as a loving sister, and do all I could to promote his welfare; and I was to be sure and tell him that his mother loved him to the last, and prayed for him with her dying breath. Well, all that she asked me to do I promised to do; and with God's help I have

striven faithfully to perform. A few weeks after her interment we removed to Pendlebow, where we have lived like recluses, almost unknown, and seeking no intimate acquaintance with a single neighbour. No one here knows where we came from, nor why we came. But in spite of all my oversight and care, during the past twelve months my father has secretly drank, until, through repeated attacks of *delirium tremens*, his mind has given way, and from a tendency to suffer from a softened brain he has developed into a madman. Twice he has attempted during the last month to take away his own life, and each time he has been prevented by my constant watchfulness. Now he is under the control of an attendant, and at the end of this week he is to be removed to a private lunatic asylum. Knowing that our sad secret could thus be no longer kept, I felt, dear Emily, that I could not do better than send at once for you, the dearest earthly friend with whom I could consult, and ask you to give me that help which you see in my calamity I so greatly need."

That help my sister assured her she would give most readily; and as the result of the counsel she thought it best to tender, a messenger was immediately despatched by the first coach to fetch me to Pendlebow, at which town I soon arrived to render all the assistance to Miss Locke that it was in my power to bestow.

(To be continued.)

IN India there are three hundred million natives. We have six hundred missionaries there, or one to every five hundred thousand. In China there are four hundred millions of people. We have four hundred missionaries there, or one to every million of the population. Truly, to-day, as eighteen centuries ago, in these two vast countries, not to speak of others, "the harvest is great, and the labourers are few."

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

THE SACRED FEAST.

By Rev. J. K. CHAPPELLE.

“BY this shall all men know that ye are My disciples if ye have love one to another.”

If we love each other for His sake after the model and standard which He has given us, in yielding up His life as a ransom for us, we make it manifest to those outside the circle of believers that we have caught His spirit, and worthily bear His name.

During the past week we have tried to show this spirit in our meetings for prayer, and now we congregate as the members of one family, for one of the highest acts of Christian fellowship.*

It is an old custom in Scotland to fence the table, as it is named, probably based on the Apostle's example, when he, having in view the conduct of some which was at utter variance with the solemn circumstances in which the Sacred Supper was instituted and with its design, said: “Let a man prove himself, and so let him eat of the bread and drink of the cup, for he that eateth and drinketh, eateth and drinketh judgment unto himself, if he discern not the body.” Though we trust there is not the same need now for the solemn warning and exhortation, it seems fitting that a few words should be spoken on this unusual occasion.

Without attempting an exposition, we cannot do better than link our thoughts with the Apostolic Scripture contained in 1 Cor. xi. beginning at the 23rd verse.

* Delivered at united communion service.

St. Paul's statement would lead us to believe that he had not gathered his information from others, from eye-witnesses, or from tradition, but had received a special revelation from heaven. “For I received of the Lord that which I also delivered unto you.” Whatever may be the meaning of this expression, his record is in substantial agreement with that of the Evangelists, and reads out to us the great historical facts of Christianity as widely known and universally received by the church, and as of vital importance in those early times, and, indeed, through all time.

We meet together to-night, as the divinely established church of Christ, in this town, to celebrate the Lord's Supper as our fathers have always termed it, clinging to the phraseology of Scripture and its plain interpretation—the ordinance of our Lord's own institution which has been handed down to us in unbroken continuity from age to age, and which we are solemnly charged to observe, and to transmit to the generations following.

“When the Paschal evening fell,
Deep on Kedron's hallow'd dell,
When around the festal board
Sate the Apostles with their Lord.
Then His parting word He said,
Bless'd the cup and brake the bread,
This whenever ye do see,
Ever more remember Me.”

Our minds travel back through the centuries to the coming and work of the Son of Man and Son of God. We trace His sacred footsteps through the years marked by His unparalleled self-sacrifice, all lone and lonely, and yet not alone, for the Father is with Him. We

listen to His wondrous teaching, watch His miracles of mercy, and the crowning miracle of His sinlessness as He hastens on to the decease which He must accomplish at Jerusalem, telling out the one supreme purpose of the incarnation in those pregnant and ever memorable words :—"I have a baptism to be baptised with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished." The interest deepens as the end approaches. He has gathered the disciples for the last time, that they may eat the Passover together before He suffers, and that He may institute the unique ordinance which is to perpetuate to the end of time a far mightier deliverance than that of Egypt. He has crossed the Brook Cedron and entered the solitudes of Gethsemane, with Peter, James, and John, who are solemnly bidden to watch and pray, that they enter not into temptation, while He goes a stone's cast and prays : "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from Me : nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Judas has done his work—betrayed the Son of Man with a kiss. The ruffian band has come out as against a thief—the mock trial is hurried through—the heavy cross is laid upon the recently scourged back—the steepes of Golgotha are climbed—the Victim is nailed to the cross beams—the cross is dropped into its place, and there, amid the wild shouts of the infuriated multitude, the greatest fact of all history is consummated. He cries, "It is finished," bows His head and dies. Onward still we move with reverent tread till we reach the grave in the garden where loving hands have laid the mutilated but anointed body for the sleep of a well-won rest.

Shall we tarry here? No, for ours is no dead Christ. We hear

the voice of the attendant angels : "He is not here : He is risen." Our sorrow is turned into joy. Bethany is reached. Olivet is at hand. He is there the same and yet not the same. While giving His benediction He mysteriously glides away, the clouds receive Him, a fitting exit for such a King. "Lift up your heads O, ye gates ; even lift them up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."

We wonder what it all means till the angels say : "Whystand ye looking into heaven? This Jesus which was received up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye beheld Him going into heaven." He is returned to the Father, the first fruits of them that slept, as our Forerunner, giving us the grandest pledge of our final victory and the complete glorification of our humanity.

We are here to-night with no superstitious idea of any saving efficacy in this ordinance, but in glad obedience to His last touching request : "This do in remembrance of Me ;" here to commemorate His cross and passion, here as living witnesses giving expression to our highest faith and deepest love, to "show forth His death till He come." Amid the indifference of the world, while His august sacrifice is unheeded, or He is looked upon as but one of the world's martyred sons, we declare ours to be the faith of prophets and apostles. "He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." "He is the propitiation for our sins."

We never feel our oneness so much as at the Sacred Feast—different sections of the one church "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone." Here we are in presence of the emblems which bring forcibly

to mind that we have "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Our common meeting-place is Calvary. The centre of unity is the cross ; as we front that we forget our differences ; we can but think of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and exclaim with glowing heart and united voice, "We love Him because He first loved us."

We commune with Him who passed through the closed doors in the splendours of His resurrection body, and who dwells in the church throughout all ages—more manifestly present than was God in the glory which filled the Temple, or in the mystic light which overshadowed the mercy-seat.

We vow afresh our allegiance to our Sovereign Saviour, not only confess in grateful adoration that by the grace of God we are what we are, but that through His grace the one inspiring motto of our life shall be this : "For me to live is Christ."

He is the bread on which we feed and live for evermore—not as the fathers who ate manna in the wilderness and died, "For the bread of God is that which cometh down out of heaven and giveth life unto the world. I am the Bread-of Life."

Marvellous but true saying from the lips of the Christ : "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me, and I in him." As the material food which we take becomes incorporated with ourselves, Christ and those who eat His flesh and drink His blood become spiritually one—His life becomes our life.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall be manifested, then shall we also with Him be manifested in glory."

We anticipate another gathering : the great multitude come up from

the four quarters of the earth robed and crowned, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, when we shall drink with Him whom not having seen we love, drink the new wine of the kingdom, and exclaim with a rapture which knows no measure : "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." May we all be there. Amen.

Horncastle.

OUR HYMNS: THEIR AUTHORS AND ORIGIN.

By Rev. R. C. ROBERTS.

No. VII.—CHARLES WESLEY.

CHARLES WESLEY, who is very appropriately designated "The Poet of Methodism," was born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, December 18th, 1708. He was the eighteenth child born into that distinguished family. His father, Samuel Wesley, was a clergyman of the Church of England, and acknowledged to have been a person of undoubted piety, of literary taste, of guileless simplicity, and of strong political sympathies. His mother, however, was a much more remarkable person. The name of Susannah Wesley is a household word in the great Methodist families in both hemispheres. She occupies a most honourable position among the mothers of the wise and good. Instead of sending her children to school, she undertook the early training of them herself, which was most effectual, and evidently did much toward moulding their characters and shaping their destinies, especially those of her two illustrious sons, John and Charles. Describing her method of instructing them, she says, "I take such a proportion of time as I can spare

every night to discourse with each child apart Saturday with Charles." One of her biographers writes: "No jeweller ever took more pains to polish his jewels, no sculptor ever bestowed more labour in chiselling a block of marble into a life-like statue, no husbandman ever was more earnestly engaged in bringing to perfection the plants in his nursery, than Mrs. Wesley to polish her jewels, to perfect her living statuary, and to develop the plants that grew in her domestic enclosure." In addition to the training of her children she took a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of the parishioners, and during her husband's absence in London attending convocation, she turned the large kitchen of the parsonage into a meeting-house, invited her poor neighbours there, and she would read to a congregation of upwards of two hundred, the best and most awakening sermons she could find in the library, and afterwards talk to the people freely and affectionately about their souls' salvation. These were, strictly speaking, the first Methodist meetings held by the Wesleys. Isaac Taylor says, "The mother of the Wesleys was the mother of Methodism." There can be no doubt that those meetings of their mother in the parsonage had a wonderful influence upon John and Charles in after years, who were then little boys, and always present.

Charles at the age of eight was placed under the tuition of his brother Samuel, who was second master in Westminster School, and undertook to maintain his young brother. While at Westminster, Charles had what his brother John called a "fair escape" from becoming a man of wealth and high social rank. Garret Wesley, Esq., M.P., of

Dungan, Ireland, having large estates, but no child, and being nearly sixty years of age, was very desirous of adopting this Westminster pupil, and making him his heir. This, however, the boy declined, and in his place a relative of the name of Colly was adopted, on his changing his name to Wesley. This Colly did, and was the grandsire of the illustrious Duke of Wellington. Had Charles accepted this very tempting offer and gone to Ireland, his beautiful hymns that have so enriched the Psalms of the Christian Church would probably never have been written. Undoubtedly, he was divinely directed in the course he pursued. A few years after he gained a king's scholarship, and at the age of eighteen he entered Christ Church, Oxford, taking his B.A. at twenty-one. He admits that he spent his first two years at Oxford negligent of religion, and when his brother John urged him to be more serious, he would reply, "What! would you have me to be a saint all at once?" His ideal was then to be a scholar, a wit, a churchman, and a gentleman. He, however, experienced in Oxford a spiritual awakening, although it was not for some years after he came to the full knowledge of the truth, yet he was instrumental in doing much good there, and to him George Whitefield attributes his conversion, as the one who led him to Christ. Charles has been acknowledged the originator, though his brother John was the organizer, of Oxford Methodism. He formed a society of godly young gowmsmen, who shared his principles and his reproach. John soon joined this brotherhood, and being five years older than Charles, and possessing more suitable gifts of leadership, was at once recognised

as its directive mind. This society met for mutual improvement, and spent several evenings in the week reading chiefly the Greek Testament. The regularity of their behaviour led a young collegian to call them *Methodists*; and John Wesley remarked, that as the name was new and quaint, it clave to them immediately, and from that time all that had any connection with them were thus distinguished. Paxton Hood says, "That neither the precise etymology nor the first appropriation of the term *Methodist* has ever been distinctly or satisfactorily settled. Some have derived it from an allusion in Juvenal to a quack physician, some from a passage in the writings of St. Chrysostom, who says, 'to be a Methodist is to be beguiled, and which was employed in a pamphlet against Mr. Whitefield.'" Paxton Hood thinks, however, that the term is much older than the time it

was given this society in Oxford. There is a curious story told of a clergyman in Huntingdonshire, notorious alike by his private character and vehement intolerance, entertaining his audience on a week evening by a discourse from the text, Ephesians iv. 14, "Whereby they lie in wait to deceive." He said to his people, "Now, you do not know Greek, and I am going to tell you what this text really says, it says, 'They lie in wait to make you Methodists.' The word used here is *Methodein*. That is really the word that is used, and that is really what Paul said, 'They lie in wait to make you Methodists,'—a Methodist means, a deceiver, and one who deludes, cheats, and beguiles." Such was the interpretation given by this intolerant clergyman, which no reasonable person would think of accepting.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

Reason of the Hope that is in you.

By PASTOR T. GREENWOOD. Passmore & Alabaster. Four little lectures.

"Why are we Christians?"

"Why are we Protestants?"

"Why are we Nonconformists?"

"Why are we Baptists?"

THE answers to these questions are well considered and well compiled. Compiled, do we say? Yes; and we hide a slight compliment in the expression. When an author fortifies his personal conviction by reference to other experience than his own, which he cordially endorses, he supplies us with a safe and sound tractate, suitable to put into the hands of any converts who join our churches.

Passing Thoughts of a Working Man.

By HUBERT CLOUDESLEY, Author of "Sketches from Real Life," etc., etc. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A WORKING man has produced a book which will make its mark for good. It is full of warnings, recognitions of character, and stimulating suggestions, put in a lively and somewhat original style. The volume contains chapters on—The Wrongs of Women; The Beautiful Woman; The Rights of Woman; 'Twas in the Family; Is Life Worth Living?; The Poetry of Love; The Poetry of Chivalry; The Poetry of Nature; The Philosophy of Laughter; Mirrored in the Countenance; Longfellow's *Evangeline*; Cain or Manliness, and Personal Influence, Perse-

verance. We are certain that he who reads will profit.

Picturesque Wales. Revised and Enlarged. A Handbook of Scenery accessible from the Cambrian Railway. By GODFREY TURNER. Published officially. W. J. Adams & Sons, 59, Fleet Street.

WE advise all our readers who mean seeing Mid-Wales and its beautiful surroundings and adjuncts to obtain this sixpenny help. It is full of information, maps and pictures. No one visiting this part of our picturesque world should be without a copy.

A Friend of Missions in India. The Cyclo-styled Indian Journal of the Rev. HENRY S. LUNN. James Clarke Co., 14, Fleet Street.

FOR ourselves we are sorry for the course Mr. Lunn has previously taken. It seemed to be precipitate. Surely a few months' residence in India was scarcely sufficient to mature conclusions of such important issue. We have not the slightest wish to impute any motive other than a good one. Still, we cannot but exclaim, save us from our friends. However, here are the letters; he who will may read, but should also read what missionaries have to say.

The Lord's Prayer, in the languages of Africa and the districts where spoken. With map, price one shilling. Gilbert & Rivington, St. John's House, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

ALSO will be published shortly *The Lord's Prayer in Three Hundred Languages*, and where spoken, embracing all the principal countries and districts throughout the world. These books will be of very considerable interest to our linguists, missionaries, etc., etc.

Verbal Inspiration Vindicated. A paper read at the Third Conference of the Pastor's College Evangelical Association by Pastor A. McCAIG, B.A. Elliot Stock.

FOR one penny our readers may obtain this masterly address.

God or Self is the title of a good sound criticism of the Secular Theory of Life, by the REV. SAMUEL McCOMBE, B.D., of Reading. Elliot Stock.

Vine Branches is the title of a Threepenny Quarterly issued by the Bible Reading Union for the study of the Holy Scriptures by the help of the Church Calendar. Edited by Rev. J. M. MARTIN, M.A., and published by Wells, Gardiner, Darton & Co. Profitable for all Bible teachers and readers.

Past and Present. A Sketch of the History of the Baptist Church at Arthur Street, King's Cross, and Report of Recognition Service of Rev. J. E. Cracknell. Charles J. A. Cox, 299, Gray's Inn Road.

WE have in former times been often in work with friends at Arthur Street, and for many years have known and highly esteemed this new pastor. We wish him and them all spiritual blessings. The friends of Mr. Cracknell will recognise a good likeness in this Past and Present History.

Choice Bits from the Choicest Books, Magazines, and Contributors on earth. No. 3, Vol. 1, one penny. Office, 10 Lovell Court, Paternoster Row. A new venture; we wish it success.

The June part of the *Christian World Pulpit* contains an address which we commend to all. It is a Homily for the Times by the Rev. H. HINCHCLIFFE HIGGINS, on the Mission of Quietness. What multitudes of sincere labourers are panting with thirst in this exciting age to hear the Master say, *Let us turn aside here and rest awhile!*

The Christian Citizen. An advocate of Righteousness in Religion, Politics, and Social Life. Vol. 1, No. 1. A new penny magazine. Elliot Stock.

The Christian Treasury and Missionary Review. Established over 40 years, and now edited by Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A. This magazine is full of spiritual vigour and sound teaching.

From The Religious Tract Society we have received *The Boy's Own* and *Girl's Own Papers*, *The Cottager and Artisan*, *The Leisure Hour*, *The Sunday at Home*, *The Tract Magazine*, and those unequalled children's magazines, *The Child's Companion* and *Little Dots*. We have often advocated the using of *Friendly Greetings* and *The Cottager and Artisan* in our tract districts, and know them to be a success wherever they have been distributed. *The Leisure Hour* and *Sunday at Home* and life of Archbishop Whately in No. 80 of the Biographical Series are of excellent interest.

Our Baptist Magazines are very good. *The Baptist* contains a likeness of Rev. DAVID THOMAS of Brighton, and the *Sword and Trowel* Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's Address to the Annual Conference of the Pastors' College. Subject: "The Minister in these Times."

Good Magazines. *The Treasury for Pastor and People*; *The British Flag*,

The Voice of Warning, The Bible Society's *Gleanings for the Young*, and Bible Society's *Monthly Reporter*—these are very good. *Consecration*, *Evangelical Christendom*, and some good specimen tracts from the Baptist Tract Society.

A LIBERAL OFFER OF TRACTS FOR DISTRIBUTION.—Tract distributors will be glad to learn of a good opportunity of securing a useful supply of narrative tracts for the present season at a nominal cost. The Weekly Tract Society is just now making special grants of its tracts at one-third of the published price, thus:—A parcel of tracts containing 1,000, which is usually issued at 15s., can be bought for 5s., and half the quantity for 2s. 6d. The tracts issued by the Society are short, pithy, four-page narratives, in simple language. As the number to be distributed at this rate is very limited, early application should be made to the manager of the Weekly Tract Society, 62, Paternoster Row, London.

Gems from Dr. Maclaren's Sermons.

THAT clause "There is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee" might I think, be rendered more accurately "with Thee," that is to say, "possessing Thee," "I desire none upon earth." If we thus have been longing after God and fuller possession of Him, and if in some measure in answer to the desire, as is always the case, we have received into mind and heart and will more of His preciousness and sweetness, then that will kill the desires that otherwise would conflict with it. Our great poet, speaking about a supreme earthly love, says:

"That rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That lived in her."

And the same thing is true about this higher life. This new affection will deaden and in some sense destroy the desires that turn to lower and to earthly things. The sun when it rises quenches the brightest stars that can but fade in his light and die. And so, when in answer to our longing God lifts the light of His countenance—a better sunrise—upon us, that new affection dims and quenches the brightness of these little, though they be, lustrous points, that shed a fragmentary and manifold twinkling over the darkness of our former night. "Walk in the light," and your Heaven will be naked of all competing brightness.

EARTHLY hopes, whether disappointed or fulfilled, betray, or rather I may say, are disappointed even whilst they are fulfilled. We paint the future as if it contained but the one thing on which for the time being we have set our hopes. And we do not remember that when we reach the accomplishment of the expectation, life will have a great many other things in it than the fulfilled expectation, and all the old common-places, and annoyances, and imperfections will still be there so ever. The thing chased is more than the thing won. Like some bit of sea-weed, as long as it lies there in the ocean moving its filmy fronds to the wave it expands and is lovely; grasp it and bring it out and it is a bit of ugly slime in your hand, so possession never realises the stream of hope. But here the half hath not been told us. "Eye hath not seen it . . . neither hath it entered into the heart of man" in his loftiest anticipations, the transcendent realisation of the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. DANIEL JONES, of Bristol College has accepted the pastorate of Bury Road Church, Haslingden, Lancashire.

Rev. W. Wallace has given notice of his intention to resign the pastorate at Stourbridge.

Rev. J. B. Osler has been chosen co-pastor of Teignmouth Church, with Rev. C. T. Scammell, in the place of Rev. J. C. W. Cook, removed to Dawley.

Rev. J. G. Hopkins, of Pontypool and Cardiff University Colleges, has accepted the pastorate of the English church, Caerphilly.

Rev. J. H. Brown has accepted the pastorate at Up-Ottery and Churchingford, Devon.

Rev. John Lewis, of Blaenycwm, has accepted the pastorate of the Welsh church at Tydesley.

Rev. W. Williams has resigned the charge of the Welsh Church, Granorth-street, Birmingham, and is about to remove to Glyndyfrdwy, North Wales, close to the scene of his former charge.

Rev. Henry Rees has resigned the charge of the church at Llanerchymedd, and has accepted a call to be minister of the English churches at Groes and Aberderfyn, near Ruabon.

Rev. W. S. Davis, of Brighton, has accepted the pastorate at Sherbrooke-road, Carrington.

Rev. C. F. Aked, of St. Helens, has accepted the pastorate of Pembroke Church, Liverpool, memorable as the scene of the life-long ministry of the late Rev. C. M. Birrell, father of the present M.P. for West Fife.

Rev. J. W. Lance, under medical advice, has resigned the pastorate at Elm Road, Beckenham. During his three years' ministry nearly 100 additions have been made to the church, and the congregation has been more than doubled.

Rev. Wm. Newell has, through increasing weakness, been compelled to retire from the ministerial charge of the church at Fishponds after a pastorate of sixteen years.

Rev. J. W. Kettle, of Regent's Park College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate at Castle Street, Calne.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. E. OSBORNE, on leaving Southampton, has been presented by Carlton Church with a purse containing £30, and by the choir with a study chair. Mrs. Osborne also received a lamp from the choir, and a work basket from the members of her Bible class.

Rev. P. H. Michael, of Hanham, on returning from his wedding tour, was presented with a purse of gold and books. Mrs. Michael also received a gold watch and card tray.

Rev. H. Bull has been presented with a purse of £10 on taking leave of the New Lenton Church, Nottingham.

Rev. J. J. Deane, on leaving Broomhaugh, where he has ministered for seventeen years, has been presented with a purse containing £80.

Rev. T. W. Lister, on leaving Dundee for Leslie, was presented by Ratray Street Church with a gold watch and chain and a purse of sovereigns.

Mr. W. H. Morson has been presented by the officers and teachers of Catford Hill Sunday School (Rev. T. Greenwood, pastor) with an aneroid barometer in carved oak frame, in recognition of his services as superintendent. Mrs. Morson also received a flower basket.

Mr. W. Hughes, a teacher in the Wellington Square Sunday Schools, Hastings, has been presented with the eight volumes of Kitto's Bible.

Rev. W. Thomas, on leaving Abercromby, after a pastorate of ten years, has been presented with a testimonial of regard.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. T. L. Thomas has been recognised as pastor of Sharon Church, Goytre. Principal Edwards, of Pontypool College, presided, and Revs. W. Rees, J. Meredith, H. Harries, J. Edwards, and J. Pryse took part.

Rev. Daniel A. Spence has been ordained to the pastorate at Millport; the services were conducted by Revs. B. S. Fleming and Jervis Coats. At a welcome *soirée*, Mr. Spence was presented with twenty-seven volumes of books.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. Joseph Smale (from the Metropolitan College) at Ryde, I.W., took place on Friday, May 9. Rev. G. Duncan, D.D., of Hornsey Rise, preached in the after-

noon. After tea in the schoolroom, a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. George Garnett, C.E. Principal Gracey delivered the charge to the pastor. Dr. Duncan gave the charge to the church.

On Sunday, June 1, and the following day, services were held at the Hay Hill Chapel, Bath, in connection with the settlement of Rev. T. R. Dann, late of Rawdon College, as pastor of the church. Sermons were preached on the Sunday by Rev. T. G. Rooke, B.A., president of Rawdon College. On Monday afternoon the ordination service was held, Rev. J. T. Wigner presiding. Mr. Dann gave a brief address, setting forth the circumstances of his conversion and the evidences of his call to the ministry, after which Rev. T. G. Rooke delivered the charge to the pastor; and Rev. James Dann, of Oxford (father of the pastor), the charge to the church. Mr. Thomas offered the ordination prayer. A public recognition meeting was held in the evening, when Rev. James Dann took the chair. The secretary read a statement of the reasons which had led the church to invite Mr. Dann to the pastorate. Addresses were given by the chairman, the pastor, Revs. J. T. Wigner, W. Pettman (former minister), E. Simon (Independent), H. F. Gower, and G. Jarman.

The public recognition of Rev. W. Peacock as successor to Rev. W. Barker has been celebrated by a tea meeting in the schoolroom, when about 120 sat down. Fraternal addresses were given by Revs. A. C. Foster, H. B. Nihill (Established Church), Jeffery Johnstone, B.A., W. Armstrong, M.A. (Presbyterian), John Foster, Dr. K. Williams and Messrs. Bickle and Finch. A public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by Mr. R. F. Compton, one of the deacons and secretary of the church. Mr. Barker, who is staying with his son in Devonshire, sent a letter of kind sympathy and best wishes. Rev. J. Angus, D.D., delivered a practical address to the new minister and members, and earnest

speeches were given by Rev. David Davies, James Smith and C.J.C. New. During the meeting it was stated that the church had existed since 1836 (fifty-four years); there were six pastors during the first twenty-seven years, and the latter twenty-seven years only one, viz., Rev. W. Barker, whose retirement took effect at the end of March. Mr. Peacock enters upon his work with the best wishes of all sections of the Church in Hastings, and already several additions have been made to the membership at Wellington Square

NEW CHAPELS.

THE new chapel which is being built at Camberwell, on the site of a temporary iron church recently destroyed by fire, has so far progressed that the foundation-stones have been laid by Mr. Wm. Appleton (Sutton). One stone that would have been laid by Mr. Horace Marshall, jun., but for the illness of Mrs. Marshall, was also laid by Mr. Appleton. Mr. H. B. Marshall, sen., sent £100, and his son £25, and Mr. Appleton placed £50 upon the stone bearing his name. The chapel is to be built in the Romanesque style of construction, and will cost nearly £5,000. Of this amount £3,000 has still to be contributed. It will seat about 900 persons, and will have vestries, six class-rooms, and a large schoolroom underneath. The site, which was purchased some years ago, has considerably taxed the ingenuity of the architect, Mr. Baines, but the result is all that can be desired. Fireproof stairs and ample means of egress are provided, and the heating and ventilation have received special attention. A large number of ministers took part in the ceremony, which was followed by luncheon in the Surrey Masonic Hall, at which Col. Griffin presided. Letters of apology were read by Rev. John Creer, who also gave an outline of the church's growth and history. The new building stands quite close to a thickly-populated working-class neighbourhood, and is therefore in a position to do good work. The pro-

ceedings closed with a well-attended public meeting in the evening, addresses being given by neighbouring ministers and friends.

The Countess of Dunraven has laid at Bridgend, the memorial stone of a new Welsh chapel, on a site given by Lord Dunraven. The chapel is to hold 400 persons, and will cost about £1,100.

A new place of worship is to be built at Penge for the congregation under the pastorate of Rev. J. Wesley Boud; the present tabernacle will then be utilised for Sunday-school purposes. A freehold site has been purchased at a cost of £1,000; subscriptions and the proceeds of a bazaar have secured the amount. The estimated cost of the new building is £5,500. During the eight years' pastorate of Mr. Boud, nearly 700 members have been received into church fellowship. In the Sunday school there are 500 scholars, with 40 teachers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LUTON.—Park Street, Thursday, 5th June. A memorial tablet of a very beautiful and elaborate character, erected to the memory of the late Peter Wootton, who was 51 years Superintendent of the Sunday Schools, was unveiled by his worship the Mayor, and a meeting held at which the pastor, James H. Blake, presided; and addresses were given by the Mayor of Luton, H. Brown, Esq., President of the Sunday School Union, H. Blundell, Esq., Chairman of the Luton School Board, Michael Cook, Esq., Chairman of the Board of Guardians; the Secretary of the Sunday School Union, J. J. Haye, and the superintendents of the several schools. The meeting was of a profitable and interesting character.

THE Welsh Baptists began in Wales with one church in 1633; in 1650 the number had grown to three; in 1700 to nine; and in 1790 to 46. There are now 739 churches in Wales and Monmouthshire, with a membership of 91,780.

THE 70 churches in West Glamorganshire, with a membership of 12,000, held their yearly assembly at Caersalem. Rev. Geo. James, who presided, spoke on the claims of baptism upon the religious life of the baptized. The yearly returns showed an increase of 245, though no less than 424 members had left without taking letters of transfer. Rev. J. Evans was elected chairman for next year. A resolution was passed by a small majority in favour of the amalgamation of Haverfordwest and Pontypool Colleges.

By the death of Rev. Enoch Williams, of Swansea, the Baptist churches in Wales have lost one of their oldest ministers. Mr. Williams was a co-worker with Christmas Evans at Carnarvon during the great revival period, when he baptized 1,600 persons. Nearly the whole of his ministry was spent in South Wales.

YNYSYBWL.—On Monday, the 5th of May, the half-yearly meetings of the English Baptist Church at Ynysybwyl were held, when the Rev. W. D. Nicholas, of Treharris, preached. On Monday, Mr. Nicholas delivered his popular lecture on "Epitaphs."

JUBILEE Drive Church, Liverpool, having undertaken to work the old Swan Chapel, near Liverpool, as a mission, held a social tea party and concert in the above on May 19th. The Rev. E. E. Walter occupied the chair, the speakers being the Rev. F. W. C. Bruce, Messrs. Rigby, Hampson, Jackson, Harrison and others. The church and mission are in a very prosperous condition, under the pastorate of the Rev. E. E. Walter.

THE first prize of fifty pounds offered to the ministers of the Pastor's Conference for the best Essay on "The Minister's Duty in Relation to the Sabbath" has been awarded to the Rev. J. W. Thomas, of Willesden, and formerly of Boxmoor.

JOSEPH HOWARD, Esq., M.P., presided at Arthur Street Chapel, King's Cross, on Tuesday evening, June 10th,

on the occasion of a public welcome given to Rev. J. E. Cracknell, on his return from Canada, he having recently conducted a party of colonists to the north-west. A number of ministers and gentlemen took part in the meeting.

RECENT DEATHS.

THE Chester Baptist Church, Hamilton Place, has sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. John Owens, who died on April 10th, at the ripe age of 78, and was buried in the cemetery. He was baptised on Nov. 13, 1836, and admitted a member, and in the year 1845 became a deacon, which office he held till his death, as well as being a faithful Sunday School teacher most of the time, and during this long term of fifty-four years' membership he was only absent twice till his last illness. As he lived, so he died, trusting in Jesus, for his end was peace. He was greatly loved by all who knew him.

BAPTISMS.

Abercarn, English Church.—May 4, Four, by E. Aubrey.
Altrincham, Tabernacle.—May 7, Two, by H. Mowbray.
Aberdeen, Academy-street.—June 8, One, by W. S. Chedburn.
Bluenavon, King-street.—Seven, by O. Tidman.
Bournemouth.—June 5, Westbourne Chapel, Fifteen, by E. S. Morrison.
Brighton, Sussex-street.—June 8, Three, by S. Hull.
Battle, Sussex.—May 18, Three, by J. Howes.
Basson, Castle Donington, Leicestershire.—May 4, Sixteen; June 1, Seven, by I. Watts.
Bootle.—May 28, Seven, by G. Goodchild.
Brentwood.—May 25, One, by W. Walker.
Bures, Suffolk.—May 25, Six, by G. Monk.
Brynkfloyd, near Swansea.—May 15, Thirteen, by D. Davies.
Brym, near Wigan.—May 25, Six, by A. Bygraves.
Cadoxton, Barry Docks.—May 25, Two, by D. L. T. Evans.
Cardiff, Hope Chapel.—May 21, One, by T. W. Medhurst.
Chatham.—June 4, Two, by T. Hancocks.
Colwyn Bay, North Wales.—June 8, Five, by W. Hughes.
Cold Inn (Pem.)—May 23, Two, by T. Gravell.

- Dunnington**, Warwickshire.—May 25, Six, by C. Chrystal.
- Doncaster**.—May 14, Three, by J. F. Porteous.
- East Dereham**.—May 29, Two, by N. T. J. Miller.
- Eynsford**, Kent.—June 1, Nine, by G. B. Richardson.
- Franksbridge**.—March 27, Four; March 30 One, in the River Eddw, by T. D. Jones.
- Great Grimsby**, Victoria-street.—May 25, by E. Lauderdale.
- Guisborough**, Northampton.—May 25, Four, by J. M. Williams.
- Hawton**.—May 26, Two, by T. Whittle.
- Honiton**.—May 4, One; May 11, Two, by J. W. Colley.
- Inskip**, near Preston.—May 18, One, by R. A. Burrows.
- Keighley**, Slack-lane, Yorks.—June 1, Four, by R. Davies.
- Lord's Hill**, Salop.—May 23, One, by W. Jenkins.
- Leicester**, Victoria-road.—May 23, Seven, by J. C. Greenhough, M.A.
- Liverpool**, Jubilee Drive, May 28; Five, by E. E. Walter.
- Luppitt**, Honiton.—May 18, Eleven, by J. W. Colley.
- Manchester**.—May 21, Twelve, by T. W. Thomason.
- Moriah**, Risca, Mon.—May 25, Three, by E. U. Thomas.
- Macclesfield**, St. George's-street.—May 11, One, by J. Hollingthwaite.
- Metropolitan District**.—
Bromley-road, Lee, S.E.—May 11, Five, by J. W. Davies.
Camberwell, S.E.—May 27, Five, by G. W. Linnecar.
- Lepton**.—May 21, Two, by G. T. Bailey.
- Pease Tabernacle**.—May 28, Four, by J. W. Boud.
- John-street**, Edgware-road, Trinity Chapel.—June 1, Three, by H. Trotman.
- Woolwich** (Parson's Hill).—May 29, Four, by J. Wilson.
- North Curry**, Somerset.—April 20, One; June 1, Two, by W. Fry.
- New Brompton**.—Eight, by W. W. Brookside.
- Newport**, Mon.—May 25, Five, by G. Harris.
- Preston**, Pole-street.—May 25, Four, by G. Goodchild.
- Pembury**, Kent.—May 25, Nine, by A. Graham.
- Pentre**.—June 8, at Stn; English, Three, by T. Richards.
- Peterstone**, Cardiff.—May 18, One, by W. Owen.
- Ramsbottom**, Lancashire.—May 3, Thirteen, by J. McCleery.
- Redruth**.—May 21, Three, by R. Miller.
- Redditch**.—May 25, Five, by W. Berry.
- Redhill**.—Five, by G. Davies.
- Rochdale**.—May 23, Six, by W. S. Ogden.
- Rossendale**, Ston Chapel, Cloughfold.—May 25, Five, by W. C. Davies, B.A.
- Rayleigh**, Essex.—May 14, Six, by I. Bridge.
- Risca**, Mon.—May 18, Bethany, Three, by T. Thomas.
- Ryde**, I.W.—May 18, Three, by E. B. Pearson.
- Ryde**, Park-road.—May 11, One; June 8, Nine, by J. Seal.
- Rushden**.—May 4, Five, by W. J. Tomkins.
- Sheepshed**.—June 8, Three, by W. H. Ordern.
- Soar**, Llandyfarn.—May 31, Two, by M. Jones.
- Stonehouse**, Devon.—May 25, Four, by W. Trotman.
- Staincliffe**, Yorks.—May 25, Three, by J. Oliver.
- Sheerness**, Tabernacle.—May 25, Two, by O. Curtis.
- Stockton-on-Tees**, Northcote-street.—May 25, Four, by D. Ross.
- Swimmingdale**, Berke.—May 25, Four, by B. J. Cole.
- Tyldesley**, near Manchester.—May 4, Four, by J. Lewis.
- Tony-pandy**.—May 25, One, by B. Davies.
- Trowbridge**, Bath sta.—May 4, Fifteen, by H. Sanders.
- Upwell**, Norfolk.—May 25, Five, by A. C. Batts.
- Wickwar**.—June 8, Five, by J. Thomas.
- Wrexham**.—June 8, One, by P. A. Hudgill.
- West Retford**.—May 10, Three, by S. Skindle.
- Watchet**.—May 18, Five, by R. B. Olare.
- Worthing**.—May 21, Four, by G. D. Crouch.
- Yacombe**, Devon.—May 25, Five, by J. Powell.

APART from human agency, the Lord can impress the minds of men and women, and so multiply His truth. I heard of a woman in the Isle of Skye, where there was very little Gospel preaching, who once felt that God was not working in Skye. She journeyed till she reached the ferry, and then she crossed to the mainland. She asked those about where she could find God. At last she met with a good woman, who said, "I will tell you where you will find Him." She took her into a place of worship, where Jesus was plainly set forth. She heard the Gospel, and went back to tell others about the Saviour.—SPURGEON.

Love thy Neighbour.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."—Matthew xix. 19.

OUR Saviour very often preached upon the moral precepts of the law. Many of the sermons of Christ—and what sermons shall compare with them!—have not what is now currently called "the gospel" in them at all. Our Saviour did not every time He stood up to preach declare the doctrine of election, or of atonement, or of effectual calling, or of final perseverance. No, He just as frequently spoke upon the duties of human life, and upon those precious fruits of the Spirit which are begotten in us by the grace of God. Mark this word that I have just uttered. You may have started at it at first, but upon diligent reading of the four evangelists, you will find I am correct in stating that very much of our Saviour's time was occupied in telling the people what they ought to do towards one another; and many of His sermons are not what our precise critics would in these times call sermons full of unction and savour; for certainly they would be far from savoury to the sickly sentimental Christians who do not care about the practical part of religion. Beloved, it is as much the business of God's minister to preach man's duty as it is to preach Christ's atonement; and unless he doth preach man's duty, he will never be blessed of God to bring man into the proper state to see the beauty of the atonement. Unless he sometimes thunders out the law and claims for his Master the right of obedience to it, he will never be very likely to produce conviction—certainly not that conviction which afterwards leads to conversion. This morning, I am aware my sermon will not be very unctuous and savoury to you that are always wanting the same round of doctrines, but of this I have but little care. This rough world sometimes needs to be rebuked, and if we can get at the ears of the people it is our business to reprove them, and I think if ever there was a time when this text needed to be enlarged upon, it is just now. It is so often forgotten, so seldom remembered, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

I shall notice, first of all, *the command*; secondly, I shall try and bring *some reasons for your obedience to it*; and afterwards I shall draw *some suggestions from the law itself*.

I. First, then, **THE COMMAND**. It is the second great commandment. The first is, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God," and there the proper

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standard is "thou shalt love thy God more than thyself." The second commandment is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour," and the standard there is a little lower but still pre-eminently high, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." There is the command. We can split it into three parts. *Whom am I to love?* "My neighbour." *What am I to do?* I am to love him. *How am I to do it?* I am to love him as myself.

First, whom am I to love? I am to love my neighbour. By the word neighbour we are to understand any person who is near us. It comes from two old words, *nae* or *near* (near), and *buer* (to dwell), persons residing, or being near us, and if anyone in the world is near us he is our neighbour. The Samaritan, when he saw the wounded man on the road to Jericho, felt that he was in his neighbourhood, and that therefore he was his neighbour, and he was bound to love him. "Love thy neighbour." Perhaps he is in riches, and thou art poor, and thou livest in thy little cot side-by-side with his lordly mansion. Thou seest his estates, thou markest his fine linen, and his sumptuous raiment. God has given him these gifts, and if he has not given them to thee, covet not his wealth, and think no hard thoughts concerning him. There will ever be differences in the circumstances of man, so let it be. Be content with thy own lot, if thou canst not better it, but do not look upon thy neighbour, and wish that he were poor as thyself, and do not aid or abet any who would rid him of his wealth to make thee hastily rich. Love him, and then thou canst not envy him. Mayhap, on the other hand, thou art rich, and near thee reside the poor. Do not scorn to call them neighbours. Do not scorn to own that thou art bound to love even them. The world calls them thy inferiors. In what are they inferior? They are thine equals really, though not so in station. "God hath made of one blood all people that dwell on the face of the earth." Thou art by no means better than they. They are men, and what art thou more than that? They may be men in rags, but men in rags are men; and if thou be a man arrayed in scarlet thou art no more than a man. Take heed that thou love thy neighbour even though he be in rags, and scorn him not, though sunken in the depths of poverty.

Love thy neighbour too, *albeit that he be of a different religion*. Thou thinkest thyself to be of that sect which is the nearest to the truth, and thou hast hope that thou and thy compeers who think so well shall certainly be saved. Thy neighbour thinketh differently. His religion thou sayest is unsound and untrue; love him for all that. Let not thy differences separate him from thee. Perhaps he may be right, or he may be wrong; he shall be the rightest in practice who loves the most. Possibly he has no religion at all. He disregards thy God; he breaks the Sabbath; he is confessedly an atheist; love him still. Hard words will not convert him, hard deeds will not make him a Christian. Love him straight on; his sin is not against thee, but against thy God. Thy God takes vengeance for sins committed against Himself, and leave thou him in God's hands. But if thou canst do him a kind turn, if thou canst find aught whereby thou canst serve him, do it, be it day or night. And if thou makest any distinction make it thus: Because thou art not of my religion I will serve thee the more, that thou mayest be converted to the right, whereas thou art a heretic Samaritan, and I an orthodox Jew, thou art still my neighbour, and I will love thee with the hope that thou mayest give up thy

temple in Gerizim, and come to bow in the temple of God in Jerusalem. Love thy neighbour, despite differences in religion.

Love thy neighbour, *although he oppose thee in trade*. It will be a motto hard to introduce upon the exchange, or in trade ; but, nevertheless, it is one I am bound to preach to you that are merchants and tradesmen. A young man has lately started a shop which you are afraid will damage you. You must not hurt him ; you must neither think nor say anything to injure him. Your business is to love him, for though he oppose you in your business, he is your neighbour still. There is another one residing near you, who is indebted to you, and if you should take from him all that he owes you, you will ruin him ; but if you let him keep your money for a little, he may weather the storm, and succeed in his endeavours. It is your business to love him as you love yourself. Let him have your money, let him try again, and perhaps you shall have your own, and he shall be helped too. With whomsoever thou hast dealings in thy business, he is thy neighbour. With whomsoever thou trade, be he greater or less than you, he is thy neighbour, and the Christian law commands that thou shalt love thy neighbour. It doth not merely say that thou art not to hate him, but it tells thee to love him ; and though he should thwart thy projects, though he should prevent thy obtaining wealth, though he should rob thee of thy custom—ay, though he should obscure thy fame, yet thou art bound to love him as thyself. This law makes no exception. Is he near thee, and hast thou any dealings with him ? Thus says the law, “Thou shalt love him.”

Again, thou art bound to love thy neighbour, *though he offend thee with his sin*. Sometimes our spirits are overwhelmed and our hearts are grieved, when we see the wickedness of our streets. The common habit with the harlot or the profligate is to drive them out of society as a curse. It is not right, it is not Christian-like. We are bound to love even sinners, and not to drive them from the land of hope, but seek to reclaim even these. Is a man a rogue, thief, or a liar ? I cannot love his roguery, or I should be a rogue myself. I cannot love his lying, or I should be untrue ; but I am bound to love *him* still, and even though I am wronged by him, yet I must not harbour one vindictive feeling, but as I would desire God to forgive me, so I must forgive him. And if he so sins against the law of the land that he is to be punished (and rightly so), I am to love him in the punishment ; for I am not to condemn him to imprisonment vindictively, but I am to do it for his good, that he may be led to repent through the punishment ; I am to give him such a measure of punishment as shall be adequate, not as an atonement for his crime, but to teach him the evil of it, and induce him to forsake it. But let me condemn him with a tear in my eye, because I love him still. And let me, when he is thrust into prison, take care that all his keepers attend to him with kindness, and although there be a necessity for sternness and severity in prison discipline, let it not go too far, lest it merge into cruelty, and become wanton instead of useful. I am bound to love him though he be sunken in vice, and degraded. The law knows of no exception. It claims my love for him. I must love him. I am not bound to take him to my house ; I am not bound to treat him as one of my family. There may be some acts of kindness which would be imprudent, seeing that by doing them I might ruin others, and reward vice. I am bound to set my *face*

against him, as I am just, but I feel I ought not to set my heart against him, for he is my brother-man, and though the devil has besmeared his face, and spits his venom in his mouth, so that when he speaks he speaks in oaths, and when he walks, his feet are swift to shed blood, yet he is a man, and as a man he is my brother, and as a brother I am bound to love him, and if by stooping I can lift him up to something like moral dignity, I am wrong if I do not do it, for I am bound to love him as I love myself. Oh, I would to God that this great law were fully carried out. Ah, my hearers, you do not love your neighbours, you know you do not. You do not hardly love all the people who go to the same chapel. Certainly, you would not think of loving those who differ from you in opinion—would you? That would be too strange a charity. Why, you hardly love your own brothers and sisters. Some of you to-day are at daggers drawn with them that hung on the same breast. Oh, how can I expect you to love your enemies if you do not love your friends? Some of you have come here angered at your parents, and here is a brother who is angry with his sister for a word she said before he left home. Oh, if you cannot love your brothers and sisters you are worse than heathen men and publicans. How can I expect you to obey this high and mighty command, "Love your neighbours"? But whether you obey it or not, it is mine to preach it, and not shift it to a gainsaying generation's taste. First, we are bound to love and honour all men, simply because they are men; and we are to love, next, all those who dwell near us, not for their goodness or serviceableness towards us, but simply because the law demands it, and they are our neighbours. "Love thy neighbour as thyself."

2. But, now, what am I to do to my neighbour? Love him—it is a hard word—love him. "Well I believe," says one, "I never speak an unkind word of any of my neighbours. I do not know that I ever hurt a person's reputation in my life. I am very careful to do my neighbour no damage. When I start in business I do not let my spirit of competition overthrow my spirit of charity. I try not to hurt anybody." My dear friend, that is right as far as it goes, but it does not go the whole way. It is not enough for you to say, you do not hate your neighbour, you are to love him. When you see him in the street it is not sufficient that you keep out of his way, and do not knock him down. It is not sufficient that you do not molest him by night, nor disturb his quiet. It is not a negative, it is a positive command. It is not *the not doing*, it is the doing. Thou must not injure him it is true, but thou hast not done all when thou hast not done that. Thou oughtest to love him. "Well," says one, "when my neighbours are sick round about; if they be poor, I take a piece from the joint for dinner, and send it to them, that they may have a little food and be refreshed, and if they be exceedingly poor, I lay out my money, and see that they are taken care of." Yes, but thou mayest do this, and not love them. I have seen charity thrown to a poor man as a bone is thrown to a dog, and there was no love in it. I have seen money given to those who needed it with not one-half the politeness with which hay is given to a horse. "There it is, you want it. I suppose I must give it to you, or people will not think me liberal. Take it, I am sorry you

came here. Why don't you go to somebody else's house? I am always having paupers hanging on me." Oh, this is not loving our neighbour, and this is not making him love us. If we had spoken a kind word to him, and refused him, he would have loved us better than when we gave to him in an unkind manner. No, though thou feedest the poor, and visitest the sick, thou hast not obeyed the command, unless thy heart goes with thy hand, and the kindness of thy life bespeaks the kindness of thy soul. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour."

And now some one here may say, "Sir, I cannot love my neighbour. You may love yours perhaps, because they may be better than mine; but mine are such an odd set of neighbours, and I try to love them, and for all I do they do but return insult." So much the more room for heroism. Wouldst thou be some feather-bed warrior, instead of bearing the rough fight of love? Sir, he who dares the most—shall win the most; and if rough be thy path of love, tread it boldly, and still on, loving thy neighbours through thick and thin. Heap coals of fire on their heads, and if they be hard to please, seek not to please *them*, but to please *thy Master*, and remember if they spurn thy love, thy Master hath not spurned it, and thy deed is as acceptable to Him as if it had been acceptable to them. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour."

Now, if this love for our neighbour were carried out—love, real love—it would prohibit all *rash anger*. Who is ever angry with himself? I suppose all wise men are now and then, and I suspect we should not be righteous if we were not sometimes angry. A man who is never angry is not worth a button. He cannot be a good man, for he will often see things so bad that he must be angry at them. But, remember, thou hast no right to be more angry with thy neighbour than thou art with thyself. Thou art sometimes vexed with thyself, and thou mayest sometimes be vexed with him if he has done wrong. But thine anger towards thyself is very short-lived: thou soon forgivest thine own dear self; well, thou art bound just as soon to forgive him, and though thou speakest a rough word, if it be too rough, withdraw it, and if it be but rough enough, do not add more to it to make it too much so. State the truth, if thou art obliged to do it, as kindly as thou canst. Be no more stern than there is need to be. Deal with others as thou wouldst deal with thyself. Above all, harbour no revenge. Never let the sun set on thine anger—it is impossible to love thy neighbour if thou dost that. Revenge renders obedience to this command entirely out of the question.

Thou art bound to love thy neighbour, then *do not neglect him*. He may be sick, he may live very near thy house, and he does not send for thee to call on him; for he says, "No, I do not like to trouble him." Remember, it is thy business to find him out. The most worthy of all poverty is that which never asks for pity. See where thy neighbours are in need; do not wait to be told of it, but find it out thyself, and give them some help. Do not neglect them; and when thou goest, go not with the haughty pride which charity often assumes, not as some superior being about to bestow a benefaction; but go to thy brother as if thou were about to pay him a debt which nature makes his due, and sit by his side, and talk to him; and if he be one that hath a high spirit, give him not thy charity as a charity, give it to him in some other way, lest

thou break his head with the very box of ointment with which thou hadst intended to have anointed him. Be thou very chary how thou speakest to him : break not his spirit. Leave thy charity behind thee, and he shall forget that, but he shall remember well thy kindness towards him in thy speech.

Love to our neighbours puts aside every sin that is akin to covetousness, and envy, and it makes us at all times ready to serve them, ready to be their footstool, if so it must be, that we may be so proved to be the children of Christ.

"Well," says one, "I cannot see that I am always to forgive : you know a worm will turn if it is trodden upon." And is a worm to be your exemplar ? A worm will turn ; but a Christian will not. I think it foul scorn to take a worm for my exemplar, when I have got Christ for my copy. Christ did not turn—when He was reviled, He reviled not again ; when they crucified Him, and nailed Him to the tree, He cried, "Father, forgive them." Let love, unconquerable love, dwell in thy bosom, love which many waters cannot quench, love which the floods cannot drown. Love thy neighbours.

3. And now we have done with this command, when we have noticed *how we are to love our neighbour*. It would be a good thing if some ladies loved their neighbours as much as they loved their lap-dogs. It would be a fine thing for many a country squire if he loved his neighbours as much as he loved his pack of hounds. I think it might be a high pitch of virtue, if some of you were to love your neighbours as much as you love some favourite animal in your house. What an inferior grade of virtue, however, that appears to be ! And yet it were something far superior to what some of you have attained to. You do not love your neighbour as you love your house, your estate, or your purse. How high then is, "Love thy neighbour as thyself" the gospel standard ? How much does a man love himself ? None of us too little, some of us too much. Thou mayest love thyself as much as thou pleasest, but take care that thou lovest thy neighbour as much. I am certain thou needest no exhortation to love thyself, thine own case will be well seen to, thine own comfort will be a very primary theme of thine anxiety. Thou wilt line thine own nest well with downy feathers, if thou canst. There is no need to exhort thee to love thyself. Thou wilt do that well enough. Well, then, as much as thou lovest thyself love thy neighbour. And mark, by this is meant—thine enemy, the man who opposes thee in trade, and the man of another class. Thou oughtest to love him as thou lovest thyself.

Oh, it would turn the world upside down indeed, if this were practised. A fine lever this would be for upsetting many things that have now become the custom of the land. In England we have a caste almost as strong as in Hindostan. My lord will not speak to any one who is a little beneath himself in dignity, and he who hath the next degree of dignity thinks the tradesman infinitely below him, and he who is a tradesman thinks a mechanic scarcely worth his notice, and mechanics according to their grades have their castes and classes too. Oh, for the day when these shall be broken down, when the impulse of the one blood shall be felt, and when, as one family, each shall love the other, and feel that one class depends upon the other ! It were well if each would strive to help and

love the other as he ought. My fine lady, in your silks and satins, you have gone to church many a day, and sat side by side with a poor old woman in her red cloak who is as good a saint as you could be. But do you ever speak to her? Never in your life. You would not speak to her, poor soul, because you happen to be worth more hundreds of pounds a-year than she is shillings. There are you, Sir John, you come to your place, and you expect every one to be eminently respectful to you, as indeed, they ought to be, for we are all honourable men, and the same text that says, "Honour the king," says also, "Honour all men." And so we are bound to honour every one of them. But you think that you above all men are to be worshipped. You do not condescend to men of mean estate. My dear sir, you would be a greater man by one-half if you were not to appear so great. Oh, I say again, blessed be Christ, blessed be His Father for this commandment, and blessed be the world when the commandment shall be obeyed, and we shall love our neighbours as ourselves!

II. And now I shall have to give REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD OBEY THIS COMMAND.

The best reason in all the world is that with which we will begin. We are bound to love our neighbours because *God commands it*. To the Christian there is no argument so potent as God's will. God's will is the believer's law. He doth not ask what shall it profit him, what shall be the good effect of it upon others, but he simply says, doth my Father say it? Oh, Holy Spirit, help me to obey, not because I may see how it shall be always good for me, but simply because thou commandest. It is the Christian's privilege to do God's commandments, "hearkening to the voice of His Word." But some other reason may prevail more with others of you who are not Christians.

Let me remark, then, that *selfishness itself would bid you love your neighbours*. Oh, strange that selfishness should preach a suicidal sermon; but yet if self could speak, it might, if it were wise, deliver an oration like this, "Self, love thy neighbour, for then thy neighbour will love thee. Self, help thy neighbour, for then thy neighbour will help thee. Make to thyself, O self, friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when thou failest they may receive thee into abiding habitations. Self, thou wantest ease, make thyself easy by treating everybody well. Self, thou wantest pleasure, thou canst get no pleasure if those around thee hate thee. Make them love thee, dear self, and so shalt thou bless thyself." Ay, even if ye are selfish, I would ye were so pre-eminently selfish, and so wisely selfish, that ye would love others to make yourselves happy.

The short cut to be happy yourself is to try to make others happy. The world is bad enough, but it is not so bad as not to feel the power of kindness. Treat servants well. There are some of them that you can't mend at all, but treat them well, and as a rule they will treat you well. Treat your masters well. Some of them are gruff and bad enough, but as a class they know good servants, and they will treat you well. There, now, if I would wish to be happy, I would not ask to have the wealth of this world, nor the things that men call comforts; the best comforts that I should desire would be loving ones round about me, and a sense that where I went I scattered happiness, and made men glad. That is the way to be happy, and selfishness itself might say, "Love thy neighbour," for

in so doing thou dost love thyself ; for there is such a connection between him and thee, that in loving him the stream of thy love returns into thine own heart again.

But I shall not assail you with such a paltry motive as that ; it is too poor for a Christian ; it should be too base even for a man. Love your neighbour in the next place, *because that will be the way to do good in the world*. You are philanthropists, some of you subscribe to missionary societies, you subscribe to the society for orphans, and other charitable objects. I am persuaded that these institutions, though they be excellent and good things, are in some respects a loss, for now a man gives to a society one-tenth of what he would have given himself, and where an orphan would have been kept by a single family, ten families join together to keep that orphan, and so there is about one-tenth of the charity. I think the man who has the time is bound to give nothing at all to societies, but to give all away himself. Be your own society. If there be a society for the sick, then if you have enough money, be your own sick society. If you have the time, go and visit the sick yourself, you will know money is well spent then, and you will spare the expense of a secretary. There is a society for finding soup for the poor. Make your own soup. Give it yourself ; and if every one who gives his half-a-crown to the society would just spend half-a-sovereign to give the soup away himself, there would be more done. Societies are good ; God forbid that I should speak against them ; do all you can for them : but still I am afraid that they sometimes thwart individual effort, and I know they rob us of a part of the pleasure which we should have in our own benefactions—the pleasure of seeing the gleaming eye, and of hearing the grateful word when we have been our own almoners.

Dear friends, remember that man's good requires that you should be kind to your fellow creatures. The best way for you to make the world better is to be kind yourself. Are you a preacher ? Preach in a surly way, and in a surly tone to your church ; a pretty church you will make of it before long ! Are you a Sunday-school teacher ? Teach your children with a frown on your face ; a fine lot they will learn ! Are you a master ? Do you hold family prayer ? Get in a passion with your servants, and say, "Let us pray." A vast amount of devotion you will develop in such a manner as that. Are you a warder of a gaol, and have prisoners under you ? Abuse them and illtreat them, and then send the chaplain to them. A fine preparation for the reception of the Word of God ! You have poor around you ; you wish to see them elevated, you say. You are always grumbling about the poverty of their dwellings, and the meanness of their tastes. Go and make a great stir at them all—a fine way that would be to improve them ! Now, just wash your face of that black frown, and buy a little of the essence of summer somewhere, and put it on your face ; and have a smile on your lip, and say, "I love you. I am no cant, but I love you, and as far as I can I will prove my love to you. What can I do for you ? Can I help you over a stile ? Can I give you any assistance, or speak a kind word to you ? Methinks I could see after your little daughter. Can I fetch the doctor to your wife now she is ill ?" All these kind things would be making the world a little better. Your gaols and gibbets, and all that, never made the world better yet. You may hang men as long as you like ; you will never stop

murder. Hang us all, we should not be much the better for it. There is no necessity for hanging any ; it will never improve the world. Deal gently, deal kindly, deal lovingly ; and there is not a wolf in human shape but will be melted by kindness ; and there is not a tiger in woman's form but will break down and sue for pardon, if God should bless the love that is brought to bear upon her by her friend. I say again, for the world's good, love your neighbours.

And now, once more, love your neighbour, for *there is a deal of misery in the world that you do not know of*. We have often spoken hard words to poor miserable souls ; we did not know their misery, but we should have known it, we should have found it out. Shall I tell you, my friend landlord, you went yesterday to get a warrant against a poor woman that has got three children. Her husband died a long while ago. She was three weeks back in her rent ; the last time to pay you she sold off her late husband's watch and her own wedding ring ; it was all that she had that was dear to her, and she paid you ; and you went to her the next week, and she begged a little patience, and you think yourself highly exemplary because you had that little patience. "The woman," you have said, "I dare say she is good for nothing, and if not, it is no particular business of mine whether she has got three children, or none ; rent is rent ; and business is business." Out she goes directly. Oh, if you could have seen that woman's heart when she stood penniless and houseless, and knew not where to send the children for the night, you would have said, "Never mind, my good woman, stop there ; I cannot turn a widow out of house and home." You did not do it yourself, did you ? No, but you sent your agent to do it, and the sin lay on you just as much for all that. You had no right to do it ; you had a right in the eye of man's law, but God's law says, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." A young man called upon you a little time ago. He said, "Sir, you know my little business. I have been struggling very hard, and you have kindly let me have some things on credit. But through the pressure of the times, I don't know how it is, I seem to get very hard up. I think, sir, if I could weather the next month, I might be able to get on well. I have every prospect of having a trade yet, if I could but have a little more credit, if you could possibly allow it." "Young man," you have said, "I have had a great many bad debts lately. Besides you do not bring me any good security ; I cannot trust you." The young man bowed, and left you. You did not know how he bowed in spirit as well as in body. That young man had a poor old mother and two sisters in the house, and he had tried to establish a little business that he might earn bread and cheese for them as well as for himself. For the last month they have eaten scarcely anything but bread and butter, and the weakest tea has been their drink, and he has been striving hard ; but some one, poorer than he seemed to be, did not pay him the little debt that was due to him, and he could not pay you. And if you had helped him, it might have been all well with him ; and now what to do he cannot tell. His heart is broken, his soul is swollen within him. That aged mother of his, and those girls, what shall become of them ? You did not know his agony, or else you would have helped him. But you ought to have known. You never should have dismissed his case until you had known a little more about him. It would not be business-like would it ? No, sir, to be

business-like is sometimes to be devil-like. But I would not have you business-like when it is so. Out on your business; be Christian-like. If you be professors, seek to serve God in obeying His commands—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

"Nay," says another, "but I am always very kind to the poor." There is a lady here who has got a tolerable share of money to spare, and to her money is about as common as pins. And she goes to see the poor; and when she gets in, they set her a chair, and she sits down, and begins to talk to them about economy, and gives them a tolerably good lecture on that. The poor souls wonder how they are to economise any more than they do; for they eat nothing but bread, and they cannot see that they can get anything much cheaper. Then she begins to exhort them about cleanliness, and makes about fifty impertinent remarks about the children's clothes. "Now," says she, "my good woman, before I leave you I will give you this tract, it is about drunkenness; perhaps you will give it to your husband." If she does he will beat her, you may depend upon it. "Come now," she says, "there is a shilling for you." And now, my lady thinks, "I love my neighbour." Did you shake hands with her? "No, sir." Did you speak lovingly to her? "Of course not. She is an inferior." Then you did not obey this command, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." Shall I tell you what happened after you left? That woman as soon as ever you were gone, began to cry. She started off to the minister for consolation. She said to him, "Do you know, sir, I am very thankful to God that I have had a little relief given me this morning, but my spirit was almost broken. Do you know, sir, we used to be in better circumstances. This morning Mrs. So-and-so came and talked to me in such a way, as if I had been a dog, or as if I had been a child, and though she gave me a shilling I did not know what to do. I wanted the shilling bad enough, or else I really think I should have thrown it after her. She did talk in such a way, I could not bear it. Now, if you come to see me, sir, I know you will speak kindly to me, and if you give me nothing you will not abuse me and find fault with me." "Oh," she said, "my heart is broken within me. I cannot bear this, for we have seen better days, and we have been used to different treatment to this." Now, you did not love her. Your shilling, what was the good of that, if you did not put a little love on it? You might have made it as good as a golden sovereign if you had spread a little love upon it. She would have thought far more of it. "Love thy neighbours." Oh! would to God that I could always practise it myself, and would that I could impress it into every one of your hearts. Love thy neighbour as thou lovest thyself.

And now the last argument I shall use is one especially appropriate to the Christian. Christian, your religion *claims your love*,—Christ loved you before you loved Him. He loved you when there was nothing good in you. He loved you though you insulted Him, though you despised Him and rebelled against Him. He has loved you right on, and never ceased to love you. He has loved you in your backslidings and loved you out of them. He has loved you in your sins, in your wickedness and folly. His loving heart was still eternally the same, and He shed His heart's blood to prove His love for you. He has given you what you want on earth, and provided for you a habitation in heaven. Now Christian, your religion claims from you, that you should love as your Master loved. How can

you imitate Him, unless you love too? We will leave to the Mahometans, to the Jew, and to the infidel, coldheartedness and unkindness; 'twere more in keeping with their views, but with you unkindness is a strange anomaly. It is a gross contradiction to the spirit of your religion, and if you love not your neighbour, I see not how you can be a true follower of the Lord Jesus.

And now I conclude with just a weighty suggestion or two, and I will not weary you. My text suggests first, *the guilt of us all*. My friends, if this be God's law, who here can plead that he is not guilty? If God's law demands that I should love my neighbour, I must stand in my pulpit, and confess my guilt. In thinking of this text yesterday, my eyes ran with tears at the recollection of many a hard thing I had spoken in unwary moments. I thought of many an opportunity of loving my neighbour that I had slighted, and I laboured to confess the sin. I am certain there is not one of all this immense audience who would not do the same, if he felt this law applied by the Spirit in power to his soul.

Oh! are we not guilty? Kindest of spirits, most benevolent of souls, are you not guilty? Will you not confess it? And then that suggests this remark. If no man can be saved by his works, unless he keeps this law perfectly, who can be saved by his works? Have any of you loved your neighbour all your life with all your heart? Then shall you be saved by your own deeds, if you have not broken any other command. But if you have not done it, and you cannot do it, then hear the sentence of the law. You have sinned, and you shall perish for your sin. Hope not to be saved by the mandate of the law. And oh! how this endears the gospel to me! If I have broken this law, and I have—and if I cannot enter heaven with this law broken, precious is the Saviour who can wash me from all my sins in His blood! Precious is He that can forgive my want of charity, and pardon my want of kindness—can forgive my roughness and my rudeness, can put away all my harsh speaking, my bigotry and unkindness, and can through His all-atoning sacrifice give me a seat in heaven, notwithstanding all my sins. You are sinners this morning—you must feel it: my sermon, if blessed of God, must convince you all of guilt. Well, then, as sinners, let me preach to you the gospel. "Whosoever believeth in the Lord Jesus shall be saved." Though he hath hitherto broken this law God shall forgive him, and put a new heart and a right spirit into his bosom, whereby he shall be enabled to keep the law in future, at least to an eminent degree, and shall, by-and-by, attain to a crown of life in glory everlasting.

Now, I do not know whether I have been personal to anybody this morning. I sincerely hope I have. I meant to be. I know there are a great many characters in the world that must have a cap made exactly to fit them or else they will never wear it, and I have tried as near as I could to do it. If you will not say, "How well that applied to my neighbour," but just for once say, "How well it applied to me," I shall hope that there will be some good follow from this exhortation; and though the Antinomian may turn away, and say, "Ah! it was only a legal sermon," my love to that precious Antinomian. I do not care about his opinion. My Saviour preached like that, and I shall do the same. I believe it is right that Christians should be told what they should do, and that worldlings should know what Christianity will lead us to do; that

the highest standard of love, of kindness, and of law, should be uplifted in the world, and kept constantly before the people's eyes.

May God bless you, and be with you, for Jesus' sake !

Cloud and Sunshine ; or, All Things Working for Good.

CHAPTER VIII.—A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

NOT until I arrived at Pendle-brow was I made fully aware of the state of things in Miss Locke's home. All that I had been informed was that urgent business required my immediate personal attendance, and therefore the sooner I could come the better. I had not been, however, a quarter of an hour in the house before my sister made me acquainted with the reasons that had induced her to advise my being sent for ; and deeply grieved I was to find that Miss Locke had been plunged into so much sorrow. Now for the first time I could see clearly why she had so persistently kept the family secret. Like a most affectionate and faithful daughter, she could not bear the idea of publishing her father's disgrace ; and she was therefore prepared to suffer or bear anything rather than make the revelation until she was compelled to do so. And now she had no choice in the matter. Already the news of her father's insanity was well known in the neighbourhood. To attempt any further concealment was consequently useless ; and now all that remained to do was to get him conveyed quietly away and set things in order.

After my sister had given me her communication Miss Locke entered

the room and, stretching out her hand, gave me a most cordial welcome. With the exception of looking paler and more sorrowful than when I saw her at my sister's house, she did not appear to be in any respect different to what she was three years before. If anything she looked more beautiful than she did then, sorrow having given her a chastened and soft expression, that indicated how beneficial her earthly discipline must have proved to her. With a full heart I shook the hand she extended towards me ; and pouring into her ear in a few sentences all the balm and consolation it was in my power to afford, I assured her that most gladly would I render her any service, either personally or professionally, of which she might stand in need, either at the present or in the future.

Thanking me, with tears in her eyes, and a tremulous voice, she said : " I knew, Mr. Ockford, that you would not only come as soon as you were sent for, if it were at all possible, but that you would do all for me that you could. I also felt that when you knew all you would not blame me for keeping my family secret so close and acting even towards you as I have done."

"So far, Miss Locke, from blaming you," I replied, "I really honour you. Such self-sacrifice and filial love on your part demands my warmest

praise, and I shall respect you for it as long as I live."

"You are kind indeed in saying that, for being aware of your feelings towards me I often felt self-condemned in not letting you know more. But what could I do? The solemn promise that I made to my poor dear mother to keep to my father to the last was binding upon me; and not having any idea how the matter might end, I dare not have run any risk, either for his sake or anyone else's. But now everything is changed. It is clear to me that he will end his days in the asylum; for, in addition to his insanity, the medical man assures me that there is disease of the heart, and that every paroxysm tends to weaken its action more and more. In fact, he candidly told me this morning that, under any circumstances, he would not give him six months to live."

"That, indeed," I remarked, "makes matters look very serious; and, therefore, I shall be thankful to learn in what way I can be of any assistance to you."

"Well, I want you, Mr. Ockford, to give aid in two or three ways. In the first place, I shall be obliged if you will, some time to-day, drive over to the asylum at Wobell. It is only six miles distant, and we can easily hire a conveyance. There you will see the manager, who is reputed to be a kindhearted and skilful medical man. He will make out for you one or two necessary formal documents and fix the time on Saturday for my poor father's removal. You can then explain to him my father's real case, and make every pecuniary arrangement for his comfort. Stimulants must be kept from him, but everything else that he may require may be obtained for him at any cost. As it is a gentleman's private asylum, we can

visit him at any time, and to ensure his being well treated and looked after properly, you can inform the doctor that it is my intention to visit him at least once a week to see for myself how he goes on. Next I shall want you, if you will be so kind, to aid in taking him to the asylum, that I may feel sure that no unnecessary violence is used. Keepers accustomed to dealing with the insane I know well are not always as tender in their usage as they might be; and I fear that if father should prove somewhat intractable they may treat him roughly. Then, finally, I want you to look into my father's Will. It was made soon after my mother's death, and then entrusted to my care. I have it upstairs in an iron box, but have never read it since the time when it was witnessed and signed. No doubt you will find it properly executed, but there are one or two provisions in it which may call for your legal advice. Then when you have done all this, you may," added Miss Locke, with a rather melancholy smile, "send in your bill."

"As to the bill, Miss Locke," I replied, "we will talk about that when the work is done. At present we will tackle the work itself. All that you require shall cheerfully be attended to; but do you not think that I had better see your father first?"

"Yes, certainly, Mr. Ockford: I will take you up at once if you like, or after you have had your dinner. Which will you do?"

"I think I would rather see him now if you have no objection."

Leading the way, I followed her and my sister up to her father's bedroom. On passing the door I saw the attendant seated in an armchair near the fire reading a book. In the bed lay Mr. Locke

asleep. He appeared to breathe heavily and to start occasionally as if dreaming or in pain. His face was flushed and one arm was flung out of bed with the fist tightly clenched. As we gazed silently upon him the attendant unluckily let his book fall and it woke him up. His eyes were instantly fixed upon me. Then they glared at me as if I had been a spectre or some wild beast. Before any of us could move he sprang up in bed and tried to grasp me. But in a moment his attendant had thrown his arms around him and forced him back. It was evident that he did not admire the resistance to which he was thus subjected, and fighting as only a madman could fight, he struck blows at his attendant and in the air, and also sent forth a number of yells that filled me and my sister with terror. But it was astonishing to see Miss Locke's coolness. Strange to relate, however far gone he might at any time prove to have been, he never seemed unable to recognise her. Her voice appeared to have a charm that in a few moments served to dispel his rage and made him as quiet as a lamb. On this occasion she flew towards him, embraced him, talked soothingly and lovingly to him, and gradually calmed him down to an extent that perfectly amazed me. In less than five minutes the paroxysm was over, and he lay back as if settling himself again to sleep. Seeing him thus composed we quietly left the room, and I soon sat down to partake of the dinner which after a partial night's journey, without any subsequent breakfast, it need hardly be said I greatly relished.

Dinner over, I at once set off for the asylum. The horse proved to be a fast trotter, and in less than half an hour I alighted at the

gates. Ushered into the manager's room, I was received with much politeness ; and asked what I thought should be done in the case. Having given Miss Locke's views, and stated my own, an arrangement was made which, if kept, could not fail but to be satisfactory to us both. For the handsome sum to be paid quarterly the patient was to receive the best treatment possible, and to have constant attendance. That some measure of force would necessarily have to be used neither of us disputed ; but it was agreed upon that firmness should be tempered with the utmost possible kindness, and that the treatment given should be of the most humane kind. Miss Locke might feel herself at liberty to visit her father at any time she pleased, provided that, before seeing him, she first communicated either personally, or by letter, with the manager himself ; and she might also rest assured that in case of any real danger she would be sent for immediately. Feeling satisfied with the arrangement made, I was about to leave, when the manager asked me courteously if I would not like to see over the building ; if so, he should be most happy to conduct me through it.

Thanking him for his offer, which I accepted, I went with him through the apartments and the grounds. It was not a very large place, as the patients did not number more than a score, all of whom belonged to the middle class of society. Most of the rooms were well furnished and made as comfortable as heart could wish, but two or three of them were devoid of carpets and ornaments of any kind. In the former the mild patients were accommodated ; and the others were reserved for the more violent ones. To some, as we

passed through, I was introduced, and, except for a kind of vacant stare or peculiar look, several gave no indication of insanity whatever. But others, either by their actions or talk, gave good proof that they were possessed of anything but a sound mind, and in one of the plain rooms the language of a middle-aged man was shocking to hear. Oaths and curses rolled from his mouth in rapid succession against some imaginary or real foe, and I was glad to get beyond the sound of his voice. Another lay strapped down on a mattress to prevent him doing either himself or others personal injury, and was constantly watched by a keeper. Other sights I witnessed which I do not care to describe, and I was pleased to leave the house to have a rational chat with some three of the inmates who, being almost convalescent, were employing themselves in outdoor work in the garden. On the whole I drew the conclusion that the condition of these well-paid-for middle-class patients was far superior to that of paupers confined in our large public lunatic asylums ; and I returned to Miss Locke to comfort her with the assurance that she might, I believed, safely entrust her poor father to Doctor Lambert's care.

"You have," she said, "lifted a load off my mind, Mr. Ockford, in saying that. I have heard so much of the brutal conduct of keepers at asylums that it made my heart ache to think of consigning my father to their merciless care. But for all that I cannot help wondering how he will get on without me. You have had a specimen of his violence at times and have seen how my voice soothes him. As yet nothing has done so but that ; he yells and rages till I come ; and then almost directly he gradually gives way and

becomes quiet—singular that it should be so, but so it is !"

"And has he never attempted to injure you ?" I asked.

"Never ! He would strike anyone but me, if he could, but he never even attempts to push me away. Oh ! that I could always be with him to aid and soothe him ; but you see that is impossible."

"It is impossible, Miss Locke, and you must pardon me if I say that I am glad it is so. You could not possibly bear the strain much longer without a serious breakdown ; and it is clear that it will be better for him to have treatment that you cannot give in this house. In the asylum they can give him soothing baths that may perhaps do him far more good than your musical voice can accomplish, and, even in spite of the medical man's adverse opinion, that may even tend to bring about his restoration. He appears to have a great deal of strength left in his system yet, and the heart may not be as diseased as the doctor thinks it is. You must cheer up, Amelia—pardon me for the use of your name, it was just a slip of the tongue—and hope for the best. You know it has been well said that 'Hope is like the sun which, as we journey towards it casts the shadow of our burden behind us.'"

"Thank you for that quotation, Mr. Ockford, the analogy is both good and true. Then, as to calling me by my name, I am sure you need make no apology for that. Let the 'slip,' if you like, become the rule, and call me Amelia as often as you like. From you, at any rate, it sounds better in my ears than stiff Miss Locke."

"The permission you so kindly give me shall be used freely on one condition."

"And, pray, what condition is

that ?" she asked, with a smile, as if she knew what was coming.

"That you will just as freely call me Harry."

"You wish that, do you, sir ?"

"Certainly I do."

"Then to please you I will comply with your condition, and it shall be Mr. and Miss no longer. But, Harry, you do not know how I shrink from the thought of what may happen on Saturday. The idea of my poor father having to be taken away from me almost breaks my heart, and I know not how he will take it. If he resists, and they have to use force it will nearly drive me wild. And yet I must see him off myself, and try to soothe him to the last."

"Well, Amelia, you know what the Saviour wisely says: 'Let the

morrow take thought for the things of itself.' The morrow has not come yet, and it will be best not to be anxious about it. What may turn up between this and Saturday even we know not. At any rate, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' We have evil enough for one day, without importing into it evil that, after all, may never happen on the next."

What impelled me to utter these words I cannot tell, but this I know, not only did they prove to be words in season to the troubled one, but had I known exactly what was to follow, I could not, in attempting to give consolation, have uttered language which in itself seemed so strangely to be more like an inspired prediction.

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

OUR HYMNS: THEIR AUTHORS AND ORIGIN.

By Rev. R. C. ROBERTS.

(Continued from page 187, July number.)

SIX years after the formation of this society in Oxford Charles went with his brother to Georgia, as missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, but failing health compelled him to return after about a year's labour there. Strange to observe that, although Charles had been ordained a clergyman of the Church of England and engaged in preaching the Gospel with much diligence and earnestness, he was still ignorant of the power of religion, and did

not know what it was to enjoy peace with God until he was in his thirtieth year. The event was brought about in the following manner. Being laid low by an alarming illness, and seeming as if he were going to die, a young Moravian named Peter Böhler, who was undergoing a course of preparation by him to go out as a missionary, asked him, "Do you hope to be saved?" Charles answered, "Yes." "For what reason do you hope it?" "Because I have used my best endeavours to serve God." The Moravian shook his head and said no more. That sad, silent, significant shake of the head shattered all Charles Wesley's false foundation of salvation by *endeavours*. He was afterwards taught

by Peter Böhler the way of the Lord more perfectly, and brought to see that by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ men are justified. And now in his sick room he was able to write for the first time in his life, "I now find myself at peace with God." And it was on this occasion he composed that beautiful hymn, which we regret is not in our selection :—

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise."

Charles was able after this to preach with greater power, and his preaching was richly blessed in the conversion of numbers to God. It would exceed the limits of this paper to dwell upon his open-air preaching and itineracy, also the bravery with which he encountered opposition. Though naturally timid, religion made him as bold as Luther or Knox. He could face mobs without fear, and sing sweetly in the midst of storms. Denounced as a vagabond, arrested for treason, pelted with stones, a sword pointed to his breast, he was undismayed, and pursued his work faithfully to the end of his life.

Though he was acknowledged to have been a very eloquent, effective, and successful preacher, he is better known to us as a most voluminous hymn writer. He was a born hymnist. He is said to have composed about 7,000, nearly all for special occasions. Many were called out by some great public event, some startling religious experience, or some feeling of sorrow or joy. His whole soul, says one, was imbued with poetic genius; his thoughts seemed to bask and revel in rhythm. We have in our * Selection, 71 of his

hymns, some of which are very familiar to us. His most popular hymn is acknowledged to be the 389th :—

"Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

"I would rather," said Henry Ward Beecher, "have written that hymn of Wesley's than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. It is more glorious. It has more power in it. I would rather be the author of that hymn than to hold the wealth of the richest man in New York. He will die This hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band, and then I think it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God." This hymn is stated to have been composed while he was hiding in a spring house from the infuriated mob, who attacked him and his brother John, for holding a twilight meeting on the Common; they escaped in the gloaming behind a hedge-row, where they prostrated themselves, and felt the stones whizzing through the air over their heads. As night came on they took refuge in a spring-house near by, where they struck a light with a flintstone. Charles having refreshed himself with the sparkling water, drew out a pencil and wrote this memorable hymn, dear to all Christendom. The bubbling spring, the flight to a place of shelter, the apprehension of discovery, all served to suggest the beautiful thoughts comprised in this 389th hymn.

Another hymn of Charles Wesley said to possess a local interest is the 379th.

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!"

* Psalms and Hymns with Supplement.

The spot where he composed this fine hymn (so eminently suggestive of the grand thought) was the last projecting point of rock at Land's End, Cornwall, stretching out between the Bristol and English Channels. It is "a narrow neck of land," jutting out into the Atlantic, with scarcely a footroom beneath you, on either side a precipice, with the sea raging and roaring at its base: and, on both hands the eye meets a vast expanse of ocean. Montgomery says of this hymn:—"It is a sublime contemplation,—solemn, collected, unimpassioned thought,—but thought occupied with that which is of everlasting import to a dying man, standing on the lapse of a moment between two eternities."

Charles Wesley preaching on one occasion at Newcastle was greatly encouraged by an audience of nine or ten thousand persons, who listened most attentively to him. His soul was carried away by such a vast concourse that he preached for two hours. And as he beheld the furnace blasts and the burning pitheaps, which illuminated the whole neighbourhood, and which gleamed on the face of the preacher and the people, they suggested to him thoughts he put in verse, and are now comprised in the 1215th hymn:—

"See how great a flame aspires."

The 1214th, again, was written by him after preaching at a place called Gwennap Pit, in Cornwall, to thousands of people, mostly miners. This was one of the great spheres of the Wesleys' labours. They are reported to have preached on one occasion to as many as twenty-five thousand. But the time to which I now refer was Charles' last visit there. His services on the Sabbath were so richly blessed, that the next

day he joyfully surveyed the abundant success with which they had been crowned, and he expressed his deep gratitude to God in this hymn of thanksgiving:—

"All thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the means of His servants, His
savour of grace:
Who the victory gave,
The praise let Him have,
For the work He has done,
All honour and glory to Jesus
alone!"

There are many more of his beautiful hymns we could refer to. John Wesley considered the 653rd "Come let us join our friends above," the sweetest his brother ever wrote.

The 1189th, "Who are these arrayed in white?" was written by Charles after his mother's death, and is generally supposed to have reference to the trials and hardships both his parents endured.

One great authority on hymnody considers the 1110th, "Come, O Thou Traveller unknown," the finest sacred lyric in the English language. This holy and eminently useful man of God lived to a ripe old age. His end was peaceful and calm. "In age and feebleness extreme," he lay one day silent and quiet for some time. He called for Mrs. Wesley, his devoted wife, and requested her to write the following lines as he dictated them:

"In age and feebleness extreme,
'Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus! my only help Thou art!
Strength of my failing flesh and
heart;
O, could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity."

This 998th was his dying song, the last of those 7,000 hymns he

composed, and he shortly after entered into the joy of his Lord, in his 80th year. Thus closed the honoured life of this sweet singer of Israel, having contributed so largely and richly to the songs of Zion.

Pembroke Dock.

UNION WITH CHRIST.

“Abide in Me, and I in you.”

John xv. 4.

WHAT a lovely expression from the lips of the Great Teacher, from Him who spake as never man spake! What an expression of love! What a desire on the part of Him who is willing that we should be in sweet communion with Him! He says, “Abide in Me,” be with Me, live in Me, do not be separated from Me. If you abide in Me, you may expect My love to be in you, there will be an unmistakable union between us that nothing can separate. What shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall persecution, tribulation, the forsaking of friends, death; none of these things will do it, for if Christ is with us, who can be against us?

The importance of being in fellowship and union with Christ is greater than anything else in the world. There is nothing else that can give us that joy, peace and comfort obtained by a union in Christ. The world for certain cannot meet the longings of the immortal soul. Nothing but Christ can satisfy its cravings.

The Christian knows in whom he has believed, and Christ will not fail to do all He has promised. There is no changeableness, or the shadow of a turning in Jesus. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Everything around us is constantly changing, and, indeed, change is stamped on all things of a sublunary character. Therefore, it is necessary that the Christian abide in Christ, that he may at last enter the heavenly city, where all these changes can never enter.

There are many, alas! that think very little about this matter, and thus spend their time in this life with the greatest indifference, and thus pass away. Oh, may we pray to be kept near Christ, and enjoy His friendship, and at last see Him face to face.

THOMAS HEATH,

Superintendent Sunday School.

Plymouth.

HAVE PATIENCE.

Oh, heart of mine, have patience,
God surely knoweth best
What time thy prayer to answer,
And quiet thy unrest.

Think not, because thou askest,
Thou must receive to-day;
If thou wouldst have a blessing,
Wait for God's time and way.

Yes, heart of mine, be patient;
The dawn will surely come,
Though long thy night, and starless,
Thou'lt see a morrow's sun.

MRS. M. A. CONGDON.

Gems from Dr. Maclaren's Sermons.

AN Israelite might have starved in his tent, with the manna lying all round him, unless he put out his own hand and took it, and then ate it. And so I am afraid that there are men listening now who are dying of starvation in the presence of the Bread of God. Let me beseech you to take, and by faith to eat. "He that eateth this bread shall live for ever."

THE old story is typical, and may stand as a well-developed specimen of the whole set of evil deeds. "When she saw that it was pleasant to the eye, and good for food, and a thing to be desired," then the inflamed desire, perceiving the attainable object, went straight at it. And that is the history of all the evil that we do. Either for the sake of winning a desirable object, or for the sake of avoiding some undesirable issue, we never do the wrong thing, and go away from God, except under a delusion that we shall be better and happier when we have got the desired thing than we should be without it.

I do not suppose that Judas was lost, if he were lost, because he betrayed Jesus Christ, but because, having betrayed Jesus Christ, he never asked to be forgiven. And I suppose that the difference between the traitor that betrayed Him, and the other traitor that denied Him, was this, that the one when "he went out and wept bitterly," had the thought of a loving Master with him, and the other when "he went out and hanged himself," had the thought of nothing but that foul deed glaring there before him. And I pray you to learn this lesson, you cannot think too much, too blackly, of your own sins, but you may think too exclusively of them, and if you do they will drive you to madness or despair.

WE need a *whole* Christ. For our soul's salvation, for the quieting of our consciences, the forgiveness of our sins, for new life, for peace, purity, obedience, love, joy, hope, our faith must grasp Christ, and Him crucified. A half Christ is no Christ, and unless we have, as sinful men, laid hold of the one Sacrifice for sins for ever, which He offered, we do not understand even the preciousness of the half Christ whom we perceive, nor know the full beauty of His example, the depth of His teaching, nor the tenderness of His heart.

"FAITH is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." And unless you and I, with a dead lift of resolve, and concentration of mind and heart, compass ourselves about in the midst of the thickest hubbub of the things seen and temporal, with the calmness of that invisible world, we have no business to say that we live by faith. And oh, if we do that, what do you think would become of the temptations which derive their whole power to inflame and excite from these fleeting things which would then have become so small?

PEACE with God will give peace in all the soul. The peace with God will pass into a wider thing, the peace of God. There is tranquillity in trust. There is rest in submission. There is repose in satisfied desires. When we live

near Him, and have ceased from our own works, and let Him take control of us, and direct us in all our ways, then the storms abate. The things that disturb us are by no means so much external as inward, and there is a charm and fascination in the thought, "the Lord is peace," which stills the inward tempest, and makes us quiet, waiting upon His will, and drawing in His grace.

THE secret of rest is to cease from self; from self as guide, from self as aim, from self as safety. And when self-will is cast out, and self-dependence is overcome, and self-reliance is sublimed into hanging upon God's hand, and when He, not mine own inclination, is my Director, and the Arbitrer of my fate, then all the fever of unrest is swept wholly out of my heart, and there is nothing left in it on which the gnawing tooth of anxiety or of care can prey, God being my peace, and I yielding myself to Him, "in quietness and confidence," is my "strength." "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

Reviews.

Tried by Fire. Exposition of the First Epistle of Peter. By F. B. MEYER, B. A. London: Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

MR. MEYER'S activities in the press, the pulpit, and on the platform, are legion, and, judging from the present volume, it seems to cause him to proceed from good to better, for here there is vigorous mental and spiritual power. It consists of thirty-one chapters, written in a deep expository and spiritual strain, which draws the reader into sacred mood, and brings him under the sweet leadings of the Holy Spirit. The author acknowledges his indebtedness to Archbishop Leighton, and seems to have caught the fire of that seraphic writer. Religious literature is the richer for this volume, and we believe a prayerful perusal will bring much spiritual profit.

"*The Christian*" Bible Readings on the Five Books of Moses. Morgan & Scott.

THIS work has no author's name, but we are informed that the notes and readings originally appeared in the pages of *The Christian*, but the

chapters have been considerably extended. It contains a large amount of condensed, valuable reading. The paragraphs in this closely-printed book may be likened to nuggets of gold, and are well worthy of being reproduced in this volume form. A good book for Sunday-school teachers, and, indeed, for all engaged in Christian work. We should think it difficult to find a reader who may not profit by its possession.

A packet of tinted pictorial booklets have reached us from Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling. It contains 50, assorted. We wonder how such a valuable amount of pretty tracts can be produced for sixpence.

The Religious Tract Society have issued with *The Boy's* and *Girl's Own* the extra summer numbers. *The Boy's Annual*, edited by E. A. Hutchison, Esq., is a combination of amusement and instruction; and the *Gillyflowers* for the *Girl's Own* is a marvellous cabinet of good things, with its illuminated covers and chaste frontispiece, numerous articles from the pen of well-known writers, some good music and

poetry, and adorned with excellent engravings, make us sure that these annuals will be acceptable, and will make the summer days of our young people the brighter and happier for their issue. No. 81 of the *New Biographical Series* has a likeness of the late Dr. Hamilton, and a very interesting life of the doctor.

The Treasury for Pastor and People furnishes us with a likeness of Dr. Braistín, of Brooklyn, and an engraving of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church; also an article on *Noted Preachers*, by Alfred H. Moment, D.D., who has selected for his subject Dr. Braistín. *The Christian World Pulpit* is enriched by a sermon on Agnosticism by the Rev. Guinness Rogers, also by the same preacher a sermon on the Bible and the Church. It also contains a capital discourse by the Rev. Hiles Hitchin, D.D., subject—*The Law and the Saviour*.

Magazines: "*Gillham Court*," a tale of the London Dockers, by the Rev. J. J. Ellis, a well-told tale for one penny (Holness, Paternoster Row). No. 2, *Mildmay Mission to the Jews*, hon. director, the Rev. John Wilkinson, 79, Mildmay Road; all interested in the restoration of Israel should read these occasional papers. *In His Name*—*The Ragged School Magazine*—has a timely paper on Miss Dorothy Tennant (Mrs. H. Stanley). *The July Quarterly of the Trinitarian Bible Society* contains the report of this still-needed society. "The Baptism of the Holy Ghost," a letter read at the meeting of Strict Baptist Ministers by Samuel K. Bland, a sound address on—alas! alas!—a sometimes forgotten subject. *Sunday Closing Reporter*: this is a well-conducted organ on a subject which has our entire sympathy; the number for June 9th, we are pleased to see, is an enlarged paper. *Bible Society's Monthly Reporter* contains the report of the annual meeting, and a characteristic speech by C. H.

Spurgeon. The Bible Society's *Gleanings for the Young* is a bright and sunny magazine; just the thing to take with the young folks. *Life and Light* is a sound Gospel monthly, and *The Olive Branch* shows what the Strict Baptist are doing for Ceylon.

Our own Magazines. *The Baptist Magazine* has a well executed photo of the Rev. Silas Mead, of Adelaide, and a loving autobiography. No. 7 series of Addresses to the Young, by J. Hunt Cooke, subject—*God's Word a Lamp*. *The General Baptist* gives a pleasant, readable paper on the Life of Philip Doddridge; the Working-Man's Friend, and a paper for Sunny Days, or Recollections of South Wales, make this a very good number. *The Sword and Trowel* has the second part of Mr. Spurgeon's annual address at the Annual Meeting of the Pastors' College. It is full of zeal and earnestness for the truth of God, and earnest work for the Master.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

"LAST year, 20,772 London children spent a fortnight in the country." Such is the report of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and much we all rejoice to think of the merry enjoyments of these little ones on the golden sands or in the clover-scented fields, breathing in new life and happiness, and learning there the lesson which in their habitual surroundings of smoke, sin, and squalor, must seem but a mockery:—"That the Lord hath made everything beautiful in its time."

But there are others to whom such a change is, if possible, a greater necessity, and for whom the provision is quite inadequate; we mean that large class of poorly-paid bread-winners, bearing the "burden and heat of the day" in the close fog-laden atmosphere of crowded work-rooms and factories—to many of whom the term "holiday" means merely the four annual Bank holi-

days, spent perhaps in so-called recreation, the reverse of healthful either for soul or body.

For those to whom a few weeks' rest in the country or by the sea would mean the restoration of failing health and fresh vigour for the battle of life, but whose means quite preclude their obtaining it for themselves, we would plead.

By the kindness of subscribers and other helpers, 630 *young women* were provided for in this way through the Y.W.C.A. Convalescent and Holiday Department during 1889, and those who labour amongst these toiling

and weary ones cannot say too much of the benefit derived by the girls from these short seasons of rest.

Who will again help us, either by *subscriptions to our fund*, or by *free invitations for a fortnight's holiday*?

Invitations for parties of 10 to 100 of our girls to spend a Saturday afternoon or Bank holiday in some park or garden within easy reach of our great manufacturing cities, would also be very acceptable.

All contributions or other offers of help should be sent to the honorary secretary, Miss F. M. Fraser, 30, Onslow Gardens, London, S.W.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. O. D. CAMPBELL, of Broad Street Chapel, Nottingham, has accepted the pastorate of Commercial Street Church, Newport, Monmouth.

Rev. G. W. Brooker, of Brighton Grove College, Manchester, has accepted the pastorate at Leigh, Lancashire.

Rev. J. W. Kettle, of Regent's Park College, has accepted the pastorate at Calne, Wilts, and commenced his ministry there on July 6.

Rev. Evan Probert, after nearly seven years' ministry at Stevington, has accepted an invitation to return to his former sphere of labour at Whitebrook and Llandogo.

Rev. Wm. Hughes, of The Lodge, Upper Bangor, having completed his course at the North Wales College, Llangollen, has accepted a call from the Church at Crewe.

Rev. D. Evans, of Aberdare, has accepted a call from Siloam Church, Machen.

Rev. H. Edwards has accepted the pastorate of the Welsh Church at Bodedurn, Anglesea.

Rev. John Meredith, of Bhaenavon,

has accepted a call from Bethany Church, Treherbert.

Rev. T. Maycock has signified his intention to resign the pastorate of Major Road Church, Stratford.

Rev. F. C. Haggart, of Loose, Maidstone, has accepted the pastorate at Warwick Square, Carlisle.

The following students of the Pastors' College have accepted pastorates:—Revs. W. C. Minifie, at Arthur Street, Camberwell; H. Trueman, at Zion Chapel, Chesham; C. W. Vaughan, at East Hartlepool; and W. J. Wintle, at York Road, Leeds.

Rev. J. Thomas has resigned the pastorate at Bewdley.

Rev. E. W. Stenlake, after five years' pastorate, will be leaving the Church at Alpton, Middlesex, at the end of September, and will then be free to supply vacant pulpits. Address, Park Lodge, Alpton.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. C. STANLEY, on leaving Bouverie Road Church, Stoke Newington, was presented with a lever watch and a purse of money. Among other

gifts which the pastor received were ten volumes and an oil-painting.

Rev. D. Bruce, on leaving Forres, after a ten years' ministry, was presented at a farewell meeting with a purse of gold (£63) and a gold hunting watch. Mrs. Bruce also received a silver tea and coffee service.

Rev. J. Lewett, on retiring from the pastorate of Sansome Walk Church, Worcester, has been presented with a purse of £150.

Rev. E. W. Berry, of Redditch, has been presented with an illuminated address by the Mutual Improvement Society, of which he has been president for three years.

Rev. D. L. Evans, on leaving for Walsall, was presented on Tuesday, by the English Church at Gelliwastad, Pontypridd, with a gold watch, by his Sunday School class, with Stanley's new book, "In Darkest Africa," and by the Band of Hope with an inkstand.

Rev. G. Goodchild, on closing his ten years' pastorate at Pole Street Church, Preston, has been presented with a gold watch. Mrs. Goodchild received a gold brooch and a tea-urn from the members of her Bible-class.

A testimonial, subscribed by the congregation at Hampton Court, has been forwarded to Rev. Alfred Hall and Mrs. Hall, at Baydonfield, St. Leonard's-on-Sea. It consisted of an electro-silver salver and coffee-pot, richly engraved, and bearing their initials. It was accompanied by an address, expressing the affectionate regard and good wishes of the contributors.

Rev. W. A. Findlay and his bride, on returning from their wedding tour, were presented by Carey Church, Reading, at a welcome meeting, with a silver-plated tea and coffee service, a black marble clock, two bronze ornaments, a study writing table, and an illuminated tablet, containing the names of over one hundred subscribers.

JERSEY. — The quarterly social meeting of the church and congrega-

tion at Vauxhall, St. Helier, was held on Wednesday, the 18th June, when the pastor, Rev. Charles A. Fellowes, was the recipient of a gift consisting of a Parallel Bible (Authorised and Revised Versions), a Greek and English Testament and a Triglot Bible (in two volumes). Each book contained the following inscription:—"To Pastor C. A. Fellowes, Vauxhall Baptist Chapel, Jersey, from friends and fellow-workers in the Lord's vineyard, as a tribute of love to one esteemed for his work's sake." The church has made substantial progress during Mr. Fellowes' pastorate.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. H. N. MITCHELL, formerly pastor of the Congregational Church, at Okehampton, has been recognised as pastor of Morice Square Chapel, Devonport. Revs. A. Braine, E. Bickley, E. Read (vicar of St. Paul's, Devonport), delivered addresses.

Rev. J. O. Hughes, late of Ogmores Vale, has been recognised as pastor of Caersalem Church, Victoria, Ebbw Vale. Revs. Evan Thomas and D. S. Davies were the preachers.

Rev. T. H. Smith was recognised on Thursday, July 3, as pastor at Walsworth Road, Hitchin. Revs. T. G. Tarn, T. Barrass, O. M. Hardy, and H. F. Griffin took part.

Rev. G. W. Roughton has been recognised as pastor at North Row, Warminster. Revs. Dr. Raby, G. Durrell, C. Sirett, J. Hanson, W. P. Laurence, E. Gilbert, H. G. Hastings and J. Flew took part.

Recognition services were held at Zion Chapel, New Cross, on the 10th June, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. J. H. Lynn in the pastorate. Rev. E. Mitchell, of Chadwell Street, preached in the afternoon, his subject being "True Gospel Ministry." At the public meeting, Mr. W. Winters presided. Mr. R. E. Sears gave the charge to the pastor, Mr. W. K. Dexter to the

church, and Mr. W. K. Squirrel to the congregation. Messrs. Belcher, W. H. Rose, Thomsin, and Davis, took part in the services.

Rev. Joseph Turner has been recognised as pastor at Back Street, Trowbridge. The sermon was preached by Rev. W. Turner, of Bedford, brother of the pastor, at the evening meeting. Rev. John Aldis presided. Revs. T. H. Holyoak, T. Mann, J. Seager, C. Rushby, and W. P. Laurence were among the speakers.

Rev. J. Evans, of Cardiff, was recognised on Thursday, as pastor of the Church in New Walk, Leicester. In his address Mr. Evans said he believed in a perfectly free pulpit and a perfectly free church. It was necessary to keep the Church abreast of the demands of the time, to make it in touch with the democratic tendencies of the age, to present a gospel universal in its appeal, and to so present it as to bring it to bear on the daily life of the people.

FERME PARK, HORNSEY.—On Tuesday evening, June 17th, the Rev. Charles Brown, of Nailsworth, was formally recognised as pastor. The proceedings were inaugurated by a public tea, which was numerously attended. The Rev. J. Batey, addressed the participants. He referred to the pleasure he had when the site of the new chapel was secured, when the foundation was laid, when it was opened for public worship, and now, in the settlement of a new pastor, his highest hopes were realised. The Rev. J. R. Wood presided at the public meeting. The secretary of the church read a statement of the circumstances leading to the call of Mr. Brown, which was both cordial and unanimous. Mr. Brown referred to the spiritual benefit he had received from a godly mother, his entrance to Bristol College, his former ministries, and his belief that God had called him to Ferme Park. Letters regretting inability to attend were read from Revs. Dr. Clifford, J. Fletcher, G. W. M'Cree, etc.

Addresses were delivered by Dr. Culross, Professor Gould, H. H. Pullen, H. Collins, R. F. Griffiths, and Mr. Marment, late of Nailsworth.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE new Welsh Chapel at Ynysybwl, erected at a cost of £1,200, and capable of seating 700 persons, was opened on Sunday. Revs. Dr. Roberts, J. R. Jones, and J. S. Hughes preached at the opening services. Towards the cost £200 has been subscribed.

The new church at Harlesden, N.W., was opened on Thursday, 26th June, with a sermon by Rev. F. B. Meyer. At the public meeting, Mr. W. S. B. McLaren, M.P., presided. Among the speakers were Col. Griffin, Revs. J. T. Briscoe, J. T. Wigner, and R. H. Roberts. During the evening copies of "The Interpreter" were presented to Messrs. Whittle and Meiklejohn (the secretary and treasurer), in recognition of their devoted labours in originating the movement, which led to the erection of this church. The edifice, which is the Association church for 1889, is situated in Acton Lane, away from the main part of the village, though its spire, of red brick and marble facings, rising 122 feet into the air, can be seen from any position. There is seating accommodation for 800 persons. Underneath is a school-room providing for 700 children. The cost is given at £6,000. So far the subscriptions reach scarcely more than £2,000, but the congregation are sanguine enough to believe that the deficit will not be long in existence. The collections at the opening services amounted to about £40.

The foundation stones of a new church at Rochester were laid on the 25th of June by the Mayor of Rochester, the High Constable of Chatham, Mr. C. F. Allison, and Mr. Wm. Cross. Rev. W. Fuller Gooch preached a special sermon immediately after

the ceremony in the Old Corn Exchange to a large congregation. At the public meeting the sum of £63 was raised, making a total of £492 out of £713 required for the building, which will hold over 300. An earnest effort is being made to open free of debt.

Under the ministry of Rev. Frank M. Smith, the church at the New Baptist Tabernacle, Peckham Rye, which a little more than three years since numbered some 50 members, has increased in numbers and influence so rapidly, that it has been found necessary to engage the Public Hall for the Sunday services. On the 18th of June the memorial stones were laid of an edifice that is to provide sitting accommodation for 1,250 persons, at a cost of about £5,000. The stones were laid by Mr. R. Cory, J.P., of Cardiff, who contributed £50 and promised a further sum of £50 later on; Mr. W. Vinson, of Orpington, who gave £25, and Mr. Edwin Jones, who contributed £15. A meeting took place in Rye Lane Chapel (kindly lent for the purpose). Mr. C. F. Allison presiding. Addresses were delivered by Revs. J. T. Briscoe, Frank H. White, and Chas. Spurgeon. The total receipts for the day in cash and promises amounted to about £400.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Glamorgan and Carmarthen English Baptist Association met at Porth, June 24th and 25th. The churches reported, increase, by baptism, 682, letter, 526, profession, 71, restoration, 220; decrease, by death, 85, dismission, 501, exclusion, 70, erasure, 468. Total increase, 1,599; total decrease, 1,124: net increase, 475. Number of churches 77; members, 10,092; ministers, 65; local preachers, 87; mission stations, 8 schools, 87; teachers, 1,325; scholars, 15,639. The association sermon was preached by the Rev. T. W. Medhurst of Cardiff, from 2 Cor. v. 18—21. The association letter, on

"The Best Way to Retain and Strengthen Young Believers," was read by the Rev. E. E. Probert, of Pontypridd. Sermons were preached in English by Revs. W. E. Winks, of Cardiff, and J. Owen of Swansea. Sermons in Welsh were preached by Revs. W. S. Jones, of Swansea, and W. Davies, of Briton Ferry. A resolution, proposed by Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Cardiff, and seconded by Rev. D. Davies, of Tonymandy, "*That in view of the present controversy concerning theatre-going, this association expresses its conviction that it is contrary to Christian profession for the members of our churches to frequent theatres,*" was carried unanimously and with applause. A similar resolution was also enthusiastically passed by the East Glamorgan Welsh Baptist Association.

KENT and SUSSEX Association report 5,834 members in the affiliated churches and 2,871 Sunday scholars, with 966 teachers. The Dean of Canterbury was present at the luncheon, and replying to the welcome given to him and the Nonconformist ministers, said they were all working for the same Master. Nothing ought to separate their hearts or interfere with their acknowledgment of those who work in the same field. He was thankful for the body of Baptists. These are days in which there is no more infidelity than in the past, but it is putting its foot more to the front, so there is reason for Christians closing their ranks and uniting in the same work. On the invitation of the Dean, the assembly afterwards visited the cathedral.

THE Carmarthenshire and Cardiganshire Association, representing 98 churches, with 15,016 members, met at Wannolyndaf, Rev. T. Phillips presiding. A resolution was unanimously passed in favour of the amalgamation of Haverfordwest and Pontypool Colleges. Aberystwith is to be the place of meeting for next year; Mr. G. Williams, of Penlan, was chosen president, and Rev. J. H. Roberts vice-president.

THE annual assembly of the churches in the counties of Flint, Denbigh, and Merioneth has been held at Wrexham under the presidency of Rev. Joseph Davies, who, in his address, alluded to the fact that baptisms had taken place in the River Alyn in the fifth century. Dr. Evans, of Festiniog, was appointed chairman, Mr. T. P. Roberts, Mayor of Ruthin, vice-chairman, Rev. L. W. Davies, secretary for the ensuing year. It was pointed out that a hundred years ago the then Mayor of Ruthin persecuted the Baptists. The amalgamation of Haverfordwest and Pontypool Colleges was favourably considered. The statistics showed a membership of 6,000, with nearly thrice that number of adherents.

THE Welsh Association for East Glamorgan held its yearly meetings at Treorky. Rev. B. Evans, who presided, took as the subject of his presidential address "The Christian Church; its Internal Operations and its External Influences." There are 90 churches and 10 branches in connection with the Union, with a membership of 15,396. A resolution in favour of the amalgamation of Haverfordwest and Pontypool Colleges was carried by a large majority.

LOMBARD-STREET-Chapel, Birmingham, which has been closed for over a year, is to be re-opened as a central mission-hall under the superintendence of Rev. R. Weaver.

LONDON: Penge.—On Wednesday, June 25th, the twenty-third anniversary of Penge Tabernacle was held, when Rev. Charles Spurgeon, of Greenwich, preached at the Tabernacle in the afternoon. In the evening a public meeting was held under the presidency of Rev. J. Wesley Boud (pastor.) Mr. Ashley, sen., read an encouraging statement, showing the progress of the fourteen branches of Christian work in connection with the church. For the new Tabernacle fund, nearly £1,000 has been received. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Charles Spurgeon, Dr. Leach, J.

Wilson, W. H. Broad, and R. Odery, Anerley. The collections in aid of the building fund amounted to over £18.

SARRATT, near Rickmansworth. The friends at the chapel in this village have recently held a sale of work, and realised nearly forty pounds thereby.

RECENT DEATH.

ON the 25th of June at his residence, Crawford Street, W., Mr. W. W. Smith, for some years deacon and treasurer of the Baptist church worshipping in Trinity Chapel, John Street, Edgware Road, and formerly a member of the church meeting in Blandford Street. By his death the church has sustained a great loss, and his family and a large circle of friends mourn a loving father and sincere and sympathising adviser. His consistent walk and cheerful address endeared him to and charmed alike both young and old. Foremost in every good work, his hearty co-operation was never sought in vain, and the appreciation in which he was held was shown by the many who gathered in the chapel on June 30th, whence the body was conveyed to be interred in Paddington Cemetery, Willesden Lane. His death was improved to a large congregation by the pastor, the Rev. Herbert Trotman, on Sunday, July 6th.

BAPTISMS.

Ashton-on-Ribble.—June 29, Two, by J. Easter.
Ayr, N.B.—June 29, Three, by P. Horne.
Barmouth.—July 6, Three, by E. T. Davies.
Birmingham, Balsall Heath.—June 29, Three, by E. A. Hobby; Springhill, June 13, Eight, by C. M. Longhurst.
Cadixton, Barry Docks.—July 6, One, by L. T. Evans.
Cardiff, Hope Chapel.—June 29, Two, by T. W. Medhurst.
Chesham, Bury.—July 6, Three, by J. Harper.
Clare, Suffolk.—July 6, Two, by E. White.
Cowbridge.—May 11, Three, by O. Jones.

- Cwmduad, near Carmarthen.—June 29, Three, by D. Richards.
 Doncaster.—June 30, Three, by J. F. Porteous.
 Ffots Cray.—July 6, Seven, by E. A. Tyde-
 man.
 Franksbridge.—March 27, Four; 30, One;
 May 22, One, by T. D. Jones.
 Grays, Dell-road.—July 2, Four, by R.
 Baily.
 Holyhead, New Park-street.—June 26, One,
 by S. Roberts.
 Loose, near Maidstone.—July 6, Three, by
 F. C. Haggart.
 Luton, Park-street.—July 4, Four, by J. H.
 Blake.
 Maesyerllan.—June 15, Eight; June 18,
 One, by G. H. Llewelyn.
 Metropolitan District:—
 Camberwell.—June 22, Six, by G. W.
 Linnecar.
 Lee, S.E., Bromley-road.—June 22, One,
 by J. W. Davies.
 Norbiton, Bunyan Chapel.—June 29,
 Seven, by J. Clark.
 Wool Green.—June 29, Four, by C.
 Haines.
 Woolwich, Parson's-hill.—June 29, Seven,
 by J. Wilson.
 New Mill, Tring.—June 22, Four, by L. R.
 Foskett.
 Newport (Mon.), Duckpool-road.—June 29,
 Three, by A. T. Jones.
 Okehampton, Devon.—June 10, Four, by L.
 G. Whiting.
 Ramsgate, Cavendish Chapel.—June 22-29,
 Sixteen, by R. Wood.
 Redhill, London-road.—June 29, Six, by G.
 Davies.
 Ryde (I.W.), Park-road.—June 15, Three, by
 J. Smale.
 Sandhurst, Berks.—June 22, One, by J.
 Rose.
 Scapegoat Hill, Golcar, Yorks.—July 6, Two,
 by T. R. Lewis.
 Southport, Town Hall.—July 3, Seven, by
 H. A. Phillips.
 Soar, Llandyfaun.—June 28, One, by M.
 Jones.
 St. Helens, Central.—June 22, Three, by W.
 Holroyd.
 Thornton Heath, Beulah Chapel.—July 2,
 Six, by J. W. Harrauld.
 Thurleigh, Bedford.—June 8, One, by G.
 Chandler.
 Tony-pandy, Bethel.—June 12, Two, by D.
 Davies.
 Westbury Leigh.—June 29, Six, by W.
 Price.
 West Hartlepool.—July 6, Three, by A. W.
 Curwood.

A PHYSICIAN in London ascertained from a record kept by himself, that of two thousand persons who delayed seeking salvation till they were sick and believed that they were about to die, and of whom some recovered and some died, he could only ascertain that six were savingly brought to the Lord. In sickness and fever the acceptance of Jesus as the Saviour of sinners is very improbable. One thief was saved just before death, that none might despair at such a critical moment; but one thief was lost, that none might presume upon death-bed repentance.

WHEN the cross lights of jealous emulation, and the glare of constant notoriety are softening toward the darkness in which lies the pure judgment of God, and the peace of being forgotten by mankind, then that which has been lying behind them all the time comes out, and the old preacher who has ceased to care whether men praise or blame him, who has attained or missed all that there is for him of success or failure here, preaches on still, out of the pure sense of how precious the soul of man is, and the pure desire to serve a little more that which is so worthy of his service before he goes.—*Phillip Brooks.*

JOHN WESLEY used to say that "Infidels know, whether Christians know it or not, that the giving up of witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible." When we were children, it used to be preached to us that the Bible must stand or fall with human slavery. And now we hear continually that this or that will happen to religion if such and such a theory of natural science should be accepted. Such prophecies are always bad. Tests, which are not essential and absolute tests, do great harm.—*PHILLIP BROOKE.*

The First and Great Commandment.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment."—Mark xii. 30.

OUR Saviour said, "This is the first and great commandment." It is "*the first*" commandment—the first for *antiquity*, for this is older than even the ten commandments of the written law. Before God said, "Thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not steal," this law was one of the commands of His universe; for this was binding upon the angels when man was not created. It was not necessary for God to say to the angels, "Thou shalt do no murder, thou shalt not steal;" for such things to them were very probably impossible; but He did doubtless say to them, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart;" and when first Gabriel sprang out of his native nothingness at the fiat of God, this command was binding on him. This is "the first commandment," then, for antiquity. It was binding upon Adam in the garden; even before the creation of Eve, his wife, God had commanded this; before there was a necessity for any other command this was written upon the very tablets of his heart—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God."

It is "the first commandment," again, not only for antiquity, but for *dignity*. This command, which deals with God the Almighty, must ever take precedence of every other. Other commandments deal with man and man, but *this* with man and his Creator. Other commands of a ceremonial kind when disobeyed may involve but slight consequences upon the person who may happen to offend; but this disobeyed provokes the wrath of God, and brings His ire at once upon the sinner's head. He that stealeth committeth a gross offence, inasmuch as he hath also violated this command; but if it were possible for us to separate the two, and to suppose an offence of one command without an offence of this, then we must put the violation of this commandment in the first rank of offences. This is the king of commandments; this is the emperor of the law; it must take precedence of all those princely commands that God afterwards gave to men.

Again, it is "the first commandment," for its *justice*. If men cannot see the justice of that law which says, "Love thy neighbour," if there be some difficulty to understand how I can be bound to love the man that

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hurts and injures me, there can be no difficulty here. "Thou shalt love thy God" comes to us with so much divine authority, and is so ratified by the dictates of nature and our own conscience, that, verily, this command must take the first place for the justice of its demand. It is "the first" of commandments. Whichever law thou dost break, take care to keep this. If thou breakest the commandments of the ceremonial law, if thou dost violate the ritual of thy church, thine offence might be propitiated by the priest; but who can escape when this is his offence? This mandate standeth fast. Man's law thou mayest break, and bear the penalty; but if thou breakest this, the penalty is too heavy for thy soul to endure; it will sink thee, man, it will sink thee like a mill-stone lower than the lowest hell. Take heed of this command above every other, to tremble at it and obey it, for it is "the first commandment."

But the Saviour said it was a "*great* commandment," and so also it is. It is "*great*," for it containeth in its bowels every other. When God said "Remember to keep holy the Sabbath Day;" when He said, "Thou shalt not bow down unto the idols nor worship them,"—when He said, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," He did but instance particulars which are all contained in this general mandate. This is the sum and substance of the law; and indeed even the second commandment lies within the folds of the first. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour" is actually to be found within the centre of this command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God;" for the loving of God would necessarily produce the loving of our neighbour.

It is a great command, then, for its *comprehensiveness*, and it is a great command for the immense demand which it makes upon us. It demands all our mind, all our soul, all our heart, and all our strength. Who is he that can keep it, when there is no power of manhood which is exempt from its sway? And to him that violateth this law it shall be proven that it is a great command in the greatness of its condemning power, for it shall be like a great sword having two edges, wherewith God shall slay him. It shall be like a great thunder-bolt from God, wherewith He shall cast down and utterly destroy the man that goeth on in his wilful breaking thereof. Hear ye, then, O Gentiles, and O house of Israel, hear ye, then, this day, this first and great commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength."

I shall divide my discourse thus—first, *What saith this commandment unto us?* secondly, *What say we unto it?*

I. And in discussing the first point, WHAT SAITH THIS COMMANDMENT UNTO US? we shall divide it thus. Here is, first, the duty—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God;" here is, secondly, the measure of the duty—"Thou shalt love Him with all thy heart, mind, soul, strength;" here is, thirdly, the ground of the claim, enforcing the duty—because He is "thy God." God demandeth us to obey, simply upon the ground that He is our God.

1. To begin, then. This command *demandeth a duty*. That duty is, that we should love God. How many men do break this? One class of men do break it wilfully and grievously; for they *hate* God. There is the infidel, who gnashes his teeth against the Almighty; the atheist, who spits the venom of his blasphemy against the person of his Maker. You

will find those who rail at the very being of a God, though in their consciences they know there is a God, yet with their lips will blasphemously deny His existence. These men say there is no God, because they wish there were none. The wish is father to the thought; and the thought demands great grossness of heart, and grievous hardness of spirit before they dare to express it in words; and even when they express it in words, it needeth much practice ere they can do it with a bold, unblushing countenance. Now, this command beareth hard on all them that hate, that despise, that blaspheme, that malign God, or that deny His being, or impugn His character. O sinner! God says thou shalt love Him with all thy heart; and inasmuch as thou hatest Him, thou standest this day condemned to the sentence of the law.

Another class of men know there is a God, but they *neglect* Him; they go through the world with indifference, "caring for none of these things." "Well," they say, "it does not signify to me whether there is a God or not." They have no particular care about Him; they do not pay one-half so much respect to His commands as they would to the proclamation of the Queen. They are very willing to reverence all powers that be, but He who ordained them is to be passed by and to be forgotten. They would not be bold enough and honest enough to come straight out, and despise God, and join the ranks of His open enemies, but they forget God; He is not in all their thoughts. They rise in the morning without a prayer, they rest at night without bending the knee, they go through the week's business, and they never acknowledge a God. Sometimes they talk about good luck and chance, strange deities of their own brain; but God, the over-ruling God of Providence, they never talk of, though sometimes they may mention His name in flippancy, and so increase their transgressions against Him. O ye despisers and neglecters of God! this command speaks to you—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul."

But I hear one of these gentlemen reply, "Well, sir, I make no pretensions to religion, but still I believe I am quite as good as those that do; I am quite as upright, quite as moral and benevolent. True, I do not often darken the door of a church or chapel, I do not think it necessary, but I am a right good sort; there are many, many hypocrites in the church, and therefore I shall not think of being religious." Now, my dear friend, allow me just to say one word—what business is that of yours? Religion is a personal matter between you and your Maker. Your Maker says—"Thou shalt love Me with all thine heart:" it is of no use for you to point your finger across the street, and point at a minister whose life is inconsistent, or at a deacon who is unholy, or to a member of the church who does not live up to his profession. You have just nothing to do with that. When your Maker speaks to you, He appeals to you personally; and if you should tell Him, "My Lord, I will not love Thee, because there are hypocrites," would not your own conscience convince you of the absurdity of your reasoning? Ought not your better judgment to whisper, "Inasmuch, then, as so many are hypocrites, take heed that thou art not; and if there be so many pretenders who injure the Lord's cause by their lying pretensions, so much the more reason why thou shouldst have the real thing, and help to make the church sound and honest." But no; the merchants of our cities, the tradesmen of our streets, our artizans and our workmen, the great mass of them, live in total for-

getfulness of God. I do not believe that the heart of England is infidel. I do not believe that there is any vast extent of deism or atheism throughout England; the great fault of our time is the fault of indifference; people do not care whether the thing is right or not. What is it to them? They never take the trouble to search between the different professors of religion to see where the truth lies; they do not think to pay their reverence to God with all their hearts. Oh, no; they forget what God demands, and so rob Him of His due. To you, to you, great masses of the population, this law doth speak with iron tongue—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."

There is a class of men who are a great deal nobler than the herd of simpletons who allow the sublimities of the Godhead to be concealed by their carking care for mere sensual good. There are some who do not forget that there is a God; no, they are astronomers, and they turn their eyes to heaven, and they view the stars, and they marvel at the majesty of the Creator. Or they dig into the bowels of the earth, and they are astonished at the magnificence of God's works of yore. Or they examine the animal, and marvel at the wisdom of God in the construction of its anatomy. They, whenever they think of God, think of Him with the deepest awe, with the profoundest reverence. You never hear them curse or swear: you will find that their souls are possessed of a deep awe of the great Creator. But ah! my friends, this is not enough: this is not obedience to the command. God does not say thou shalt wonder at Him, thou shalt have awe of Him. He asks more than that; He says "Thou shalt love Me!" Oh! Thou that seest the orbs of heaven floating in the far expanse, it is something to lift thine eye to heaven, and say—

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these Heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine."

'Tis something thus to adore the great Creator, but 'tis not all He asks. Oh! if Thou couldst add to this—"He that made these orbs, that leadeth them out by their hosts, is my Father, and my heart beats with affection towards Him." Then wouldst thou be obedient, but not till then. God asks not thine admiration, but thine affection. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart."

There are others, too, who delight to spend time in contemplation. They believe in Jesus, in the Father, in the Spirit; they believe that there is but one God, and that these Three are One. It is their delight to turn over the pages of revelation, as well as the pages of history. They contemplate God; He is to them a matter of curious study; they like to meditate upon Him; the doctrines of His Word they could hear all day long. And they are very sound in the faith, extremely orthodox and very knowing, they can fight about doctrines, they can dispute about the things of God with all their hearts; but alas! their religion is like a dead fish, cold and stiff, and when you take it into your hand, you say there is

no life in it; their souls were never stirred with it; their hearts were never thrown into it. They can contemplate, but they cannot love; they can meditate, but they cannot commune; they can think of God, but they can never throw up their souls to Him, and clasp Him in the arms of their affections. Ah, to you, cold-blooded thinkers—to you, this text speaks. Oh! thou that canst contemplate, but cannot love,—“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.”

Another man starts up, and he says, “Well, this command does not bear on me; I attend my place of worship twice every Sunday; I have family prayer. I am very careful not to get up of a morning without saying a form of prayer; I sometimes read my Bible; I subscribe to many charities.” Ah! my friend, and you may do all that, without loving God. Why, some of you go to your churches and chapels as if you were going to be horsewhipped. It is a dull and dreary thing to you. You dare not break the Sabbath, but you would if you could. But you know very well that if it were not for a mere matter of fashion and custom you would sooner by half be anywhere else than in God’s house. And as for prayer, why it is no delight to you; you do it because you think you ought to do it. Some indefinable sense of duty rests upon you; but you have no delight in it. You talk of God with great propriety, but you never talk of Him with love. Your heart never bounds at the mention of His name; your eyes never glisten at the thought of His attributes; your soul never leapeth when you meditate on His works, for your heart is all untouched, and while you are honouring God with your lips, your heart is far from Him, and you are still disobedient to this commandment, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.”

And now, my hearers, do you understand this commandment? Do I not see many of you seeking to look for loop-holes through which to escape? Do I not think I see some of you striving to make a breach in this divine wall which girds us all? You say, “I never do anything against God.” Nay, my friend, that is not it: it is not that thou dost not do—it is this, “Dost thou love Him?” “Well, sir, but I never violate any of the proprieties of religion.” No, that is not it; the command is, “Thou shalt love Him.” “Well, sir, but I do a great deal for God; I teach in a Sunday school, and so on.” Ah! I know; but dost thou love Him? It is the heart He wants, and He will not be content without it. “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.” That is the law, and though no man can keep it since Adam’s fall, yet the law is as much binding upon every son of Adam this day, as when God first of all pronounced it. “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.”

2. That brings us to the second point—the *measure of this law*. How much am I to love God? Where shall I fix the point? I am to love my neighbour as I love myself. Am I to love my God more than that? Yes, certainly. The measure is even greater. We are not bound to love ourselves with all our mind, and soul, and strength, and therefore we are not bound to love our neighbour so. The measure is a greater one. We are bound to love God with all our heart, soul, mind, and strength.

And, we deduce from that, first, that we are to love God *supremely*. Thou art to love thy wife, O husband. Thou canst not love her too much except in one case, if thou shouldst love her before God, and prefer her pleasure to the pleasure of the Most High. Then wouldst thou be an idolater.

Child! thou art to love thy parents; thou canst not love him too much who begat thee, nor her too much who brought thee forth; but remember, there is one law that doth over-ride that. Thou art to love thy God more than thy father or thy mother. He demands thy first and thy highest affection: thou art to love Him with all thy heart." We are allowed to love our relatives: we are taught to do so. He that doth not love his own family is worse than a heathen man and a publican. But we are not to love the dearest object of our hearts so much as we love God. Ye may erect little thrones for those whom ye rightly love; but God's throne must be a glorious high throne; you may set them upon the steps, but God must sit on the very seat itself. He is to be enthroned, the Royal One within your heart, the King of your affections. Say, say, hearer, hast thou kept this commandment? I know I have not; I must plead guilty before God; I must cast myself before Him; and acknowledge my transgression. But nevertheless, there standeth the commandment—"Thou shalt love God with all thy heart"—that is, thou shalt love Him *supremely*.

Note, again, that from the text we may deduce that a man is bound to love God *heartily*: that is plain enough, for it says, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." Yes, there is to be in our love to God a heartiness. We are to throw our whole selves into the love that we give to Him. Not the kind of love that some people give to their fellows, when they say, "Be ye warmed and filled," and nothing more. No; our heart is to have its whole being absorbed into God, so that God is the hearty object of its pursuit and its most mighty love. See how the word "all" is repeated again and again. The whole going forth of the being, the whole stirring up of the soul, is to be for God, and for God only. "With *all* thy heart."

Again, as we are to love God heartily, we are to love Him with *all our souls*. Then we are to love Him with all our life; for that is the meaning of it. If we are called to die for God, we are to prefer God before our own life. We shall never reach the fulness of this commandment, till we get as far as the martyrs, who rather than disobey God would be cast into the furnace, or devoured by wild beasts. We must be ready to give up house, home, liberty, friends, comfort, joy, and life, at the command of God, or else we have not carried out this commandment, "Thou shalt love Him with all thy heart and with all thy life."

And, next we are to love God with all our *mind*. That is, the intellect is to love God. Now, many men believe in the existence of a God, but they do not love that belief. They know there is a God, but they greatly wish there were none. Some of you to-day would be very pleased, ye would set the bells a-ringing, if ye believed there were no God. Why, if there were no God, then you might live just as you liked; if there were no God, then you might run riot and have no fear of future consequences. It would be to you the greatest joy that could be, if you heard that the eternal God had ceased to be. But the Christian never wishes any such a thing as that. The thought that there is a God is the sunshine of his existence. His intellect bows before the Most High; not like a slave who bends his body because he must, but like the angel who prostrates himself because he loves to adore his Maker. His intellect is as fond of God as his imagination. "Oh!" he saith, "my God, I bless Thee that

Thou art ; for Thou art my highest treasure, my richest and my rarest delight. I love Thee with all my intellect ; I have neither thought, nor judgment, nor conviction, nor reason, which I do not lay at Thy feet, and consecrate to Thine honour."

And, once again, this love to God is to be characterised by *activity* ; for we are to love Him with all our heart, heartily—with all our soul, that is, to the laying down of our life—with all our mind, that is, mentally ; and we are to love Him with all our *strength*, that is, *actively*. I am to throw my whole soul into the worship and adoration of God. I am not to keep back a single hour, or a single farthing of my wealth, or a single talent that I have, or a single atom of strength—bodily or mental, from the worship of God. I am to love Him with all my strength.

Now, what man ever kept this commandment ? Surely, none ; and no man ever can keep it. Hence, then, the necessity of a Saviour. Oh ! that we might by this commandment be smitten to the earth, that our self-righteousness may be broken in pieces by this great hammer of the "first and great commandment !" But oh ! my brethren, how may we wish that we could keep it ? for, could we keep this command intact, unbroken, it would be a heaven below. The happiest of creatures are those that are the most holy, and that unreservedly love God.

3. And now, very briefly, I have just to state *God's claim* upon which He bases this commandment. "Thou shalt love Him with all thy heart, soul, mind, strength." Why ? First, because He is the Lord—that is, Jehovah ; and, secondly, because He is thy God.

Man, the creature of a day, thou oughtest to love Jehovah *for what He is*. Behold, Him whom thou canst not behold ! Lift up thine eyes to the seventh heaven ; see, where in dreadful majesty, the brightness of His skirts makes the angels veil their faces, lest the light, too strong for even them, should smite them with eternal blindness. See ye Him, who stretched the heavens like a tent to dwell in, and then did weave into their tapestry, with golden needle, stars that glitter in the darkness. Mark ye Him who spread the earth, and created man upon it. And hear ye what He is. He is all-sufficient, eternal, self-existent, unchangeable, omnipotent, omniscient ! Wilt thou not reverence Him ? He is good, He is loving, He is kind, He is gracious. See the bounties of His providence : behold the plenitude of His grace ! Wilt thou not love Jehovah, because He is Jehovah ?

But thou art most of all bound to love Him *because He is thy God*. He is thy God *by creation*. He made thee, thou didst not make thyself. God, the Almighty, though He might use instruments, was nevertheless the sole Creator of man. Though He is pleased to bring us into the world by the agency of our progenitors, yet is He as much our Creator as He was the Creator of Adam, when He formed him of clay and made him man. Look at this marvellous body of thine, see how God hath put the bones together, so as to be of the greatest service and use to thee. See how He hath arranged thy nerves and blood-vessels ; mark the marvellous machinery which He has employed to keep thee in life ! Oh ! thing of an hour ! Wilt thou not love Him that made thee ? Is it possible that thou canst think of Him who formed thee in His hand, and moulded thee by His will, and yet wilt thou not love Him who hath fashioned thee ?

Again, consider, He is *thy God*, for *He preserves thee*. Thy table is

spread, but He spreads it for thee. The air that thou dost breathe is a gift of His charity; the clothes that thou hast on thy back are gifts of His love; thy life depends on Him. One wish of His infinite will would have brought thee to the grave, and given thy body to the worms; and at this moment, though thou art strong and hearty, thy life is absolutely dependent upon Him. Thou mayest die where thou art, instantly; thou art out of hell only as the result of His goodness. Thou wouldst be at this hour sweltering in flames unquenchable, had not His sovereign love preserved thee. Traitor though thou mayst be to Him, an enemy to His cross and cause, yet He is thy God, so far as this, for He made thee and He keeps thee alive. Surely thou mayest wonder that He should keep thee alive, when thou refusest to love Him. Man! thou wouldst not keep a horse that did not work for thee. Would you keep a servant in your house who insulted you? Would you spread bread upon his table, and find livery for his back if, instead of doing your will and good pleasure, he would be his own master, and would run counter to you? Certainly you would not. And yet here is God feeding you, and you are rebelling against Him. Swearer! the lip with which you curse your Maker is sustained by Him; the very lungs that you employ in blasphemy are inspired by Him with the breath of life, else you had ceased to be. Oh! strange that you should eat God's bread, and then lift up your heel against Him. Oh! marvellous that ye should sit at the table of His providence, and be clothed in the livery of His bounty, and yet that you should turn round and spit against high heaven, and lift the puny hand of your rebellion against the God that made you, and that preserves you in being. Oh! if, instead of our God, we had one like unto ourselves to deal with, my brethren, we should not have patience with our fellow-creatures for an hour. I marvel at God's long-suffering towards men. I see the foul-mouthed blasphemer curse his God. Oh, God! how canst Thou endure it? Why dost Thou not smite him to the ground? If a guat should torment me, should I not in one moment crush it? And what is man compared with his Maker? Not one half so great as an emmet compared with man. Oh! my brethren, we may well be astonished that God hath mercy upon us, after all our violations of this high command. But I stand here to-day His servant, and from myself and from you I claim for God, because He is God, because He is our God and our Creator, I claim the love of all hearts, I claim the obedience of all souls and of all minds, and the consecration of all our strength.

O people of God, I need not speak to you. Ye know that God is your God in a special sense; therefore you ought to love Him with a special love.

II. This is what the commandment says to us. I shall be very short indeed upon the second head, which is, **WHAT HAVE WE TO SAY TO IT?**

What hast thou to say to this command, O man? Have I one here so profoundly brainless as to reply, "I intend to keep it and I believe I can perfectly obey it, and I think I can get to heaven by obedience to it"? Man, thou art either a fool, or else wilfully ignorant; for sure, if thou dost understand this commandment, thou wilt at once hang down thine hands, and say, "Obedience to that is quite impossible; thorough and perfect obedience to that no man can hope to reach to! Some of you think you will go to heaven by your good works, do you? This is the first stone that you

are to step upon—I am sure it is too high for your reach. You might as well try to climb to heaven by the mountains of earth, and take the Himalayas to be your first step; for surely when you had stepped from the ground to the summit of Chimborazo you might even then despair of ever stepping to the height of this great commandment, for to obey this must ever be an impossibility. But remember, you cannot be saved by your works, if you cannot obey this entirely, perfectly, constantly, for ever.

"Well," says one, "I dare say if I try and obey it as well as I can, that will do." No, sir, it will not. God demands that you perfectly obey this, and if you do not perfectly obey it He will condemn you. "Oh!" cries one, "who then can be saved?" Ah! that is the point to which I wish to bring you. Who then can be saved by this law? Why, no one in the world. Salvation by the works of the law is proved to be a clean impossibility. None of you, therefore, will say you will try to obey it, and so hope to be saved. I hear the best Christian in the world groan out his thoughts—"O God," saith he, "I am guilty; and shouldst thou cast me into hell I dare not say otherwise. I have broken this command from my youth up, even since my conversion; I have violated it every day; I know that if Thou shouldst lay justice to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, I must be swept away for ever. Lord, I renounce my trust in the law; for by it I know I can never see Thy face and be accepted." But hark! I hear the Christian say another thing. "Oh!" saith he to the commandment, "Commandment, I cannot keep thee, but my Saviour kept thee, and what my Saviour did, He did for all them that believe; and now, O law, what Jesus did is mine. Hast thou any question to bring against me? Thou demandest that I should keep this commandment wholly: lo, my Saviour kept it wholly for me, and He is my substitute; what I cannot do myself my Saviour has done for me; thou canst not reject the work of the substitute, for God accepted it in the day when He raised Him from the dead. O law! shut thy mouth for ever; thou canst never condemn me; though I break thee a thousand times, I put my simple trust in Jesus, and in Jesus only; His righteousness is mine, and with it I pay the debt and satisfy thy hungry mouth.

"Oh!" cries one, "I wish I could say that I could thus escape the wrath of the law! Oh that I knew that Christ did keep the law for me!" Stop, then, and I will tell you. Do you feel to-day that you are guilty, lost, and ruined? Do you with tears in your eyes confess that none but Jesus can do you good? Are you willing to give up all trusts, and cast yourself alone on Him who died upon the cross? Can you look to Calvary, and see the bleeding Sufferer, all crimson with streams of gore? Can you say

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into Thine arms I fall,
Jesus, be Thou my righteousness,
My Saviour and my all."

Canst say that? Then He kept the law for you, and the law cannot condemn whom Christ has absolved. If Law comes to you and says, "I will damn you because you did not keep the law," tell him that he dares not touch a hair of your head, for though you did not keep it, Christ kept

it for you, and Christ's righteousness is yours; tell him there is the money, and though you did not coin it, Christ did; and tell him, when you have paid him all he asks for, he dares not touch you; you must be free, for Christ has satisfied the law.

And after that—and here I conclude—O child of God, I know what thou wilt say; after thou hast seen the law satisfied by Jesus, thou wilt fall on thy knees and say, "Lord, I thank Thee that this law cannot condemn me, for I believe in Jesus. But now, Lord, help me from this time forth for ever to keep it. Lord, give me a new heart, for this old heart never will love Thee! Lord, give me a new life, for this old life is too vile. Lord, give me a new understanding; wash my mind with the clean water of the Spirit; come and dwell in my judgment, my memory, my thought; and then give me the new strength of Thy Spirit, and then will I love Thee with all my new heart, with all my new life, with all my renewed mind, and with all my spiritual strength, from this time forth, even for evermore."

May the Lord convince you of sin, by the energy of His divine Spirit, and bless this simple sermon; for Jesus' sake! Amen.

THE REHEARSAL.

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

"They rehearsed all that God had done with them."—ACTS xiv. 27.

"They declared all things that God had done with them."—ACTS xv. 4.

WOULD you like to hear the story of the things my Lord has done? It would take too long to tell it, if I told them one by one: But if you will only listen to the doings of His love, I will tell you just a little, deepest gratitude to move.

I was fighting once against Him; but He met me in the way:
I was blinded by the vision, and the overpowering ray:
Then He sent His servant to me and He opened both mine eyes;
And He filled me with His Spirit to my wonder and surprise.

There were enemies awaiting; but He warned me of their hate:
And disciples who were doubtful of the change in my estate:
But the Master gave me boldness, and companions found for me,
And a place among His people, His ambassador to be.

He has given me my service, as I sail the sea of life:
He has helped me preach His gospel in the market of its strife:
He has sent me to the sick ones with the message of His grace;
And His blessing seems to follow me in every resting place.

No, I have not known the stoning, nor imprisonment, nor stripes:
Though I try to tell Paul's story with my weak and faltering lips:
And I hope when life is finished to be able to look back,
O'er a fight in which I conquered, and a racer's finished track.

This is somewhat of the story of what God has done with me;
But the half I cannot tell you of the mercy that I see:
Still the chapters are continued; but I promise you shall look
At the volume when completed and my Patron binds the book.

Cloud and Sunshine; or, All Things Working for Good.

CHAPTER IX.—THE STORM AND THE CALM.

IT is well said in the book of Proverbs—"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." When we retired to rest on the Friday evening, our hearts were cast down with sorrowful anticipations of the morrow's work. Everything had been arranged for conveying Mr. Locke to the asylum, and we dreaded the scene that might occur on his removal. When roused his violence for a few minutes was great, and then extreme exhaustion ensued, usually terminating in either a partial or sound sleep. He seemed, however, to have at all times a very strong antipathy to strange faces, evidently imagining every such person to be a foe. Of that fact I had had personal proof, and therefore after my first visit to his bedroom, I had never ventured again to enter it whether he was known to be asleep or awake. That he would violently resist the keepers when they endeavoured to induce him to dress, come downstairs, and enter the coach was well nigh certain; and to Miss Locke the scene could not fail to be most distressing. Still, all that we could do was to hope for the best, and leave the issues with a higher power.

Little did we dream that, after all, Mr. Locke was never destined to enter the abode which had been so carefully prepared for his reception. Such a thought had never entered our minds, and certainly it was one that was not likely to

enter. But "God's ways are not as our ways, neither are His thoughts as our thoughts," and therefore, in mercy to us all, He had ordained that a different fate should await the patient. It was four o'clock in the morning when we were roused from our sleep by terrible yells proceeding from his bed-chamber. We then heard a scuffle, and the attendant crying for help. Hastily slipping on my trousers, before any one else could reach the room, I dashed into it. Then I saw a sight that appalled me. Mr. Locke lay upon his back, with his eyes rolling in his head, his arms held down by his attendant, and his face and body twitching as if in convulsions. Gradually his cries ceased, his jaw suddenly fell, his eyes became fixed, and in a moment he ceased to breathe. The paroxysm had evidently proved too much for the weak heart to bear, and it had suddenly stopped beating. The attendant then raised himself up, and when at that moment Miss Locke and my sister entered the room, in hastily put on raiment, they saw at a glance that all was over. In agony Miss Locke cried out, "Oh! my father! my poor father!" and threw her loving arms round the dead body; but the living only heard the cry, and with gentle force at a sign from me, my sister led her from the room.

From the explanations given by the attendant, it appeared that the patient had slept uneasily until the time that we were awakened. He then started up, glared about him, and with a series of yells sought to

get out of bed as if to attack the attendant. But the attendant, a strong and experienced man, forced him back, and while holding him down saw that he had gone into convulsions. It was this that made him cry for help as he perceived that the patient's state had become serious, and he could not tell where it might end. Though we knew that all hope was expired, we sent at once for his medical man, who came while the body was yet warm, and on examination declared that death was caused purely by heart disease, accelerated by the paroxysms due to insanity. "It was," he said to Miss Locke, "just what he had anticipated, and he was not, from the heart's weak and irregular action, surprised that death had occurred so soon. There was no need whatever for any inquest, as he was perfectly satisfied as to the cause of death, and was persuaded that all had been done for his patient that could have been done. There was also this consolation, that the death had not occurred in a forcible endeavour on the part of strangers to remove him from home ; or in the asylum when away from her ; she had been with him to the last, and he was glad of it for her sake. While, therefore, sympathising with her in the shock that she had sustained, he nevertheless felt that what had happened was for the best, and he trusted she would think so." With this view I and my sister concurred ; and it was not long before Miss Locke was brought to look at the matter in the same light.

Soon after breakfast a messenger was sent to Dr. Lambert informing him that the services of his officials were not needed, and giving him details of the decease. We then set about the arrangements for the funeral, and I occupied most of the

day in writing letters to the deceased's relatives and friends. The Sabbath that followed was spent in subdued quietness and peace, I alone going to a Congregational place of worship in the morning. My sister stayed in all day to keep Miss Locke company, she being too weak and nervous to go out at all. The funeral, which took place on the following Wednesday afternoon, was attended by but few persons save ourselves, the distance being too great for either relatives or friends to come, the nearest of whom lived nearly two hundred miles away. Besides that, in his latter days, Mr. Locke, for obvious reasons, had seldom communicated with any of them, and then only on strictly business matters. He was interred in the parish churchyard, amid fallingsnow ; and leaning upon my arm, Miss Locke took her last loving, lingering look at the coffin as it lay in the deep and narrow grave ; and then slowly walked to the mourning coach which was waiting to convey us to the desolate home.

My examination of the Will on the day after my arrival showed me clearly that it had been properly drawn up, attested, and signed. It gave Miss Locke all her father's money, with the exception of a legacy of £500, which was left conditionally to his son. Should he prove to be alive and claim it within ten years of the testator's decease it was to be placed at his disposal ; but if no news had been heard of him by the expiration of that period, it was to revert to his daughter or her heirs. The money, invested exclusively in the bank and in government securities, irrespective of this legacy, I found would serve to give Miss Locke a clear income of £300 a year. Of personal property in the shape of

houses or land, Mr. Locke had none, and therefore it would be a comparatively easy task to prove the Will, and place the heiress in possession of her father's wealth.

As the three of us sat in the dining-room after supper, on the day of the interment, our conversation naturally turned on Miss Locke's future. "Did she think of staying in Pendlebrow or of removing to some other town?" My sister put the question anxiously, and naturally enough I felt interested in the reply.

"Well, Emily," she said, "you may easily believe that as yet I have thought but little about that matter. The suddenness of my poor father's death and the preparations needed for the funeral have caused me so far to think only of the present. But now you put it to me, it seems to me that my stay here must be comparatively short. After what has transpired I should not feel at home here any longer; but to what quarter I may resort I have no idea whatever. That I must leave to the guidance of an all-wise Providence."

"Will you allow me, Amelia, to make a suggestion?" asked my sister.

"Certainly, Emily; I shall only be too glad to know what you think."

"What I was thinking, dear, was this. It now wants exactly a fortnight to Christmas Day. What if you were to stay here till you have squared up your accounts and then go back with me on Monday next to Oak Cottage? We could then spend Christmas together as we did three years ago. Harry has already promised me to renew his visit, and as I expect my sister, her husband, and their two children on that occasion, I think it would be to all of us a happy re-union."

"You are very kind, Emily," she replied, "to make such a proposition, but how long would you expect me to stay?"

"As long as ever you like, Amelia, but certainly until you have settled as to what course you will pursue."

"Your kindness, Emily, is great, and without any hesitation I will gladly accept your generous offer. I feel that I have received a shock that necessitates a change if only on the ground of health: and I know not where I should go to feel more at home. But when do you leave us, Mr. Ockford?"

"Mr. Ockford!"

"Oh, I forgot, Harry then, if you like it better."

"You must stick to the agreement, Amelia. Mr. and Miss with us are dead and buried, you know."

"Pardon me, Harry. I cheerfully adhere to the arrangement. We can look upon each other as brother and sister, if nothing more, can we not?"

"But it is that something more, Amelia, that I want, and you know it. Merely brother and sister will not suit my high aspirations. But this is not the time to talk about that. It is settled, then, that we meet once more under my brother-in-law's roof, and that your future is to be discussed by us then. That being the case I leave by to-morrow morning's coach, as I shall require all my time now to fetch up back work between this and my holiday. You, Emily, will aid Amelia in settling her accounts and making other matters straight, and when I reach our office I will take the necessary steps to secure the provisions of the Will being legally carried out. On Christmas Eve I hope to meet you both again at Oak Cottage, and then I trust, in spite

of the heavy trials that Amelia has passed through, our visit will prove as pleasant to us as the last, if not more so."

Matters having thus been amicably arranged, the next morning I left for Gloxton. In the meantime Emily and Miss Locke made the necessary preparations for their departure, and then took the coach for my sister's home. On Christmas Eve I alighted at the same hour at the inn at which the coach stopped three years before, and was met by my esteemed brother-in-law and the two ladies. We were not long in reaching Oak Cottage, and when I sat once more in the same room with Miss Locke before me, the past three years seemed to me, with all their eventful issues, to have passed away like a dream.

My eldest sister, her husband and family had not yet arrived, the coach being due a couple of hours later ; it being in fact the one by which Miss Locke had arrived when I first met her. But in due time they came, and delighted I was to see them. Two years and a quarter had elapsed since I had paid them a brief visit, and taken in my arms the chubby little daughter, then only six months old, who was named after my dear mother, and I longed to see the change that time must have wrought favourably upon her. The coach was late, and in company with my brother-in-law I waited at the inn somewhat impatiently for its appearance. At last my ears were gratified with hearing the sound of the guard's horn in the distance giving token of its near approach, and in a few minutes afterwards the horses dashed up with spirit as if rejoicing at having come to their journey's end. My sister's husband first alighted, and then assisted his wife and children in stepping down ; and Josiah, now

between eight and nine years of age, and a strapping lad, was the first to fling himself into my arms and give me a loving salute. But Lydia, now better than three years old, was naturally rather shy, she having no remembrance of the uncle who had tossed her up and down to her infantile glee as she crowed with exuberant delight when he paid his visit half a year after she was born. But an introduction from her mother, a kiss, and a few kind words, soon served to make matters straight, and her chattering tongue was in a few minutes loosened in telling me of the wonderful sights she had beheld on the journey. In this happy mood we entered Oak Cottage, all of us meeting unitedly in it for the first time, and there was, as may be imagined, so much on all sides to relate and talk about, that the midnight hour had struck some time before we found our way to our respective bedrooms.

Such a Christmas Day as that which followed I never remember to have spent in my life. Not that there was so much merriment—though the children were merry enough with their toys and games and feasting—but there was a calm kind of enjoyment arising from surrounding circumstances that seemed to make us feel that nothing more of an earthly kind was either desired or needed to make our happiness complete. Even Miss Locke, in spite of the heavy trials she had been called upon so recently to endure, appeared to share in the general feeling, and was almost idolised by the children for her attempts to contribute towards their fun and hilarity. No name seemed so popular with them as hers, and the call for Miss Locke to come and "see this" and to "do that" resounded all day in

all quarters of the house, a solid proof that for the time being she was considered by the juvenile fraternity the favourite of the household.

As the following day was the Sabbath, we all went in the morning to the Congregational chapel. It was but a small place, both plainly built and furnished, but was well attended by a devout congregation. As the stated minister had gone away for a holiday, the pulpit was occupied by a local preacher about fifty years of age, who appeared to be more like a farmer than anything else. It was evident, as he gave out the hymns and read the scriptural lesson, that he had not been blessed with a superior education, but still there was nothing either in his pronunciation or manner that was at all objectionable, even to the well-educated. His prayer, which was rather long and discursive, was full of feeling and its numerous petitions were calculated to reach the heart. But the sermon that followed was one that was not likely soon to be forgotten. The text selected was Psalm cvii. 29, 30 : "*He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet ; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.*" In graphic terms and homely language the preacher described a storm at sea, the terror that ensued, the prayer offered to God for help, and the joy that followed when the vessel reached the port in safety, and all hands on board were saved from peril and destruction. Such he affirmed to be a picture of the Christian's life. While sailing on life's ocean many storms might

arise ; so terrible might some of them prove that despair might almost take possession of the soul ; with doubt and fear heartrending prayers would ascend to God for the salvation that He alone could give ; those prayers God heard and answered ; in life there would be the storm and the calm, renewed again and again ; and finally there would fall upon the believer the last storm to be succeeded by the quiet and the rest of an eternal heaven, an "abundant entrance" being given to the storm-tossed mariner into the long-looked-for and desired haven.

It was pleasant to watch Miss Locke while the discourse proceeded. The preacher's striking sentences, illustrative incidents, appropriate scriptural quotations, and recital of personal experiences, seemed to overwhelm her with emotion. From the beginning to the end she never took her eyes off him, and she could be heard inwardly responding first to this statement and then to that. It was evident that the word was entering her very soul, and when at the close of the service, heedless of all around her, she stepped up to the good man as he came down the aisle, and thanked him heartily for "the good that he had done her," I could not help but feel that to one tempest-tossed soul in that little chapel at least, if not to more, the Holy Spirit, through a humble instrument, had sent both a text and a message calculated to bring into it that quiet and heavenly peace which "passeth all understanding."

(To be continued.)

God never shuts a gate behind us till He is prepared to open the next that comes in course.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

OUR HYMNS: THEIR AUTHORS AND ORIGIN.

By Rev. R. C. ROBERTS.

No. VIII.—JOHN NEWTON.

THERE is a common saying that "truth is stranger than fiction," and a history of more wonderful events can hardly be imagined than the history of John Newton. He used to say in reference to himself, "Real life has extravagances that would not be admitted to appear in a well-written romance—they would be said to be out of nature." In reviewing his checkered career, the strange scenes he witnessed, the terrible depths of depravity out of which he was raised, and the wonderful providential escapes of his life, he felt that every part of his case was extraordinary, and that he never met in the whole of his long life a single instance resembling his. He was born in London, July 24, 1725. His mother is reputed to have been a most intelligent and pious person, who devoted all her diligence and prayer to the early training of this her only child. He had scarcely reached his fourth birthday, we are told, ere he could read with ease, and his mind was stored with several portions of Scripture. He was early taught by his mother Dr. Watts' "Smaller Catechism," and afterwards the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism," with Scripture proofs. But he had the misfortune to lose her when he was only seven years

old, and consequently his pious training was discontinued. His father was a seafaring man, and for many years commander of a ship in the Mediterranean and Spanish trade. John was taken when he was eleven years old by his father to sea, and before he was fifteen he had made several voyages. By some means he got access to books of a pernicious character, and through the influence of a person who expounded and enforced their real meaning, he became an infidel. He gave his father no little trouble in consequence of his wild and reckless ways. As he had a desire to go to sea, arrangements were made with a Liverpool merchant that he should be sent out in one of his ships to Jamaica. Before going, however, some of his mother's relatives in Kent requested him to pay them a short visit. During this visit a circumstance occurred which influenced his whole subsequent life. He conceived an attachment to the eldest daughter in the family, whom eleven years afterwards he married. The history of this part of his life reads more like a romance. Mary Catlett was only fourteen years of age, and he but little her senior; yet he says, "I was impressed with an affection for her which never abated or lost its influence over me. None of the scenes of wickedness I afterwards experienced ever banished her for an hour together from my waking thoughts." Instead of staying at Kent for three days according to his original intention, he imprudently prolonged his stay for three weeks, by which time the ship had

sailed for the West Indies. His father subsequently got him a berth on board a vessel trading to Venice. But as soon as he returned to England, he hastened at once to Kent; and protracted his stay in the same imprudent way to the great annoyance of his father. One day he was met by a press-gang, and taken by force on board the *Harwich* man-of-war. His father interceded with the captain, and he was taken on the quarterdeck as a midshipman. Owing to a heavy storm the ship had to put in at Plymouth, and the captain sent young Newton one day on shore with a boat's crew, and with charge to look out that none of the men deserted. But he was no sooner on land than he himself deserted, and was shortly afterwards discovered by a party of soldiers, brought back to the ship as a felon, kept a while in irons, then publicly flogged, and degraded from his rank as midshipman. He was so exasperated by the punishment inflicted upon him, that he contemplated murder and suicide, and was only saved from such foul crimes by the revolting idea that the girl whom he loved should think meanly of him after he was dead. When on the coast of Madeira he obtained permission to change vessels, and entered on board a slave-ship for Africa. On this ship, again, he was very insubordinate, offended the captain, and succeeded in landing on an African island, where he ran such a career of riot that few of the negroes, we are told, but thought themselves too good to speak to him. He entered the service of a slave-dealer, in which he experienced a time of terrible hardship and wretchedness. Whenever his master was from home his black mistress used to treat this young renegade with the greatest cruelty, even

when he was prostrated with fever, not allowing him anything but a mat to lie upon, and a log of wood for a pillow. She would laugh at his weakness, and mock him when his feverish hand was too weak to hold the food. In his own "Narrative" he tells us that when he began to recover, he had such a scanty allowance of food that his hunger compelled him to go out at night, and prow about for something to eat; and at the risk of being flogged if discovered, he used to pull up roots in the plantation, and eat them raw on the spot. He was an object of pity to the poor slaves in their chains, who shared with him of their scanty allowance. Never was there a more striking illustration of the picture given by Christ in the parable of the Prodigal Son than that of John Newton almost dying in want and degradation in a far country. Some years after, when he had come to his right mind, he said to a friend, "Had you seen me, sir, go pensive and solitary in the dead of night to wash my one shirt upon the rocks, and afterwards put it on wet, that it might dry upon my back while I slept, had you seen me so poor a figure that when a ship's boat came to the island, shame often constrained me to hide myself in the woods from the sight of strangers—especially had you known that my conduct, principles, and heart, were still darker than my outward condition; how little would you have imagined that one who so fully answered to the description of the apostle, hateful and hating one another, was reserved to be so peculiar an instance of the providential care and exuberant goodness of God." There was something very remarkable in his deliverance from this island. He was walking on the beach one day in this most

wretched condition, when an English vessel sighted, to which he made a signal, and a canoe was sent off for him. The captain was the very person actually in search of him, and who persuaded him to come with him home. On the voyage he encountered a most terrific storm. A heavy sea tore away the upper timbers of the vessel, the ship began to leak, and all on board were filled with despair. Numerous thoughts rushed into his mind, thoughts of Christ, thoughts of his own depravity, and thoughts of what his dear mother had told him when a child as to how he might be forgiven. There were painful struggles going on in that young prodigal's soul. He took his Bible, and read it as he had never done before, and seriously thinking and praying over what he read, and his prayers, which he compared to the raven's cry, were answered by God. He reached the shores of Ireland a very different man. One hymn he composed some years after would seem to have reference to his soul's experience. I refer to the 965th. The 4th verse seems very suggestive:—

“Once a sinner near despair
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.”

He was soon after offered the command of a ship, but very judiciously declined, wishing first to make another voyage, “to learn to obey,” as he said, “and to acquire a further insight into business before venturing to undertake such a charge.” So he again sailed, and on his return went to Kent, and married Mary Catlett, who proved a helpmeet to him in the highest sense of the word. Shortly after, he received the appointment of captain, and we read of him establishing public worship on board the ship, and

officiating himself as chaplain. Having made several voyages, ill-health compelled him to relinquish his occupation at sea, and he settled down in Liverpool. Here he devoted much of his time to study, especially Hebrew and Greek. A loving providence still watched over him. One day in Liverpool, he had only left the watchhouse where he was on duty, when a gale of wind threw down the chimney stack, and on his return he found the chair on which he usually sat broken to pieces. It is very evident that God had some great work for him to do, hence his life was preserved.

John Newton felt an inward call for the ministry, which he obeyed. Hewas presented at the age of thirty-nine with the living of Olney, where he laboured most diligently for fifteen years. At Olney he made the acquaintance of Cowper, whose friendship he highly appreciated, and who greatly assisted him in his parochial labours.

From Olney he removed to London, to become the rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, where he attracted crowds to hear him. Churchmen and Dissenters, Calvinists and Arminians, Methodists and Moravians, and occasionally Papists and Quakers were among his auditors. A very notable feature in his ministerial work in London was an open breakfast at his house, to which ministers and Christians of all denominations were cordially welcomed. These gatherings were most interesting and instructive. Newton was the chief speaker, and he often related some very amusing anecdotes. He told of a good old woman arguing in favour of eternal election. “Sir,” said she, “I am sure, if God had not chosen me before I was born, He would never have chosen me after.” Some of the company referred to a certain

hearer of the Gospel, who was a most awful character, and "if he be saved," said one, "I shall never despair of the conversion of anyone again." "Oh," said John Newton, "I never did, since God saved me."

Newton has rendered valuable service to the Church of Christ in the inspiring hymns he composed. We have in "Psalms and Hymns" twenty-nine written by this wonderful trophy of God's grace. Some of these are very familiar to us, e.g. :—

223—"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

244—"One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of
Friend."

971—"When any turn from Zion's
way."

There is also that beautiful hymn of peaceful trust in God—

523—"Quiet, Lord, my froward heart."

Very pathetic are the verses he wrote on the fourth anniversary of his wife's death.

"Forget her! No; can four short
years

The deep impression wear away?
She still before my mind appears,
Abroad, at home, by night, by
day.

Off as with those she loved I meet,
Her looks, her voice, her words,
recur;

Or if alone I walk the street,
Still something leads my
thoughts to her."

This wonderful man lived to a ripe old age. He had entered on his 82nd year when his Master called him from his labour to his rest. Some of his friends entreated him to discontinue preaching, as his sight, his hearing, and memory were very defective. "What!" he exclaimed, "shall the old African

blasphemer stop while he can speak?" He remarked to Jay of Bath, who visited him a short time before he died—"My memory is nearly gone; but I remember two things; that I am a great sinner, and that Christ is a great Saviour." And very soon after this interview he entered into the glorious presence of his Saviour, to be with Him for ever.

There is one sublime fact which the extraordinary history of this man should teach us, namely, that God's grace can reach the heart and subdue the will of the greatest of sinners. It can change the lion into a lamb, the prodigate into a child of God, an African blasphemer into an honoured minister of the Gospel. John Newton attributed his conversion to God's grace, and was fully convinced that nothing less than the Divine grace could sustain him. Hear what he says—

"The help of men and angels joined
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in Thy boundless grace."

The grace that saved John Newton can save every soul that trusts in the all-sufficient sacrifice of Jesus Christ. "He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him."

Pembroke Dock.

BLESSEDNESS QUESTIONED.

"Where is then the blessedness ye spake of?"—Gal. iv. 15.

THE question form is often used by this writer, and with good effect. Here is a personal question for the Christian. It is one that applies to the state of the heart. The heart unaffected towards Christ and His Gospel is in a state

to be deplored and remedied. The heart going wrong, everything will go wrong.

"Blessedness" is the chief subject before us. Man sinning is a stranger to blessedness; sin leads to wretchedness, but salvation results in blessedness. Christ redeems us from the curse, and regains for us the blessing. Christ atones for the guilt of sin, cleanses from its stain, and checks within us the love of sin. And He so changes us that we delight in holiness, and seek to live in it as our element of happiness.

The Galatian believers had professed to enjoy blessedness. They had attributed it much to the preaching of Paul, to which they had listened with increasing attention, interest, and profit. Under it they had found the true blessedness. The Gospel helps the joy of those

who cordially receive it. The mere hearer of the Gospel may have impulsive joy, but not the peaceful and enduring joy of salvation.

The question here addressed to the Galatian converts implies that they had lost the freshness and sweetness of their joy. It was not that they had relapsed into sin, but had listened to erroneous teaching, diverting their minds and hearts from the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ.

Paul questions them that they may consider their altered state, and return with all humbleness and heartiness to that Saviour and His Gospel from whom they had wandered, and so regain their blessedness. "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me with Thy free spirit."

Blunham.

W. ABBOTT.

NOTES OF A SERMON

PREACHED BY THE REV. J. H. BLAKE, OF LUTON, AT BOSTON ROAD CHAPEL, BRENTFORD, ON SUNDAY EVENING, AUGUST 3RD, 1890, IMPROVING THE DEATH OF THE LATE MRS. W. A. BLAKE.

Rev. xiv. 13; 1 Thess. iv. 13.

THESE words in both cases were addressed to the churches in martyr times. "Let no man take thy crown"; "I have the keys," etc., are suitable words for such times and also for us. They declare the existence of the soul, the existence of it in after life, the immediate glory and future completeness.

I. Note the description:—

1. Those who sleep in Jesus.
2. Those who die in the Lord.

II. Note their glorious state:—

1. Hope of Resurrection and Reunion.
2. Present and continued Blessedness.

1. Sleep.—*Daniel, Enoch, Elijah Stephen, Lazarus.*

A figure of the body—it sleeps.

A figure of spirit.

1. Rest.—No rest where there is 1, pain; 2, care; 3, burden.

1. Sea of glass.

2. Eternal sunlight.

3. Incorruptible robes.

4. Undying laurels.

5. Unfading crowns.

THOSE WHO DIE IN THE LORD.

1. Die in faith in Him.

2. Die in Presence of Him.

3. Die in Union with Him.

4. Die in purpose with Him.

"It is appointed unto men once die;" "we shall not all sleep,"

c.

1. Note their glorious state; not the guess or hope of John, but the words of God.

1. Blessed:—

Free from sin.

Free from earth.

Free from interruption.

Free from death.

2. Blessed with the end of labour.

3. Blessed from henceforth.

4. Blessed with presence of saints gone before.

5. Blessed with presence of Christ.

6. Blessed works; not lost. Those we have saved, helped, loved, been faithful to.

In the close of the discourse Mr. Blake referred in deserved eulogy to the character of the departed; her Christian life from childhood, her steady conduct, for more than forty years member of a Christian church; her self-devotedness as a wife, mother, grandmother to several grandchildren, some of whom remain to testify of their loss.—*Contributed.*

Gems from Dr. Maclaren's Sermons.

Is not a man's chief relation in this world his relation to God? Is not that the most important thing about all of us? If that be wrong, will not everything be wrong? If that be right, will not everything come right? And is it not true that for you and me and for all our fellows, whatever be the surface diversities of character, civilization, culture, taste, and the like, there is one deep experience, common to every human spirit, and that is the fact, and in some sense, more or less acutely, the consciousness of the fact that "we have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

No man will attain to the practice of Christian love of his fellows, by merely yielding to the vagrant natural sentiments of tenderness and compassion, which in some measure dwell in every heart. Discipline is wanted, rigid, stern, self-sacrificing and controlling, ere the tenderness of Christian love becomes ours. The rough prickly husk is required for the preservation of the soft, milky kernel. The flower-enamelled pasture has to be surrounded by grim rocks that shelter it from every wind. Our love to our fellows will never be noble, deep, Christ-like, unless it be the child of severity to ourselves.

WE see in Christ, baptised with the Spirit of God, the realised ideal of manhood, ever dependent; ever needing for its purity that holy influence, and receiving at every pore that divine gift. What a contrast to our limited partial reception, broken and interrupted so often! All the doors that are barred in our hearts by sin, all the windows that are darkened in our souls by vice and self, in Him stood open to the day and brilliantly receptive of the illumination. And so "the Father giveth not the Spirit by measure unto Him."

HERE is the great blessing and peculiarity of Christian morals, that they are all brought down to that sweet obligation, "Do as I did." Here is the great blessing and strength for the Christian life in all its difficulties—you can never go where you cannot see, in the desert, the footprints, haply spotted with blood, that your Master left there before you, and planting your trembling feet in the prints, as a child might imitate his father's strides, learn to recognise that all duty comes to this "Follow Me;" and that all sorrow is calmed, ennobled, made tolerable, and glorified by the thought that He has borne it.

AN old ecclesiastical legend comes into my mind at the moment which tells how an emperor won the true Cross in battle from a pagan king, and brought it back with great pomp to Jerusalem, but found the gate walled up, and an angel standing before it who said, "Thou bringest back the Cross with pomp and splendour: He that died upon it had shame for His companion, and carried it on His back, barefooted to Calvary." Then says the chronicler the emperor dismounted from his steed, cast off his robes, lifted the sacred Rood on his shoulders, and with bare feet advanced to the gate, which opened of itself, and he entered in. We have to go up the steep rocky road that leads from the plain where the Dead Sea is to Jerusalem. Let us follow the Master as He strides before us, the Forerunner and Captain of our salvation.

CHRIST'S resurrection is the only solid proof of a future life; Christ's present resurrection life is the power, by partaking in which, "though we were dead, yet shall we live." He has trodden that path, too, before us. He has entered into the great prison-house, into which the generations of men have been hounded and hurried; and where they lie in their graves as in their narrow cells; He has entered there. With one blow He has driven the gates from their hinges, and has passed out, and no soul can any longer be shut in as for ever into that ruined and opened prison. Like Samson, He has taken the gates which, from of old, barred its entrance, and borne them on His strong shoulders to the city on the hill. And now Death's darts are blunted, his fetters are broken, and his goal has its doors wide open. And there is nothing for him to do now but to fall upon his sword, and to kill himself, for the prisoners are gone. "Oh! death, I will be thy plague! Oh! grave, I will be thy destruction." The Breaker has gone up before us, therefore it is not possible that we should be holden of the impotent chains that He has broken.

MISS DANIELLS tells us of a soldier at Aldershot who, after hearing an address from an officer on the duty and happiness of coming out boldly for Christ, determined to obey the command. That night he went home, and, for the first time since his childhood, knelt beside his bed. Next day, when his company sat down to dinner, he rapped on the table for silence, and then said that no doubt they had observed a change in him, and there was a great change, for he hoped he had become a Christian. But still he had felt a cloud over him, as he had been ashamed to confess Christ before them; but now he should like to begin as he meant to go on. He felt that it was right to say grace before meat, but he would be ashamed of himself if he just bowed his head and said it silently; and, therefore, with their leave, he would say grace aloud, and continue to do so daily. "Hear, hear!" was the response to this manly appeal; he was allowed to continue the practice, and as a result, in two or three barrack rooms in this garrison the same thing was done by Christian men.

Reviews.

Choral Anthems. Compiled by JOHN BURNHAM, 1st Series; and *Choral Praise*, 1st Series; *Choice Music for Festive Gatherings.* W. Nicholson & Sons, 20, Warwick Square, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Our friend Mr. Burnham has, in addition to his evangelical work, done immense service in providing song and music for our annual and religious festivals. These first series all sustain his previous good works. The blot of giving excess to hymns about heaven and going home is avoided here. "Flowers of Praise," "Listen to the Bells," "Take my Hand and Lead me, Father," and "Marching on to Canaan," coupled with songs of Heaven, and the stirring song of "She hath done what she could," and the valuable strains of "Our Own Sunday School," are such as enable us to say to all concerned, Obtain a copy; while of the Choral Anthems we have only space to say that they are above the average of Sunday School music and words.

Yonder; or, Glimpses of the Glory Land. A series of Bible Lessons, by GEO. THOS. CONGREVE. A series of Bible Lessons delivered to the members of the Young Women's Christian Institute, West Brighton. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE volume is prettily got up, and by a very veteran in Sunday School and Bible-class work. It is full of instruction, drawn naturally and not fancifully from the Word of God. We hail with pleasure this contribution of one so faithful to the Scriptural teaching, in addition to his many generous services to the cause of God.

The City of Progress and Signs of the Times. ARTHUR A. K. WITHERSBY. Alfred Holness, 14, Paternoster Row.

THIS production is very readable and healthy. The style is after John Bunyan, written in modern times. The present City of Progress immersing at last in the more perfect City where all is beautiful and glorious without shade on sunlight, or ripple on sea. We can heartily recommend it, with only one regret—we wish it was lower in price, so that all might read it.

London Young Women's Christian Association. Founded 1857. Report for the year 1899. Office, 16 & 17, Old Cavendish Street, W., London.

ALL interested in our young women will do well to read this report.

A beautiful volume on the *Memories of Mighty Men*: John Bunyan, Robert Moffat, David Livingstone, Martin Luther, John Knox, John Wesley. A bound volume for 1s. or extra, 1s. 6d. By Rev. J. J. ELLIS. Alfred Holness, 14, Paternoster Row.

WE have with pleasure called attention to this useful series in a former review. The penny numbers cannot fail to please and instruct, and everyone who purchases either the penny numbers or the volume will be perfectly satisfied with their outlay. We also see, by the same author, a graphic story of the white man with an open hand—H. M. Stanley, by the Rev. J. J. ELLIS. Our friend shows a marvellous aptitude in producing *multum in parvo* biographies of the great and good, and if our brother is soon in charge

of some church which desires a useful and hard-working minister, we shall be pleased.

The Fathers, by A BANKER, on the subject of Protestant History, is of a character that we should like to see in print. All the facts we have met with before, and should like a wide distribution. At the same time we are no more disposed to establish the Established Church than the Roman Church. Christianity was a fact in the history of this country before the Establishment by the kings or government of either. The religion of Christ Jesus is a fact in the world, and no sect can claim to be its patroniser or its originator.

Geometry in Religion and the exact dates in Biblical History after the Monuments; or, *The Fundamental Principles of Christianity*; the processional year, etc., as based on the teaching of the Ancients, by the Cube Square Circle, Pyramid, etc. E. W. Allen, Ave Maria Lane.

HERE is work for the thoughtful. You who have time, read and tell us what you think.

We have a desire that our contributors should read three books issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross:—*Obscure and Minor Scripture Characters*, by FREDERICK HASTINGS—a treasure of good things. *Why do you Believe the Bible to be the Word of God?* In this age of what is called modern thought, light and leading, higher criticism, etc., this work deserves a large circulation. And *After this Life, What Next?* is a valuable contribution in reply to evolution mistakes and quibbles on the rewards of the righteous, and the punishment of the wicked.

Received *The British Messenger*, *The Gospel Trumpet*, and *Good News*.

The best of tracts. Circulate them by thousands.

The Treasury for Pastor and People contains a sermon to ministers by Chas. F. Deem, D.D., delivered at the installation of his son. Subject, "Let no Man despise thy Youth." Sound, healthful advice. We again call the attention of ministers to this best of American monthlies. Nisbet & Co., London.

Pearson's Weekly. To interest, to elevate, and amuse. No. 1, vol. i. A new venture. If the present amount of matter is to be produced weekly it will need a deal of public approval. It contains a large amount of good stuff.

Want of space compels us to say only an acknowledgment of *The Bible Society Register*, *Bible Society's Gleanings for the Young*, *The British Flag*, *Life and Light*, *Evangelical Christendom*, *The Voice of Warning*; and the Religious Tract Society's *Leisure Hour*, *Friendly Greetings*, *Sunday at Home*, *The Girl's Own*, *The Boy's Own*, *The Cottager and Artisan*, *The Tract Magazine*, *Sir James Young Simpson, Bart., M.D.*, *The Child's Companion*, and *Little Dots*. These last ten works form a most healthy monthly packet for the family.

Our Own Magazines:—*Sword and Trowel*. Good; must be read with interest by all Baptists. *The Baptist Magazine*. A good likeness of our friend W. Willis, Q.C. The religious world knows him, and the political world will hear of him in the future.

The General Baptist is a very good number. For ourselves we are looking forward with pleasure to the amalgamation of the two denominations. We are amused as we look back to our suggestion for such union some years ago, and the offence we gave to some Generals who are now foremost in advocating the union. We welcome converts though they come in late.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. ROBERT GORDON FAIRBAIRN, B.A., of Bristol College, has accepted the pastorate at Salem Chapel, Cheltenham.

Rev. J. M. Logan has resigned the pastorate at Bromley.

Rev. W. L. Williams has accepted the pastorate of Zion Church, Bolton.

Rev. G. H. Morgan, of University College, Cardiff, has accepted the pastorate of Woodberry Down Chapel, Seven Sisters' Road, Stamford Hill.

Rev. G. Pring has resigned the charge of the church at Aylsham to carry on the work in connection with the Sayer Street Mission in the city of Norwich.

Rev. Walter Wynn has resigned the pastorate at Sandy Lane, Bradford.

Rev. W. S. Wall, of Regent's Park College, has accepted an invitation to the church at Swavesey, Cambs.

Rev. J. Heath, of the Nottingham College, has accepted the pastorate at Long Sutton, Lincolnshire.

Rev. D. Hussey, Milford Haven, has accepted the pastorate of one of the English churches in Abertillery, Mon.

The following students of Haverfordwest College have accepted pastorates: Mr. John Albert Thomas, at Beulah and Nantgwyn, Mont.; Mr. Morris Isaac, at Llanfaircareinion and Llanllugan; Mr. W. Reynolds, at Molleston; Mr. John Jenkins, at Penttyrch; and Mr. W. Meredith Morris, at Pysgah, Pembrokeshire.

Rev. James Evans has resigned the pastorate at Polemoor, near Huddersfield.

Rev. Isaiah Birt, B.A., has resigned the pastorate of the church at Devizes, which he has held for the last twelve years.

Rev. A. M. Nickalls, of Broughton, Manchester, has accepted the pastorate at Shortwood, Nailsworth, Glos.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. R. GLOVER has been presented by his church at Bristol with £200 towards the expenses of his holiday. Mr. Charles Townsend, in presiding at the meeting, said the proposed visit to China on behalf of the Missionary Society would involve an absence of nine or ten months, whereas the church did not at present see its way clear to part with Mr. Glover for more than six months. Still, if Mr. Glover thought it his duty to go, and that his health would be equal to the journey, no difficulty would be raised by the church as to either time or means.

Rev. J. B. Gillison, who recently resigned the pastorate of the church at Kirkintilloch on account of ill-health, has been presented with £83 as a public testimonial. Rev. W. Patrick, of the Free Church, made the presentation at a gathering over which Provost Calder presided. Mr. Gillison will leave shortly for Australia.

Rev. J. W. Lance, before leaving Beckenham, was presented by Elm Road Church, the pastorate of which he had resigned through illness, with a purse of £110, accompanied with expressions of high esteem and regard. During Mr. Lance's ministry of three and a half years nearly 100 members have been added to the church, and new and spacious school-rooms have been built at a cost of about £1,900, of which £1,400 has been subscribed and the remaining £500 lent without interest. Revs. J. W. Todd, D.D., and T. Sissons delivered fraternal addresses.

Rev. T. B. and Mrs. Curry, on returning to Yarmouth from their wedding tour, have been presented by the members at the Tabernacle with a study desk in walnut.

Rev. C. Cole has been presented by the church at Windsor with a purse containing £42.

Rev. S. S. Allsopp, on relinquishing the pastorate of New Street Church, Burton-on-Trent, has been presented with 100 guineas. In acknowledging the gift, Mr. Allsopp mentioned that during his ten years' pastorate £11,500 had been raised for the work of the place and denominational institutions.

Park Road Church, St. Helen's, has presented Mr. Daniel Molyneux, who has been a deacon for 25 years, and is now in failing health, with ten guineas and an album with photographs.

Miss Clara Cooper, who has for eleven years been associated with the choir of the chapel at East Dereham, has been presented on her marriage with a silver breakfast crust as a token of regard from the choir.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. J. Lewis, of Blaenycwm, having completed his course at Haverfordwest College, has been ordained to the Welsh ministry at Tyldesley. Revs. L. W. Lewis, D. H. Jones, and H. V. Thomas were the officiating ministers.

Rev. Thomas Bennett has been ordained at Grantown. Principal Edwards, of Pontypool College, and Rev. J. M. Jones, of Newbridge, Monmouthshire, took part in the services.

Rev. J. Felmingham has been recognised as pastor at Burnham. The sermon was preached by Rev. H. F. Gower. At the public meeting Rev. H. Moore presided. Rev. H. J. Spufford gave the charge to the pastor; Rev. J. Urquhart addressed the church.

NEW CHAPELS.

In connection with the village work of the chapel at Tiverton,

Devon, the memorial-stone of a new chapel at Ash Thomas has been laid by the pastor, Rev. J. Frank Toone. A tea and public meeting took place, at which about 200 persons were present. Addresses were given by Revs. B. Miller, of Cullompton, E. Scott, of Bampton, the pastor, and several of the lay preachers engaged in the work. The proceeds of the day amounted to about £10.

A new church is to be built at Fenton, Staffs. The late Mr. W. M. Grose gave the site and £300, and made a conditional offer of £1,000, the conditions of which having been met by the congregation, his exequutors handed over a cheque for the amount.

Memorial-stones of a new chapel have been laid at Little Sodbury, near Bristol, by Mrs. Wetmore, of Wotton-under-Edge (who gave the site) and Mr. E. Robinson, of Bristol. Half the money required has been subscribed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A VALEDICTORY service was held at Hope Baptist Chapel, Cardiff, on Wednesday, July 30th, to bid farewell to Rev. Charles Spurgeon Medhurst and Mrs. Medhurst, who are returning to T'sing Cheu Feu, North China, to resume their work as missionaries of the Baptist Missionary Society. The Rev. James Owen, of Swansea, president of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, presided, and gave a touching and tender address to the departing missionaries, and, in earnest prayer, commended them to God, the whole audience rising and adding their hearty "Amen" to the president's words, "the grace of our Lord be with you, Amen, till we meet again." The Rev. C. S. and Mrs. Medhurst gave interesting details of their field of labour, and of the difficulties and encouragements of missionary life. Rev. T. W. Medhurst, pastor of the church, expressed his great joy that his first-born son had devoted his life to mission work in China, and that he was assisted by

so excellent a wife. Farewell addresses were also delivered by Revs. Thomas Davies, Isaac B. Stalberg, and Charles Davies, and a collection was made on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society.

The autumnal meetings of the Baptist Union, at Cardiff, will be inaugurated with a devotional service on Monday evening, October 6th. Dr. Culross and Rev. J. R. Wood will deliver addresses. The first session will be opened on Wednesday morning in Park Hall, where the president, Rev. James Owen, will deliver his address. Simultaneous conferences in English and Welsh will be afterwards held on "The Organization of our Local Preachers." At the Home Mission meeting in the evening Mr. Alfred Thomas, M.P., will preside. Revs. C. M. Hardy, F. B. Meyer, and D. McPherson are to be speakers. The public meeting for men will be presided over by Mr. Alderman David Jones. Addresses are to be delivered by Rev. W. Cuff on "The Influence of Speech on Life," by Rev. W. Evans on "The Evils of Gambling," and by Mr. Lloyd George, M.P., on "Intemperance." At the session in Park Hall on Thursday Mr. C. A. Vince is to read a paper on "The Instruction of our Young People in Non-conformist Principles," and Revs. W. Brock and G. Hawker will discourse on "The Claim which our Churches Have on the Best Services of our Best Men." In the evening there will be meetings simultaneously in Welsh and English. That at Park Hall is to be presided over by Mr. Albert Spicer, J.P. Rev. Charles Williams is to speak on "The Principles of the Free Churches," Rev. Dr. Clifford on "The Christian Priesthood," and Rev. David Davies on "The History of the Free Churches in Wales."

The arrangements for the autumnal services of the Baptist Missionary Society, to be held in Cardiff, on Tuesday, October 7th, will be three early morning sermons—two in Cardiff and one in Penarth, the preachers

being Revs. W. Dobson, of Deal, C. A. Davis, of Reading, and T. H. Martin, of Glasgow. A meeting takes place at 10.30 in the Park Hall to take farewell of departing missionaries. The chair is to be taken by Mr. W. R. Rickett, treasurer of the society. Professor Gould has arranged to deliver the address, and prayer will be offered by Rev. Dr. Trestrail. In the afternoon Rev. Arnold Thomas is to preach the autumnal missionary sermon. At the public missionary meeting in the evening the Mayor of Cardiff is to preside; Revs. R. D. Darby, of the Congo, Charles Jordan, of India, and Arthur Sowerby, of China, are to be the speakers. On the same evening local meetings are arranged for Pontypridd, Merthyr, Mountain Ash, Bridgend, Newport, and Treorkey. Thursday afternoon is fixed for the Zenana missionary meeting. On Friday evening two young people's meetings will be held, one in Cardiff and the other in Penarth. At the former Revs. B. Evans and J. G. Potter, of India, and T. Lewes, of the Congo, are to be the speakers; at the latter, Revs. J. J. Fuller, of Africa, J. G. Kerry, of India, and H. K. Moolenaar, of the Congo.

The Welsh Baptist Union is to assemble at Swansea during the first week of September, under the presidency of Rev. J. Jenkins. In addition to Welsh ministers and laymen from all parts of the Principality who are to take part, English sermons are to be preached by Revs. D. Davies (Brighton), and J. Thomas (Huddersfield).

Dr. Wexler, eldest son of the chief Rabbi of Austria, part of Egypt, and the Holy Land, has been baptised by Rev. A. A. Cameron, at Calvary Church, Denver, U.S.A.

BROMLEY BAPTIST CHAPEL, KENT.
—The twenty-fifth anniversary was held on Wednesday, August 13th. Theodore Howard, Esq., presided at the evening meeting, which was largely attended. Addresses were given by Rev. J. Chadwick, Rev.

E. A. Tydeman, Rev. T. Ballard, Rev. A. Tessier, the pastor; Cecil V. Shadbolt, Esq., and others. The sum contributed amounted to £52.

RECENT DEATH.

At the Butts, Brentford, on July 22nd, Sarah, wife of Rev. W. A. Blake, Editor of *The Baptist Messenger*. Her remains were interred in New Brentford Cemetery on the 28th July, Rev. J. H. Blake, of Luton, and Rev. W. Edwards, of Brentford, conducting the service. On the following Sunday evening, August 3rd, Rev. J. H. Blake improved her death at Boston Road Chapel, from 1 Thessalonians chap. iv. 13th verse, and Revelation chap. xiv. 13th verse.

THE HOPPICKERS' MISSION.

To the Editor of *The Baptist Messenger*.

DEAR SIR,—Many of your readers have been, for years, warm supporters of the above-named mission. This must be my apology for trespassing briefly on your space just now with

A REMINDER.

As this page meets the eye of the reader, a band of some twelve or fourteen of us will be in the midst of work among 20,000 "hoppers" in the heart of Kent. We crave, first and before aught else, the earnest prayers of friends on behalf of our evangelistic efforts among these masses; and also such practical help as the reader can spare towards this Christ-like mission to "the poor and needy."

Parcels of clothing, or tracts, may be sent, carriage paid, to Rev. J. J. Kendon, Marden Station, S.E.R. Contributions to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Upper Norwood; Rev. J. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Kent; or to

Yours very cordially,

JOHN BURNHAM.

Fern Bank, Brentford.

BAPTISMS.

Ayr, N.B.—July 27, One, by J. Horne.
Bassaleg, Bethel.—July 13, Two, by W. Maurice.

Blaenavon, Forge Side.—July 20, Four, by J. Tucker.
Caderton, Barry Docks.—July 20, One, by L. T. Evans.
Caernwys, Flintshire.—July 6, Five, by E. W. Holywell.
Castle Donington, Derby.—August 3, Five, by I. Watts.
Chatham.—July 27, Four, by T. Hancock.
Colwyn Bay.—July 13, Two, by W. Hughes.
Coventry, Gosford Street.—August 3, Three, by A. T. Prout.
Cross Keys, Mon.—July 27, Three, by O. H. Watkins.
Cwmduad, near Carmarthen.—July 27, Seven, by D. Richards.
Dolan, Rhayader.—August 1, One, by J. O. Jenkins.
Fownhope.—July 20, One, by J. Roach.
Gloucester, Nailsworth Tabernacle.—July 27, Two, by W. E. Wells.
Golcar.—August 3, One, by W. Gay.
Goytre, Mon.—August 3, Two, by T. L. Thomas.
Gravel, Radnorshire.—July 20, Two, by W. D. Young.
Helliwell.—June 29, Twelve, by J. Davis.
Horkinstone.—July 27, Seven, by H. Davies.
Hull, George Street.—July 27, Fourteen, by J. Odell.
Leeds, Hunslet Tabernacle.—July 20, Three, by A. G. Green.
Manchester, Coupland Street.—July 27, Three, by A. E. Clarke, B.A.
Medlock Street, Manchester.—August 3, Three, by T. Roberts.
Millom, Cumberland.—July 20, Two, by D. Tait.
Metropolitan District:—
Henrietta Street.—July 27, Two, by W. Smith.
John Street, Trinity Chapel, Edgware-road.—August 3, Three, by H. Trotman.
Lambeth, Upton Chapel, S.E.—July 2, Ten, by W. Williams.
Moriah, Risca, Mon.—July 20, Nine, by E. U. Thomas.
Newport (Mon.), Duckpool Road.—July 27, Four, by A. T. Jones.
North Ormesby, Middlesbrough.—August 3, Three, by C. W. Kent.
Penzance.—June 29, Two; July 16, Two, by W. Thomas.
Redditch.—July 16, Three, by E. W. Berry.
Redhill, London Road.—July 20, Four, by G. Davies.
Ryde (I.W.), George Street.—July 24, Four, by E. B. Pearson.
Sadcliffe.—Three, by F. T. B. Westlake.
Staincliffe, Yorks.—July 27, Seventeen, by F. Oliver.
St. Helens, Central.—July 20, Three, by W. Holroyd.
Southport, Town Hall.—July 31, Five, by H. A. Phillips.
South Bank, Yorks.—July 20, Two, by T. R. Lewis.
Scion Ponkey.—July 6, Two, by E. Mitchell.
West Hartlepool.—July 9, Two, by A. W. Curwood.
Wolsingham, co. Durham.—July 27, Three, by R. Scott.

The Loved Ones Chastened.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; be zealous, therefore, and repent.”—Revelation iii. 19.

THE dealings of God towards the sons of men have always puzzled the wise men of the earth who have tried to understand them. Apart from the revelation of God the dealings of Jehovah towards His creatures in this world seem to be utterly inexplicable. Who can understand how it is that the wicked flourish and are in great power? The ungodly man flourishes like a green bay tree; behold, he stretcheth out his roots by the river; he knoweth not the year of drought; his leaf withereth not; and his fruit doth not fall in an untimely season. Lo, these are the ungodly that flourish in the world; they are filled with riches; they heap up gold like dust; they leave the rest of their substance to their babes; they add field to field, and acre to acre, and they become the princes of the earth. On the other hand, see how the righteous are cast down. How often is virtue dressed in the rags of poverty! How frequently is the most pious spirit made to suffer from hunger, and thirst, and nakedness! We have sometimes heard the Christian say, when he has contemplated these things, “Surely, I have served God in vain; it is for nothing that I have chastened myself every morning and vexed my soul with fasting; for lo, God hath cast me down, and He lifteth up the sinner. How can this be?” The sages of the heathen could not answer this question, and they therefore adopted the expedient of cutting the gordian knot. “We cannot tell how it is,” they might have said; therefore they flew at the fact itself, and denied it. “The man that prospers is favoured of the gods; the man who is unsuccessful is obnoxious to the Most High.” So said the heathen, and they knew no better. Those more enlightened easterns, who talked with Job in the days of his affliction, got but little further; for they believed that all who served God would have a hedge about them; God would multiply their wealth and increase their happiness; while they saw in Job’s affliction, as they conceived, a certain sign that he was a hypocrite, and therefore God had quenched his candle and put out his light in darkness. And alas! even Christians have fallen into the same error. They have been apt to think, that if God lifts a man up there must be some excellence in him; and if He chastens and afflicts, they are generally led to think that it must be an exhibition of wrath. Now hear ye the text, and the riddle is all unriddled; listen ye to the words of Jesus, speaking to His servant John, and the mystery is all unmysteried. “As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous, therefore, and repent.”

*This Sermon being copyright, the right of reprinting and translating is reserved.

The fact is, that this world is not the place of punishment. There may now and then be eminent judgments ; but, as a rule, God does not in the present state fully punish any man for sin. He allows the wicked to go on in their wickedness ; He throws the reins upon their necks ; He lets them go on unbridled in their lusts ; some checks of conscience there may be ; but these are rather as monitions than as punishments. And, on the other hand, He casts the Christian down ; He gives the most afflictions to the most pious ; perhaps He makes more waves of trouble roll over the breast of the most sanctified Christian than over the heart of any other man living. So, then, we must remember that as this world is not the place of punishment, we are to expect punishment and reward in the world to come ; and we must believe that the only reason, then, why God afflicts His people must be this :—

“ In love I correct thee, thy gold to refine,
To make thee at length in My likeness to shine.”

I shall try this morning to notice, first, *what it is in His children that God corrects* ; secondly, *why God corrects them* ; and thirdly, *what is our comfort, when we are labouring under the rebukes and correctings of our God*. Our comfort must be the fact that He loves us even then. “As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten.”

I. First, then, beloved, WHAT IS IT IN THE CHRISTIAN THAT GOD REBUKES ? One of the Articles of the Church of England saith right truly, that, naturally, “man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit ; and therefore in every person born into this world, it deserveth God’s wrath and damnation. And this infection of nature doth remain, yea in them that are regenerated ; whereby the lust of the flesh, called in the Greek, *φρόνημα σαρκός* which some do expound the wisdom, of some sensuality, some the affection, some the desire, of the flesh, is not subject to the Law of God. And although there is no condemnation for them that believe and are baptized, yet the Apostle doth confess, that concupiscence and lust hath of itself the nature of sin,” and because evil remains in the regenerate there is therefore a necessity that that evil should be upbraided. Ay, and a necessity that when that upbraiding is not sufficient, God should go to severer measures, and after having failed in His rebukes, adopt the expedient of chastening. “I rebuke and chasten.” Hence God has provided means for the chastisement and the rebuking of His people. Sometimes God rebukes His children under the ministry. The minister of the Gospel is not always to be a minister of consolation. The same Spirit that is the Comforter is He who convinces the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment ; and the same minister who is to be as the angel of God unto our souls, uttering sweet words that are full of honey, is to be at times the rod of God, the staff in the hand of the Almighty, with which to smite us on account of our transgressions. And ah ! beloved, how often under the ministry ought we to have been checked when we were not ? Perhaps the minister’s words were very forcible, and they were uttered with true earnestness, and they applied to our case ; but alas ! we shut our ear to them, and applied them to our brother instead of to ourselves. I have often marvelled when I have been

preaching. I have thought that I have described the cases of some of my most prominent members. I have marked in them divers sins, and, as Christ's faithful pastor, I have not shunned to picture their case in the pulpit, that they might receive a well-deserved rebuke; but I have marvelled when I have spoken to them afterwards, that they have thanked me for what I have said, because they thought it so applicable to such another brother in the church, whilst I had intended it wholly for them, and had, as I thought, so made the description accurate, and so brought it out in all its little points, that it must have been received by them. But alas! you know, my friends, that we sit under the sound of the Word, and we seldom think how much it belongs to us, especially if we hold an office in the church. It is hard for a minister when he is hearing a brother minister preach, to think, it may be, he has a word of rebuke to me. If exalted to the office of elder or deacon, there groweth sometimes with that office a callousness to the Word when spoken to himself; and the man in office is apt to think of the hundreds of enquirers unto whom that may be found applicable, and of the multitudes of the babes in grace to whom such a word comes in season. Ay, friends, if we did but listen more to the rebukes of God in the ministry, if we hearkened more to His Word as He speaks to us every Sabbath day, we might be spared many corrections, for we are not corrected until we have despised rebukes, and after we have rejected those, then out comes the rod.

Sometimes, again, God rebukes His children *in their consciences*, without any visible means whatever. Ye that are the people of God will acknowledge that there are certain times, when, apparently without any instrumentality, your sins are brought to remembrance; your soul is cast down within you, and your spirit is sore vexed. God the Holy Spirit is Himself making inquisition for sin; He is searching Jerusalem with candles; He is so punishing you because you are settled on your lees. If you look around you there is nothing that could cause your spirits to sink. The family are not sick; your business prospers; your body is in good health; why then this sinking of spirit? You are not conscious at the time, perhaps, that you have committed any gross act of sin; still this dark depression continues, and at last you discover that you had been living in a sin which you did not know—some sin of ignorance, hidden and unperceived, and therefore God did withdraw from you the joy of His salvation, till you had searched your heart, and discovered wherein the evil lay. We have much reason to bless God that He does adopt this way sometimes of rebuking us before He chastens.

At other seasons the rebuke is *quite indirect*. How often have I met rebuke, where it never was intended to be given! But God overruled the circumstance for good. Have you never been rebuked by a child? The innocent little prattler uttered something quite unwittingly which cut you to your heart and manifested your sin. You walked the street mayhap, and you heard some man swear; and the thought perhaps struck your mind, "How little am I doing for the reclaiming of those who are abandoned!" And so the very sight of sin accused you of negligence, and the very hearing of evil was made use of by God to convince you of another evil. Oh, if we kept our eyes open there is not an ox in the meadow, nor a sparrow in the tree, which might not sometimes suggest a rebuke. There is not a star in midnight, there is not a ray in the noon-day, but what

might suggest to us some evil that is hidden in our hearts, and lead us to investigate our inner man, if we were but awake to the soft whispers of Jehovah's rebukes. You know that our Saviour made use of little things to rebuke His disciples. He said "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow! Behold the fowls of the air how they are fed!" So he made lilies and ravens speak to His disciples, to upbraid their discontent. Earth is full of monitors: all that we need are, ears to hear. However, when these rebukes all fail God proceeds from rebuke to correction. He will not always chide; but if His rebukes are unheeded, then He grasps the rod, and He uses it. I need not tell you how it is God uses the rod. My brethren, you have all been made to tingle with it. He has sometimes smitten you in your persons, sometimes in your families, frequently in your estates, oftentimes in your prospects. He has smitten you in your nearest and dearest friend; or, worse still, it may be He has given you "a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet you." But you all understand, if you know anything of the life of a Christian, what the rod and the staff of the covenant are, and what it is to be corrected by God. Let me just particularize for a few minutes, and show what it is that God corrects in us.

Very frequently God corrects *inordinate affection*. It is right of us to love our relatives—it is wrong of us to love them more than God. You perhaps are yourselves to-day guilty of this sin. At any rate, beloved, we may most of us look at home when we come to dwell on this point. Have we not some favoured one—perhaps the partner of our heart, or the offspring of our bosom, more dear to us than life itself? Have I not here some man whose life is bound up in the life of the lad, his child?—some mother whose whole soul is knit unto the soul of her babe—some wife, some husband, to whom the loss of the partner would be the loss of life? Oh, there are many of us who are guilty of inordinate affection towards relations. Mark you, God will rebuke us for that. He will rebuke us in this way. Sometimes He will rebuke us by the minister; if that is not enough He will rebuke us by sending sickness or disease to those very persons upon whom we have set our hearts; and if that rebuke us not, and if we are not zealous to repent, He will chasten us: the sickness shall yet be unto death. The disease shall break forth with more fearful violence, and the thing which we have made our idol shall be smitten, and shall become the food of worms. There never was an idol that God either did not or will not pull out of its place. "I am the Lord thy God; I am a jealous God;" and if we put any, however good and excellent their characters may be, and however deserving of our affection, upon God's throne, God will cry, "Down with it," and we shall have to weep many tears; but if we had not done so we might have preserved the treasure and have enjoyed it far better without having lost it.

But other men are baser than this. One can easily overlook the fault of making too much of children, and wife, and friends, although very grievous in the sight of God; but alas! there are some that are too sordid to love flesh and blood; they love dirt, mere dirty earth, yellow gold. It is that on which they set their hearts. Their purse they tell us is dross; but when we come to take aught from it, we find they do not think it is so. "Oh," said a man once, "if you want a subscription from me, sir, you must get at my heart, and then you will get at my purse." "Yes," said

I, "I have no doubt I shall, for I believe that is where your purse lies and I shall not be very far off from it." And how many there are who call themselves Christians, who make a god out of their wealth! Their park, their mansion, their estate, their warehouses, their ledgers, their many clerks, their expanding business, or if not these, their opportunity to retire, their money in the Three per Cents. All these things are their idols and their gods; and we take them into our churches, and the world finds no fault with them. They are prudent men. You know many of them; they are very respectable people, they hold many respectable positions, and they are so prudent, only that the love of money, which is the root of all evil, is in their hearts too plainly to be denied. Every one may see it, though perhaps they see it not themselves. "Covetousness, which is idolatry," reigns very much in the church of the living God. Well, mark you, God will chasten for that. Whosoever loveth mammon among God's people shall first be rebuked for it, as he is rebuked by me this day, and if that rebuke be not taken, there shall be a chastisement given. It may be that the gold shall melt like the snow-flake before the sun; or if it be preserved it shall be said, "Your gold and silver are cankered; the moth shall eat up your garments and destroy your glory." Or else the Lord will bring leanness into their souls, and cause them to go down to their graves with few honours on their heads, and with little comfort in their hearts, because they loved their gold more than their God, and valued earthly riches more than the riches that are eternal. The Lord save us from that, or else He will surely correct us.

But this is not the only sin: we are all subject to another crime which God abhors exceedingly. It is the sin of *pride*. If the Lord gives us a little comfort, we grow so big that we hardly know what to do with ourselves. Like Jeshurun of old, of whom it is said, "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." Let us for a little time enjoy the full assurance of faith; self-conceit whispers, "You will retain the savour of that all your days;" and there is not quite a whisper, but something even fainter than that—"You have no need to depend upon the influence of the Holy Spirit now. See what a great man you have grown. You have become one of the Lord's most valued people; you are a Samson; you may pull down the very gates of hell and fear not. You have no need to cry, 'Lord, have mercy upon me.'" Or at other times it takes a different turn. He gives us temporal mercies, and then we presumptuously say, "My mountain standeth firm; I shall never be moved." We meet with the poor saints, and we begin to hector over them, as if we were something and they were nothing. We find some in trouble; we have no sympathy with them; we are bluff and blunt with them, as we talk with them about their troubles; yea, we are even savage and cruel with them. We meet with some who are in deep distress and faint-hearted; we begin to forget when we were faint-hearted too, and because they cannot run as fast as we can, we run far ahead and turn back and look at them, call them sluggards, and say they are idle and lazy. And perhaps even in the pulpit, if we are preachers, we have got hard words to say against those who are not quite so advanced as we are. Well, mark, there never was a saint yet that grew proud of his fine feathers but what the Lord plucked them out by-and-by. There never yet was an angel that had pride in his heart but he lost his wings and fell into Gehenna, as Satan and those fallen angels did; and

there shall never be a saint who indulges self-conceit, and pride, and self-confidence, but the Lord will spoil his glories, and trample his honours in the mire, and make him cry out yet again, "Lord have mercy upon me, less than the least of all saints, and the very chief of sinners."

Another sin that God rebukes is *sloth*. Now I need not stop to picture that. How many of you are the finest specimen of sloth that can be discovered ! I mean not in a business sense, for you are "not slothful in business ;" but with regard to the things of God and the cause of truth, why, nine out of ten of all the professors of religion, I do hazard the assertion, are as full of sloth as they can be. Take our churches all around, and there is not a corporation in the world, however corrupt, that is less attentive to its professed interest than the church of Christ. There certainly are many societies and establishments in the world that deserve much blame for not attending to those interests which they ought to promote ; but I do think the church of God is the hugest culprit of all. She says that she is the preacher of the gospel to the poor : does she preach it to them ? Yes, here and there ; now and then there is a spasmodic effort : but how many are there that have got tongues to speak and ability to utter God's Word that are content to be still ! She professes to be the educator of the ignorant, and she is so in a measure : there are many of you who have no business to be here this morning—you ought to have been teaching in the Sabbath school, or instructing the young and teaching others. Ye have no need of teachers just now ; ye have learned the truth and should have been teaching it to other people. The church professes that she is yet to cast the light of the gospel throughout the world. She does a little in missionary enterprise ; but ah ! how little ! how little ! how little compared with what her Master did for her and the claims of Jesus upon her ! We are a lazy set. Take the church all round, we are as idle as we can be ; and we have need to have some whipping times of persecution, to whip a little more earnestness and zeal into us. We thank God this is not so much the case now as it was even twelve months ago. We hope the church may progress in her zeal ; for if not she as a whole, and each of us as members will be first rebuked, and if we take not the rebuke we shall afterwards be chastened for this our great sin.

I have no time to enter into all the other reasons for which God will rebuke and chasten. Suffice it to say that every sin has one twig in God's rod appropriated to itself. Suffice it to say, that in God's hand there are punishments for each particular transgression ; and it is very singular to notice how in Bible history almost every saint has been chastened for the sin he has committed, by the sin itself falling upon his own head. Transgression has been first a pleasure, and afterwards it has been a scourge. "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways," and that is the severest punishment in all the world.

Thus I have tried to open the first head—it is that God rebukes and chastens.

II. Now, secondly, WHY DOES GOD REBUKE AND CHASTEN ? "Why," says one, "God rebukes His children because they are His children ; and He chastens them because they are His children." Well, I will not go the length of saying that is false, but I will go the length of saying it is not true. If any one should say to a father, after he had chastened his child, "Why is it you have chastened the child ?" he would not say, it is because

I am his father. It is true in one sense ; but he would say, "I have chastened the child because he had done wrong." Because the proximate reason why he had chastened his child would not be that he was his father, though that would have something to do with it as a primary reason ; but the absolute and primary cause would be, "I have chastened him because he has done wrong, because I wish to correct him for it, that he might not do so again." Now, God, when He chastens His children, never does it absolutely ; because He is their Father ; but He does it for a wise reason. He has some other reason besides His fatherhood. At the same time, one reason why God afflicts His children, and not others is, because He is their Father. If you were to go home to-day and see a dozen boys in the streets throwing stones and breaking windows it is very likely you would start the whole lot of them ; but if there is one boy that would get a sweet knock on the head it would be your own ; for you would say, "What are you at, John ? What business have you here ?" You might not be justified, perhaps, in meddling with the others—you would let their own fathers attend to them ; but because you were his father you would try to make him remember it. Certain special chastisements are inflicted on God's children, because they are His children ; but it is not because they are His children that He chastens them at any one time, but because they have been doing something wrong. Now, if you are under chastisement, let this truth be certain to you. Are the consolations of God small with thee ? Is there any secret thing with thee ? Art thou chastened in thy business ? Then what sin hast thou committed ? Art thou cast down in thy spirit ? Then what transgression has brought this on thee ? Remember, it is not fair to say, "I am chastened because I am His child," the right way to say it is, "I am His child, and therefore when He chastens me He has a reason for it." Now, what is it ? I will help you to judge.

Sometimes God chastens and afflicts us, *to prevent sin*. He sees that the embryo of lust is in our hearts ; He sees that that little egg of mischief is beginning to hatch and to produce sin, and He comes and crushes it at once—nips the sin in the bud. Ah ! we cannot tell how much guilt Christians have been saved from by their afflictions. We are running on madly to our destruction, and then some dark apparition of trouble comes, and stretches itself across the way, and in great fright we fly back astonished. We ask, why this trouble ? Oh ! if we knew the danger into which we were rushing we should only say, "Lord, I thank thee that by that direful trouble thou didst save me from a sin that would have been far more troublous and infinitely more dangerous."

At other times God chastens us for sins already committed. We perhaps have forgotten them ; but God has not. I think that sometimes years elapse between a sin and the chastisement for it. The sins of our youth may be punished in our grey old age : the transgressions you did twenty years ago, those of you who have grown old, may this very day be found in your bones. God chastens His children, but He sometimes lays the rod by. The time would not be seasonable perhaps ; they are not yet strong enough to bear it : so He lays His rod by, and He says, as surely as he is My child, though I lay My rod by, I will make him smart for it, that I may at last deliver him from his sin, and make him like unto Myself. But mark, ye people of God, in all these chastisements for

sin there is no punishment. When God chastises you He does not punish as a judge does ; but He chastens as a father. When He lays the rod on, with many blows and smart ones, there is not one thought of anger in His heart—there is not one look of displeasure in His eye ; He means it all for your good ; His heaviest blows are as much tokens of His affection as His sweetest caresses. He has no motive but your profit and His own glory. Be of good cheer, then, if these be the reasons. But take care that thou dost fulfil the command—"be zealous, therefore, and repent."

I read in an old Puritan author the other day a very pretty figure. He says, "A full wind is not so favourable to a ship when it is fully fair as a side wind. It is strange," says he, "that when the wind blows in an exact direction to blow a ship into port, she will not go near so well as if she had a cross wind sideways upon her." And he explains it thus : "The mariners say that when the wind blows exactly fair it only fills a part of the sails, and it cannot reach the sails that are ahead, because the sail, bellying out with the wind, prevents the wind from reaching that which is further ahead. But when the wind sweeps sideways, then every sail is full, and she is driven on swiftly in her course with the full force of the wind. Ah !" says the old Puritan, "there is nothing like a side wind to drive God's people to heaven. A fair wind only fills a part of their sails ; that is, fills their joy, fills their delight ; but," says he, "the side wind fills them all ; it fills their caution, fills their prayerfulness, fills every part of the spiritual man, and so the ship speeds onwards towards its haven." It is with this design that God sends affliction, to chasten us on account of our transgressions.

III. And now I am to conclude by noting WHAT IS OUR COMFORT WHEN GOD REBUKES AND CHASTENS US ?

Our great comfort is, that *He Loves* us still. Oh ! what a precious thing faith is, when we are enabled to believe our God, and how easy then it is to endure and to surmount all trouble ! Hear the old man in the garret, with a crust of bread and a cup of cold water. Sickness has confined him these years within that narrow room. He is too poor to maintain an attendant. Some woman comes in to look to him in the morning, and in the evening, and there he sits, in the depths of poverty. And you will suppose he sits and groans. No, brethren ; he may sometimes groan when the body is weak, but usually he sits and sings ; and when the visitor climbs the creaking staircase of that old house, where human beings scarcely ought to be allowed to live ; and when he goes into that poor cramped-up room that is more fit to accommodate swine than men, he sits down upon that bottomless chair, and when he has squatted himself as well as he can upon the four cross pieces of it he begins to talk to him, and he finds him full of heaven. "Oh ! sir," he says, "my God is very kind to me." Propped up he is with pillows, and full of pain in every member of his body, but he says, "Blessed be His name, He has not left me." "Oh ! sir, I have enjoyed more peace and happiness in this room, out of which I have not gone for years,"—(the case is real that I am now describing) "I have enjoyed more happiness here than I ever did in all my life. My pains are great, sir, but they will not be for long ; I am going home soon." Ay, where he more troubled still, had he such rich consolation poured into his heart, he might endure all with a smile and sing in the furnace. Now, child of God, thou

art to do the same. Remember, all thou hast to suffer is sent in love. It is hard work for a child, when his father has been chastening it, to look at the rod as a picture of love. You cannot make your children do that : but when they grow up to be men and women how thankful they are to you then ! "O father," says the son, "I know now why it was I was so often chastened ; I had a proud, hot spirit ; it would have been the ruin of me if thou hadst not whipped it out of me. Now, I thank thee, my father, for it."

So, while we are here below we are nothing but little children ; we cannot prize the rod : when we come of age, and we go into our estates in Paradise, we shall look back upon the rod of the covenant as being better than Aaron's rod, for it blossoms with mercy. We shall say to it, "Thou art the most wondrous thing in all the list of my treasures. Lord, I thank Thee that Thou didst not leave me unafflicted, or else I had not been where I am and what I am, a child of God in Paradise." "I have this week," says one, sustained so serious a loss in my business, that I am afraid I shall be utterly broken up." There is love in that. "I came here this morning," says one, "and I left a dead child in the house—dear to my heart." There is love in that. That coffin and that shroud will both be full of love ; and when your child is taken away, it shall not be in anger. "Ah !" cries another, "but I have been exceedingly sick, and even now I feel I ought not to have ventured out ; I must return to my bed." Ah ! He makes your bed in your affliction. There is love in every pain, in every twitch of the nerve ; in every pang that shoots through the members, there is love. "Ah !" says one, "it is not myself, but I have got a dear one that is sick." There is love there, too. Do what God may, He cannot do an unloving act towards His people. O Lord ! Thou art Omnipotent ; Thou canst do all things ; but Thou canst not lie, and Thou canst not be unkind to Thine elect. No, Omnipotence may build a thousand worlds, and fill them with bounties ; Omnipotence may powder mountains into dust, and burn the sea, and consume the sky ; but Omnipotence cannot do an unloving thing towards a believer. Oh ! rest quite sure, Christian, a hard thing, an unloving thing from God towards one of His own people is quite impossible. He is kind to you when He casts you into prison as when He takes you into a palace ; He is as good when He sends famine into your house as when He fills your barns with plenty. The only question is, Art thou His child ? If so, He hath rebuked thee in affection, and there is love in His chastisement.

I have now done, but not until I have made my last appeal. I have now to turn from God's people to the rest of you. Ah ! my hearers, there are some of you that have no God ; you have no Christ on whom to cast your troubles. I see some of you to-day dressed in the habiliments of mourning ; I suppose you have lost some one dear unto you. Oh ! ye that are robed in black, is God your God ? Or are you mourning now, without God to wipe every tear from your eye ? I know that many of you are struggling now in your business with very sharp and hard times. Can you tell your troubles to Jesus, or have you to bear them all yourself, —friendless and helpless ? Many men have been driven mad, because they had no one to whom to communicate their sorrow ; and how many others have been driven worse than mad, because when they told their sorrows their confidence was betrayed. O poor mourning spirit, if thou hadst,

as thou mightest have done, gone and told Him all thy woes, He would not have laughed at thee, and He would never have told it out again. Oh I remember when once my young heart ached in boyhood, when I first loved the Saviour. I was far away from father and mother, and all I loved, and I thought my soul would burst; for I was an usher in a school, in a place where I could meet with no sympathy or help. Well, I went to my chamber, and told my little griefs into the ears of Jesus. They were great griefs to me then, though they are nothing now. When I just whispered them on my knees into the ear of Him who had loved me with an everlasting love, oh! it was so sweet, none can tell. If I had told them to somebody else, they would have told them again; but He, my blessed confidante, He knows my secrets, and He never tells again. Oh! what can you do that have got no Jesus to tell your troubles to? And the worst of it is, you have got more troubles to come. Times may be hard now, but they will be harder one day—they will be harder when they come to an end. They say it is hard to live, but it is very hard to die. When one comes to die and has Jesus with him, even then dying is hard work; but to die without a Saviour! Oh! my friends, are you inclined to risk it? Will you face the grim monarch, and no Saviour with you? Remember, you must do it; you must die soon. The chamber shall soon be hushed in silence; no sound shall be heard except the babbling watch that ever tells the flight of time. The physician shall "Hush!" and hold up his finger, and whisper in a suppressed voice, "He cannot last many minutes longer." And the wife and the children, or the father and the mother, will stand around your bed and look at you, as I have looked at some, with a sad, sad heart. They will look at you a little while, till at last the death-change will pass o'er your face. "He is gone!" it shall be said; and the hand uplifted shall be dropped down again, and the eye shall be glazed in darkness, and then the mother will turn away and say, "O my child, I could have borne all this if there had been hope in thine end!" And when the minister comes in to comfort the family, he will ask the question of the father, "Do you think your son had an interest in the blood of Christ?" The reply will be, "O sir, we must not judge, but I never saw anything like it; I never had any reason to hope: that is my greatest sorrow." There, there! I could bury every friend without a tear, compared with the burial of an ungodly friend. Oh! it seems such an awful thing, to have one allied to you by ties of blood, dead and in hell.

We generally speak very softly about the dead. We say, "Well, we hope." Sometimes we tell great lies, for we know we do not hope at all. We wish it may be so, but we cannot hope it; we never saw any grounds that should lead us to hope. But would it not be an awful thing if we were honest enough to look the dread reality in its face—if the husband were simply to look at it, and say, "There was my wife; she was an ungodly, careless woman. I know at least, she never said anything concerning repentance and faith; and if she died so, and I have every reason to fear she did, then she is cast away from God." It would be unkind to say it; but it is only honest for us to know it—to look dread truth in the face. Oh! my fellow-men and brethren, oh! ye that are partners with me of an immortal life! We shall one day meet again before the throne of God; but ere that time comes, we shall each of us be separated, and go our divers ways down the shelving banks of the river of

death. My fellow-man, art thou prepared to die alone? I ask thee this question again—Art thou prepared to arise in the day of judgment without a Saviour? Art thou willing to run all risks and face thy Maker, when He comes to judge thee, without an advocate to plead thy cause? Art thou prepared to hear Him say, "Depart, ye cursed!" Are ye ready now to endure the everlasting ire of Him who smites, and smiting once, doth smite for ever? Oh! if you will make your bed in hell, if you are prepared to be damned, if you are willing to be so, then live in sin and indulge in pleasures;—you will get your wish. But if ye would not; if ye would enter heaven, and ye would be saved, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die, O house of Israel?" May God the Holy Spirit, enable you to repent of sin and to believe on Jesus; and then you shall have a portion among them that are sanctified: but unrepenting and unbelieving, if ye die so, ye must be driven from His presence, never to have life, and joy, and liberty, as long as eternity shall last.

The Lord prevent this, for Jesus' sake.

WHY THE WATERS ARE DISTURBED.

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

"When the water of thy life is disturbed, think that thine angel troubleth it for thy healing."

WE sit within the porch of Life, we see its waters gleam;
But we are withered, blind, and halt, beside the limpid stream,
Until, on noiseless wing there speed, an angel from the skies,
To stir the waters as they sleep; when, lo! the sick arise.

The scene is changed—the languid strive, the weak are strong again,
And some for ever leave the couch where they for years have lain.
Would any ask the angel's name? 'Tis Trouble; oft he stirs
The waters of a peaceful life, and healing grace confers.

Oh, there are many folk around the margin of Life's pool,
Who never would arouse and toil, if peace were all the rule;
But let them see the waters moved, and lo! at once they leap and live,
Inspired with life—a new found life, those waters only give.

And are our troubles angels then, and sent with this design?
Oh, wherefore, should we tremble so, and murmur and repine;
It is but for our good they come and break the waves below,
To wake us from our sleep and dreams, and nobler life to know.

Yet, Thou, who in Bethesda's porch, didst walk with healing hand,
If it may be Thy gracious will, beside our spirits stand,
And heal us Thine own self, for still we dread the angel's flight;
Thy word can do the deed as well—speak in Thy healing might.

Cloud and Sunshine ; or, All Things Working for Good.

CHAPTER X. -- A WELCOME CHRISTMAS VISITOR.

"YOU seem to have enjoyed the sermon, Amelia, very much," I remarked, as soon as we reached home and found ourselves alone.

"Enjoyed it," she rejoined, "I should think I did. I may safely affirm that I never listened to a sermon with so much interest in my life. Certain I am that if the preacher had known all my circumstances and feelings he could not have delivered a discourse that would have met my case more appropriately than the one he gave us. No one can tell how gloomy I felt when I entered that little chapel this morning ; but, thank God, the dark cloud has been uplifted, and such a load has been taken off my mind, that I feel quite a different being."

"You have not been in the habit, I think, of attending a Nonconformist place of worship, have you, Amelia?"

"No, I have not. You see, Harry, of late years father has gone nowhere, and when I went anywhere, it was to the parish church. In my younger days, when mother was with us, we all attended an Episcopalian Church regularly, but her illness and death and our subsequent changes, all tended to make me a very irregular attendant. And now I am going to tell you something that will give you great joy. Do you know, Harry, that if I am converted at all, you have been the means of my conversion?"

"I the means of your conversion!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "What, Amelia, can I have done to bring that about? Why I should never have dreamt of such a thing."

"Perhaps not, Harry, but still it is a fact. You remember the visit you paid to Oak Cottage three years ago?"

"I should think I do."

"Well, in the evening we had family worship and you were asked to engage in prayer. You did so readily, all the while we were there, and those prayers reached my heart. Strange, though it may seem, I had never been privileged to hear extemporaneous prayer before at family worship, always having listened to read formal prayers, both at home and at school. Now in your prayers you prayed for me, and in such a manner as I had never prayed for myself. You *assumed* that I was a Christian, and you asked the Lord to bestow upon me Christian blessings of which up to that time I had never felt my need. You prayed that I might live in the enjoyment of pardoned sin, of peace with God, of fellowship with Christ, and that I might abide in Him, and so bring forth fruit unto life eternal. Now when I was alone I asked myself what all these things meant. I had taken it for granted that having been christened and confirmed, and having taken the sacrament occasionally at church, I was all right ; or, as the Prayer Book says, in other words, that I was "a member of

Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven.' But as to the enjoyment of these blessed things you spoke of I neither knew anything about them nor desired them. This caused me to search myself when I got home, and to read the New Testament afresh, and the result was I was astonished to see that both Christ and the Apostles prayed that believers might enjoy the same things, and how frequently allusions were made to them in the Gospels and in the Epistles. Then I turned to the Old Testament and read the Psalms, and these I found were full of such spiritual petitions. This discovery made me feel wretched. I felt that in some way or other I had been deceived, and that God was far from me. When you prayed you seemed to draw near to God, and to talk to Him, 'as a man talketh with his friend'; but as for me, when I endeavoured to pray God seemed to be nowhere, or so far off that I could not get at Him. What was the result? Why I began at last to think that it was useless for me to attempt to pray at all."

"You remind me, Amelia, of a trite saying of Adams's in his 'Private Thoughts.' He says, 'God is nowhere to me if He is not in my heart.'"

"That, Harry, was just how I felt. I wanted God in my heart and I did not feel Him there. Now it was evident to me that you did, and I saw that it made you happy."

"But how did you go on? Did you obtain the sought-for blessing at last?"

"Yes, I did, but not for, at least, six months after I came home. During that period I went to church, but never heard anything that did me much good. There

was, however, this difference. Before this time when the Litany was read, like thousands more, I repeated the responses like a parrot; but now I joined in them heartily, feeling myself to be a sinner and longing for the blessings prayed for. This was a change for the better, but it only made me feel more unhappy. Two or three times I thought of writing to you and letting you know my state of mind, but the fear that the action might be misinterpreted kept me back: and so I endured my sorrows alone. Thus time passed on until one evening father came home late the worse for liquor. He had been sober for several weeks and I feared that the time was drawing near for another break out. Now it had come, and as he staggered up to bed, I sat down by the fireside, buried my face in my hands, and sobbed like a child. In that dreary hour it seemed to me as if I was forsaken by God and man. On the table lay the Bible, and almost involuntarily I opened it and cast my eyes upon the sacred page. And what do you think was the passage my eyes alighted on? It was this one, 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' 'Rest,' I said to myself, 'rest! yes, it is rest that I want. Of it of an earthly kind at present I have but little; and of rest of a heavenly kind I have none. Where can I get rest?' I looked at the passage again and again and its meaning seemed to grow upon me. Did not I labour? Was I not heavy laden? Did I not answer to the description of those who were invited to receive the blessing? Yes, all that was plain enough; how then was this blessed rest to be obtained? Then I looked at the words again and all was made plain. Jesus said, to obtain it, 'Come

unto Me,' 'Come unto Me.' Nothing more than that; nothing less than that, 'Come unto Me.' Well I sat down for I should think one hour pondering over those three simple words, 'Come unto Me.' Then I went to bed and I had a dream. I thought I was a little girl in my early home, playing with Archey, and gambling in our beautiful garden, and mother and father were looking on, and laughing at our frolics. Then all of a sudden it grew dark, and I could see no one, and all was as silent as death. Then the scene changed, and I saw Archey again, but this time he was a fine young man walking on board the deck of a vessel that was just sailing out to sea, and I stood on the pier unable either to go to him or to speak to him; and as I stretched out my hands and cried to him to come back, the vessel vanished from my sight, and whether it had sailed away or gone down I could not tell. Once more the scene changed, and now I stood in a dense forest with trees so thickly planted, and the foliage so abundant overhead, that there was scarcely any light given below, and there was no path that I could perceive which would serve to lead me out of the gloom. I ventured to move on, but became entangled in the thick under-wood and fell heavily. The fall woke me up, and as I woke it seemed to me as if a voice was sounding in my room, saying, 'Come unto Me: come unto Me!' I do not say that my dream was of the supernatural kind, but I do say this, that whether the Lord sent it to me, or it was nothing else but the wanderings of a sleepy brain, it served to interpret to me the words of the text on which I had been meditating. It seemed to tell me that

now I had lost all, and was wandering in the dark, Christ was inviting me to come unto Him with the sweet assurance that if I did so in Him I should find everlasting rest. So from that very night I was able by faith to cast all my care upon Him, and thus to enjoy the sweet rest that He came to bestow. From that time I have been able to say with the poet:—

“ ‘My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father: Abba Father cry.’ ”

“And have you never had any doubts or fears since, Amelia?”

“Oh! many; but not of the same kind. It is rarely, if ever, that I doubt my interest in the Saviour; but I have been much perplexed at times with God's providential dealings with me. My poor father's insanity and his attempts at self-destruction, and the fear of the treatment to which he might be subjected to in a lunatic asylum, quite unhinged me: and thus for some weeks Satan preyed upon my weakness, and sorely tempted me to distrust God. In one sense my father's sudden death, as you know, was a relief to my mind; but then thoughts rose even about that of a most gloomy and even despairing kind. My mind was filled with them even when I entered the chapel this morning, and at the commencement of the service I thought once I should have to come out. But the suitable hymns and the preacher's prayer prepared my mind for the sermon, and from that I was led to see that God was both in the storm that has passed, and in the calm that has now succeeded it; and that very thought filled my soul with such joy and

peace that I could do little else but inwardly praise the Lord for His goodness to me. I feel now that I can drop all these anxious questionings, and leave my all in His dear hands. He will do right in all things I know, and there I rest."

No one can imagine the pleasure I experienced on hearing this narration. If Miss Locke had been dear to me before, I now felt her to be dearer to me than ever. That God should have made me the humble instrument of doing her any spiritual good whatever was an honour for which I could not but feel devoutly grateful to Him. We were now one in the spirit, and I began to hope that ere long we should be one in the flesh. But before that was destined to be settled, an incident occurred of such a remarkable character that it changed the current of our thoughts altogether. While we were thus talking, we little surmised what blessings the Lord had in store for us, and how wonderfully His providence was working to bring about a meeting at Oak Cottage such as Miss Locke, in her most sanguine hopes, had never contemplated.

We had not been at my brother-in-law's more than four days when a coach drove up at the door and a tall gentleman alighted, well wrapped up in a large cloak, who asked if Miss Locke was visiting there. Informed that she was, he desired to be shown into a private room to have an interview with her.

"Did he say who he was?" asked Miss Locke, when the servant delivered the message.

"No, ma'am; he only said that he wanted to see you privately."

Wondering who he might be, or what he might want, Miss Locke proceeded into the room, and found the visitor standing up with his back to the fire, ready to extend

his hand to her. As the light shone fully upon his sunburnt face, it was easy to detect him if he were known. For a moment—and only a moment—Miss Locke gazed upon him. In bewildering amazement, the cry of "Archibald!" was all that she could utter. "Amelia!" was the only response of the stranger. Instantly she flung herself into his open arms, and for a few minutes laid her head upon his shoulder, crying for joy.

"There now, I think, Amelia, you'll do," he said, tenderly raising her up. "Now wipe away your tears and sit in that chair, and compose yourself while I tell you what I have to say."

Almost mechanically she did as he bade her, but still kept gazing curiously upon his face, as if she doubted if it were not a dream after all.

"Poor Amelia," he said, bending down and stroking her hair, "how glad I am to see you once more! For years I have longed for this great privilege, and now God has been so good as to grant it me."

"You cannot be more glad to see me, Archibald, than I am to see you. For years I, too, have prayed for it; and even now I see you, I can hardly believe that it is a reality, and that God has answered my prayers. But it is a reality, isn't it? I'm not dreaming, am I?"

"Dreaming, Amelia," said he laughing; "why you are as bad as doubting Thomas, who could not believe that Jesus had risen until he got the chance of seeing Him for himself, and putting his finger into the print of the nails and thrusting his hand into His wounded side. But you are worse than he was, for as you embraced me you must have felt that I was no ghost, but veritable flesh and blood."

"Yes, I know that; but it seems

so strange, that it is difficult for me to believe it to be real. But why, Archibald, did you not write to me, and tell me that you were coming?"

"There now, my dear sister: now you are beginning to complain you will come round, and all visionary ideas will forthwith vanish. As the butler who very ungratefully forgot Joseph said, 'I do remember my faults this day.' Of course I ought to have written to you and prepared your mind, and not have given you such a shock. But one reason for not doing so was this; I wanted to give you a sudden surprise that I hoped would make you supremely happy; and to personally witness the effect that might be produced. But that is not the only reason. My anxiety to see you again, as soon as I landed in the Metropolis, was so great that I could not afford to wait even for the return of a letter; so I have run down to see you at once; and I hope, therefore, after these explanations that you will kindly give me complete sisterly absolution."

"Then you have only just arrived in this country. But where, Archibald, have you come from?"

"From India, love; from that renowned land so far, far away. There I have been for six long years, and while you were enjoying yourself here on Christmas Day I was busily occupied in the London Docks in looking after my luggage. That secured in the hotel, without delay I took the coach to Sheffield, hoping to hear about you there; and ascertained at the old shop that you had removed to Pendlebow. From Sheffield, therefore, right across the country I posted to Pendlebow, only to find from the statement of your servants that the bird had flown to this quarter.

So you see I have been travelling almost day and night since Saturday in order to get a glimpse of my beloved sister's dear face once more; and glad I am, not only to behold you, but to see how much you have improved in appearance since I took my flight from home. And now I have seen you again, Amelia, what am I to do?"

"Do! Archibald? Why stay here till I go home, and then go back with me, and never go away again."

"But do you think, dear, that your friends would be willing for me to stay here for a few days with you?"

"Willing! I should think they would indeed. Now just give me another kiss to feel it's all real, and I'll run and tell them who you are."

As Miss Locke entered the room in which most of us were sitting, we saw that something had happened. Her countenance was radiant with joy, as with rapid utterance she communicated to us the glad tidings. We, too, could hardly believe the news; it seemed too good to be true. But ushered into the room where the stranger stood, we saw in his handsome face, the likeness of one who could only be Amelia's brother. The scene that ensued I shall not endeavour to describe. Such a welcome from us all as that given to him was the best that any stranger could possibly receive. It is enough to say that we all felt a measure of the thrilling joy of the father at the return of his prodigal son, when as an excuse for the welcome home that he gave him, he cried, in exultant tones that—"It was meet that we should make merry and be glad; for this my son was dead and is alive again; and was lost and is found."

(To be continued).

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

OUR HYMNS: THEIR AUTHORS AND ORIGIN.

By Rev. R. C. ROBERTS.

IX.—WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER was a very different man from that of John Newton; different in his temperament and disposition, possessing a more nervous and sensitive nature. The one has been likened to the stalwart oak of the forest, which has stood many a fierce storm and tempest; the other to a tender plant, too weak to resist anything uncongenial to its growth. Newton was what may be termed the bluff and brawny converted sailor; and Cowper the timid, melancholy poet. Still, there grew up between them a most loving fellowship, and their names are frequently mentioned together.

Cowper's personal history is one of the most affecting in literature. Dr. Angus, in his "Handbook of English Literature," says: "He had the richest wit and humour, yet a large part of his life was spent in sadness. Of an eminently humble and confiding spirit, he lived in dread of eternal condemnation. He wrote pieces which have given consolation to all classes of Christians, yet he himself took no comfort from them; he even regarded them as aggravations of his guilt." He was acknowledged to have been the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of the English letter-writers. He was born at Berkhamstead, Hertford-

shire, November 15th, 1731. His father was the rector of the church in that town, and also officiated as chaplain to George II. His mother was a descendant of the celebrated Dr. Donne, the poet. But in that exquisite poem he wrote, we learn that it afforded him far greater joy to be the child of pious parents than to be of some distinguished ancestry. He says:

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers
of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the
skies."

His mother died when he was only six years old, and, though very young, it was to him a sad bereavement; for his attachment to her was exceedingly strong, and he cherished her loving memory with the fondest affection while he lived. Cowper was of a delicate constitution and nervous temperament from his birth. He frequently gave way to feelings of depression and sadness when a child. It is important to remember this, for there are people who very readily have attributed his melancholiness to the influence of his religion. He was sent the same year his mother died to a boarding-school, at which he suffered most severely from the cruelty of one of his school-fellows. His nervous temperament caused him to endure all without the least effort to resist. It, however, told most unfavourably upon

his spirits, filling him with the greatest fear and dread. His tyrannical schoolfellow was expelled, and the poor nervous victim taken home to recruit his health. He was afterwards sent to Westminster School, where he made great progress in his studies. It was his father's intention he should be brought up a solicitor, so he was sent to acquire the practice of law with an attorney. In course of time he took chambers in the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar; but his tastes and habits, and the whole bias of his mind, were wholly averse to his making the law his profession. His father died when the poet was twenty-six years of age, and he expressed his affection for him in the following lines :—

"We loved, but not enough, the
gentle hand
That reared us."

A very lucrative post was offered Cowper in the House of Lords. Dazzled by so splendid an offer, he at once accepted it, but by so doing, according to his own statement, he seemed to receive a dagger in his heart. Nothing could restore his tranquillity. A deep melancholy seized him day and night, and for a whole week he was greatly depressed. He was requested to appear at the bar of the House, to be examined as to his fitness for the office. An ordeal of this nature would be very trying to a man of an iron nerve, and to Cowper the thought was unbearable. He lost his rest and soon lost his reason. Repeatedly he attempted suicide, but was saved from it by a loving Providence. His friends saw the necessity of adopting instant measures for his safety, so he was placed in a private asylum, where the

tenderest care was exercised over him. After being there for seven months in the deepest gloom, he one day opened a Bible, and His eyes fell upon those words in Rom. iii. 25, "Whom God hath set;" etc. "In a moment," says Cowper, "I believed, and received the Gospel." He was filled with joy and peace. In one of his letters he refers to his sad affliction and his recovery with profound gratitude. He says :— "Terrible as this chastisement is, I acknowledge in it the hand of an infinite justice; nor is it at all more difficult for me to perceive in it the hand of an infinite mercy likewise. When I consider the effect it has had upon me, I am exceedingly thankful for it; and without hypocrisy esteem it the greatest blessing next to life itself I ever received from the Divine bounty. My affliction has taught me a road to happiness, which without it I should never have found; and I know, and have experience of it every day, that the mercy of God, to him who believes himself the object of it, is more than sufficient to compensate for the loss of every other blessing." Although he was often under a cloud, never cured of this malady, yet he was mercifully watched over. It was after his deliverance from one of those sad attempts, he composed that beautiful hymn designated by some "The Great Hymn of Providence," and which has been sung by many of God's children, in their dark nights of sorrow. The hymn referred to is No. 78.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

We can easily discern from several of his hymns the lights and

shades of his life, and the view he regarded his trials. Thus—

No. 431.

“When darkness long has veiled my
mind,
And smiling day once more ap-
pears,
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and
fears.”

No. 501.

“God of my life to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall,
When the great waterfloods pre-
vail,
Leave not my trembling heart to
fail.”

Observe also the last verse of
502nd hymn—

“Did I meet no trials here,
No correction by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a castaway.”

Who is there that has experienced something in the Christian life, and mourned the distance oftentimes between him and God, that has not given utterance to sentiments in similar language to Cowper in the 548th hymn—

“O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!”

Reference has already been made to the ardent love Cowper had for his mother. Upwards of half a century after her death, a relative presented him with the only picture of his mother supposed to be found in the world. “I had rather possess it,” he says, “than the richest jewel in the British crown, for I loved her with an affection that her death, fifty-two years since, has not in the least abated. When I received it, I kissed it, and I

have hung it where it is the last object I see at night, and, of course, the first on which I open my eyes in the morning.” He wrote some “lines on receiving his mother’s picture,” which for tenderness and pathos are unsurpassed in the whole range of poetry.

There are several names associated with Cowper that are full of interest, and of whom much may be said, such as the Unwin family, Lady Hesketh, Lady Austin, John Newton, and others, who proved faithful and substantial friends to him, ever ready to console him in his afflictions. When temporarily free from that malady he was a bright and cheerful companion, and would write letters of a humorous kind. This beautiful poet entered into his eternal rest in his seventieth year, and now “in a nobler sweeter song he sings Christ’s power to save.” It is said that he expired in so gentle a manner that the precise moment of his departure was unobserved. Thus without the slightest apparent pain, did his happy spirit escape from that body in which amidst the thickest gloom of darkness, it had so long been imprisoned, and took its flight to the regions of perfect purity and bliss. And in his own verses on heaven it may now be truly said:

“And there never more shall the
fears,
And trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise,
They’ll be but new signs of Thy love,
New themes for my wonder and
praise.”

Pembroke Dock.

*IF TWO OF YOU SHALL
AGREE.*

TWO young ladies called on me one day in my study to ask what special work I could give them to do for Christ. They said they had felt of late that they were not doing so much for souls as they ought, and wished suggestions as to what they might undertake.

"We feel too timid to speak or pray in public meetings," said one; "besides, that does not seem to be all the work needed. Others do that, and yet there does not appear any sign of the revival and awakening for which we are all longing. We want to do something else. Can you tell us what to do?"

"Have you tried to interest others in their spiritual welfare?"

"We have tried," was the reply, "but it is so hard to reach any that way that we have become almost discouraged; we don't seem to know just how. We are afraid, too; we make such blunders that we fear our efforts do more harm than good."

"Have you tried our Saviour's plan?" I inquired.

"Our Saviour's plan? What plan?"

"The united prayer plan," I answered.

"Oh, yes; we have united our prayers with others at the prayer meetings, and, of course, we do not forget the church hour of prayer." (We had all agreed, at our last communion, to offer at least one petition each evening between eight and nine o'clock for a revival in our church.) "But cannot we do more?"

"Yes; take the plan our Lord gave, and plead that promise. Select some who are not Christians, and pray specially for their conversion. You will find the plan and

promise in Matt. xviii. 19: 'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven.'"

"We never thought of that," said both. "We can easily do that, and it is just what I wanted," added one of them.

"Whom shall we select?" asked the other.

"Anyone whom you choose," I replied; "but you will pray with more interest, as well as anxiety, if you select some of your most loved friends."

"Won't you please select?" they asked.

In a few moments I thought of seven young ladies, friends of these two, and suggested them as special subjects for prayer. None of the seven were professing Christians, and, as far as I knew, not one was specially interested in spiritual things. All were moral, and all but one regular attendants of church and Sabbath school.

"We will take these," said the two, when I handed them a scrap of paper on which I had written the seven names, "and will try to work as well as pray for their souls."

Before they left we knelt in prayer; I as their pastor prayed for the seven, and that the two workers might know how, and be successful in their efforts to bring their young friends to Christ. After the young ladies left I wrote down the names of the seven, determining to watch closely the results following the united work and prayer of the two.

For a number of weeks the two continued to pray for the seven, and made special efforts to lead them to the Saviour, but apparently without success. Once or twice they spoke to me despondingly, but were encouraged and urged to

persevere. They did not give up, but tried new methods to reach their young friends. A note was written to one of the number, urging her tenderly but earnestly to give her thoughts to her soul's welfare. A few days after this young lady met the writer of the note, and asked :

"Won't you try to lead my sister Maggie to Christ? When she comes I will; I can't come and leave her."

With hearts full of hope and joy the two told me the request. Maggie was one of the seven. As soon as they could the two visited Maggie, and found her anxious to talk about her soul, and even more anxious that her sister be talked with also. It was then found that for several weeks the two sisters had, unknown to each other, been praying each for her own and her sister's salvation.

By this time a precious but remarkably quiet work of grace had

begun in the church, and one after another of the unconverted were seeking Christ. Soon Maggie and her sister gave themselves to the Saviour; others followed, and when the next communion came more than thirty were ready to confess Christ before the world. Among that number were six of the seven for whom the two young ladies agreed to pray. Before a year had gone by the seventh was anxiously seeking the Saviour. She, too, is now a hopeful Christian.

This incident carries its own lesson. Do we try faithfully the plan our Lord gave in praying for souls? Is there not a power in this plan, a power that we cannot afford to lose? The promise in it is a broad promise. It is a deep promise. It is a full promise. It is a promise that will bridge many a chasm between us and our unconverted ones. Why not use it oftener?

Gems from Dr. Maclaren's Sermons.

"THIS do in remembrance of Me." His cross for memory, His table in His kingdom for hope; where we shall no more eat in haste with girded loins and pilgrim's staff, but sit with the flowing robes, fit for the feast of purity and peace, and the palms instead of the staves, and the sweetnesses of heaven for the bitter herbs of the night of deliverance. Let the blood sprinkle your hearts, and let the Christ be the food of your souls for ever and ever.

Is it not something to be able to look forward into the dim unknown, and to feel that whilst much there is mercifully hidden, far more, and that the best in the future, is manifest as history and certain as the fixed past? To the Christian resting upon Christ it is no presumption, but the simplest duty to feel "to-morrow" and the to-morrow after that and all the to-morrows including the unsetting day of eternity "shall be as yesterday and much more abundant."

THERE was a great soldier many years ago sent for all in a hurry one day to Downing Street, and he was asked within what time he would be ready to start for India to save our Empire? "In half an hour," he said, and he was ready and he went! When God sends for you and me, can we finish up

our affairs, and make up our minds, and yield up our wills as quickly as that and be in the field with the same promptitude? Soldiers that entangle themselves with the affairs of this life do not like when the marching orders come and they have to leave behind them their properties and their engagements of different sorts. Let us root our hopes in God's Gospel and we shall be ready.

PEOPLE tell us that forgiveness is impossible; "that whatsoever a man soweth that must he also reap"; that law is law, and that the consequences cannot be averted. That is all quite true if there is not a God. It is not true if there is; and if there is no God there is no sin. So if there is a God there is forgiveness. Consequences may still remain, but pardon may be ours all the same. When you forgive your child, does it mean that you do not thrash it, or does it mean that you take it to your heart? And when God pardons, does it mean that He waives His laws, or does it mean that He lets us come in to the whole warmth and sunshine of His love? Will you go there?

THERE is a man in Paris that says he has found a cure for that horrible incurable disease of hydrophobia, and who therefore regards the poor sufferers of whom others despair as not beyond the reach of hope. Christ looks upon a world smitten with madness, and in whose veins the awful poison is working, with the calm confidence that He carries in His hand an elixir, one drop of which, inoculated into the veins of the furious patient, will save him from death and make him whole. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," "He will not break," and that means that He will restore "the bruised reed." There are no hopeless outcasts. None of you are beyond the reach of a Saviour's love, a Saviour's blood, a Saviour's healing.

WE read that "unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places shall be made known in future days," by the Church, "the manifold wisdom of God." We hear that after the burst of praise which comes from redeemed men standing around the throne, every creature in the earth and in the heavens and in the sea, and all that are therein were heard saying, "Blessing and honour and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." We need not speculate; it is better not to enter into details, but this at least is clear, that that solemn winding up of the long, mysterious, sad, blood and tear-stained history of man upon the earth is to be an object of interest, and a higher revelation of God to other creatures than those that dwell upon the earth; and we may well believe that for that moment, at all events, the centre of the universe, which draws the thoughts of all thinking, and the eyes of all seeing creatures to it, shall be that valley of judgment wherein sits the man Christ and judges men, and round Him the flashing reflectors of His glory in the person of His saints.

A MAN came to John Wesley and said his talent was to find fault. "Then," said Mr. Wesley, "go, brother, and hide it, for depend upon it, God does not want it. He can do without it."

DR. CUYLER says, the man who runs with the crowd counts for nothing. It is when he turns about, and faces the multitude, who are bent on evil, that he commands every eye. Then, by a firm, courageous protest, he may "put a thousand to flight."

Rebels.

The Province of Civil Government in Relation to Religion, especially affecting the questions of National Education, Popery, and an Established Church. By ABSOLOM CLARK. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

WE advise all who are interested in national education to read this logical and well-thought-out pamphlet. It deals in a very satisfactory manner with the question of the using of Bibles in all schools aided by the State.

Purgatory. The Papal Mart for Human Souls. A lecture, by Mr. J. BURNHAM PEGG, and published by special request. Robert Banks & Son, Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

A THOROUGH exposure of the Romish doctrine of Purgatory. We hope that it may have a large circulation amongst Roman Catholics. It seems to us almost incredible that so many are content to accept the teachings of the Romish priest without the least attempt at independent thought or question.

The Gospel Echo. An illustrated Gospel tract magazine, published monthly. William Wileman, 14, Bouverie Street.

THE *Echo* rings out a right tone Gospel sound. It is one of the best of our halfpenny monthlies—sixteen pages of profitable reading, in covers and with illustrations. This is certainly money's worth.

The Church. The Body of all True Worshipers, no matter what human society they may belong to. James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

A SOUND and useful tract, we are

with the writer in all that he advances. The Church of Christ is not limited to any one denomination of Christians. Nor does the whole of them contain ALL THE CHURCH. The Church of Christ is larger than denominationalism.

The Glories of Christ. Illustrated by the Tabernacle of the Wilderness, with diagrams, by H. F. WITHERBY. Alfred Holness, Paternoster Row.

WE can most heartily recommend this valuable little treatise. It has reached its eleventh thousand, and should be soon at its twenty-second thousand, for it is instructive and precious.

No. 29 of the tenth year of publication of *Experience*—July, August, and September—has reached us. 66, Paternoster Row. Also the *Voice of Warning*; Bridge House, Queen Victoria Street. And *Consecration*; S. W. Partridge & Co., Paternoster Row. These are all doing good service.

The Treasury for Pastor and People. J. Nisbet & Co., Berners Street.

AUGUST leads off with a good sermon on the "Responsibility and Joy of Christian Service," by Dr. W. Chapman, of Philadelphia, and a second on the "Church Progressive," by Dr. Bostwick Hawley, of Saratoga. This is a capital monthly, and should have a large number of readers amongst our ministers. We think it one of the best of this class of works issued from the press.

A group of magazines for which we speak a sincere word of approval:—

The Bible Societies' *Monthly Reporter*, also *Gleanings for the Young*, *The Ragged School Magazine*,

In His Name. We sometimes wish the title of this magazine had not been altered. *Life and Light*—very good only fault not enough of it. *The Arbitrator*.—Excellent. All should read it who are praying for the time when nations shall learn war no more. *The Christian*.—We have, as opportunity presented itself, advised this to be read in Christian families. *Charity* should be read by the benevolent; and *Good News*, *The Gospel Trumpet*, and *British Messenger* are so well known as not to need a good word from us.

The General Baptist Magazine for September has a leader, "The Proposed Extinction of the General Baptist Connexion." A Protest and an Appeal, by Dr. DAWSON BURNS. We fail to see with Dr. Burns. The fact is all that is contended for in this article has been given up in practice by both denominations long, long ago, and we think the opening

paragraph, which supposes the time when Baptists will rejoice in the extinction of the denomination by union with the Pædo-Baptist, seems to be far-fetched, and not at all a parallel case.

George Wishart is the subject of the *New Biographical Series* of the Religious Tract Society, and will be read specially with interest by our Scotch friends and all lovers of Wishart's bosom companion, John Knox. We regret to find in the "Monthly Religious Record" of the *Sunday at Home* that not only the Society, but the religious world has suffered loss by the death of the Rev. John Kelly. The *Present Day Tracts*, to which we have so frequently called attention, will remain as a monument to his skill of management, his industry in the cause of truth, and his heart-love to the old faith of the Gospel.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

In a sweet and touching melody called "My Mother's Bible," a poet presents us with a beautiful picture. Before us stands a young woman. She holds in her hands a book. It is a quarto, the binding of leather strong, old, and faded, the print large and old fashioned. What book is it? It is the old Family Bible—her mother's dying gift. She takes up the grand old book and turns over the leaves. Here is the family register. Names of grandfather and grandmother—passed away. Names of father and mother—passed away. Names of brothers and sisters—left home or passed away. There are the dates of births and deaths and marriages; what a tale of the past they tell! She drops her hot tears upon the book. Then she calls to mind the dying scene when it was placed in her hands. There lay her mother upon her bed—clean, beautiful, pillowed up—her hair grey, her face pale, with heaven's peace resting upon it, with just strength enough to clasp the Bible and say, "Dear daughter, I haven't much to leave you. Your father left me a widow, with children to care for, and I had a hard battle to fight to bring you up respectably; but the God of the widow and the Father of the fatherless has brought us through all: blessed be His faithful name! But now I am going home; I'm going to the land where there is no poverty, no sickness, no trouble; I have no legacy to leave you but this precious Family Bible—and keep it, dear, for all our sakes." She remembers how she promised that dying mother to do so; and then calls to mind how it used to be brought out at the hour of family worship, when all were gathered round the fireside. That reflection brings up the faces of the dead ones. She sees

them again. How calm her mother used to look as her father read the daily lessons in slow and measured tones ; how, with angel face, she leaned forward, and how reverently the little group listened, and to her imagination they appear as if living still. And all this leads her to speak of the faithful friend and counsellor the grand old book has been to her—that all the treasures of earth could not buy. Bless God for good mothers ; bless God for such mother's Bible legacies ! All who have had such mothers will gladly listen to her, as, in touching verse, the bereaved daughter recites her story :—

This book is all that's left me now,
Tears will unbidden start ;
With faltering heart and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past
Here is our family tree :
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah ! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer :
And speak of what these pages said
In tones my heart would thrill ;
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are the living still.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear ;
How calm was my poor mother's look
Who loved God's Word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet !
What thronging memories come !
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home.

Thou, truest friend man ever knew
Thy constancy I've tried,
Where all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy,
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

H. W.

A PREACHER, one of those called "an occasional supply," in Tennessee, is known as the "satisfying preacher." Whenever a church began to get a little tired of their pastor, this man was sent for, and after hearing a sermon or two from him, they were "satisfied"—to keep the pastor they had.

"GREAT things through greatest hazards are achieved,
And then they shine."

—*Dictionary of Poetical Quotations.*

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. E. SMITH, of Bristol College, has accepted the pastorate of Zion Church, Bradford-on-Avon.

Rev. G. H. Morgan, of University College, Cardiff, has accepted the pastorate of Woodberrydown Church.

Rev. J. Hollinshead has resigned the pastorate at St. George's Street, Macclesfield.

Rev. W. C. Minifie, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate at Arthur Street, Camberwell Gate, S.E.

Rev. D. Hussey, after ten years' labours at North Road Chapel, Milford Haven, has accepted the pastorate at Abertillery.

Rev. J. Williams, of Pontypool and South Wales University Colleges, has accepted the pastorate of Bethel Church, Nantyglo.

Rev. C. Saville, late of Great Marlow, has entered upon the pastorate at Hampton Court.

Rev. J. Evans, Alexander Road, Newport, has received and accepted a unanimous call to Eastcomb, Stroud.

Overtures have been made to the Rev. H. Reid, of Wellington, with a view to his again returning to Whitchurch, where his ministry has been so much appreciated and blessed; the proposals, however, were not favourably entertained.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. JAMES PORTEOUS, on the conclusion of his ministry, which has extended over ten years, at Lockwood, Huddersfield, was presented on Wednesday with a purse containing £111 14s. 10d. (subsequently made up to £122). Mr. Porteous had previously

received a timepiece and an illuminated address from a number of the young people. Mrs. Porteous also received a silver flower vase with suitable inscription from her Bible class and a sewing machine from the ladies of the congregation.

Rev. J. O. Davies, of Kingston, has been presented with a purse of £20 as a token of the esteem in which he is held by his friends.

Rev. J. P. Newman has been presented by the church at Ibstock with a gold watch and chain in recognition of his exertions in securing sufficient money to pay all renovation and repair expenses, and to remove a debt upon the school-room.

Rev. G. West, of Heneage Street Chapel, Birmingham, has been presented with a cabinet by the members of his Monday evening class for young people. The class was commenced two years ago, and has now a membership of 150 in regular attendance.

Mrs. Jones, wife of Rev. C. D. Jones, pastor at Newtown, Montgomery, has been presented with a purse of money in recognition of her services in the church and Sunday-schools.

RECOGNITIONS.

MR. T. IDWAL JONES, of North Wales College, has been ordained to the pastorate of the historic church at Llylncceiriog. Revs. Dr. Davies, H. C. Williams, G. R. Jones, and D. Williams officiated. This church was founded in 1760, and at that time there were only two other Baptist churches in Denbighshire; now there are nearly 50, with a united membership of 3,270.

Mr. H. Edwards, late of Pontypool College, has been ordained minister of Bethel Church, George-

town, near Merthyr. The charge to the pastor was delivered by Principal Edwards, and the sermon was preached by Rev. E. Evan Probert, of Pontypridd.

In connection with the settlement of the new pastor, Rev. A. E. Clarke, B.A., Coupland Street, Manchester, recognition services were held. On Monday, September 1st, Rev. G. D. Hooper, of Hendon, preached, and at the close of the service four believers were immersed. On Tuesday Rev. D. Davies, of Brighton, on Wednesday Rev. G. Wainwright, of Bournemouth (former pastor), preached, and on Thursday Ald. R. Cory, of Cardiff, gave an address in the afternoon; a public tea was held at 6 p.m. and at 7 o'clock the public recognition meeting; chairman, Mr. H. D. Brandreth, of Birkenhead. The reasons for giving a call to Mr. Clarke were stated by the church secretary, Mr. J. W. Billings. Mr. Clarke presented an outline of the aim and object of his ministry, viz., the glory of God in the salvation of sinners, and a live church of working Christians. Letters expressive of sympathy and goodwill received from Revs. A. McLaren, D.D., and C. H. Spurgeon were read. Addresses were delivered by Revs. G. Wainwright, J. Lydiatt, W. J. Hunter, T. W. Thomason, J. Roberts, M.A., R. Handford, H. Mowbray, and Alderman R. Cory. The meetings throughout were large and enthusiastic. The collections and donations amounted to about £55.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE foundation-stone of a new chapel at Armley, near Leeds, to take the place of a building which was originally intended for school purposes only, was laid on Saturday, August 30, by Mr. Alfred Barran, acting for his father, Mr. John Barran, M.P., who is at present in Germany. Rev. W. Sumner (pastor) said the site of the new building was free from debt, and they had raised about £1,300, but still required £700.

The foundation-stone of a new place of worship to cost £500, in connection with Brook Lane Church, Alderley Edge, has been laid by Mrs. Preston, of Alderley. Rev. F. W. Edgerton, of Oldham, presided, and an address was delivered by Rev. S. B. Beattie. About half the estimated cost has been subscribed. The collections amounted to £32.

Northallerton Chapel, which has been purchased by the Yorkshire Baptist Association, has been reopened after renovation. Mr. Powell (colporteur) has been appointed in charge, and lives in the adjoining manse. It is proposed to send students and lay preachers to occupy the pulpit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROMLEY (KENT).—The 25th anniversary services were held on the 13th of August. Mr. Theodore Howard presided at the evening meeting, and addresses were given by Rev. J. Chadwick, Rev. E. A. Tydeman, Mr. Cecil V. Shadbolt, Rev. A. Tessier, the pastor, and others. The sum contributed at the meeting amounted to £52.

The Old Welsh Association has held its meetings at Blaenau Gwent, near Abertillery, Rev. D. Lewis, of Abersychan, presiding. The officers of the Association were appointed to represent it at the Swansea Conference relative to the amalgamation of the Welsh Colleges, and unanimous approval was expressed of the recent negotiations as to the union of the General and Particular Baptists. Grants were voted to various churches for Home mission work. The sermon, on "Loyalty to the Word of God," was preached by Rev. E. U. Thomas, of Risca.

PORTSMOUTH.—On the 6th August a tea and public meeting was held in the Lake Road Chapel, to celebrate the first anniversary of the pastor's settlement. About 350 sat down to tea, after which a social reunion of the members of the church and con-

gregation was held in the chapel under the presidency of the pastor, Rev. Charles Joseph. The chairman having reviewed the work of the past year, and referred to several new items for the winter's programme, the meeting was addressed by the brethren in charge of the various branches of church work. The chapel choir enlivened the proceedings by singing at intervals during the evening. The church at Lake Road which has greatly increased in numbers, influence and spirituality under its present pastor, now numbers over 850 members and communicants. Over 100 have been added since the settlement of Mr. Joseph.

BAPTISMS.

- Armley, Leeds.*—August 27, Seven, by W. Summer.
Altrincham Tabernacle.—September 7, Two, by H. Mowbray.
Bardwell, Suffolk.—September 7, One, by G. F. Wall.
Battle, Sussex.—August 17, Three, by J. Howes.
Bethany, Risca, Mon.—August 31, Two, by T. Thomas.
Bethel, Caillwynyrydd.—August 20, Two, by T. P. Davies.
Blackfield Common.—August 10, Two, by H. New.
Blaenavon, Forge Side.—August 17, Seven, by J. Tucker, of Pontypool.
Cheddar.—August 21, Two, by T. Field.
Chesham, Zion Chapel.—August 20, Two, by H. Trueman.
Clare, Suffolk.—September 7, One by E. White.
Cold Inn, Pembrokeshire.—August 15, One, by T. Gravell.
Cwmduad, near Carmarthen.—August 24, One, by D. Richards.
Dawley, Salop.—August 3, by J. E. W. Cook.
Doncaster.—July 31, Three, by J. F. Porteous.
Germansweek, Ashwater District.—August 17, Two, by T. Yauldren.
Halbwill, Ashwater District.—August 10, One, by T. Yauldren.
Hallsley, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.—August 3, Four, by A. A. Beckhurst.
Heywood, Lancashire; Ro'hdale-road.—September 7, Two, by G. E. Buckerage.
Kirkstall, Leeds.—One, by W. R. Golding.
Liskeard.—August 28, Five by C. F. Perry.
Lord's Hill, Salop.—August 31, Three, by W. Jenkins.
Manchester: Coupland Chapel.—August 31, Four; and September 1, Four, by A. E. Clarke, B.A.
Morlais, Merthyr.—August 24, Three, by J. Morgan.
Metropolitan District:—
Borough-road, London, S.E.—August 31, Four, by G. W. McCree.
Leyton, Vicarage-road.—August 6, Three, by G. T. Bailey.
Thornton Heath, Beulah Chapel.—September 3, Two, by J. W. Harrauld.
Newport, Mon.: Duckpool Road.—September 7, Four, by A. S. Jones.
Okehampton.—August 17, Three, by J. G. Whiting.
Oldham, Pitt-street.—August 3, Two, by W. Hughes.
Old Buckenham, Norfolk.—June 22, One; August 24, Two, by A. K. Davidson.
Paignton, Devon.—July 20, Three, by G. Hider.
Presteigne, Radnorshire.—August 24, One, by S. Watkins.
Redditch.—September 3, Two, by E. W. Berry.
Rhayader, Radnorshire.—August 29, Four, by J. O. Jenkins.
Ryde, Park-road.—August 17, Four, by J. Smale.
Seion Ponkey, Denbighshire.—August 24, Two, by E. Mitchell.
St. Leonard's.—August 31, Six, by A. Hall.
Shipley, Yorks.—August 31, Three, by A. Pritter.
St. vincliffe, Yorks.—August 31, Three, by F. Oliver.
Ulverston, Lancs.—August 31, Two, by W. Pilling.
Waltham Abbey.—August 17, Two, by W. Jackson.
West Hartlepool.—August 17, Three, by A. W. Cunwood.

"Do you think it would be wrong for me to learn the noble art of self-defence?" a religiously inclined youth inquired of his pastor. "Certainly not," answered the minister. "I learned it in youth myself, and I have found it of great value during my life." "Indeed, sir! Did you learn the old English system, or Sullivan's system?" "Neither; I learned Solomon's system." "Solomon's system!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment. "Yes," said the minister, "you will find it laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is the best system of self-defence of which I have any knowledge."

Awake! Awake! *

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Therefore let us not sleep as do others ; but let us watch and be sober."
—1 Thess. v. 6.

WHAT sad things sin hath done. This fair world of ours was once a glorious temple, every pillar of which reflected the goodness of God, and every part of which was a symbol of good, but sin has spoiled and marred all the metaphors and figures that might be drawn from earth. It has so deranged the divine economy of nature that those things which were inimitable pictures of virtue, goodness, and divine plenitude of blessing, have now become the figures and representatives of sin. 'Tis strange to say, but it is strangely true, that the very best gifts of God have by the sin of man become the worst pictures of man's guilt. Behold the flood ! breaking forth from its fountains, it rushes across the fields, bearing plenty on its bosom ; it covers them awhile, and anon it doth subside and leaves upon the plain a fertile deposit, into which the farmer shall cast his seed and reap an abundant harvest. One would have called the breaking forth of water a fine picture of the plenitude of providence, the magnificence of God's goodness to the human race ; but we find that sin has appropriated that figure to itself. The beginning of sin is like the breaking forth of waters. See the fire ! how kindly God hath bestowed upon us that element, to cheer us in the midst of winter's frosts. Fresh from the snow and from the cold we rush to our household fire, and there by our hearth we warm our hands, and glad are we. Fire is a rich picture of the divine influences of the Spirit, a holy emblem of the zeal of the Christian ; but alas ! sin hath touched this, and the tongue is called "a fire ;" "it is set on fire of hell," we are told, and it is so evidently full often, when it uttereth blasphemy and slanders ; and Jude lifts up his hand and exclaims, when he looks upon the evils caused by sin, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." And then there is sleep, one of the sweetest of God's gifts, fair sleep

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Sleep God hath selected as the very figure for the repose of the blessed—"They that sleep in Jesus," saith the Scripture. David puts it amongst the peculiar gifts of grace : "So He giveth His beloved sleep." But alas ! sin could not even let this alone. Sin did override even this celestial metaphor ; and though God Himself had employed sleep to express the excellence of the state of the blessed, yet sin must have even this profaned,

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ere itself can be expressed. Sleep is employed in our text as a picture of the sinful condition. "Therefore let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober."

With that introduction I shall proceed at once to the text. The "sleep" of the text is *an evil to be avoided*. In the second place, the word "therefore" is employed to show us that there are *certain reasons for the avoiding of this sleep*. And since the apostle speaks of this sleep with sorrow, it is to teach us that there are some, whom he calls "others," *over whom it is our business to lament*, because they sleep and do not watch, and are not sober.

I. We commence, then, in the first place, by endeavouring to point out the EVIL WHICH THE APOSTLE INTENDS TO DESCRIBE UNDER THE TERM SLEEP. The apostle speaks of "others" who are asleep. If you turn to the original you will find that the word translated "others" has a more emphatic meaning. It might be rendered (and Horne so renders it) "the refuse,"—"Let us not sleep as do *the refuse*," the common herd, the ignoble spirits, those that have no mind above the troubles of earth, "Let us not sleep as do the others," the base, ignoble multitude who are not alive to the high and celestial calling of a Christian. "Let us not sleep as do the refuse of mankind." And you will find that the word "sleep," in the original, has also a more emphatic sense. It signifies a deep sleep, a profound slumber; and the apostle intimates, that the refuse of mankind are now in a profound slumber. We will now try if we can explain what he meant by it.

First, the apostle meant, that the refuse of mankind *are in a state of deplorable ignorance*. They that sleep know nothing. There may be merriment in the house, but the sluggard shareth not in its gladness there may be death in the family, but no tear bedeweth the cheek of the sleeper. Great events may have transpired in the world's history, but he wots not of them. An earthquake may have tumbled a city from its greatness, or war may have devastated a nation, or the banner of triumph may be waving in the gale, and the clarions of his country may be saluting us with victory, but he knoweth nothing.

"Their labour and their love are lost,
Alike unknowing and unknown."

The sleeper knoweth not anything. Behold how the refuse of mankind are alike in this! Of some things they know much, but of spiritual things they know nothing; of the divine person of the adorable Redeemer they have no idea; of the sweet enjoyments of a life of piety they cannot even make a guess; towards the high enthusiasms and the inward raptures of the Christian they cannot mount. Talk to them of divine doctrines, and they are to them a riddle; tell them of sublime experiences, and they seem to them to be enthusiastic fancies. They know nothing of the joys that are to come; and alas! for them, they are oblivious of the evils which shall happen to them if they go on in their iniquity. The mass of mankind are ignorant; they know not; they have not the knowledge of God, they have no fear of Jehovah before their eyes; but, blind-folded by the ignorance of this world, they march on through the paths of lust to that sure and dreadful end, the everlasting ruin of their souls. Brethren, if we be saints, let us not be ignorant as are others. Let us

search the Scriptures, for in them we have eternal life, for they do testify of Jesus. Let us be diligent ; let not the Word depart out of our hearts ; let us meditate therein both by day and night, that we may be as the tree planted by the rivers of water. "Let us not sleep as do others."

Again, sleep pictures a *state of insensibility*. There may be much knowledge in the sleeper, hidden, stored away in his mind, which might be well developed, if he could but be awakened. But he hath no sensibility, he knoweth nothing. The burglar hath broken into the house ; the gold and silver are both in the robber's hands ; the child is being murdered by the cruelty of him that hath broken in ; but the father slumbereth, though all the gold and silver that he hath, and his most precious child, are in the hands of the destroyer. He is unconscious, how can he feel, when sleep hath utterly sealed his senses ! Lo ! in the street there is mourning. A fire hath just now burned down the habitation of the poor, the houseless beggars are in the street. They are crying at his window, and asking him for help. But he sleeps, and what wots he, though the night be cold, and though the poor are shivering in the blast ? He hath no consciousness ; he feelth not for them. There ! take the title deed of his estate, and burn the document. There ! set light to his farm-yard ; burn up all that he hath in the field ; kill his horse and destroy his cattle ; let now the fire of God descend and burn up his sheep ; let the enemy fall upon all that he hath and devour it. He sleeps as soundly as if he were guarded by the angel of the Lord.

Such are the refuse of mankind. But alas ! that we should have to include in that word "refuse" the great bulk thereof ! How few there are that feel spiritually ! They feel acutely enough any injury to their body, or to their estate ; but alas ! for their spiritual concerns they have no sensation whatever ! They are standing on the brink of hell, but they tremble not ; the anger of God is burning against them, but they fear not ; the sword of Jehovah is unsheathed, but terror doth not seize upon them. They proceed with the merry dance ; they drink the bowl of intoxicating pleasure ; they revel and they riot ; still do they sing the lascivious song ; yea, they do more than this ; in their vain dreams they do defy the Most High ; whereas if they were once awakened to the consciousness of their state, the marrow of their bones would melt, and their heart would dissolve like wax in the midst of their bowels. They are asleep, indifferent and unconscious. Do what you may to them ; let everything be swept away that is hopeful, that might give them cheer when they come to die, yet they feel it not ; for how should a sleeper feel anything ? But "Therefore let us not sleep, as do others ; but let us watch and be sober."

Again ; the sleeper *cannot defend himself*. Behold yonder prince, he is a strong man, ay, and a strong man armed. He hath entered into the tent. He is wearied. He hath drunken the woman's milk ; he hath eaten her "butter in a lordly dish ;" he casteth himself down upon the floor, and he slumbereth. And now she draweth nigh. She hath with her, her hammer and her nail. Warrior ! thou couldest break her into atoms with one blow of thy mighty arm ; but thou canst not now defend thyself. The nail is at his ear ; the woman's hand is on the hammer and the nail hath pierced his skull ; for when he slept he was defenceless. The banner of Sisera had waved victoriously over

mighty foes ; but now it is stained by a woman. Tell it, tell it, tell it ! The man, who when he was awake made nations tremble, dies by the hand of a feeble woman when he sleepeth.

Such are the refuse of mankind. They are asleep ; they have no power to resist temptation. Their moral strength is departed, for God is departed from them. There is the temptation to lust. They are men of sound principle in business matters, and nothing could make them swerve from honesty ; but lasciviousness destroyeth them ; they are taken like a bird in a snare ; they are caught in a trap ; they are utterly subdued. Or, mayhap, it is another way that they are conquered. They are men that would not do an unchaste act, or even think a lascivious thought ; they scorn it. But they have another weak point, they are entrapped by the glass. They are taken and they are destroyed by drunkenness. Or, if they can resist these things, and are inclined neither to looseness of life nor to excess in living, yet mayhap covetousness entereth into them ; by the name of prudence it slideth into their hearts, and they are led to grasp after treasure and to heap up gold, even though that gold be rung out of the veins of the poor, and though they do suck the blood of the orphan. They seem to be unable to resist their passion. How many times have I been told by men " I cannot help it, sir, do what I may ; I resolve, I re-resolve, but I do the same ; I am defenceless ; I cannot resist the temptation ! " Oh, of course you cannot, while you are asleep. O Spirit of the living God ! wake up the sleeper ! Let sinful sloth and presumption both be startled, lest haply Moses should come their way, and finding them asleep should hang them on the gallows of infamy for ever.

Now, I come to give another meaning to the word "sleep." I hope there have been some of my congregation who have been tolerably easy whilst I have described the first three things, because they have thought that they were exempt in those matters. But sleep signifies also *inactivity*. The farmer cannot plough his field in his sleep, neither can he cast the grain into the furrows, nor watch the clouds, nor reap his harvest. The sailor cannot reef his sail, or direct his ship across the ocean, whilst he slumbereth. It is not possible that on the Exchange, or the mart, or in the house of business, men should transact their affairs with their eyes fast closed in slumber. It would be a singular thing to see a nation of sleepers ; for that would be a nation of idle men. They must all starve ; they would produce no wealth from the soil ; they would have nothing for their backs, nought for clothing and nought for food. But how many we have in the world that are inactive through sleep ! Yes, I say inactive. I mean by that, that they are active enough in one direction, but they are inactive in the right. Oh how many men there are that are totally inactive in anything that is for God's glory, or for the welfare of their fellow creatures ! For themselves, they can "rise up early, and sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness ;"—for their children, which is an alias for themselves, they can toil until their fingers ache—they can weary themselves until their eyes are red in their sockets, till the brain whirls, and they can do no more, but for God they can do nothing. Some say they have no time, others frankly confess that they have no will : for God's church they would not spend an hour, whilst for this world's pleasure they could lay out a month. For the

poor they cannot spend their time and their attention. They may haply have time to spare for themselves and for their own amusement ; but for holy works, for deeds of charity, and for pious acts they declare they have no leisure ; whereas, the fact is, they have no will.

Behold ye, how many professing Christians there are that are asleep in this sense ! They are inactive. Sinners are dying in the street by hundreds ; men are sinking into the flames of eternal wrath ; but they fold their arms, they pity the poor perishing sinner, but they do nothing to show that their pity is real. They go to their places of worship ; they occupy their well-cushioned easy pew ; they wish the minister to feed them every Sabbath ; but there is never a child taught in the Sunday-school by them ; there is never a tract distributed at the poor man's house ; there is never a deed done which might be the means of saving souls. We call them good men ; some of them we even elect to the office of deacons ; and no doubt good men they are ; they are as good as Anthony meant to say that Brutus was honourable, when he said, "So are we all, all honourable men." So are we all, all good, if they be good. But these are good, and in some sense—good for nothing ; for they just sit and eat the bread, but they do not plough the field ; they drink the wine, but they will not raise the vine that doth produce it. They think that they are to live unto themselves, forgetting that "no man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." Oh, what a vast amount of sleeping we have in all our churches and chapels ; for truly if our churches were once awake, so far as material is concerned, there are enough converted men and women, and there is enough talent with them, and enough money with them, and enough time with them, God granting the abundance of His Holy Spirit, which He would be sure to do if they were all zealous—there is enough to preach the gospel in every corner of the earth. The church does not need to stop for want of instruments, or for want of agencies ; we have everything now except the will ; we have all that we may expect God to give for the conversion of the world, except just a heart for the work, and the Spirit of God poured out into our midst. Oh ! brethren, "let us not sleep as do others." You will find the "others" in the church and in the world : "the refuse" of both are sound asleep.

Ere, however, I can dismiss this first point of explanation, it is necessary for me just to say that the apostle himself furnishes us with part of an exposition ; for the second sentence, "let us watch and be sober," implies that the reverse of these things is the sleep which he means. "Let us watch." There are many that never watch. They never watch against sin ; they never watch against the temptations of the enemy ; they do not watch against themselves, nor against "the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life." They do not watch for opportunities to do good ; they do not watch for opportunities to instruct the ignorant, to confirm the weak, to comfort the afflicted, to succour them that are in need ; they do not watch for opportunities of glorifying Jesus, or for times of communion ; they do not watch for the promises ; they do not watch for answers to their prayers ; they do not watch for the second coming of our Lord Jesus. These are the refuse of the world : they watch not, because they are asleep. But let us *watch* : so shall we prove that we are not slumberers.

Again : let us "*be sober.*" Albert Barnes says, this most of all refers to abstinence, or temperance in eating and drinking. Calvin says, not so : this refers more especially to the spirit of moderation in the things of the world. Both are right ; it refers to both. There be many that are not sober ; they sleep, because they are not so ; for insobriety leadeth to sleep. They are not sober—they are drunkards, they are gluttons. They are not sober—they cannot be content to do a little business—they want to do a great deal. They are not sober—they cannot carry on a trade that is sure—they must speculate. They are not sober—if they lose their property, their spirit is cast down within them, and they are like men that are drunken with wormwood. If, on the other hand, they get rich, they are not sober : they so set their affections upon things on earth that they become intoxicated with pride, because of their riches—become purse-proud, and need to have the heavens lifted up higher, lest their heads should dash against the stars. How many people there are that are not sober ! Oh ! I might especially urge this precept upon you at this time, my dear friends. We have hard times coming, and the times are hard enough now. Let us be sober. The fearful panic in America has mainly risen from disobedience to this command—"Be sober ;" and if the professors of America had obeyed this commandment, and had been sober, the panic might at any rate have been mitigated, if not totally avoided. Now, in a little time you who have any money laid by will be rushing to the bank to have it drawn out, because, you fear that the bank is tottering. You will not be sober enough to have a little trust in your fellow-men, and help them through their difficulty, and so be a blessing to the commonwealth. And you who think there is anything to be got by lending your money at usury will not be content with lending what you have got, but you will be extorting and squeezing your poor debtors, that you may get the more to lend. Men are seldom content to get rich slowly ; but he that hasteth to be rich shall not be innocent. Take care, my brethren—if any hard times should come in London, if commercial houses should smash, and banks be broken—take care to be sober. There is nothing will get us over a panic so well as every one of us trying to keep our spirits up—just rising in the morning, and saying, "Times are very hard, and to-day I may lose my all ; but fretting will not help it ; so just let me set a bold heart against hard sorrow, and go to my business. The wheels of trade may stop ; I bless God, my treasure is in heaven ; I cannot be bankrupt. I have set my affections on the things of God ; I cannot lose those things. There is my jewel ; there is my heart !" Why, if all men could do that, it would tend to create public confidence ; but the cause of the great ruin of many men is the covetousness of all men and the fear of some. If we could all go through the world with confidence, and with boldness, and with courage, there is nothing in the world that could avert the shock so well. Come, I suppose the shock must ; and there are many men now present, who are very respectable, who may expect to be beggars ere long. Your business is, so to put your trust in Jehovah that you may be able to say, "Though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, God is my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble ; therefore will I not fear ;" and doing that, you will be creating more probabilities for the avoidance of your own destruction than by any other

means which the wisdom of man can dictate to you. Let us not be intemperate in business, as are others ; but let us awake. "Let us not sleep"—not be carried away by the somnambulism of the world, for what is it better than that!—activity and greed in sleep ; "but let us watch and be sober." Oh, Holy Spirit, help us to watch and be sober.

II. Thus I have occupied a great deal of time in explaining the first point—What was the sleep which the apostle meant ? And now you will notice that the word "therefore" implies that there are CERTAIN REASONS FOR THIS. I shall give you these reasons ; and if I should cast them somewhat into a dramatic form, you must not wonder ; they will the better, perhaps, be remembered. "Therefore," says the apostle, "let us not sleep."

We shall first look at the chapter itself for our reasons. The first reason precedes the text. The apostle tells us that "we are all the children of the light and of the day ; therefore let us not sleep as do others." I marvel not when, as I walk through the streets after night-fall, I see every shop closed, and every window-blind drawn down ; and I see the light in the upper room significant of retirement to rest. I wonder not that half an hour later my foot-fall startles me, and I find none in the streets. Should I ascend the staircase, and look into the sleepers' placid countenances, I should not wonder ; for it is night, the proper time for sleep. But if some morning at eleven or twelve o'clock, I should walk down the streets and find myself alone, and notice every shop closed, and every house straitly shut up, and hearken to no noise, I should say, "'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, 'tis wonderful. What are these people at ? 'Tis day-time, and yet they are all asleep. I should be inclined to seize the first rapper I could find, and give a double knock, and rush to the next door, and ring the bell, and so all the way down the street ; or go to the police station, and wake up what men I found there, and bid them make a noise in the street ; or go for the fire engine, and bid the firemen rattle down the road and try to wake these people up. For I should say to myself, "There is some pestilence here ; the angel of death must have flown through these streets during the night and killed all these people, or else they would have been sure to have been awake." Sleep in the day-time is utterly incongruous. "Well, now," says the apostle Paul, "ye people of God, it is day-time with you ; the Sun of Righteousness has risen upon you with healing in His wings ; the light of God's Spirit is in your conscience ; ye have been brought out of darkness into marvellous light ; for you to be asleep, for a church to slumber, is like a city a-bed in the day, like a whole town slumbering when the sun is shining. It is untimely and unseemly."

And now, if you look to the text again, you will find there is another argument. "Let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breast-plate of faith and love." So, then, it seems, it is *war-time* ; and therefore, again, it is unseemly to slumber. There is a fortress yonder, far away in India. A troop of those abominable Sepoys have surrounded it. Blood-thirsty hell-hounds, if they once gain admission, they will rend the mother and her children, and cut the strong man in pieces. They are at the gates : their cannon are loaded ; their bayonets thirst for blood, and their swords are hungry to slay. Go through the fortress, and the people are all asleep. There is the warder on the tower, nodding on his

bayonet. There is the captain in his tent, with his pen in his hand and his despatches before him, asleep at the table. There are soldiers lying down in their tents, ready for the war, but all slumbering. There is not a man to be seen keeping watch; there is not a sentry there. All are asleep. Why, my friends, you would say, "Whatever is the matter here? What can it be? Has some great wizard been waving his wand, and put a spell upon them all? Or are they all mad? Have their minds fled? Sure, to be asleep in war-time is indeed outrageous. Here! take down that trumpet; go close up to the captain's ear, and blow a blast, and see if it does not awake him in a moment. Just take away that bayonet from the soldier that is asleep on the walls, and give him a sharp prick with it, and see if he does not awake." But surely, surely, nobody can have patience with people asleep, when the enemy surround the walls and are thundering at the gates.

Now, Christians, this is your case. Your life is a life of warfare; the world, the flesh, and the devil are a hellish trinity, and your poor nature is a wretched mudwork behind which to be intrenched. Are you asleep? Asleep, when Satan has fire-balls of lust to hurl into the windows of your eyes—when he has arrows of temptation to shoot into your heart—when he has snares into which to trap your feet? Asleep, when he has undermined your very existence, and when he is about to apply the match with which to destroy you, unless sovereign grace prevents? Oh! sleep not, soldier of the cross! To sleep in war-time is utterly inconsistent. Great Spirit of God, forbid that we should slumber.

But now, leaving the chapter itself, I will give you one or two other reasons that will, I trust, move Christian people to awake out of their sleep. "*Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!*" Then comes the ringing of a bell. What is this? Here is a door marked with a great white cross. Lord, have mercy upon us! All the houses down that street seem to be marked with that white death cross. What is this? Here is the grass growing in the streets; here are Cornhill and Cheapside deserted; no one is found treading the solitary pavement; there is not a sound to be heard but those horse-hoofs, like the hoofs of death's pale horse upon the stones, the ringing of that bell that sounds the death-knell to many, and the rumbling of the wheels of that cart, and the dreadful cry, "*Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!*" Do you see that house? A physician lives there. He is a man who has great skill, and God has lent him wisdom. But a little while ago, whilst in his study, God was pleased to guide his mind, and he discovered the secret of the plague. He was plague-smitten himself, and ready to die; but he lifted the blessed phial to his lips, and he drank a draught and cured himself. Do you believe what I am about to tell you? Can you imagine it? That man has the prescription that will heal all these people; he has it in his pocket. He has the medicine which, if once distributed in those streets, would make the sick rejoice, and put that dead man's bell away. And he is asleep! He is asleep! He is asleep! O ye heavens! why do ye not fall and crush the wretch? O earth! how couldst thou bear this demon upon thy bosom? Why not swallow him up quick? He has the medicine; he is too lazy to go and tell forth the remedy. He has the

cure, and is too idle to go out and administer it to the sick and the dying ! No, my friends, such an inhuman wretch could not exist ! But I can see him here to-day. There are you ! You know the world is sick with the plague of sin, and you yourself have been cured by the remedy, which has been provided. You are asleep, inactive, loitering. You do not go forth to

"Tell to others round
What a dear Saviour you have found."

There is the precious gospel : you do not go and put it to the lips of a sinner. There is the all-precious blood of Christ : you never go to tell the dying what they must do to be saved. The world is perishing with worse than plague ; and you are idle ! And you are a minister of the gospel ; and you have taken that holy office upon yourself ; and you are content to preach twice on a Sunday, and once on a week-day, and there is no remonstrance within you. You never desire to attract the multitudes to hear you preach ; you had rather keep your empty benches, and study propriety, than you would once, at the risk of appearing over-zealous, draw the multitude and preach the Word to them. You are a writer : you have great power in writing ; you devote your talents alone to light literature, or to the production of other things which may furnish amusement but which cannot benefit the soul. You know the truth, but you do not tell it out. Yonder mother is a converted woman : you have children, and you forget to instruct them in the way to heaven. You yonder, are a young man, having nothing to do on the Sabbath-day, and there is the Sunday-school ; you do not go to tell those children the sovereign remedy that God has provided for the cure of sick souls. The death-bell is ringing e'en now ; hell is crying out, howling with hunger for the souls of men. "Bring out the sinner ! Bring out the sinner ! Bring out the sinner ! Let him die and be damned !" And there are you professing to be a Christian, and doing nothing which might make you the instrument of saving souls—never putting out your hand to be the means, in the hand of the Lord, of plucking sinners as brands from the burning ! Oh ! may the blessing of God rest on you, to turn you from such an evil way, that you may not sleep as do others, but may watch and be sober. The world's imminent danger demands that we should be active, and not be slumbering.

Hark how the mast creaks ! See the sails there, rent to ribbons. Breakers ahead ! She will be on the rocks directly. Where is the captain ? Where is the boatswain ? Where are the sailors ? Ahoy there ! Where are you ? Here's a storm come on. Where are you ? You are down in the cabin. And there is the captain in a soft sweet slumber. There is the man at the wheel, as sound asleep as ever he can be ; and there are all the sailors in their hammocks. What ! and the breakers ahead ! What ! the lives of two hundred passengers in danger, and here are these brutes asleep ? Kick them out. What is the good of letting such men as these be sailors, in such a time as this especially ? Why, out with you ! If you had gone to sleep in fine weather we might have forgiven you. Up with you, captain ! What have you been at ? Are you mad ? But hark ! the ship has struck ; she will be down in a moment. Now you will work, will you ? Now you will work, when it is of no use, and when the shrieks of drowning women shall toll you into hell for your

most accursed negligence, in not having taken care of them. Well that is very much like a great many of us, in these times too.

This proud ship of our commonwealth is reeling in a storm of sin ; the very mast of this great nation is creaking under the hurricane of vice that sweeps across the noble vessel ; every timber is strained, and God help the good ship, or alas ! none can save her. And who are her captain and her sailors, but ministers of God, the professors of religion ? These are they to whom God gives grace to steer the ship. "Ye are the salt of the earth ;" ye preserve and keep it alive, O children of God. Are ye asleep in the storm ? Are ye slumbering now ? If there were no dens of vice, if there were no harlots, if there were no houses of profanity, if there were no murders and no crimes, oh ! ye that are the salt of the earth, ye might sleep ; but to-day the sin of London crieth in the ears of God. This behemoth city is covered with crime, and God is vexed with her. And are we asleep, doing nothing ? Then God forgive us ! But sure, of all the sins He ever doth forgive, this is the greatest, the sin of slumbering when a world is damning—the sin of being idle when Satan is busy, devouring the souls of men. "Brethren, let us not sleep" in such times as these ; for if we do, a curse must fall upon us, horrible to bear.

There is a poor prisoner in a cell. His hair is all matted over his eyes. A few weeks ago the judge put on the black cap, and commanded that he should be taken to the place from whence he came, and hung by the neck until dead. The poor wretch has his heart broken within him, whilst he thinks of the pinion, of the gallows, and of the drop, and of after-death. Oh ! who can tell how his heart is rent and racked, whilst he thinks of leaving all, and going he knoweth not where ? There is a man there, sound asleep upon a bed. He has been asleep there these two days, and under his pillow he has that prisoner's free pardon. I would horsewhip that scoundrel, horsewhip him soundly, for making that poor man have two days of extra misery. Why, if I had had that man's pardon, I would have been there, if I rode on the wings of lightning to get at him, and I should have thought the fastest train that ever run but slow, if I had so sweet a message to carry, and such a poor heavy heart to carry it to. But that man, that brute, is sound asleep, with a free pardon under his pillow, whilst that poor wretch's heart is breaking with dismay ! Ah ! do not be too hard with him : he is here to-day. Side by side with you this morning there is sitting a poor penitent sinner ; God has pardoned him, and intends that you should tell him that good news. He sat by your side last Sunday, and he wept all the sermon through, for he felt his guilt. If you had spoken to him then, who can tell ? He might have had comfort ; but there he is now—you do not tell him the good news. Do you leave that to me to do ? Ah ! sirs, but you cannot serve God by proxy ; what the minister does is nought to you ; you have your own personal duty to do, and God has given you a precious promise. It is now on your heart. Will you not turn round to your next neighbour, and tell him that promise ? Oh ! there is many an aching heart that aches because of our idleness in telling the good news of this salvation. "Yes," says one of my members, who always comes to this place on a Sunday, and looks out for young men and young women whom he has seen in tears the Sunday before, and who brings many into the church, "yes, I could tell you a story." He looks a young man in the face, and says, "Haven't I

seen you here a great many times?" "Yes." "I think you take a deep interest in the service, do you not?" "Yes, I do: what makes you ask me that question?" "Because I looked at your face last Sunday, and I thought there was something at work with you." "Oh! sir," he says, "nobody has spoken to me ever since I have been here till now, and I want to say a word to you. When I was at home with my mother, I used to think I had some idea of religion; but I came away, and was bound apprentice with an ungodly lot of youths, and have done everything I ought not to have done. And now, sir, I begin to weep, I begin to repent. I wish to God that I knew how I might be saved! I hear the Word preached, sir, but I want something spoken personally to me by somebody." And he turns round; he takes him by the hand and says, "My dear young brother, I am so glad I spoke to you; it makes my poor old heart rejoice to think that the Lord is doing something here still. Now, do not be cast down; for you know, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'" The young man puts his handkerchief to his eyes, and after a minute, he says, "I wish you would let me call and see you, sir." "Oh! you may," he says. He talks with him, he leads him onward, and at last by God's grace the happy youth comes forward and declares what God has done for his soul, and owes his salvation as much to the humble instrumentality of the man that helped him as he could do to the preaching of the minister.

Beloved brethren, the Bridegroom cometh! Awake! Awake! The earth must soon be dissolved, and the heavens must melt! Awake! Awake! O Holy Spirit, arouse us all, and keep us awake.

III. And now I have no time for the last point, and therefore I shall not detain you. Suffice me to say in warning, there is AN EVIL HERE LAMENTED. There are some that are asleep, and the apostle mourns it.

My fellow sinner, thou that art this day unconverted, let me say six or seven sentences to thee, and thou shalt depart. Unconverted man! unconverted woman! you are asleep to-day, as they that sleep on the top of the mast in time of storm; you are asleep, as he that sleeps when the water-floods are out, and when his house is undermined, and being carried down the stream far out to sea; you are asleep, as he who in the upper chamber, when his house is burning and his own locks are singeing in the fire, knows not the devastation around him; you are asleep—asleep as he that lies upon the edge of a precipice, with death and destruction beneath him. One single start in his sleep would send him over, but he knows it not. Thou art asleep this day; and the place where thou sleepest has so frail a support that when once it breaks thou shalt fall into hell; and if thou wakest not till then, what a waking it will be! "In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment;" and he cried for a drop of water, but it was denied him. "He that believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ and is baptised, shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." This is the gospel. Believe ye in Jesus, and ye shall "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Cloud and Sunshine ; or, All Things Working for Good.

CHAPTER XI.—THE VISITOR'S STORY.

ALTHOUGH my brother-in-law's residence was called Oak Cottage, it was in reality a good-sized house. A spare bed-room was therefore at once set apart for the convenience of our foreign visitor, and he soon indicated that he felt at home amongst us. He won golden opinions from the children, by relating to them in a simple way marvellous Indian stories, and by graphically describing to them things that he had seen in foreign parts. Moreover, he made them so many presents of pretty toys and trinkets which he had brought with him from abroad, that they drew to the sage conclusion that he must be the kindest hearted and most generous man in the world ! As to Miss Locke, it may be truly said that with joy and gladness she felt "her cup to run over," for not only had her brother been restored to her, but, what was even better still, he had become a thorough Christian.

It was some days before he told her his story. Though, as may be supposed, she longed to hear it, still in the fulness of her joy at his return, she was able to restrain her curiosity, until it pleased him voluntarily to give the narration. And when he did he had not much that was remarkable to tell. He informed her that when he suddenly and in great wrath left his home, he had a few pounds in his pocket with which he took the coach to the Metropolis. In London

he found himself a complete stranger. Undecided as to the course he should take he put up at an hotel, and remained there until he had only five shillings left. As he could meet with nothing to suit him in London he finally determined to sell his watch and with the proceeds to sail to the United States. It was then that he wrote the letter to his mother, and when she received it he was already on the water. He landed in New York well nigh penniless ; but here Providence befriended him. On board the vessel he had made the acquaintance of a respectable and kind-hearted young man, who informed him that he had an uncle in the city who had a good practice as a medical man ; and as he had studied at college with a view to entering the medical profession, he would give him an introduction to his relative and so see what could be done in order to procure him a situation. This he did, and the result was, that at a moderate salary he became a kind of junior assistant to Mr. Gibson, in whose house he found a good home.

Having realised the folly of drinking and gambling, he came to the resolution to live a reformed life, and therefore gave up both habits. This in spite of temptation he was enabled all the better to do through his employer's kindness and influence. As he had been induced soon after his engagement to make a clean breast of it by relating to Mr. Gibson the story of his flight and the cause of it, that

gentleman gave him sound advice, and did all that watchful care could suggest to keep him in the right way. And Mrs. Gibson also seconded her worthy husband in these laudable endeavours. To him she proved a second mother, and as they had no children of their own, in the course of a few months he found himself to be in the position of an adopted son, rather than that of a hired assistant. Thus established, Mr. Gibson strongly urged him to write home and let his family know where he was, and what he was doing. He accordingly did as was suggested, and wrote a long letter to his mother. He waited for some months for a letter in return, but received none. Not thinking that the letter might have miscarried—as it really did, for it was never received—he drew hastily to the erroneous conclusion that his family had cast him off, or that at least his father would not allow any of them to have any dealings with him, and therefore he refrained from writing any more.

Then a sudden change came. Through the influence of a director of the East India Company, Mr. Gibson received an official appointment as a medical man in Calcutta, and he invited Archibald to accompany him there. Delighted with the prospect, the invitation was immediately accepted : and thus before he had been much better than a year away from his native country, the young man found himself settled in this famous Eastern city, and an inhabitant of a bungalow. Here he soon made headway. Taking up his degrees, he became Mr. Gibson's partner, and ultimately his successor : for four years after that gentleman had arrived in India, he succumbed to a sun-stroke and left his widow in charge

of Mr. Locke. But she did **not** remain under his kind care long. Yearning for her native land and home, she settled her affairs in Calcutta and set sail for America. There she arrived in safety and was now living. The settlement effected had enabled her to retire with a comfortable competence for the remainder of her life : and it was a pleasure to her to know that in effecting this satisfactory arrangement, Mr. Locke had acted in a generous way, which proved how grateful he felt both to herself and her departed husband for the great kindness they had shown him.

Purely by accident Mr. Locke had heard of his mother's death as soon as he could have done in India after her decease. Called upon professionally to attend a gentleman from Sheffield, who was taken ill immediately after his arrival in Calcutta, he made inquiries relative to various individuals, and found to his surprise that the gentleman was well acquainted with his father and the chemical firm of which he was once a partner. From him he gathered the fact that, some weeks before this gentleman left Sheffield, his mother had departed this life and that his father and sister had left for some other part of the kingdom, but what part his informant knew not. This news for a while greatly depressed him ; for he had hoped in the course of time once more to behold his mother, and let her know what a pleasing change had taken place in his circumstances. But soon after this he formed an attachment to a young lady in the city, the daughter of a Calcutta merchant, to whom he was ultimately married, and with whom he lived happily for two years. Then she died while giving birth to a daughter, who only lived one day after its mother's death.

Both mother and daughter were interred at the same time in one grave. Her death proved such a shock to her husband that he felt he must have a change, and the longing to see his sister once more became intense. He therefore sold his practice, on very lucrative terms, and set sail for home with a determination to secure a practice in England, and settle down there if possible. Of his father's death he knew nothing until his arrival in Sheffield, when a member of the old firm communicated to him the sad intelligence. This, he said, to him was a trial, for he had longed to see him once more, and to have had a complete reconciliation effected. Of course, until his sister had informed him he was unacquainted with the particulars of his death, for on arriving at Pendlebow he asked no questions of the servants, nor did he even tell them who he was. Glad, however, was he to know that to the last his father had been done so well by; and he only regretted that his dear sister, unknowingly to him, had been called upon to bear such a heavy burden alone.

Such was Mr. Locke's narrative in brief, but incidents were related in connection with it both of a pleasant and painful character that space will not allow me to record. One thing, however, must not be omitted. When he arrived in New York a perfect stranger, he was so unsettled in mind and character, that a wrong turn might have ruined him for life. Though smarting from the effects of indulgence in evil habits, had he been drawn into bad company, and been left to fight the battle of life by himself, he might easily have succumbed to his wicked surroundings and have been lost. Moreover he was inclined to be sceptical and

even atheistic, so that the restraints of religion being wanting, nothing could have saved him from ruin. But being thrown at once, in God's merciful providence and goodness, into a house inhabited by a truly Christian man and wife, who carried out their Christian principles to the full both at home and abroad, he was led by degrees to see that there was a reality in religion which hitherto he had never even suspected. This led him to the house of God, and ultimately to make a public profession of religion while in Calcutta, and also to devote himself to useful work for humanity among the various inhabitants of that idolatrous land. The success attending his humble efforts enabled him, he said, to draw the conclusion that no men were so likely to do good amongst the heathen in any part of the world as those who having practised medicine at home would then go out and serve as medical missionaries. And in taking this view subsequent events that have occurred in various parts of the heathen world have constantly proved his conjecture to be right. In India, in China, in Africa, and in many other countries the medical missionary, by the practice of his healing art, has made a practical impression in favour of Christianity which few other kinds of missionaries have been enabled to produce.

It was perfectly natural that Miss Locke should acquaint her brother, as early as practicable, with the position in which she stood as regarded myself. This led to a private interview between us, and he was good enough to express his gratitude for the services which, he said, I had rendered in his absence to his sister, and his unqualified satisfaction with the proposed alliance. From what he could gather his sister reciprocated my

affection, and that being the case, he saw no reason whatever for the marriage not taking place as soon as convenient. His sister had informed him of the legacy left to him by his father, and had strongly urged him not only to take the five hundred pounds but one-half of all that had been left. But he had decidedly declined to take either. He had sufficient, he said, to start with in any town, and was determined that what he received should be the product of his own personal efforts. By acting as she had done towards her father and mother, he felt that his sister had nobly earned all that she possessed and more still, and in no way would he deprive her of a single penny. He had crossed the ocean to see her, and not to take anything from her, and he was only too pleased to think of the happiness that he felt sure lay in store for her in the future. As to himself he would stay at Oak Cottage till she left, then he would go with us both to Pendlebow, where we could all make arrangements that would suit us.

The few remaining days glided swiftly by, and at the fortnight's end, greatly to the regret of the children, we prepared for our departure. Mr. Locke to sooth them, and as an incentive for them to bear him in loving remembrance, made them all some final presents, and he was not alone in performing that generous act. With loving and sobbing adieus we took our separate coaches, and in due time arrived safely at our respective destinations. At Pendlebow Miss Locke's servants heard with astonishment of the relationship that existed between their new guest and mistress; and also of the interesting event that was likely to come off ere long at the breaking up of the establishment. Being

much attached to Miss Locke, they both desired to know whether they might not still be retained after her marriage in her service. As, after a consultation with myself, this arrangement was cordially agreed to, they gave their mistress their hearty congratulations, and wished for her every blessing that both God and man could bestow.

In the meantime, while I made the necessary preparations at Gloxton, Mr. Locke proceeded to the Metropolis and took measures for securing a practice in one of its suburbs. Two or three months were only needed for this, and then a house was taken and an eligible housekeeper engaged. Thus settled again, it was not long before he found plenty to do. The successful treatment of a few good critical cases soon served to make him known, and to give him work both day and night. The consequence was that before a year was over he felt his need sorely of a second wife: and under the influence of that kind of pressure it is not surprising to learn that he found one. A sister of one of his lady patients took his attention; and finding by repeated visits that she was pre-eminently suitable for the position he desired her to occupy he wooed her, won her, and married her. In this respect, as in all others, Archibald Locke never did things by halves. When once he was persuaded that the thing was the right thing to do, he went in straightway for it, whatever that thing might be. Decision, perseverance, and pluck were qualities that he possessed above many. "I came; I saw conquered," might have been his motto. In his courtship as well as in his medical practice he carried this motto out; and when the reader learns that the result on the part of both parties during a long

married life was deemed pre-eminently satisfactory, he will without doubt conclude that in the success that attended the whole of his energetic career, through the possession of such qualities Archibald Locke had much to be thankful for.

I must confess that my nature is an entirely different one. "Slow but sure," would, I think, be a far more fitting motto for me, and no doubt in the case of a lawyer this is best. The whole of my training has tended to make me cautious ; and to produce in me a judicial mind. "Look before you leap" is one of my characteristics. Steady plodding has ever suited me, far better than quick impulsive action. While Archibald Locke was rushing onward to victory, I was quietly straining towards the same thing, with, I hope a similar measure of success. It has been said by a certain statesman that "all things come to those who can afford to wait." While I cannot accept this statement as being true in all cases, or even in the majority of cases, it certainly has proved true in mine.

The varied trials and experiences of life have taught me both to "labour and to wait," and I have found as much blessing in the latter as in the former. It may at times, I will admit, be hard to wait, for the night may be very dark, and the road we are called upon to travel in it may be very rough ; but the poet is right when he says—

Wait ! for the day is breaking,
Though the dull night be long :
Wait ! God is not forsaking
Thy heart. Be strong—be strong !

Wait ! and the clouds of sorrow
Shall melt in gentle showers,
And hues from heaven shall borrow,
As they fall amidst the flowers.

Wait ! 'tis the key to pleasure,
And is the plan of God ;
O tarry thou His leisure,
Thy soul shall bear no load.

Wait ! for the time is hasting,
When life shall be made clear,
And all who know heart-wasting
Shall feel that God is dear.

(To be continued.)

HEAR MY PRAYER, O GOD.

PSALM lv. 1.

Nought, Lord, have I to plead
To merit Thy regard ;
Yet to Thee now I come
Relying on Thy Word.
"That none Thou wilt cast out
Who humbly come to Thee
O Lord, I come and pray,
Be merciful to me

'Tis vain to seek elsewhere
For pardon and for peace,
'Tis Thou alone canst give
The burden'd soul release.
O let me hear Thee say—
"My blood was shed for thee,
When I've paid the ransom,
Put thou thy trust in Me."

Long I have gone astray,
From Thee my only Friend,
Unworthy though I am,
To me Thy grace extend.
While I my sins confess,
May Thy redeeming love
For all my sins atone,
And make my peace with God.

Let me the peace enjoy
Thy people only know,
That peace which is divine
Thou canst alone bestow.
Grant me Thy grace, O Lord,
While life on earth is given,
When from it called away,
May I ascend to heaven.

J. DOBE,

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

OUR HYMNS: THEIR AUTHORS AND ORIGIN.

By Rev. R. C. ROBERTS.

No. X. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

DR. CUYLER of America, says, "that the shortest road to immortality is by the production of a grand, soul-kindling hymn," and the subject of this article has immortalized his name by composing that beautiful and well-known hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." Topladý was born at Farnham, Surrey, November 4th, 1740. His father, who was a major in the army, died at the siege of Carthage, shortly after Augustus' birth, so that he never saw his father. He was converted to God when a lad only sixteen years of age, under very singular circumstances. He and his widowed mother went to visit some relatives in a place called Codymain in Ireland, and during their visit, evangelistic services were held there in a barn, by a very earnest layman of the name of Morris. The young hymnwriter was led by divine providence to hear him preach. The text—Ephesians ii. 13, "Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ"—and the address founded on it came home to his conscience with such power, that from that time he became a new man, brought nigh to God by the blood of Christ. Referring some time after to the circumstances under which he was converted, he remarked, "Strange that I, who

had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh unto God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name! Surely it was the Lord's doing, and is marvellous! The excellency of such power must be of God, and cannot be of man. The regenerating Spirit breathes not only on whom, but likewise when, where, and as He listeth." That plain Irish preacher was the means in God's hands of setting in tune that day a youthful heart which afterwards yielded the marching song to millions on their way to glory. The faithful servant of God, who scatters the seed upon the waters, little knows whereunto it may grow. A poor, illiterate preacher instrumental in the conversion of the author of that beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

Topladý had been early trained in the doctrine of Arminianism, but about two years after his conversion, he says that his views underwent a great change, and that he shall remember the time with gratitude and joy in the heaven of heavens to all eternity. Before that time, he declares, that there was not a more haughty and violent freewiller within the compass of the four seas. He attributes his change of views from Arminianism to Calvinism to some telling remarks made to him by an old gentleman. He had been talking in company with others on the universality of grace and the power of

free agency, when this elderly gentleman rose from his chair, went up to him, held him by one of his coat buttons, and said, "My dear sir, there are marks of spirituality in your conversation, though tinged with an unhappy mixture of pride and self-righteousness. You have been speaking largely in favour of freewill; but from arguments let us come to experience. Do let me ask you one question. How was it with you when the Lord laid hold on you in effectual calling? Had you any hand in obtaining that grace? Nay, would you not have resisted and baffled it, if God's Spirit had left you alone in the hand of your own counsel?" Toplady felt the force of the argument, and was soon enabled to acknowledge the freeness of God's grace, and to sing, what I trust, says he, will be my everlasting song, "Not unto me, Lord, not unto me, but unto Thy Name give the glory."

From that time to his death he held most zealously to what is known as the Calvinistic doctrine, such as, salvation entirely of grace, as expressed in the hymn:—

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;"

and the doctrine of the happy security of God's people, as expressed in the last four lines of the 493rd hymn:—

"Yes! I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

Toplady began his ministry in the Church of England when he was only twenty-two years of age, but was only for fifteen or sixteen years permitted to labour in the great work, for which he was mentally and spiritually qualified. He was a man of very delicate health, and

for the last three years it was evident to his friends that he was dying by inches. He sank into the grave at the early age of thirty-eight. He continued preaching until about two months before his death. The last sermon he delivered was founded on 2 Peter i. 13-14. "I think it meet as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance; knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me." When his friends urged him to give up preaching, as he was physically incapacitated for it, he replied, "A good man (Whitefield) once said, he would rather wear out than rust out; and I would rather die in the harness than in the stall."

The last days of Toplady's life were beautifully calm and peaceful. He was a person of very deep spirituality of mind, and was desirous that all the glory should be given his Lord and Master. A friend, who visited him in his last illness, says, that he was very jealous for fear of receiving any part of that honour which is due to Christ alone. He desired to be nothing, and that Jesus might be all and in all. When his friend referred to the great loss the Church of Christ would sustain by his death, the utmost distress was visible on his countenance, and he exclaimed, "What! by my death? No! no! Jesus Christ is able, and will, by proper instruments, defend His own truths. And with regard to what little I have been enabled to do in this way, not to me, not to me, but to His own name, and to that only, be the glory."

When the physician told him he was getting weaker and weaker, he remarked, with a sweet smile on his countenance, "Why, that is a good sign that my death is fast approach-

ing; and, blessed be God, I can add that my heart beats every day stronger and stronger for glory."

A few days before his death he said, "I have enjoyed such a season, such sweet communion with God, and such delightful manifestations of His presence with, and love to my soul, that it is impossible for words, or any language, to express them. I have had peace and joy unutterable; and I fear not that God's consolations and support will continue." But he immediately recollected himself, and added, "What have I said? God may, to be sure, as a Sovereign, hide His face and His smiles from me. However, I believe He will not; and if He should, yet still will I trust in Him. I know I am safe and secure, for His love and His covenant are everlasting." Less than an hour before his departure, he remarked, "It will not be long before God takes me; for no mortal man can live, after the glories which God has manifested to my soul." Such was the peaceful end of the author of "Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

This hymn has been considered by many to be the finest hymn in the English language. Toplady entitled it, "A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world." He intended by this title, to declare that the most sanctified soul on earth must yet confess that he had no righteousness of his own, and had nothing in his hand to bring, "when he bowed a pardoned sinner before the cross. To-day it is one of the most popular and one of the sublimest hymns of the Church of Christ. It has been translated into several different languages. It is sung, we are told, in Arabic, under the shadow of Lebanon, and in modern Greek, beside the hill of Mars. It has been of unspeakable comfort to many on their sick beds,

from that of the Prince Consort to the humblest believer. The late Prince when dying, feebly murmured the words:—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Carved on monuments in many a cemetery, and hung up in many a house are the two beautiful lines:—

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

We have the very essence of the Gospel in these simple yet significant words. The whole hymn may be regarded as a fervent outcry of a contrite, penitent heart, into the ear of Him who is the Rock of Ages. The writer believed in salvation from the guilt and power of sin. He felt his inability to do anything in the great work of his salvation.

"Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands."

However fervent his zeal, or however copious the tears that might flow from him,

"All for sin could not atone,
Christ must save, and Him alone."

Then he humbly acknowledges his nakedness, helplessness, and vileness, and implores the Saviour to wash him, clothe him, and bestow on him the grace he needs. His thoughts finally carry him to the judgment seat, and he beholds the great white throne, and the Judge, sitting thereon, and the triumphant soul cries out:—

"Rock of Ages! shelter me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Toplady wrote in all one hundred and thirty-three poems and hymns. We have, however, in our Selection* only eight or nine of his productions,

* Psalms and Hymns with Supplement.

some of which are most inspiring. The man is to be pitied who cannot admire the following:—

305. "Holy Ghost! dispel our sadness."

440. "Object of my first desire."

493. "A debtor to mercy alone."

1173. "Jesus, at Thy command," and above all the 388th, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

The title of this hymn is exceedingly appropriate,—“A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world.” Let each one who reads or sings it, seek to enter into the true spirit of it. In life, and in death, it is what every soul needs, to be sheltered in the Rock of Ages.

Pembroke Dock.

THE DIVINE PATTERN.

BY THE LATE REV. MICAH THOMAS.*

“See, saith He, that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount.”—Hebrews viii. 5.

AFTER the blessed God had redeemed His ancient people from the bondage of Egypt, saved them from the cruel designs of their enemies at the Red Sea, and miraculously furnished them both with water out of the rock, and with manna from the clouds, He

* The late Rev. Micah Thomas was born in the parish of Whitstone, in the county of Monmouth, 19th of February, 1778. He has been denominated “The pioneer of our educated ministry in Wales.” For 30 years he was the president of the Baptist College, Abergavenny. He was 56 years in the ministry, 47 of which he was the pastor of the church in Abergavenny. He died on the 28th of November, 1853, in the 75th year of his age.—*R. C. Roberts, Pembroke Dock.*

led them forward to the foot of Mount Sinai, a hill in that part of the globe that is called Arabia.

When they arrived at that celebrated mount, Jehovah revealed Himself to them in His character of Lawgiver and Sovereign, and there and then, we presume, that order of government, commonly styled Theocracy, was introduced and established. This term is formed of two Greek words, *θεος* God, and *κρατος*, to govern; and is intended to set forth a state of government immediately carried on and administered by the Most High Himself. And such was the system of government settled over the children of Israel on Mount Sinai. It ended in the days of Samuel. But when the Theocracy was formed, a certain code of laws, and a great number of statutes and ordinances were given and published. Those were moral, judicial, and ritual. (See Exod. and Levit.) Added to these, an erection named “The Tabernacle of the congregation,” was by divine appointment ordered to be made, and the words of our text are a repetition of what the Lord said to Moses in reference to the building of that singular edifice. After describing everything to be done, God said (Exod. xxv. 40).

In our text, we have these words reiterated by the apostle, and in connection with his grand illustrations of the Christian institution,—The New Covenant—the Gospel Dispensation. And doubtless they are quoted to enforce the obligation on our part, to do all things in religion after the given pattern of the Gospel of Christ. “See, saith He, that thou make all things,” etc. So speaks the Son of God, the Supreme Head of the Church, unto each of us, as to the great practical obligations of Christianity.

Our Gospel given pattern—the

solemn injunction to act according to its universal requirements—and the necessity of so doing, are the topics which we shall now consider.

I. Then, let us examine the pattern which the Gospel of Christ furnishes for our observance. And in expatiating on this subject, it is requisite that we should—first, define the pattern itself; next, show that Christ has given it; then, direct to the record of it; and finally, prove that it is intended, and the only one intended for our observance. But—

1. The pattern itself is to be defined or described. And in reference to its nature, we would remark generally, that it is composed of all things whatsoever which in the Gospel of Christ claim our believing and practical regards:—all things commanded by Christ and His inspired apostles, and all things in which both He and they are presented as an example for our imitation. The great question then is, What are, or may those things be? In reply, we would remark,

(1) That they must certainly embody every form of Christian doctrine we are enjoined to believe. The Messiahship of Jesus, His Deity and humanity, His mediatorial claims, His vicarious death, His atonement, His resurrection, and His intercession in heaven.

(2) Also, they must embody the ordinances of religious worship. Say baptism, The Lord's Supper, social prayer and praise, and preaching, and hearing the word.

(3) They must also embody all the practical duties which form the elements of a religious or godly life and conversation in the Church and the world.

Such, in general, is the model or pattern itself.

2. We are to observe, that Christ

has given this model or pattern. Under the former economy Jehovah is regarded as the great Lawgiver and Ruler. On Sinai He spoke from heaven. And He frequently revealed His will through the ministry both of angels and of men, and much that was appalling was sometimes evinced. (Exod. xx.; Acts vii. 53.)

But the Gospel was published by Jesus Christ. He has declared all things to be believed and practised by us, and Him only are we to call Lord and Master. As the result and reward of His perfect obedience unto death, even the death of the cross, God the Father has highly exalted Him, and made Him head over all things to the Church (Matt. xxviii. 18-20; Heb. i. 2). The Lord Jesus Christ then in His mediatorial claims and capacity is our Prophet, Priest, and King. He is our great Teacher, our only Saviour, and our Supreme Ruler. Him, therefore, are we to receive and obey.

3. We are to inquire into the record which contains the pattern to be observed. And that is the Gospel of Christ as the given rule of evangelical worship and practice. Under the Mosaic dispensation, everything connected with the ordinances of religious worship and observance, was to be sought from the records of that economy.

But we are not to appeal to this source as our guide in ritual observances. Much less are we to adopt the traditions and ordinances of men. To what authority, then, are we to appeal in all matters of religion? To the plain word of the Gospel. And here we have every necessary instruction and direction. But we cannot discover in this rule innumerable things that are honoured as religious appointments.

(To be continued.)

Gems from Dr. Maclaren's Sermons.

UNIVERSAL experience tells us that Hope means an anticipation which is less than sure. Hopes and fears are bracketed together in common language, as always united like a double star, one black and the other brilliant, which revolve round a common axis, and are knit together by invisible bands. But if we avail ourselves of the possibilities in reference to the future, which Christianity puts into our hands, our Hope may be no less certain than our memory, and even more sure than it. For the grounds on which Christian men may forecast their future as infinitely bright and blessed; as the possession of an inheritance incorruptible, as absolute and entire conformity to the likeness of God which is peace and joy are triple, each of them affording certitude. The Christian hope is builded on no mere projection of our longings into a hypothetical and questionable future. It is no mere deduction from probabilities, from guesses. It is no mere child of wish, but it rests immovable on these three solid pillars—an eternal God to whom all time is subject, a past fact, and a present experience.

I suppose that by far the majority simply ignore the question of right or wrong when the question of pleasant and desirable comes to be canvassed. Before the commission we have an awful power of silencing our consciences. Just as housebreakers carry some drugged meat for the house dogs when they intend to break into some lonely farmhouse, so we are all adepts in applying gentle phrases to our own evil, while if the same thing is done by anybody else we shall flame up in indignation as David did when Nathan told him about the man and his one ewe lamb. Therefore it comes to this—do not you trust to instinctive utterances of inclination calling itself conscience. Remember you can bribe conscience to say anything but that it is right to do wrong. You will get it to say anything that you teach it about what is wrong and what is not. And therefore you must find a better guide than conscience. You have to enlighten it and educate it and check it and keep it wakeful and suspicious as the price of purity.

Very reverently and with few words one would touch upon the physical weakness of the Master. Still it does not do us any harm to try to realize how very marked was the collapse of his physical nature and to remember that that collapse was not entirely owing to the pressure upon him of the mere fact of physical death; still less was it a failure of His will, or the abject cowardice of some criminals who have had to be dragged to the scaffold and helped up its steps; but that the reason why his flesh failed was very largely because there was laid upon Him the mysterious burden of the world's sin. Christ's demeanour in the act of death in such singular contrast to the calm heroism and strength of hundreds who have drawn all their heroism and strength from Him, suggests to me that looking upon His sufferings we look upon something the significance of which does not lie on the surface; and the extreme pressure of which is to be accounted for by that blessed and yet solemn truth of prophecy and gospel alike, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

Reviews.

A Handbook of Bible Difficulties, or Facts and Suggestions Helpful towards the Solution of Perplexing Things in Sacred Scripture; being a Second Series of the Handbook of Bible Difficulties. By ROBERT TUCK, B.A. London: Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THIS work will be of considerable value and service to every reader of the sacred Scriptures, but specially to those who are in positions to teach the meaning of the Bible. We think every minister's library would be enriched by the addition of this book and the previous volume by the same author on Bible difficulties. The teacher of a Bible class would find a mine of wealth here, and the Christian, in his private study of God's Word, would often by it have perplexing questions answered. The work is divided into four sections: 1st, Difficulties Relating to Ancient History; 2nd, Difficulties Relating to Matters of Science; 3rd, Difficulties Relating to Matters of Religion or Theology; 4th, Difficulties Relating to the Usages of Language—Old and New Testaments.

The Gift and the Giver. Part first: The Gift; or, What is Salvation? being a Series of Seven Special Services conducted by A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D., each Service followed by a Short After-Meeting for all who wish to be Saved. Alfred Holness, Paternoster Row.

THIS excellently got up and well printed little book, with picture illustrations, should be read by all who are engaged or contemplate doing evangelical work in this autumn and winter evangelistic services. It will be scarcely possible for the workers

to read without deriving some profit or useful hint in dealing with seeking souls.

Manuel Matamoros, his Life and Death; a Narrative of the late Persecutions of Christians in Spain, with a Sketch of the Gospel Work to the Present Time. By WILLIAM GREENE. Third edition. Alfred Holness, Paternoster Row.

WE are well pleased to see a third edition of this thrilling story of real Christian life, and a thorough exposure of the apostate Church of Rome. Let all weak Protestants who may be tempted to leave the true faith read and take warning.

The late Cardinal Newman on Deceiving and being Deceived. By Rev. W. LANCELOT HOLLAND, M.A. W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie Street, London.

THIS sermon, which may be had for twopence, deserves a wide circulation. It is much more to our own mind than the fulsome admiration of the late Cardinal which has issued from quarters from whence we should have expected a different estimate of the qualities of a sincere but deceived man.

We call attention to the 46th Annual Report of the Ragged School Union, also the 59th Annual Report of the Society for Promoting the Due Observance of the Lord's Day. Both objects have our interest and our prayers.

We have received with the October number of the *Earthen Vessel*, edited by W. WINTERS, the October number of *Cheering Words*, by the same Editor. It contains a likeness of

Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe. It is a bright, cheerful, half-penny magazine.

The Christian World Pulpit for October gives a full report of a sermon by DR. CLIFFORD, on the death of Canon Liddon.

We have received and commend to our readers the quarterly record of the Trinitarian Bible Society. *The Christian Treasury*, edited by Rev. F. B. MEYER; *Evangelical Christendom*, *The British Flag*, *Consecration*, and number one of *The Independent and Nonconformist*, a new paper in the interests of the Congregationalists.

Religious Tract Society:—*The Boy's Own Paper* commences a new volume. Weekly numbers, September 30th. Monthly parts, October 27th. With new stories and special attractions. A splendid coloured plate, worthy of preservation and framing, entitled "A New Song," will be given with the first number of the new volume, September 30th, and a second coloured plate, "An Old Time Dominion," by Mrs. Seymour Lucas, will also be presented with first monthly part, October 27th. Price sixpence. The October part of *Girl's Own* contains the index for the year, and coloured frontispiece, title-page

to the volume, drawn by John C. Staples. Also the October numbers of the *Leisure Hour* and *Sunday at Home* contain indexes and title-page. *The Baptist Magazine* contains a series of papers by J. HUNT COOKE, Sunday Mornings with the Children. Subject: "All things working for good," and a good article by P. TERRY on "Gambling and Betting." *The Sword and Trowel* leads off with a paper from the Editor on "The Months of Spiritual Harvest." Dr. Clifford's contribution in the *General Baptist* on the fusion of the Baptists will be read with attention. *The Baptist and Freeman* have done us good service in their reports of the meetings at Cardiff.

We have pleasure in calling the attention of Sunday School teachers and others to a number of sound useful penny magazines, published by S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row, of which we name *The Children's Friend*, *The Infant's Magazine*, *The Family Friend*, *The Friendly Visitor*, *The Mother's Companion*, *Grandmother's Child*, *For Lucy's Sake*, *The Band of Hope Review*, *The British Workman*, and *Four Girls at Chautauqua*, by PANSY. Illustrated, price fourpence. This is a capital story.

God's ways are not our ways, and He works with tools that we cannot even handle.

"FAITH is the calm repose of my soul in the faithfulness of God."—Arthur.

TO MAKE CHRIST OUR LORD AND MASTER.

It is said of George Herbert, that divine poet, that, to satisfy his independence upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in God's service, he used in his ordinary speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of Jesus, to add "my Master." And, without all doubt, if men were unfeignedly of his mind, their respects would be more to Christ's command, to Christ's will, to Christ's pleasure.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. E. MARSH, who has been pastor at Laxfield for over nine years, has accepted a pastorate at Wellingborough, Northamptonshire.

Rev. T. Perry, of East Dulwich, has accepted the pastorate of Stepney Church, King's Lynn.

Rev. W. H. Rowling, of the Baptist College, Manchester, has accepted the pastorate at Hamsterley.

Rev. W. J. Staynes, of Commercial Road, Portsmouth, has accepted the pastorate at Werter Road, Putney.

Rev. John Bentley, who has been minister of Ely Place Chapel, Wisbech, for nearly ten years, intends to resign his pastorate at the end of the present year.

Rev. A. Cole has resigned the pastorate of Goodall Street Chapel, Walsall, which he has held for thirty-five years.

Rev. A. Tessier has resigned the pastorate at Bromley, Kent, owing to an affection of the throat, which has necessitated for a time rest and change. The church has, in the end, reluctantly accepted his resignation; the pastor will terminate 23½ years' faithful service in Bromley.

Rev. G. E. Buckeridge has resigned the pastorate of the church in Manchester Street, Oldham.

Rev. N. B. Nicolson, M.A., of Broughty Ferry, has accepted the pastorate at Kirkintilloch.

Rev. Geo. Taylor has, through ill-health, been compelled to resign the pastoral charge at St. Clement's, Norwich, which he has held for the space of twenty years.

Rev. Lawrence Carter, late of Adelaide, Australia, has accepted the pastorate of Lower Chapel, Chesham.

Rev. John Evans, of Newport, has

accepted the pastorate at Eastcomb, Stroud.

Rev. S. Garrioch has resigned the pastorate of Academy Street Church, Aberdeen, in consequence of protracted ill-health.

Rev. H. W. Meadow has resigned the charge of the village churches at Wolston and Dunchurch, after a ministry of twelve years, and accepted the pastorate at Castle Hill, Warwick.

Rev. E. A. Smith, of Bristol College, has accepted the pastorate at Bovey Tracey.

Rev. Sam Jones, of Welshpool, has accepted the pastorate at Farnworth, near Bolton.

Rev. W. Ruthven, of the Tabernacle, Willingham, has accepted the pastorate of St. Clement's Church, Norwich.

Rev. F. T. Snell, who, during the last two and a-half years, has rendered good service to the Baptist cause in Guernsey, where he founded All Saints' Church, has been compelled through ill-health to resign the pastorate; he is about to leave for America. Rev. G. H. Harris has undertaken the pastorate.

Rev. J. Battersby has resigned the pastorate of the church at Christchurch and East Parley, held by him for the last six years.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. N. T. JONES-MILLER, in his farewell address at East Dereham, Norfolk, referred with gratitude to the kindness received from the majority of the church during his ministry. A purse containing upwards of twenty guineas was presented to him by the chairman (Mr. John Vince).

Rev. F. Thompson Smythe, pastor of Mount Pleasant Chapel, Northampton, has been presented, on his return from his wedding tour—a holiday, unhappily, marred by the death of the bride's father—with a mahogany box containing £10 by the church and congregation, and a cruet stand by the young men's class.

Rev. T. H. Abnett Court, who has completed ten years' pastorate at Gordon Chapel, Peckham, has been presented with a purse of money as a testimonial of esteem.

Mr. Thomas West, who has been for a long time teacher in the Sunday School, Hatherthorn, has been presented, on leaving for America, with a testimonial of regard from his fellow teachers.

Miss Walker, a teacher at St. Michael's Sunday School, Coventry, has been presented with a flower vase on leaving.

Mr. S. Elkins, president of the Bible-class connected with Kensington Chapel, Bristol, has been presented with a writing desk in recognition of his services.

Miss Tossell, who has for many years ably presided at the organ in the chapel at Foot's Cray (Rev. E. A. Tydeman, pastor), has been presented with a gold diamond brooch in recognition of her services.

Rev. J. G. Skemp, on returning from his wedding tour, was presented by the church at Pendleton with a marble time-piece and a purse containing £25.

Rev. Peter T. Stanford has been presented by the church at Hope Street, Birmingham, with a gold watch. His wife and daughter also received tokens of regard. The report read at the meeting stated that when Mr. Stanford (a coloured minister) came, the church was in debt, and the membership only 62. During the first six months of his pastorate 72 were received into fellowship, and more in the following year, the church numbering now more than church and congregation combined two years ago. The con-

gregations had so increased that the accommodation had been increased, but the cost of this and the organ renovation had been met, and the church was free from debt. Mr. Stanford now proposes to found a branch church in Priestley Road.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. B. W. OSLER has been recognised as co-pastor with Rev. E. T. Scammell of the united churches of Teignmouth, Bishopsteignton, and Shaldon.

Rev. W. Steadman Davis has been recognised as pastor of Carrington Church, Nottingham. Mr. Councilor Forth presided, and addresses were given by Revs. G. McElwee, E. E. Coleman, W. Crosbie, and G. H. James.

Rev. George Whitfield Brooker has been ordained to the pastorate at Leigh. Rev. J. W. Wise (late pastor) presided. Rev. Dr. E. Parker gave the charge to the pastor, and Professor Marshall addressed the church.

Rev. W. Kettle has been recognised as pastor of Castle Street Church, Calne. The Mayor presided, Revs. W. Burton, Dr. Angus, F. Pugh, W. H. J. Page, J. Davis, W. P. Lawrence and G. A. Webb took part.

Rev. R. Smith has been recognised as pastor of Zion Chapel, Cragg Hill, Horsforth. Rev. G. W. Skemp presided. Rev. E. Parker, D.D., gave the charge to the pastor; Rev. J. T. Marshall addressed the church.

Mr. J. G. Hopkins, of Pontypool College, has been ordained at the English Church, Caerphilly. Principal Edwards gave the charge. Revs. W. Thomas and W. Hopkins also took part.

Mr. J. Albert Thomas, of Haverfordwest College, has been ordained to the ministry by services at Nantgwyn. Mr. Thomas's father (Rev. J. Thomas) delivered the charge; Rev. T. Davies, who for 33 years had been the pastor, offered the ordination prayer; and Rev. Dr. Davies

preached. During the services Alderman Edwards, President of the Baptist Union, presented the newly-ordained pastor with a gift of books from the members of the Tabernacle, Carmarthen.

Rev. W. G. Owen, of Llangollen College, has been ordained to the pastorate at Glyndyfrdwy, Merioneth. Revs. R. Jones, O. W. James, Owen Davies, H. C. Williams, and Gethin Davies, D.D., took part.

Rev. A. Hall's recognition as pastor of St. Leonard's Church was held on Thursday, October 9th. After tea, an address was delivered by Rev. W. R. Peacock, who gave a cordial welcome on behalf of the sister Baptist Church at Hastings, from which, he said, the St. Leonard's Church had sprung. Rev. A. Hall, Rev. W. Armstrong, M.A., and Mr. R. F. Compton also spoke. At the meeting, Colonel Griffin, vice-president of the Baptist Union, was in the chair, those present including Revs. Alfred Hall, Principal Gracey, J. Jasper, J. Smith, and H. J. Preece. Mr. B. Bickle, as representing the church, gave Mr. Hall a public recognition. He referred to the importance of a pastorate in a watering-place such as Hastings, where visitors from all parts of the world came, and many carried away Christian influences. The pastor spoke of his early life, of his ministry in Hants and in Hampton Court. Professor Gracey, Messrs. Jasper, C. New, J. Johnstone, and J. Smith also addressed the meeting.

NEW CHAPELS.

FOUR memorial stones of a new chapel at Clayton, near Bradford (Rev. J. W. Hambly, pastor), have been laid. There has been for sixty years a chapel in the village, a plain structure of the type commonly erected by Dissenters in times gone by. The new edifice, which is to be in the Geometrical Gothic style, and to seat about 720 persons, is estimated to cost £5,000, towards which sum of £2,000 has been obtained.

Mr. Asa Briggs (on behalf of Mrs. Briggs) laid one of the stones, expressed his sympathy with the movement for the erection of a new chapel, and promised to furnish it with an organ, conditional on the friends raising an additional sum of £600. Rev. G. J. Gerrard (vicar of Clayton) was present, and delivered a sympathetic address.

A new chapel is being erected in Orchard Street, Swansea, for the church of which Rev. John Lewis is pastor. Twelve years ago, when Mr. Lewis went to Swansea, the church had only 40 members, and now it exceeds 500. Sir Hussey Vivian and others laid the memorial stones of the new buildings.

The memorial stones of a new chapel have been laid at Ffynnon-groen by Alderman Cory, J.P., of Cardiff. £50 was placed on the stone and Mr. Cory promised a free loan of £500. Rev. J. Gwyneddo Williams has undertaken the pastorate.

The memorial stones of a new chapel, at Dangerous Corner, Westleigh, were laid on Saturday by Mr. M. Morris, of Hindley Green, near Wigan, and Miss Ethel Hope, of Atherton.

It is proposed to erect a new chapel at Southgate, N., where for six years Mr. Wickerson has been doing a noble and self-denying work. The estimated cost of the chapel is £1,500. Mr. Spurgeon is much interested, and would gladly receive contributions.

BAPTISMS.

Abergele.—September 22, One, by T. Roberts.
Ayr, N.B.—September 21, Two, by J. Horne.
Bath, Wiltcombe.—September 14, Five, by J. Huntley.
Brannortown, co. Kildare.—September 22, Seven, by A. M'Caig, B.A.
Bradford, Infirmary Street.—September 23, One, by T. Hagen.
Bracknell, Berks.—September 14, Five, by J. Russell.
Bluenavon, Forge Side.—September 14, Five, by J. Tucker.
Belfast, Great Victoria Street.—September 23, Three, by W. Usher, M.D.
Crook.—September 14, Three, by A. G. Barton.

Chatham.—September 21, Four, by T. Hancocks.
Dawley, Salop.—September 16, Seven, by J. E. W. Cook.
Dolan, Rhayader.—October 3, One, by J. O. Jenkins.
Eye, Suffolk.—September 28, Two, by J. G. Skelly.
Golcar.—October 2, One by H. Gay.
Grays, Essex, Dell Road.—October 1, Four, by R. Bailey.
Gosport, Tabernacle.—September 25, Four, by A. G. Barley.
Garway, Herefordshire.—September 28, Three, by J. Hook.
Heywood, Rochdale Road.—October 5, Two, by G. B. Buckeridge.
Knighton.—October 5, Six, by W. Williams.
Kelso, N.B.—September 21, Four; 28, One, by E. Last.
Landport, Lake Road.—October 3, Eleven, by C. Joseph.
Leicester, New Walk Church.—Four, by J. Evans.
Lords Hill, Salop.—September 26, One, by V. Jenkins.
Matching Green, Essex.—September 21, Three, by J. K. Walker.
Maidstone, Union Street.—September 24, Two, by G. Walker.
Milom, Cumberland.—September 17, One, by D. Tait.
Morlais, Merthyr.—September 17, One, by J. Morgan.

Metropolitan District :—

Bedeah Chapel, Thornton Heath.—October 1, Five, by J. W. Harraid.

Blackthorn Street, Bow Common.—October 2, Five, by T. J. Hazzard.
Camberwell Gate, Arthur Street, S.E.—September 10, Ten, by W. C. Minifie.
Leyton, Vicarage Road.—October 1, Two, by G. T. Bailey.
Mitcham, Clarendon Grove.—September 18, Three, by D. H. Moore.
Peckham, James's Grove.—September 14, Four, by E. S. Neale.
Waltham Abbey.—September 21, Three, by W. Jackson.
Woolwich, Parson's Hill.—October 2, Eight, by J. Wilson.
Westminster, Romney Street.—October 1, Three, by G. Davies.
Nantymoel, Horeb (English).—September 28, Two, by T. D. Matthias.
Newport, Mon. : Commercial Road.—September 21, Four, by B. Thomas.
Presteigne, Radnorshire.—October 5, One, by S. Watkins.
Rhayader, Radnorshire.—October 2, Three, by J. O. Jenkins.
Redcar.—September 10, One, by S. L. Edwards.
Siloam, Machen (Mon.).—September 28, Ten, by D. Evans.
Staincliffe, Yorks.—September 24, Four, by F. Oliver.
Trowbridge: Bethesda.—September 10, Fourteen, by H. Sanders.
Thurleigh.—October 5, Three, by G. Chandler.
Trowbridge, Back Street.—October 1, Seventeen, by J. Turner.
Upwell.—September 28, One, by A. C. Batts.
Westbury Leigh.—September 28, Eight, by W. Price.

THOUGHTS IN BRIEF.

By PASTOR J. CLARK.

GOD'S threatenings are just as sure as His promises.

Our greatest labours do not merit the least of the Lord's mercies.

Faith in God leads to faithfulness to God.

By leaning on Christ we learn of Christ.

Paths of our own choosing end in darkness; but paths of the Lord's choosing end in everlasting light.

When our sin looks blackest to our conscience, God's mercy is nearest to our soul.

By being blessings we obtain blessings.

He who is nearest to Christ is nearest to heaven.

A place at Christ's feet is more to be desired than a seat at Cæsar's side.

Not feeling, but faith, is the medium of salvation.

Christ's rest means a yoke; but Christ's yoke means rest.

We should save ourselves much after-anxiety if, in laying our labours at the Master's feet, we entirely left them there.

Every Christ-found soul is a Christ-bound soul.

The unforgetting Saviour is the only hope of the oft-forgotten sinner.

We need not dread the Holy Ghost,

He comes like peaceful Dove;
 And o'er each trustful heart He spreads

His wings of brooding love.
 His mission means our good on earth,
 And endless bliss above.

Nova Scotia.

Mercy, Omnipotence, and Justice.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"The Lord is slow to anger, and great in power, and will not at all acquit the wicked.—Nahum i. 3.

WORKS of art require some education in the beholder, before they can be thoroughly appreciated. We do not expect that the uninstructed should at once perceive the varied excellences of a painting from some master hand; we do not imagine that the superlative glories of the harmonies of the Princes of Song will enrapture the ears of clownish listeners. There must be something in the man himself, before he can understand the wonders either of nature or of art. Certainly this is true of character. By reason of failures in our character and faults in our life, we are not capable of understanding all the separate beauties, and the united perfection of the character of Christ, or of God, his Father. Were we ourselves as pure as the angels in heaven, were we what our race once was in the garden of Eden, immaculate and perfect, it is quite certain that we should have a far better and nobler idea of the character of God than we can by possibility attain unto in our fallen state. But you cannot fail to notice, that men, through the alienation of their natures, are continually misrepresenting God, because they cannot appreciate His perfection. Does God at one time withhold His hand from wrath? Lo, they say that God hath ceased to judge the world, and looks upon it with listless, phlegmatic indifference. Does He at another time punish the world for sin? They say He is severe and cruel. Men *will* misunderstand Him, because they are imperfect themselves, and are not capable of admiring the character of God.

Now, this is especially true with regard to certain lights and shadows in the character of God, which He has so marvellously blended in the perfection of His nature: that, although we cannot see the exact point of meeting, yet (if we have been at all enlightened by the Spirit) we are struck with wonder at the sacred harmony. In reading Holy Scripture, you can say of Paul, that he was noted for his zeal—of Peter, that he will ever be memorable for his courage—of John, that He was noted for his lovingness. But did you ever notice, when you read the history of our Master, Jesus Christ, that you never could say He was notable for any one virtue at all? Why was that? It was because the boldness of Peter did so outgrow itself as to throw other virtues into the shade, or else the other virtues were so deficient that they set forth his boldness. The

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very fact of a man being noted for something is a sure sign that he is not so notable in other things ; and it is because of the complete perfection of Jesus Christ, that we are not accustomed to say of Him that he was eminent for His zeal, or for His love, or for His courage. We say of Him that He was a perfect character ; but we are not able very easily to perceive where the shadows and the lights blended, where the meekness of Christ blended into His courage, and where His loveliness blended into His boldness in denouncing sin. We are not able to detect the points where they meet ; and I believe the more thoroughly we are sanctified, the more it will be a subject of wonder to us how it could be that virtues which seemed so diverse were in so majestic a manner united into one character.

It is just the same of God ; and I have been led to make the remarks I have made on my text, because of the two clauses thereof which seem to describe contrary attributes. You will notice that there are two things in my text : He is "slow to anger," and yet He "will not at all acquit the wicked." Our character is so imperfect that we cannot see the congruity of these two attributes. We are wondering, perhaps, and saying, "How is it He is slow to anger, and yet will not acquit the wicked ?" It is because His character is perfect that we do not see where these two things melt into each other—the infallible righteousness and severity of the Ruler of the world, and His loving-kindness, His long-suffering, and His tender mercies. The absence of any one of these things from the character of God would have rendered it imperfect ; the presence of them both, though we may not see how they can be congruous with each other, stamps the character of God with a perfection elsewhere unknown.

And now I shall endeavour this morning to set forth these two attributes of God, and the connecting link. "*The Lord is slow to anger ;*" then comes the *connecting link*, "great in power." I shall have to show you how that "great in power" refers to the sentence foregoing and the sentence succeeding. And then we shall consider the next attribute—"He will not at all acquit the wicked :" *an attribute of justice.*

I. Let us begin with the first characteristic of God. He is said to be "*SLOW TO ANGER.*" Let me declare the attribute, and then trace it to its source.

God is "slow to anger." When mercy cometh into the world, she driveth winged steeds ; the axles of her chariot-wheels are glowing, hot with speed ; but when wrath cometh, it walketh with tardy footsteps ; it is not in haste to slay, it is not swift to condemn. God's rod of mercy is ever in his hands out-stretched ; God's sword of justice is in its scabbard ; not rusted in it—it can be easily withdrawn—but held there by that hand that presses it back into its sheath, crying, "Sleep, O sword, sleep ; for I will have mercy upon sinners, and will forgive their transgressions." God hath many orators in heaven ; some of them speak with swift words. Gabriel, when he cometh down to tell glad tidings, speaketh swiftly ; angelic hosts, when they descend from glory, fly with wings of lightning, when they proclaim, "Peace on earth, good will towards men ;" but the dark angel of wrath is a slow orator ; with many a pause between, where melting pity joins her languid notes, he speaks ; and when but half his oration is completed he often stays, and withdraws

himself from his rostrum, giving way to pardon and to mercy ; he having but addressed the people that they might be driven to repentance, and so might receive peace from the sceptre of God's love.

Brethren, I shall just try to show you now how God is slow to anger.

First, I will prove that He is "slow to anger ;" *because He never smites without first threatening.* Men who are passionate and swift in anger give a word and a blow ; sometimes the blow first and the word afterwards. Oftentimes kings, when subjects have rebelled against them, have crushed them first, and then reasoned with them afterwards ; they have given no time of threatening, no period of repentance ; they have allowed no space for turning to their allegiance ; they have at once crushed them in their hot displeasure, making a full end of them. Not so God ; He will not cut down the tree that doth much cumber the ground, until He hath digged about it, and dunged it ; He will not at once slay the man whose character is the most vile ; until He has first hewn him by the prophets He will not hew him by judgments ; He will warn the sinner ere He condemn him ; He will send His prophets, "rising up early and late," giving him "line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." He will not smite the city without warning ; Sodom shall not perish, until Lot hath been within her. The world shall not be drowned, until eight prophets have been preaching in it, and Noah, the eighth, cometh to prophesy of the coming of the Lord. He will not smite Nineveh till He hath sent a Jonah. He will not crush Babylon till His prophets have cried through its streets. He will not slay a man until He hath given many warnings, by sicknesses, by the pulpit, by providence, and by consequences. He smites not with a heavy blow at once ; He threateneth first. He doth not in grace, as in nature, send lightnings first and thunder afterwards ; but He sendeth the thunder of His law first, and the lightning of execution follows it. The lictor of divine justice carries His axe, bound up in a bundle of rods, for He will not cut off men, until He has reproved them, that they may repent. He is "slow to anger."

But again, God is also *very slow to threaten.* Although He will threaten before He condemns, yet He is slow even in His threatening. God's lips move swiftly when He promises, but slowly when He threatens. Long rolls the pealing thunder, slowly roll the drums of heaven, when they sound the death-march of sinners ; sweetly floweth the music of the rapid notes which proclaim free grace, and love, and mercy. God is slow to threaten. He will not send a Jonah to Nineveh, until Nineveh has become foul with sin ; He will not even tell Sodom it shall be burned with fire, until Sodom has become a reeking dunghill, obnoxious to earth as well as heaven ; He will not drown the world with a deluge, or even threaten to do it, until the sons of God themselves make unholy alliances and begin to depart from Him. He doth not even threaten the sinner by his conscience, until the sinner hath oftentimes sinned. He will often tell the sinner of his sins, often urge him to repent ; but He will not make hell stare him hard in the face, with all its dreadful terror, until much sin has stirred up the lion from his lair, and made God hot in wrath against the iniquities of man. He is slow even to threaten.

But, best of all, when God threatens, *how slow He is to sentence the criminal !* When He has told them that He will punish unless they

repent, how long a space He gives them, in which to turn unto Himself? "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men for nought;" He stayeth His hand; He will not be in hot haste, when He hath threatened them, to execute the sentence upon them. Have you ever observed that scene in the garden of Eden at the time of the fall? God had threatened Adam, that if he sinned he should surely die. Adam sinned: did God make haste to sentence him? 'Tis sweetly said, "The Lord God walketh in the garden in the cool of the day." Perhaps that fruit was plucked at early morn, mayhap it was plucked at noon-tide; but God was in no haste to condemn; He waited till the sun was wellnigh set, and in the cool of the day came, and as an old expositor has put it very beautifully, when He did come He did not come on wings of wrath, but He "*walked*" in the garden in the cool of the day." He was in no haste to slay. I think I see Him, as He was represented then to Adam, in those glorious days when God walked with man. Methinks I see the wonderful similitude in which the Unseen did veil Himself: I see it walking among the trees so slowly—ay, if it were right to give such a picture—beating its breast, and shedding tears that it should have to condemn man. At last I hear its doleful voice: "Adam, where art thou? Where hast thou cast thyself, poor Adam? Thou hast cast thyself from My favour; thou hast cast thyself into nakedness and into fear; for thou art hiding thyself. Adam, where art thou? I pity thee. Thou thoughtest to be God. Before I condemn thee I will give thee one note of pity. Adam, where art thou?" Yes, the Lord was slow to anger, slow to write the sentence, even though the command had been broken, and the threatening was therefore of necessity brought into force. It was so with the flood: He threatened the earth, but He would not fully seal the sentence, and stamp it with the seal of heaven, until He had given space for repentance. Noah must come, and through his hundred and twenty years must preach the word; he must come and testify to an unthinking and an ungodly generation; the ark must be builded, to be a perpetual sermon; there it must be upon its mountain-top, waiting for the floods to float it, that it might be an everyday warning to the ungodly. O heavens, why did He not at once open your floods? Ye fountains of the great deep, why did He not burst up in a moment? God said, "I will sweep away the world with a flood;" why, why did ye not rise? "Because," I hear them saying with gurgling notes, "because, although God had threatened, He was slow to sentence, and He said in Himself, 'Haply, they may repent; peradventure they may turn from their sin;' and therefore did He bid us rest and be quiet, for He is slow to anger."

And yet once more, even when the sentence against a sinner is signed and sealed by heaven's broad seal of condemnation, even then *God is slow to carry it out*. The doom of Sodom is sealed; God hath declared it shall be burned with fire. But God is tardy. He stops. He will Himself go down to Sodom, that He may see the iniquity of it. And when He gets there guilt is rife in the streets. 'Tis night, and the crew of worse than beasts besiege the door. Does He then lift His hands? Does He then say, "Rain hell out of heaven, ye skies? No, He lets them pursue their riot all night, spares them to the last moment, and though when the sun was risen the burning hail began to fall, yet was the reprieve as long as

possible. God was not in haste to condemn. God had threatened to root out the Canaanites; He declared that all the children of Ammon should be cut off; He had promised Abraham that He would give their land unto his seed for ever, and they were to be utterly slain; but He made the children of Israel wait 100 hundred years in Egypt, and He let these Canaanites live all through the days of the patriarchs; and even then, when He led His avenging ones out of Egypt, He stayed them forty years in the wilderness, because He was loth to slay poor Canaan. "Yet," said He, "I will give them space. Though I have stamped their condemnation, though their death warrant has come forth from the Court of King's Bench, and must be executed, yet will I reprieve them as long as I can," and He stops, until at last mercy had had enough, and Jericho's melting ashes and the destruction of Ai betokened that the sword was out of its scabbard, and God had awaked like a mighty man, and like a strong man full of wrath. God is slow to execute the sentence, even when He has declared it.

And ah! my friends, there is a sorrowful thought that has just crossed my mind. There are some men yet alive who are sentenced now. I believe that Scripture bears me out in a dreadful thought which I just wish to hint at. There are some men that are condemned before they are finally damned; there are some men whose sins go before them unto judgment, who are given over to a seared conscience, concerning whom it may be said that repentance and salvation are impossible. There are some few men in the world who are like John Bunyan's man in the iron cage, can never get out. They are like Esau—they find no place of repentance, though like him they do not seek it, for if they sought it they would find it. Many there are who have sinned "the sin unto death," concerning whom we cannot pray; for we are told, "I do not say that ye shall pray for it." But why, why, why are they not already in the flame? If they be condemned, if mercy has shut its eye for ever upon them, if it never will stretch out its hand to give them pardon, why, why, why are they not cut down and swept away? Because God saith, "I will not have mercy upon them, but I will let them live a little while longer, though I have condemned them I am loth to carry the sentence out, and will spare them as long as it is right that man should live; I will let them have a long life here, for they will have a fearful eternity of wrath for ever." Yes, let them have their little whirl of pleasure; their end shall be most fearful. Let them beware, for although God is slow to anger, He is sure in it.

If God were not slow to anger, would He not have smitten this huge city of ours, this behemoth city?—would He not have smitten it into a thousand pieces, and blotted out the remembrance of it from the earth? The iniquities of this city are so great, that if God should dig up her very foundations, and cast her into the sea, she well deserveth it. Our streets at night present spectacles of vice that cannot be equalled. Surely there can be no nation and no country that can show a city so utterly debauched as this great city of London, if our midnight streets are indications of our immorality. You allow, in your public places of resort—I mean you, my lords and ladies—you allow things to be said in your hearing, of which your modesty ought to be ashamed. Ye can sit in theatres to hear plays at which modesty should blush; I say nought of piety.

That the ruder sex should have listened to the obscenities of *La Traviata* is surely bad enough, but that ladies of the highest refinement, and the most approved taste, should dishonour themselves by such a patronage of vice is indeed intolerable. Let the sins of the lower theatres escape without your censure, ye gentlemen of England, the lowest bestiality of the nethermost hell of a play-house can look to your opera-houses for their excuse. I thought that with the pretensions this city makes to piety, for sure, they would not have so far gone, and that after such a warning as they have had from the press itself—a press which is certainly not too religious—they would not so indulge their evil passions. But because the pill is gilded, ye suck down the poison : because the thing is popular, ye patronise it : it is lustful, it is abominable, it is deceitful ! Ye take your children to hear what yourselves never ought to listen to. Ye yourselves will sit in gay and grand company, to listen to things from which your modesty ought to revolt. And I would fain hope it does, although the tide may for a while deceive you. Ah ! God only knoweth the secret wickedness of this great city ; it demandeth a loud and a trumpet voice ; it needs a prophet to cry aloud, “Sound an alarm, sound an alarm, sound an alarm,” in this city ; for verily the enemy groweth upon us, the power of the evil one is mighty, and we are fast going to perdition, unless God shall put forth His hand and roll back the black torrent of iniquity that streameth down our streets. But God is slow to anger, and doth still stay His sword. Wrath said yesterday, “Unsheath thyself, O sword ;” and the sword struggled to get free. Mercy put her hand upon the hilt, and said, “Be still !” “Unsheath thyself, O sword !” Again it struggled from its scabbard ; Mercy put her hand on it, and said, “Back !”—and it rattled back again. Wrath stamped his foot, and said, “Awake O sword, awake !” It struggled yet again, till half its blade was outdrawn ; “Back, back !”—said Mercy, and with manly push she sent it back rattling into its sheath, and there it sleeps still, for the Lord is “slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.”

Now I am to trace this attribute of God to its source : why is He slow to anger ?

He is slow to anger, because He is infinitely good. Good is His name ; “good”-God. Good in His nature ; because He is slow to anger.

He is slow to anger, again, because He is great. Little things are always swift in anger ; great things are not so. The silly cur barks at every passer-by, and bears no insult ; the lion would bear a thousand times as much ; and the bull sleeps in his pasture, and will bear much, before he lifteth up his might. The leviathan in the sea, though he makes the deep to be hoary when he is enraged, yet is slow to be stirred up, whilst the little and puny are always swift in anger. God’s greatness is one reason of the slowness of His wrath.

II. But to proceed at once to the link. A great reason why He is slow to anger is because He is GREAT IN POWER. This is to be the connecting link between this part of the subject and the last, and therefore I must beg your attention. I say that this word *great in power* connects the first sentence to the last ; and it does so in this way. The Lord is slow to anger ; and He is slow to anger, because He is great in power. “How say you so ?”—says one. I answer, he that is great in power has power over himself ; and he that can keep his own temper

down, and subdue himself, is greater than he who rules a city, or can conquer nations. We heard but yesterday, or the day before, mighty displays of God's power, power in the rolling thunder which alarmed us; and when we saw the splendour of His might in the glistening lightning, when He lifted up the gates of heaven and we saw the brightness thereof, and then He closed them again upon the dusty earth in a moment—even then we did not see anything but the hidings of His power, compared with the power which He has over Himself. When God's power doth restrain Himself, then it is power indeed, the power to curb power, the power that binds omnipotence is omnipotence surpassed. God is great in power, and therefore doth He keep in His anger. A man who has a strong mind can bear to be insulted, can bear offences, because he is strong. The weak mind snaps and snarls at the little; the strong mind bears it like a rock; it moveth not, though a thousand breakers dash upon it, and cast their pitiful malice in the spray upon its summit. God marketh His enemies, and yet He moveth not; He standeth still, and letteth them curse Him, yet is He not wrathful. If He were less of a God than He is, if He were less mighty than we know Him to be, He would long ere this have sent forth the whole of His thunders, and emptied the magazines of heaven; He would long ere this have blasted the earth with the wondrous mines He hath prepared in its lower surface; the flame that burneth there would have consumed us, and we should have been utterly destroyed. We bless God that the greatness of His power is just our protection; He is slow to anger because He is great in power.

And now, there is no difficulty in showing how this link unites itself with the next part of the text. "He is great in power, and will not at all acquit the wicked." This needs no demonstration in words; I have but to touch the feelings, and you will see it. The greatness of His power is an assurance, and an insurance that He will not acquit the wicked. Who among you could witness the storm on Friday night without having thoughts concerning your own sinfulness stirred in your bosoms? Men do not think of God the punisher, or Jehovah the avenger, when the sun is shining, and the weather calm; but in times of tempest, whose cheek is not blanched? The Christian oftentimes rejoiceth in it; he can say, "My soul is well at ease amidst this revelry of earth; I do rejoice at it; it is a day of feasting in my Father's hall, a day of high-feast and carnival in heaven, and I am glad.

"The God that reigns on high,
And thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manageth the seas,
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He shall send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above."

But the man who is not of an easy conscience will be ill at ease when the timbers of the house are creaking, and the foundations of the solid earth seem to groan. Ah! who is He then that doth not tremble? Yon lofty tree is riven in half; that lightning flash has smitten its trunk

and there it lies for ever blasted, a monument of what God can do. Who stood there and saw it? Was he a swearer? Did he swear then? Was he a Sabbath breaker? Did he love his Sabbath breaking then? Was he naughty? Did he then despise God? Ah! how he shook then. Saw you not his hair stand on end? Did not his cheek blanch in an instant? Did he not close his eyes and start back in horror when he saw that dreadful spectacle, and thought God would smite him too? Yes, the power of God, when seen in the tempest, on sea or on land, in the earthquake or in the hurricane, is instinctively a proof that he will not acquit the wicked. I know not how to explain the feeling, but it is nevertheless the truth; majestic displays of omnipotence have an effect upon the mind of convincing even the hardened, that God, who is so powerful, "will not at all acquit the wicked." Thus have I just tried to explain and make bare the link of the chain.

III. The last attribute, and the most terrible one, is, "HE WILL NOT AT ALL ACQUIT THE WICKED." Let me unfold this, first of all; and then let me, after that, endeavour to trace it also to its source, as I did the first attribute.

God "will not acquit the wicked;" how prove I this? I prove it thus. Never once has He pardoned an unpunished sin; not in all the years of the Most High, not in all the days of His right hand, has He once blotted out sin without punishment. What! say you, were not those in heaven pardoned? Are there not many transgressors pardoned, and do they not escape without punishment? Has He not said, "I have blotted out thy transgressions like a cloud, and like a thick cloud thine iniquities?" Yes, true, most true, and yet My assertion is true also—not one of all those sins that have been pardoned were pardoned without punishment. Do you ask me why and how such a thing as that can be the truth? I point you to yon dreadful sight on Calvary; the punishment which fell not on the forgiven sinner fell there. The cloud of justice was charged with fiery hail; the sinner deserved it; it fell on him; but, for all that, it fell, and spent its fury; it fell there, in that great reservoir of misery; it fell into the Saviour's heart. The plagues, which need should light on our ingratitude did not fall on us, but they fell somewhere; and who was it that was plagued? Tell me, Gethsemane; tell me, O Calvary's summit, who was plagued. The doleful answer comes, "*Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?*" "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" It is Jesus suffering all the plagues of sin. Sin is still punished, though the sinner is delivered.

But, you say, this has scarcely proved that He will not acquit the wicked. I hold, it has proved it, and proved it clearly. But do you want any further proof that God will not acquit the wicked? Need I lead you through a long list of terrible wonders that God has wrought—the wonders of His vengeance? Shall I show you blighted Eden? Shall I let you see a world all drowned—sea monsters whelping and stabling in the palaces of kings? Shall I let you hear the last shriek of the last drowning man as he falls into the flood and dies, washed by that huge wave from the hill top? Shall I let you see death riding upon the summit of a crested billow, upon a sea that knows no shore, and triumphing because His work is done; his quiver empty, for all men are slain, save where life floats in the midst of death in yonder ark? Need I let

you see Sodom, with its terrified inhabitants, when the volcano of almighty wrath spouted fiery hail upon it? Shall I show you the earth opening its mouth to swallow up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram? Need I take you to the plagues of Egypt? Shall I again repeat the death shriek of Pharaoh, and the drowning of his host? Surely, ye need not to be told of cities that are in ruins, or of nations that have been cut off in a day; ye need not to be told how God has smitten the earth from one side to the other, when He has been wrath, and how He has melted mountains in His hot displeasure. Nay, we have proofs enough in history, proofs enough in Scripture, that "He will not at all acquit the wicked." If you wanted the best proof, however, ye should borrow the black wings of a miserable imagination, and fly beyond the world, through the dark realm of chaos, on, far on, where those battlements of fire are gleaming with a horrid light—if through them, with a spirit's safety, ye would fly, and would behold the worm that never dies, the pit that knows no bottom, and could you there see the fire unquenchable, and listen to the shrieks and wails of men that are banished for ever from God—if, sirs, it were possible for you to hear the sullen groans and hollow moans, and shrieks of tortured ghosts, then would you come back to this world, amazed and petrified with horror, and you would say, "Indeed, He will not acquit the wicked." You know, hell is the argument of the text; may you never have to prove the text by feeling in yourselves the argument fully carried out, "He will not at all acquit the wicked."

And now we trace this terrible attribute to its source. Why is this?

We reply, God will not acquit the wicked, *because He is good*. What! doth goodness demand that sinners shall be punished? It doth. The Judge must condemn the murderer, because he loves his nation. "I cannot let you go free; I cannot, and I must not; you would slay others, who belong to this fair commonwealth, if I were to let you go free; no, I must condemn you from the very loveliness of my nature." The kindness of a king demands the punishment of those who are guilty. It is not wrathful in the legislature to make severe laws against great sinners; it is but love towards the rest that sin should be restrained. You great flood-gates, which keep back the torrent of sin, are painted black, and look right horrible; like horrid dungeon gates, they affright my spirit; but are they proofs that God is not good? No, sirs; if ye could open wide those gates, and let the deluge of sin flow on us, then would you cry, "O God, O God! shut to the gates of punishment again, let law again be established, set up the pillars, and swing the gates upon their hinges; shut again the gates of punishment, that this world may not again be utterly destroyed by men who have become worse than brutes." It needs for very goodness' sake that sin should be punished. Mercy, with her weeping eyes (for she hath wept for sinners) when she finds they will not repent, looks more terribly stern in her loveliness than Justice in all His majesty; she drops the white flag from her hand, and saith—"No; I called, and they refused; I stretched out my hand and no man regarded; let them die, let them die;"—and that terrible word from the lip of Mercy's self is harsher thunder than the very damnation of Justice. Oh, yes, the goodness of God demands that men should perish, if they will sin.

And again, *the justice of God demands it*. God is infinitely just, and

his justice demands that men should be punished, unless they turn to Him with full purpose of heart. Need I pass through all the attributes of God to prove it? Methinks I need not. We must all of us believe that the God who is slow to anger and great in power is also sure not to acquit the wicked. And now just a home thrust or two with you. What is your state this morning? My friend, man or woman, what is thy state? Canst thou look up to heaven, and say, "Though I have sinned greatly, I believe Christ was punished in my stead,

‘My faith looks back to see,
The burden He did bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there?’ ”

Can you by humble faith look to Jesus, and say, "My substitute, my refuge, my shield; Thou art my rock, my trust; in Thee I do confide?" Then, beloved, to you I have nothing to say, except this,—Never be afraid when you see God's power; for now that you are forgiven and accepted, now that by faith you have fled to Christ for refuge, the power of God need no more terrify you, than the shield and sword of the warrior need terrify his wife or his child. "Nay," saith the woman, "is he strong? He is strong for me. Is his arm brawny, and are all his sinews fast and strong? Then are they fast and strong for me. Whilst he lives, and wears a shield, he will stretch it over my head; and whilst his good sword can cleave foes, it will cleave my foes too, and ransom me." Be of good cheer; fear not His power.

Cloud and Sunshine ; or, All Things Working for Good.

CHAPTER XII. — GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

IT did not take long for Miss Locke to settle her affairs at Pendlebow. She then broke up her home, sold part of her furniture, and sent the other part to Gloxton to aid in furnishing our new house. This done, she accepted a cordial invitation to visit my eldest sister in Derbyshire, where she stayed to recruit her health and to prepare for the coming event, for at least two months. To the children this long visit was a source of great delight, and being roguishly encouraged by their parents, in spite of her smiling protests, to call her "Aunt," they eagerly fell in with

the suggestion without having any legal right for so doing. To her two servants she gave a month's holiday, which they gladly took advantage of by visiting their relatives; and when this was over, they proceeded to Gloxton to get our house ready. On the day before we were united in matrimony, Miss Locke and both my sisters came with Mr. Ellison and took up their abode in the new residence; it having been arranged that they should remain for a few days there after we had departed on our wedding tour. The next morning I left my lodgings for good, feeling inexpressively thankful that in God's gracious providence the tim

had at last arrived when I could enjoy the luxury of having a home of my own.

The day fixed for our marriage proved to be, to a certain extent, one emblematic of life itself. Dark, grey, murky clouds covered the sky ; the atmosphere was impregnated with a cold chilly mist ; large drops, that occasionally fell, indicated shortly a heavy downpour of rain ; and, at last, the threatening was fulfilled in the shape of a thunder shower that in a few minutes filled the gutters and flooded the streets. But, this over, the sun broke out ; patches of blue appeared in the heavens ; sombre clouds were brightened up with silvery linings ; and by the time that the carriages drove up to our door, the mist had totally disappeared, and the cheering light all round gave every promise of our being blessed with a fine day. The ceremony was performed by my own pastor at the Congregational chapel ; it was brief, solemn and impressive, and all things having been duly observed to the registrar's satisfaction, amid the congratulations of numerous friends and the accustomed fun of "rice throwing" for good luck, we re-entered the carriages and were driven home to partake of the sumptuous breakfast which had been provided.

It is perhaps hardly needful to say that with some friends, who also formed a part of the bridal party, we spent a most happy day together ; and it was one which even now, when nearly half a century has passed away, I cannot help but look back upon with intense satisfaction and pleasure. The remembrance of its varied incidents remains as fresh on my mind as if it were only but a year ago. In giving ourselves to each other we both felt that we could say with *Thomas Moore*—

"From this hour the pledge is given
From this hour my soul is thine,
Come what will, from earth, or
heaven.

Weal or woe, thy fate be mine."

In the best of all senses we were united, for we had married "in the Lord." And the Lord was acknowledged amid the festivities of the day. Speeches were made that recognised His providential hand ; hymns were sung sounding forth His praise ; and at the family altar, fervent prayer was offered up by my pastor that God's loving blessing—the "blessing that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow"—might rest upon our union. And that prayer has been richly answered, for if ever a couple had cause to declare truthfully that "marriage was no failure," it was Harry Ockford and his happy wife.

Our honeymoon was spent, mainly, on the Continent, and, in order thoroughly to recruit my wife's health and give me, after much arduous labour, a needful change, it lasted over two months. During this period we revelled amid nature's scenery and historical associations. We were privileged to visit cities, towns, and buildings of which we both had read, and which it was far more pleasant to behold. In Paris, in Marseilles, in Berlin, in Naples, in Rome, and many other noted cities and places, not to speak of the splendid scenery of the Rhine and other rivers, we spent hours and days in seeing sights that thrilled us with surpassing delight : improved our minds : and gave us themes for pleasant conversation for years after. Thoroughly invigorated, we both therefore came back prepared for duty, and better fitted to meet the joys and sorrows which, as man and wife, might fall to our lot.

As my narrative must now draw

to a close, few particulars can be given in relation to our married life which, blessed be God, was prolonged for not less than forty-six years. It was given to us to celebrate our silver wedding, and we both looked forward to the time when we might possibly be favoured to spend together our golden wedding too. But that our gracious and all-wise Father, for reasons best known to Himself, did not permit. It is enough therefore to say that we were blessed with a numerous family of children, only three of whom, however, are now living. Two of them are married and have children of their own, while my only daughter, who became a youthful widow, now keeps my house. During the long years that I and my dear partner were spared to live together, our life was made up both of "cloud and sunshine" to the last. And this was what we expected. We knew well that every state brings with it both its peculiar trials and pleasures, and that married life is no exception to the rule. It is now one year since my dear partner departed this life, and she went rather suddenly. She had enjoyed her usual health until a week prior to her death. Then, through having taken a cold, she was attacked with pleurisy which left her so weak as to preclude all hope of recovery. But her end was peace. Conscious till within the last two hours of her earthly existence she spoke feebly in tones of gratitude for the past, and in hopeful and confident tones of her future. The last words we could catch ere she sweetly fell asleep were these: "Surely goodness and mercy" *have* "followed me all the days of my life," and now "I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." With my three children and a few grandchildren I followed her

corpse to the grave. Her brother Archibald would doubtless have joined the mournful cortège, but, through catching a contagious fever when visiting a patient, he had, seven years before, been called away to enter upon higher service. Both my dear sisters also have long since, together with their husbands, left their earthly home for a heavenly one, leaving behind them sons and daughters who revere their parents' memory and live to call them blessed. But though these were not below to join in paying the last tribute of love and respect to the dear one, I have no doubt that they had welcomed her released spirit on its entrance to the heavenly mansions where she would be with them for evermore. And I often think what a meeting it must have been! As I stood by the grave surrounded by a large number of sympathetic friends and looked for the last time at the coffin-lid that covered the body of my loved one, I thought of that, and then remembering that our parting might be only for a few years at the most, and then we should meet to part no more, though I shook and trembled like an aspen leaf, I felt that "I sorrowed, but not as those without hope."

And now looking back on my life, and having written these chapters, I feel that I can finish where I began. In the first chapter I indicated it to be my belief that, in spite of all the difficulties, struggles, and tribulations through which the believer is called upon to pass, that even in this world these things work for his good and therefore make his "life worth living." And I see no reason on having taken a review of my life, and of that of my dear departed partner's also, to draw to any other conclusion. If it be said—as perhaps it may be—that, belong-

ing to the middle class and having had a lucrative profession, I know nothing of poverty, or of the afflictions that beset the poor ; my answer is, that although I may not have been tried in *their* position, I have been greatly tried in my own. It was no slight trial, for instance, when for more than six weeks after her first confinement, my dear wife hovered in excessive pain and weakness, between life and death, and that amid the suspense we were called upon to consign our firstborn to the grave. It was no slight trial when, three years after we were married, one half of my wife's fortune, left her by her father, was entirely lost through the failure of a bank, to a large extent caused by the fraudulent conduct of the directors. It was no slight trial a couple of years after this through the forgeries and defalcations and subsequent flight of the cashier of our firm, to have personally to suffer the loss of a couple of thousand pounds as my share, which necessitated on the part of each member of the firm the greatest prudence and care for years afterwards to retrieve our former position. It was no slight trial, through the prevalence of a contagious fever in the town, to be called upon to inter somewhat suddenly two of our dear children when they had reached their teens, leaving only the two younger ones behind. It was no slight trial to have met with an accident myself in the shape of a fractured limb that kept me confined to my house in much pain for seven weeks, it being a serious question with the surgeons at first whether or not it would be necessary to subject the leg to amputation. It was no slight trial to lose both my dear sisters within a year of each other ; and to give up my wife for many months in both cases, while far away, she sought

by her presence and aid to comfort the bereaved, and to mitigate the woes of desolate homes. And not to speak of other bitter trials, not the least of my dear partner's, was the unexpected loss of her brother. Once a year, at the least, it was his custom to pay us a cheering visit, in which he was frequently accompanied by his wife and one or two of his children. And their periodical visits were always looked forward to by us all with eager anticipation. He was so cheerful, so full of frolic, and always had so many interesting stories to relate to us, chiefly connected with his profession, that every member of my household felt his loss to be a personal calamity.

Of the minor or ordinary trials of life I say nothing ; neither do I care to allude to the troubles of the various members of our family, which necessarily, more or less, were by loving sympathy made our own. Suffice it to say that could my whole life, or even one-half of it, be recorded, the reader would unhesitatingly conclude that of suffering in some shape or other I, like most others, whether rich or poor, have had a tolerable share. But what of it? Do I make it a cause of complaint? Is there no blessing in the dark cloud? As a Christian and a firm believer in God's Word, so far from believing that the cloud is a curse, in the light of a supernatural and inspired revelation, I have ever been led to regard it as the precursor of sunshine here and still more glorious sunshine hereafter. With no God to go to, with no heavenly Father to pity, with no Saviour to deliver, with no Holy Spirit to sanctify, with no promises of a joyous future to help to bear the sorrow of the present, I can easily understand why the unbeliever or atheist should

look upon life as a dreary and dark enigma which no human intellect can solve. But to a Christian who, as it has been well said, sees "God in everything and everything in God," life, even in its darkest shades, wears a totally different aspect. Affliction, though for the present not joyous but grievous, nevertheless afterwards yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who are exercised thereby. Tribulation in the world only prepares the mind for the enjoyment of peace in Christ. Suffering for Christ's sake is given to the believer in order that he may not only glorify his Lord, but also realize, while enduring it, how wonderfully His grace is sufficient to enable him to sustain it. And to sum all up, "his light affliction

which is but for a moment, worketh for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while he looks not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen," knowing well as he does "that the things that are seen are temporal, while the things that are not seen are eternal." This is the true Christian creed, and because, thanks be to God, it is mine, in prospect of the future, whatever it may be, I can with adoring gratitude look up to Him and say :

"I fear no foe with Thee at hand to
bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no
bitterness.
Where is Death's sting? Where
Grave thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with
me."

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

OUR HYMNS: THEIR AUTHORS AND ORIGIN.

By Rev. R. C. ROBERTS.

No. XI. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

THIS holy man of God is best known to the Christian public as the author of that popular evening hymn, "Abide with me." He was born at Kelso, June 1st, 1793, and received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, where he distinguished himself by writing several prize poems. Whilst visiting a person on his dying bed, his heart was quickened into spiritual life, and although it was his original intention to enter into the medical profession, he was divinely led to devote himself to the Christian

ministry; hence we read of him on leaving college ordained to a curacy near Wexford. He is described as a person of a very weak, frail constitution. He travelled for some time on the Continent, in quest of health, and finally settled down in the South of England. Here he is supposed to have written many of his hymns, such as "Pleasant are Thy courts above," "Praise my soul the King of Heaven," and "Jesus I my cross have taken."

His daughter gives the account of the favourite of all his hymns, "Abide with me." In September, 1847, he was very weak and ill. He was advised to go again on the Continent for the benefit of his health. Before leaving his people he wished to preach once more to them. He was utterly unfit for it,

being evidently in the last stage of exhaustion. The people listened breathlessly, as to a dying man. He made his last appeal to them; and for the last time he administered the Lord's Supper to his sorrowing flock, and in the evening of the same day he placed in the hands of a near relative this beautiful hymn, with a tune of his own composing adapted to the words. Several of the verses seem to receive special force when we know the incident.

"Abide with me! fast falls the even-
tide;
The darkness thickens: Lord, with
me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts
flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with
me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories
pass away;
Change and decay in all around I
see:
O Thou, who changest not, abide
with me!"

He went to the South of Italy, where he died about two months after he composed that evening hymn. He is said to have written another before entering his eternal rest. One verse is—

"O Thou whose touch can lend
Life to the dead. Thy quickening
grace supply,
And grant me, swan-like, my last
breath to spend
In song that may not die."

There is a fable about the swan, that it sings just before it dies. And this hymnist wished to spend his dying breath singing to God. When his end came he pointed upwards, and murmured softly,—

"Peace, joy!" while his face brightened into smiles as the shadow of the last cloud disappeared before the light of the eternal day. How beautifully does the hymn close:

"Hold Thou Thy cross before my
closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point
me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with
me!"

This is a prayer we all need offer. How sweet is it to have the consciousness of God's abiding presence with us! We need it always—"every passing hour." And there will come a time in our experience when we shall more especially need it. When the dark clouds will gather around us—when this world will feel poor and cold—when the dearest earthly friends we may have will be unable to render us any support—how sweet will it be to feel we have One who will be with us in the last extremity, on whose arm we can then lean, and whose loving voice will cheer us in the trying hour of death. But if we desire to have Him in death, it behoves us to seek Him in health and strength, and to devote ourselves with unwearied attention to His service. Then, having that blessed consciousness that God is with us, we shall be able to sing, in the words of the poet—

"I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to
bless!
Ills have no weight, and tears no
bitterness!
Where is Death's sting? Where Grave
thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with
me!"

Pembroke Dock.

THE DIVINE PATTERN.

By the late Rev. MICAH THOMAS.

Continued from Page 300.

4. Consider that the pattern described is intended, and the only one intended, for our observance. We are not to imagine that the platform of Gospel truth and ordinances has been erected, and is exhibited to the world, as an effort of genius, and merely to be gazed upon. It is intended for the reception and devout observance of all that hear the Gospel.

This important obligation of heaven, in the

1st instance, makes it imperative upon us to inquire into, and fully ascertain, the nature and purport of the pattern or model on which we are to act in religion. The first thing that Saul upon his conversion felt anxious upon, was, to know what Christ willed him to do. Acts ix. 6; see also Acts xvi. 30. Do you, my beloved hearers, wish to serve the Lord? The first step you must take is, to learn His will on the subject. And this is expressed only in His word, not in the laws, enactments, and decrees of men. Isaiah viii. 20; John v. 39. Then, ask counsel at the mouth of divine truth, of the glorious Gospel of Christ.

2ndly. The injunction before us makes it our duty to guard against three very dangerous evils, redundancy, deficiency, and unhallowed mixture. In the

1st place, in endeavouring to follow the rules of our pattern, we in the building of the tabernacle. And exactly thus are we, too, required to proceed, with respect to all things whatsoever that are inculcated in the Gospel of Christ, as matters of religious observance and obligation.

Besides, it should be remembered, that it is our sole and whole directory in all things whatsoever that pertain to life and godliness.

Then the necessity of testing all our religious pretensions by the Gospel becomes obvious. And also, of choosing the good, and refusing the evil.

II. Proceed we to consider the injunction to act according to the universal requirements of the rule or pattern described. "See, saith He, that thou make," and so enjoined the Most High God His servant Moses, to act and transact must guard against redundancy. This is, adding to the things written in God's Book. And religion suffers a tremendous burden on this point. See the ordinances of men.

(2) Next, in carrying out our pattern, we must also guard against all deficiency. This is taking from the things appointed in the Gospel, and embodies all omissions of commanded duties and obedience. Here Quakerism transgresses.

(3) Also, all mixture and changing of things human and divine, must be avoided. And this is an evil that extensively prevails in Christendom.

3rdly. And supremely the injunction urged in our text, requires us fully and exactly to adhere to the pattern set before us in the Gospel. "See, saith He, that thou make all," etc. This course is to be taken with every possible degree of accuracy and completeness. It is to be done,

(1) Without any addition.

(2) Without any omission.

(3) Without any mixtures.

(4) Without any changings.

(5) And exactly according to the model or pattern furnished in the Gospel, and in all its requirements. Supposing Moses had deviated from the given pattern in only one

instance, or in the slightest degree, the great Lawgiver would have considered Himself insulted, and His anger would be kindled. And can we with impunity depart from the rule given us to go by in the Gospel? Let us then beware of every dereliction from the standard of evangelical truth, remembering that nothing can be pleasing to God but what is sanctioned by His own revealed will, and that bears His own stamp and signature. All besides is spurious and offensive in His account; and is pernicious and dangerous to ourselves. This naturally leads us,

III. And lastly, to enforce the necessity of fully and precisely adhering to the pattern or model presented to our attention in the Gospel. "See, saith He, that thou make," etc. Mark, the emphasis of the admonition. It is uttered with great earnestness and solemnity, force and authority. It strikingly shows the necessity of obedience.

1. Observe, some persons may thus reason, We are good and virtuous at heart, and consequently we need not care about mere externals. These are only the mint, the anise, and the cummin. But God required the smallest punctiliousness under the law to be sacredly observed. Take, for instance, the candlestick, *Exod. xxxv. 31-33.*

2. Others may thus reason, decency and expediency render it necessary that we should alter and improve some things, to make the Gospel as palatable as possible to the taste of mankind. But, remember, that God is no friend to expediency in matters of faith and practice, He requires the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but

the truth to be observed by us. Hence—

3. The urgent necessity of thus accurately and fully honouring the claims of truth appears, and will admit of illustration and evidence on different grounds.

(1) It may be argued on the ground of the heinousness of disobedience to the claims of direct and positive enactments. Consider the case of Saul, the king of Israel. *1 Sam. xv. 1-23.*

(2) It may be argued from the danger connected with violating positive enactments, evinced and awfully illustrated in the case of the sons of Aaron, and of Uzzah. *Lev. x. 1, 2; 2 Sam. vi. 6, 7.*

(3) It may be argued from the tremendous threat uttered in the Book of God against any one that would presume to add unto or take away from His words. *Rev. xxii. 18, 19.*

(4) It may be argued from the peace and satisfaction, inspiring joy and ecstatic bliss, connected, and for ever connecting, with exactly and fully performing all things according to the simple and spiritual pattern and model of Christianity. Hence, learn the solemn necessity and deep obligation of our doing all things whatsoever, in perfect harmony with the laws of Christianity. And to accomplish this grand purpose, let us in conclusion reflect: 1st. That we must make the Gospel of Christ our careful study. 2ndly. That we must reject everything in faith and practice which it does not require. And 3rdly. That, by prayer and obedience, we must strive to honour all its enactments.

Abergavenny, 25th Dec., 1842.

Gems from Dr. Maclaren's Sermons.

MANY of us know not the bondage in which we are held. We are held in it all the more really and sadly because we conceit ourselves to be free. Those poor, lighthearted people in the dreadful days of the French Revolution used to keep up some ghastly mockery of society and cheerfulness in their prisons: and festooned the bars with flowers, and made believe to be carrying on their life freely as they used to do; but for all that, day after day the tumbrils came to the gates, and morning after morning the jailor stood at the door of the dungeons with the fatal list in his hand, and one after another of the triflers were dragged away to death. And so men and women are living a life which they fancy is free, and all the while they are in bondage, held in a prison house. You, my brother, are chained by guilt, you are chained by sin, you are chained by the habit of evil with a strength of which you never know till you try to shake it off.

If it be true that by the sacrifice of Himself Christ has given us ourselves, what then? Why then, dear brethren, the only adequate response to that gift, made ours at such cost to the Giver, is to give ourselves back wholly to Him who gave Himself wholly to us. Christ can only buy me at the cost of Himself. Christ only wants myself when He gives Himself. In the sweet commerce of that reciprocal love which is the foundation of all blessedness, the only equivalent for a heart is a heart. As in our daily life, and in our sweet human affections, husband and wife, and parent and children have nothing that they can barter the one with the other except mutual interchange of self, so Jesus Christ's great gift to me can only be acknowledged, adequately responded to, when I give myself to Him.

I give Thee all, I can no more,
Poor though the offering be,

must be the only language that can satisfy that infinite hunger of the divine human heart over us, which prompted the death upon Calvary, and made it in His eyes who paid it a small price to pay for the recompense of our love.

By reason of our high appreciation of an intelligent Christianity, let us—especially you who call yourselves cultivated and educated people—let us beware lest our Christianity has all run to brain, and left limbs to become feeble and shrunken. In the old Greek drama, there used to be one actor to speak the words and another man to do the gesticulations. And that is the kind of thing you find among some Christian people now-a-days; one man does the talking, and thinks he has done quite enough in setting forth the theory of Christian life, and he leaves it to somebody else to put it in practice. Let us beware of that, and lay to heart this linked chain of which each link springs from the preceding and perfects that from which it springs. "In your faith supply strength, and in your strength supply knowledge."

Try and get a more firm and intelligent grip of the principles of the New Testament as a whole. I believe *there* is the weakness of much of our modern popular Christianity. My dear friends, you do not read your Bibles half enough. Magazines and periodicals on a Sunday afternoon are all very well, but that they should elbow out the Bible is not well. I desiderate in the Christian people of this day, an intelligent grasp of Christianity as a system. We have heard so much—thank God—of late years about Christ being Christianity, that people have forgotten that it is also true that in Christ there lie the facts which cannot be appreciated unless they be systematised into a doctrinal whole. I would urge upon you to get a firmer hold of that great system which is in Christ, and have it at your fingers' ends, in order that you may be ready to apply the principles that are in it swiftly, when emergencies spring up suddenly, as they always do spring up in men's lives.

I say nothing about the absolute exclusion of any other purpose of this memorial rite. If the Lord's Supper was the mysterious thing that the superstition of later ages has made it, how in the name of common sense does it come that not one syllable, looking in that direction, dropped from His lips when He established it? Surely He in that upper chamber knew best what He meant and what He was doing when He established the rite; and I, for my part, am contented to be told that I believe in a poor, bald Zwinglianism, when I say with my Master that the purpose of the Lord's Supper is simply the commemoration and therein the proclamation of His death. There is no magic, no mystery, no "sacrament" about it. It blesses us when it makes us remember Him. It does the same thing for us that any other means of bringing Him to mind does. It does that through a different vehicle. A sermon does it by words, the communion does it by symbols. That is the difference to be found between them. And away goes the whole fabric of superstitious Christianity and all its mischiefs and evils, when once you accept the simple "Remember." Christ told us what He meant by the rite when he said, "Do this in remembrance of Me."

I do want if I could to make some of you to look realities for once in the face, and to be sure of this that retribution is proportioned to light and that the sin of sins is the rejection of Jesus Christ. Beneath the broad folds of that "more tolerable" there lie infinite degrees of retribution. The same deed done by a group of men may be indefinitely varied in its culpability according to the motives, and the clearness of knowledge which accompany or prompt the doing of it. And so just because the life beyond is the accurate outcome and issue of the whole character and conduct estimated according to motive and knowledge therefore there must be differences infinitely wide between the fate of the servant that knew his Lord's will and the servant that knew it not.

There are two men in the book of the Acts of the Apostles, who pass through the same stages of feeling up to a certain point, and then they diverge. And the two men's outline history is the best sermon that I can preach upon this point. Felix "becoming afraid recoils," shuts himself up, puts away the thing that disturbs him, and settles himself back into his evil. The Philippian jailor becoming afraid (the phrases in the original being almost identical) like a sensible man tries to find out the reason of his fear, and how to get rid of it; and falls down at the Apostles' feet and says "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" The fear is not meant to last; it is of no good in itself; it is only an impelling motive that leads us to look to the Saviour, and the man that uses it so has used it rightly.

Reviews.

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

THE nineteenth volume of Words Faithful, Earnest and True, the reading of which will bring profit to old and young. The book is full of expressive and touching pictures, and is very prettily bound. 1s. 6d. in cloth, 2s. gilt. A nice book for a present. Also published by Alfred Holness *The Golden Text Calendar*, 1891. Texts for the year, uncover one each day. *The Day by Day Almanack and Christian's Daily Remembrancer*, edited by HEYMAN WREFOED. Price one penny, or cloth antique, sixpence. *The Halfpenny Search and See Almanack*, a text book for old and young, and the Faithful Words Sheet Almanack, illustrated.

The Herald of Mercy, a monthly messenger for humble homes, originated by the late DUNCAN MATHESON. Morgan and Scott, Paternoster Buildings.

THIS Shilling Annual is appreciated and valued by a multitude of readers. It will shed light and love in every home where its stories are read and applied. The engravings are pleasant to the eye.

Little Kathleen; or, Sunny Memories of a Child Worker. By ANNIE R. BUTLER. Morgan & Scott.

IT would have been a loss to parents and children if the reluctance of the parents to publish the history of their little one had prevented the issue. It is a touching and stimulating story well told.

The Bible, True from the Beginning.
By EDWARD GOUGH, B.A., Lon.
Vol. 4. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.

REALLY this specimen of commentary is altogether beyond us. We are plain, simple folk, and must remain where we are. We have no time to begin over again.

We have received with the *British Messenger the Gospel Trumpet*, and *Good News*, from Drummond Tract Depot, Stirling. Two packets of the "Knowing Jesus" Series, by WILLIAM THOMPSON, each containing twelve assorted for sixpence a packet. Sixteen page tract with pictorial toned covers. The size for posting, and would prove a worthy messenger to go about doing good.

The first parts of the new volume of *The Sunday at Home*, *The Leisure Hour*, *The Boy's Own Paper*, and *The Girl's Own Paper*, are issued for November, with new tales and illustrations of a superior character, poetry and articles by well-known writers. The November monthly parts maintain all their long possessed vigour, and have also some artistic mouthpieces. *The Boy's Own* contains two Coloured Pictures, and we congratulate Mr. Hutchison and his staff on the vigour with which they have so long carried on this famous *Boy's Own Paper*.

The *Baptist Magazine* contains a good likeness and sketch of the Rev. W. R. Skerry. The *Sword and Trowel* informs us that Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's lecture on "Sermons in Candles" has been published at one shilling. The *General Baptist* has a further article on the Amalgamation of the General and Particular Baptists. Dr. Dawson Burns is always able and logical, but we are scarcely with him in the side he takes in the proposed amalgamation.

We have received the *Baptist Tract Society's Report*, *The Bible Society's Monthly Report*, and the *Bible Society's Gleanings for the Young*, *The Philanthropist*, *Report of the Committee of Manchester College*, *the Voice of Warning*, *The British Flag*, etc., etc.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. H. E. STONE, of the Tabernacle, Nottingham, has accepted the pastorate of Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood, N.W.

Rev. W. Stokes, in consequence of failing health, has resigned the pastorate of the church at Pinner, Middlesex.

Rev. W. H. Tredray, of Wandsworth, has accepted the call of the church worshipping at Vauxhall Chapel, Upper Kennington Lane.

Rev. H. B. Bardwell has resigned the pastorate of Station Hill Chapel, Chippenham.

Rev. James Easter has resigned the pastorate at Ashton-on-Ribble, near Preston.

Rev. F. T. B. Westlake has resigned the pastorate of Radcliffe Chapel, Manchester.

Rev. A. A. Cole has resigned the pastorate of Goodall Street Chapel, Walsall, after a ministry of 35 years, leaving the care of the church in the hands of Rev. B. Millard, who has been his co-pastor.

Rev. W. E. Glanville has resigned the pastorate at Wells, Somerset.

Rev. Lewis Bartlett has resigned the pastorate of Carey Chapel, Moulton, Northants.

Rev. J. Crook, formerly pastor of Tyldesley Chapel, has accepted the pastorate of College Park Chapel, Lewisham.

Rev. J. Moffat Logan, of Bromley, has accepted the pastorate of Old King Street Chapel, Bristol, and will commence his ministry on the first Sunday in the New Year.

Rev. Frank Potter, late of Osborne, Nova Scotia, has accepted the pastorate at Harston, Cambs.

Church, Norwich, was presented with an illuminated address and a purse of £200. The meeting was presided over by Mr. H. Trevor, and among those present were Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P., the Mayor of Norwich (Mr. W. H. Dakin), Mr. G. White (ex-sheriff), Revs. G. S. Barrett, B.A., R. Govett, M.A., W. A. MacAllen, J. P. Perkins, W. B. Taylor, and W. Ruthven (pastor-elect). After Mr. Taylor had responded, his son, Rev. W. Bampton Taylor, gave a brief epitome of his father's work, alluding to his residence and work in Orissa, where he had laboured nearly twenty years, his pastorate at Priory Yard, his purchase of St. Clement's Chapel, and his labours there, extending from 1875 to 1890. Other speakers bore testimony to the consistent Christian character maintained and the great work accomplished by Mr. Taylor during his connection with the church.

Rev. H. W. Meadow, on leaving Wolston for Warwick, has received an additional gift of a writing-desk, and his wife a plated teapot. The church at Wolston has appealed to Queen's Road Church, Coventry, to be taken under their supervision for the future, and the appeal has been promised serious consideration.

Mr. John Miller, superintendent of the Sunday-school at Earls Barton, has been presented by the teachers with a silver inkstand and penholder on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday.

Miss E. U. Ellis, on leaving Coventry for America, has been presented with several testimonials of regard from friends connected with Lord Street Schools. The girls' senior class gave her a copy of the Revised Version and an album; her fellow-teachers a travelling bag; and the Dorcas Society and Mothers' Meeting a gold chain and brooch.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. GEORGE TAYLOR, on retiring from the pastorate of St. Clement's

Rev. Edward Last, before leaving Kelso, was presented with a purse of gold by the congregation, and six volumes by the Good Templars. Mr. Last commenced his ministry of Dunbarton on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Smith have been presented by the members at Oxford Street Chapel, Bristol, with a copy of Sankey's hymns bound in morocco, a volume of poems, and a jewel case, in token of esteem and regard on their silver wedding. Mr. Matthews, secretary of the Mer's Bible Class, has also received a copy of Sankey's hymns.

Rev. W. Rickard, who has completed twenty-five years' pastorate at Child's Hill, has been presented with an illuminated address and a cheque for 200 guineas.

Rev. T. Rhys Evans, who recently resigned the pastorate of the Charley Way Chapel, Leicestershire, after nineteen years' service, on the attainment of his sixtieth year, has been presented with a purse of gold and an illuminated address. During the last sixty-four years the church has only had two pastors.

RECOGNITIONS.

RECOGNITION services in connection with the settlement of Rev. W. Llewelyn Williams, as the pastor of Zion Church, Bolton, have been held. The pastor preached in the morning, and in the evening the pulpit was occupied by Rev. J. R. Wolstenholme, M.A. On Monday evening, the recognition meeting was held under the presidency of Rev. G. Williams, of Ashley Bridge.

Rev. H. Bull has been recognised as pastor of the churches at Kegworth and Diseworth, Leicestershire. Mr. James Wardle presided, and Revs. R. Selby, J. Watts, H. Wood, C. W. Vick, and R. M. Julian delivered addresses.

Mr. W. Reynolds, of Haverfordwest College, has been ordained to the pastorate at Martletwy. Rev. Prin-

cipal Davies, D.D., delivered the charge to the minister, and Rev. W. E. Watkins to the church. The ordination prayer was offered by Rev. T. Evans.

Rev. O. D. Campbell, M.A., has been recognised as minister of Commercial Street Chapel, Newport. Revs. Principal Edwards, J. Walker, and H. Abraham took part.

Mr. H. Ellis, M.A., has been ordained to the pastorate at Farsley. Rev. Edward Parker, D.D., gave the charge, and Rev. J. T. Marshall addressed the church. At the evening meeting Mr. Briggs Priestley, M.P., presided.

Rev. G. Pring has been recognised as pastor of the Mission Church, Sayers Street, Norwich. Alderman George White presided. Addresses of welcome were given by Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, M.A., Messrs. H. P. Gould, Howlett, Bray, Willmott, Councillor Green, and others.

Rev. Daniel Jones, late of Bristol College, has been recognised as pastor of Ebenezer Church, Bury Road, Haslingden. Rev. James Culross, M.A., D.D., gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. W. S. Davis addressed the church. Revs. H. C. Leonard, M.A., W. C. Davies, B.A., J. Harper, T. Thomas, T. C. Davies, W. C. Annesley, T. J. Dent, J. Lee, J. K. Chappell, and S. Caldwell took part.

A recognition service in connection with the settlement of Rev. C. Saville as pastor at Hampton Court was held on Wednesday, Oct. 29th. Mr. D. Clarke, B.A. (High Wycombe) delivered an address commending Mr. and Mrs. Saville to the church. A letter was read from Rev. W. Stott, who regretted his inability to be present. Mr. F. A. Foy, deacon, gave a brief history of the cause, and on behalf of the members gave the right hand of fellowship to Mr. Saville. Rev. C. Saville expressed his thanks, and said he thought he saw an opening for aggressive work at Hampton Court. Addresses were given by Revs. W. J. Avery,

W. W. Haines, J. Clark, G. Burgoyne and Mr. John Allen.

NEW CHAPELS.

MEMORIAL-STONES of a new chapel at Smallheath, Birmingham, have been laid by Rev. J. W. Wise (pastor), Colonel Griffin, Rev. C. Joseph, and Messrs. S. A. Daniel, John Dowse, C. H. Foster, and A. Smith. The building, which is to meet the requirements of the congregation now worshipping in Victoria Street Chapel, will cost £3,313, and about £1,500 is in hand.

A chapel, erected at a cost of £700 on land given by Mrs. Jackson, has been opened at Kirkby Stephen, one of the mission stations of the church at Crosby Garrett, under the joint pastorates of Revs. C. G. Jones and W. Maynard. Dr. Landels was the preacher. The proceeds of the opening services amounted to £135.

The church which for eight years has worshipped in Wynn Street Mission Hall, under the pastorate of Mr. C. S. P. Wood, has commenced its occupation of Longmore Street Tabernacle, Birmingham, which has been purchased and thoroughly repaired and renovated.

The new chapel at Street, Somerset, has been opened with a sermon by Rev. E. Edwards, of Torquay. In the evening there was a public meeting, with addresses by the Mayor of Glastonbury (Mr. J. Morland), Rev. D. Bartlett, and other ministers. A debt of about £200 remains on the building.

The new church at Horwich has secured the use of the old Wesleyan Chapel for a meeting-house.

A new chapel for English services has been opened at Aberaman. Revs. D. Davies, T. Jones, D. Thomas, J. Griffiths, and W. Williams (pastor), preached. The building will seat 350 persons.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CWMCOY, NEAR ABERGAVENNY.—Henllan Baptist Church.—The ordi-

nation of J. N. Smith, of Pontypool College, as pastor over the three churches of Henllan, Mon., Capel-y-Ffin, Brecknock, and Tabernacle. Carmarthen, took place at the first-named church on Friday afternoon, October 17th. Prayer was offered by Rev. H. Jenkins, after which Principal Edwards, B.A., of Pontypool College, put the usual questions. The ordination prayer was offered by Rev. B. Davis. Principal Edwards then gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. J. Lewis to the churches. Rev. J. Williams and several students from the College attended the service to show their regard. At 6.30 a harvest thanksgiving service was held in the same place, when Rev. W. Edwards, B.A., delivered an able and eloquent sermon, bearing on the harvest, to a large audience, which closed the services for the day.

BAPTISMS.

Arnsby.—November 16, One, the pastor's son, by W. H. Payne.
Abergele.—October 29, Two, by T. Roberts.
Aldershot.—October 29, One; November 9, One, by J. Aubrey.
Blaenauvon, Forge Side.—October 12, Eleven; November 9, Four, by J. Tucker.
Birmingham, Lombard Street.—November 8, Four, by R. Weaver.
Braintree.—October 2, Six, by A. Curtis.
Buckley, Ebenezer Chapel, Daisy Hill.—November 4, Five, by D. Davis.
Bournemouth, Westbourne Chapel.—October 9, Seven, by R. B. Morrison.
Brighton, Sussex Street.—October 12, Three, by C. S. Hull.
Bardwell, Suffolk.—October 12, One, by G. F. Wall.
Cadoxton, Barry Dock.—October 26, Five.
Cardiff, Hope, Canton.—October 26, One, by T. W. Medhurst.
Chatham.—October 26, Four, by T. Hancock.
Cross Keys, Mon.—November 2, Six, by C. H. Watkins.
Doncaster.—October 6, Two by J. F. Porteus.
Dunfermline.—October 15, Five, by J. T. Hagen.
Ebenezer, Abertillery, Mon.—November 2, Five, by D. Hussey.
Forest Row, Bethesda Chapel.—October 26, Two, by A. G. Egerton.
Grays, Dell Road.—October 22, Two, by R. Bully.
George Street, Ryde, I.W.—October 12, Two, by E. B. Pearson.

Hendon.—Two (from the Mission Hall), by O. Deal.
Heywood.—November 2, Three, by G. E. Buckeridge.
Ipsstock.—October 26, Three, by J. P. Newman.
Jersey, Vauxhall.—October 26, Three, by C. A. Fellowes.
Knighton.—November 2, One; November 4, One, by W. Williams.
Maeserhelem, Radnorshire.—October 24, One. *Maeserhelem*, Baundolos, (a branch of Maeserhelem).—November 1, One, by D. Davis.
Manchester, Coupland Street.—October 26, Twelve, by A. E. Clarke, B.A.
Morrison, Aiton.—November 2, Two, by W. John.
Berthyr, Tabernacle.—Seventeen, by W. Morris.
Northampton.—October 8, Four, by S. Needham.
Newport, Mon., Duckpool Road.—November 2, Six, by A. G. Jones.
Norton, Skenfreth, Monmouthshire.—October 26, Two, by J. Hook.
Okehampton.—November 2, Two, by L. G. Whiting.
Penge Tabernacle.—October 30, Four, by J. W. Ecad.
Porth.—October 12, Seven, by O. Owens.
Rochdale, Milnrow Road.—November 2, Six, by D. O. Davies.
Redhill, London Road.—October 26, Three, by G. Davies.

Rhayader, Radnorshire.—October 24, Two, by J. O. Jenkins.
Risca (Mon.).—October 26, Two, by T. Thomas.
Rochester.—October 15, Six, by G. A. Miller.
Sandhurst, Berks.—October 12, Two, by J. Rose.
Siloam, Machen (Mon.).—October 19, Eleven, by D. Evans.
Stratford-on-Avon, Payton Street.—October 12, Three, by J. Pugh.
Sharon, Goitre (Mon.).—October 16, One, by T. L. Thomas.
Southsea, Elm Grove.—October 12, Two, by J. P. Williams.
St. Peter's, Margate.—November 9, Three, by W. L. Mackenzie.
Southport, Town Hall.—October 10, Seven, H. A. Phillips.
Sheerness, Strove Crescent.—October 26, Two, by G. Curtis.
South Bank, Yorks.—October 26, Two, by T. B. Lewis.
Troubridge, Bethesda.—October 22, Eleven, by H. Sanders.
Thornton Heath, Beulah Chapel.—November 5, Two, by J. W. Harrauld.
Treherbert, Bethany.—October 19, Seven, by J. Meredyth.
Waltham Abbey.—October 12, Four, by W. Jackson.
Whittlesea.—October 19, Five, by H. W. Wilks.
Wrexham.—October 19, Three, by P. A. Hudgell.

Lean Hard!

CHILD of My love, "Lean Hard,"
 And let Me feel the pressure of thy care :
 I know thy burden, child—I shaped it,
 Poised it in Mine own hand—made no proportion
 Of its weight to thine own unaided strength ;
 For even as I laid it on, I said :
 " I shall be near, and while she leans on Me,
 This burden shall be Mine, not hers ;
 So shall I keep My child within the circling arms
 Of Mine own love." Here lay it down, nor fear
 To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
 The government of worlds. Yet closer come—
 Thou art not near enough—
 I would embrace thy care,
 So I might feel My child reposing on My breast.
 Thou lovest Me?—I know it; doubt not, then,
 But, loving Me, "LEAN HARD!"

THE
BAPTIST YEAR-BOOK

AND
ALMANACK FOR 1890,

CONSISTING OF
SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND MEDITATIONS

For Every Day in the Year.

METROPOLITAN CHAPEL DIRECTORY, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF DECEASED MINISTERS, AND OTHER DENOMINATIONAL
INTELLIGENCE :

TOGETHER WITH
THE USUAL ALMANACK INFORMATION.

London:
61, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1. **W.** But this I say—the time is short, 1 Cor. vii. 29.

Time is precious, uncertain, when gone irrevocably, and for which we must give account.

2. **T.** The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all, Prov. xxii. 2.

Two things needed: for the rich to find out how the poor live, and for the poor to know how the rich work.

3. **F.** And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, Ps. xc. 17.

Such beauty we see in Jesus Christ, and that is possible only in Christ.

4. **S.** Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? John i. 46.

Prejudice is one of the most powerful blinding of spiritual sight.

5. **Sun.** Who hath abolished death, 2 Tim. i. 10.

No longer let the mourner weep,
Nor call departed Christian dead;
For death is hallowed into sleep,
And every grave becomes a bed.

6. **M.** Building up yourselves on your most holy faith, Jude 20.

By personal study and growth in knowledge and earnest prayer for Divine aid.

7. **Tu.** And Jesus said unto him, This day is salvation come to this house, Luke xix. 9.

What is salvation? To be delivered from everything mean, low, selfish and cringing; bold before God, because known to us and we known to God.

8. **W.** And thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins, Matt. i. 21.

Not the sins that we have done, but the sinners that we are; we are condemned because we will not leave our sins.

9. **T.** For the Son of man is come to seek and save that which is lost, Luke xix. 10.

We are all lost until we turn homeward; until we are in the way of doing the thing that is right.

10. **F.** Behold, I stand at the door, and knock, Rev. iii. 20.

Christ will come when you want Him, He will not force His way in.

11. **S.** And, behold, a greater than Solomon is here, Matt. xii. 42.

Some will not take pains; not earnest, open-minded. All may learn of this queen.

12. **Sun.** It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom, 1 Kings x. 6.

The power of Solomon was great; he was a great organiser, administrator, and trader.

13. **M.** And, behold, a greater than Solomon is here, Matt. xii. 42.

In Christ we have a living Person and eternal life.

14. **Tu.** What is truth? John xviii. 38.

They whose desire is to find the truth, to follow whomever it leads and do whatever it commands.

15. **W.** For we cannot but speak things which we have seen and heard, Acts iv. 20.

Whether men hear or not, bless or curse, what we believe we must speak.

16. **T.** Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, John vi. 68.

You will never find rest till, in all trust and humility, you come to Christ with this cry.

17. **F.** Judge not, that ye be not judged, Matt. vii. 1.

You are not called upon to renounce the right of discerning between good and evil.

18. **S.** Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy, Matt. v. 7.

Such is the promise, the pledge to us: and its fulfilment is in the present as well as the future.

19. **Sun.** So the last shall be first, and the first last, Matt. xx. 16.

A great reversal of human judgment is in store, and those most confidently made now will be reversed hereafter.

20. **M.** Therefore judge nothing before the time, 1 Cor. iv. 5.

You are not to suspend your critical faculty: our judgments are fallible, often wrong.

21. **Tu.** For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, Matt. vii. 2.

Our own faultiness ought to make us cautious, forbearing and unwilling to condemn.

22. **W.** And with measure ye meet, it shall be measured to you again, Matt. vii. 2.

Growth in self-knowledge is the best of all cures for self-confidence.

23. **T.** Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful, Luke vi. 36.

This the great motive for forbearance, as also its great reward, likeness to God.

24. **F.** And ye shall be the children of the Highest, Luke vi. 35.

God displays His power chiefly in showing mercy and pity if not, all hope for us would be gone.

25. **S.** Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow servant, even as I had pity on thee? Matt. xviii. 33.

Christ has taught us that in displaying pity in thought, word and deed we are most truly the children of God.

26. **Sun.** For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, Matt. vii. 2.

There are judgments which we cannot help forming, which are the voice of reason and conscience within us.

27. **M.** Delight thyself also in the Lord, Ps. xxxvii. 4.

The rectification of desire and the gratification of it, that is the Gospel, that is good news.

28. **Tu.** And not holding the head, Col. ii. 19.

A living grasp of a living Christ is our duty: the finding of Christ and being found in Him.

29. **W.** Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, Ecc. ix. 10.

Action is the end of existence. We are only living whilst we are doing.

30. **T.** Do it with thy might, Ecc. ix. 10.

There is work for all and tools to work with; the spirit and ability in which we are to do our work.

31. **F.** He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life, Prov. xiii. 3.

Keep well thy lips; none can know what evil from the tongue may flow.

1. S. How often would I have gathered thy children together, Matt. xxiii. 37.

How earnestly Christ desires to have the guilty. However black your sin may be, Christ is ready to forgive you.

2. Sun. Even as a hen gathereth her chickens, Matt. xxiii. 37.

How tenderly Christ gives shelter and rest to those who come to Him. The wonders of redeeming love.

3. M. And ye would not, Matt. xxiii. 37.

Why, in spite of this love of God and Christ, will some perish? The awful depravity of the human will.

4. Tu. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable, 1 Cor. xv. 19.

In losing Christ, we lose every motive that can inspire us to a life of nobility, purity and self-sacrifice.

5. W. But I am among you as He that serveth, Luke xxii. 27.

The Divine beauty, the blessedness of serving, the charm and force of these works.

6. T. And serve Him day and night in His temple, Rev. vii. 15.

Greatness and blessedness are to be found in service, here and hereafter.

7. F. Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation? Heb. i. 14.

To be ready for heaven is to have the mind of His King, who took on Him in the form of a servant.

8. S. But by love, serve one another, Gal. v. 13.

A life which has in it nothing of service has in it nothing of heaven.

9. Sun. In everything give thanks, 1 Thes. v. 18.

Why?

For all things work thy good.
 Would thy Lord evil bring on
 The soul He bought with blood.

10. M. Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them, Heb. xiii. 3.

The traits of Christian character; reverence, sympathy, tenderness and vigilance.

11. Tu. Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed, John xx. 29.

Thou wilt praise for all ere long,
 But hath faith in the dark—
 No trustful song.
 Ere open sight be given.

12. W. Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, Gal. v. 1.

The noblest emancipations, the highest joy, and the most glorious success.

13. T. And hope maketh not ashamed, Rom. v. 5.

It is impossible for a man to despair who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent.

14. F. Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me, Mark viii. 24.

We cannot do our duty except by exertion; we must each bear our cross with Him, each day makes it easier to bear.

15. S. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven, Matt. v. 3.

The blessedness comes into lowly hearts; and humble souls, self-empty, shall be filled.

16. Sun. They are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness, Lam. iii. 23.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive;
 What to-morrow may bode,
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.

17. M. I will fear no evil, Ps. xxiii. 4.

Christ speaks of death as the beginning of life. He touched the gloom and made it light.

18. Tu. They have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge, Rom. x. 2.

How much better is the love which is ready to die than the zeal that is ready to kill.

19. W. Search the Scriptures, John v. 39.

The Scriptures show us what God has done for man, and what man is to do for God.

20. T. Be not conformed to this world, Rom. xii. 2.

It is not by change of circumstance, but by fitting ourselves to the place in which God has placed us that we can be reconciled to life and duty.

21. F. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part, 1 Cor. xiii. 9.

Man was not made to solve the problem of existence, he was made to attempt it that he might know the limits of the knowable.

22. S. For I know whom I have believed, 2 Tim. i. 12.

Paul had come into vital contact with a living Saviour; he had come to know Him.

23. Sun. Lest at any time we let them drift, (R.V.) Heb. ii. 1.

There is one aim for all to grow into the likeness of God, we must be watchful over our aims and efforts.

24. M. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, Matt. xi. 29.

Submission, discipline and effort must go before repose; the lesson must be learned, and then comes the reward of rest.

25. Tu. The officers answered, Never man spake like this man, John vii. 46.

The authority which pervaded Christ's teaching; and His perfect knowledge of the truth which He taught.

26. W. And He shall give you another Comforter, John xiv. 16.

In the hour of my distress,
 When temptations sore oppress,
 And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet favour, comfort me.

27. T. And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, Rom. viii. 28.

God never deserts. He guards us from first to last, if we continue in His love.

28. F. He that spared not His own son, but delivered Him for us all, Rom. viii. 32.

Jesus, all my consolations
 Flow from Thee, Thou Sovereign good,
 Life and hope, and faith, and patience,
 All are purchased by Thy blood.

1. S. And hath made of one blood all nations of men, Acts xvii. 26.

The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man all men's goal, should be the rule of all.

2. Sun. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ, Gal. vi. 2.

Sirife between class and class, labour and capital, masters and followers will be at end when all shall conform to this law.

3. M. And the common people heard Him gladly, Mark xii. 37.

Christ was of the people and for the people, and the people expressed their liking for Him.

4. Tu. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, James iv. 14.

He lives long who lives well, and time misspent is not lived, but lost.

5. W. The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? Ps. xlvii. 1.

As ever infusing joy and brightness into his lot. If I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.

6. T. For Thou wilt light my candle; the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness, Ps. xlviii. 28.

The lamp lighted up and burning is an image of life and prosperity.

7. F. And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us, John i. 14.

And so the Word came down and wrought,
With human hands, the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought.

8. S. All the saints salute you, Phil. iv. 22.

The Gospel is a spiritual restoring power, and it imparts the spirit of true courage.

9. Sun. Buy the truth and sell it not, Prov. xliii. 23.

Truth when won is the possession of the whole nature, the intellect, the affections, backed by the power of the will.

10. M. Lead me to the rock that is higher than I, Ps. lxi. 2.

Oh, bear me up when this weak heart despairs,
And the one arm which faith can lean on is the Lord's.

11. Tu. And have heard ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, John iv. 42.

Belief fixed by personal contact with Christ.

12. W. That this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world, John iv. 42.

Hear Christ for yourself, learn what He is and you will bear witness to Him.

13. T. And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all, 2 Tim. ii. 24.

Speak gently, it is better far
To win by love than fear;
Let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

14. F. Therefore being justified by faith, Rom. v. 1.

Though faith justifies, yet works must justify our faith. 1

15. S. The lips of the wise disperse knowledge, Prov. xv. 7.

The conversations of a wise and good man can hardly help being beneficial to those who converse with him.

16. Sun. But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, James i. 22.

Do at whatever cost what the voice within bids you; the path of duty is the path of safety.

17. M. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, Matt. x. 25.

The burden of the cross is but to be like Him who bore it, and who can lessen its weight.

18. Tu. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love, 1 John iv. 8.

Love is a wonderful help in painful circumstances, and is the best preparation for the sunset of life.

19. W. But the members should have the same care one for another, 1 Cor. xii. 25.

This sets forth the duty of class to class, of man to man; the members should have the same care one for another.

20. T. But covet earnestly the best gifts, 1 Cor. xii. 31.

The humblest occupation has in it materials of discipline for the highest heaven.

21. F. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all unto Me, John xii. 32.

A people under one Head, a universal Kingdom, Christ's death the conditions of attaining it.

22. S. Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, Gal. v. 1.

Freedom from condemnation to the promises, the throne of grace to Heaven's charter, the Bible.

23. Sun. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Rom. viii. 35.

When pierced and wounded on the cross,
Man's sin and doom were mine,
I loved thee with undying love,
Immortal and divine.

24. M. As obedient children, 1 Peter i. 14.

The condition of vision and knowledge brings joy, rest, hope and strength.

25. Tu. And who is my neighbour? Luke x. 29.

The great truth, every one is our neighbour who needs our help, though he should be an enemy.

26. W. His father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him, Luke xv. 20.

The inexhaustible love of our Father in heaven. It sets forth that love with pathos and power.

27. T. Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find, Matt. vii. 7.

To those who are seeking light, light is given, while those who neither care for it nor seek it are left in darkness.

28. F. For now we see through a glass, darkly, 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

Trusty efforts crossed and vexed; if you could see them right, they would be clear, wise and bright.

29. S. Who went about doing good, Acts x. 38.

Is doing good our life work? Is it the most conspicuous feature of our character?

30. Sun. And healing all that were oppressed of the devil, Acts x. 38.

Imitate Christ. It is good for ourselves to see the sufferings of others; go among them and help them.

31. M. Our days upon earth are a shadow Job viii. 9.

Our life is but a fading dawn.
Its glorious noon how quickly past
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone
Safe home at last.

SUN'S RISINGS AND SETTINGS.					
1st d.	13th d.	25th d.	1st d.	13th d.	25th d.
5.38	8.11	4.46	6.32	8.81	7.10

April.

MOON'S CHANGES.			
F. M., 5th d., 9.24 m.	N. M., 19th d., 4.6 m.		
L. Q., 12th d., 10.63 m.	F. Q., 27th d., 4.52 m.		

1. **Tu.** Verily I say unto Thee, to-day shalt Thou be with me in paradise, Luke xxiii. 43.
The loving and gracious response of Christ; more than he asked.

2. **W.** O, the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, Rom. xi. 33.
All wisdom and grace and mercy spring from God and come from Him.

3. **T.** I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me, Ps. xl. 1.

We must make the Lord the object of our pursuits; He always attends to our cry.

4. **F.** He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, Ps. xl. 2.

God had delivered him from the danger which surrounded him, placed him in safety.

5. **S.** And He hath put a new song in my mouth; praise unto our God, Ps. xl. 3.

"He to my tongue imparts
An anthem new and best,
Praise to our God, a thousand hearts
Shall see, and thank, and fear, and rest."

6. **Sun.** As with a sword in my bones; say, Where is thy God? Ps. xlii. 10.

Who can refute a sneer? a base innuendo, a wicked insinuation?

7. **M.** Before thou camest forth I sanctified thee, Jer. i. 5.

He shrank from the prophetic vocation; he fears, he falters, as he enters the Divine presence.

8. **Tu.** Then said I, Ah, Lord God, I cannot speak, for I am a child, Jer. i. 6.

He never loses this profound sense of unfitness for his work, to him a calamity that he was called to it.

9. **W.** As for me, I have not hastened from a pastor to follow Thee, Jer. xvii. 16.

This sense of unfitness was a constant stimulus, a perpetual spur.

10. **T.** O Lord, Thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived, Jer. xx. 7.

He was full of wild impassioned utterances; his speech is man and shrill.

11. **F.** I will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name, Jer. xx. 9.

Jeremiah had to speak evil from the Lord, and not good; he was more disposed to sing songs than to attempt reformation.

12. **S.** Sing unto the Lord, praise ye the Lord, Jer. xx. 13.

In moments of inspiration he is elevated, God's word is the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

13. **Sun.** H. praise God; for I shall yet praise Him, Ps. xliii. 5.

My God, my joy, when visions sweet,
Thrill keenest o'er my mind.

14. **M.** But God hath chosen the foolish things to confound the wise, 1 Cor. i. 27.

It is a law of the Divine kingdom that we are chosen to overcome the powerful.

15. **Tu.** The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want, Ps. xxiii. 1.

Entire trust in God, therefore all wants will be supplied. We want faith, confidence, and peace.

16. **W.** When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything? Luke xxii. 35.

Christ will give what we need. He satisfies all our deep needs.

17. **T.** I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Ps. xliii. 4.

Life has its perils; yet come what may—change, adversity, and death—you may pass on without fear.

18. **F.** As free, and not using liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God, 1 Pet. ii. 16.

The condition and duty of freedom, and yet subjection; conduct themselves befitting their position.

19. **S.** If the Son therefore make you free, ye shall be free indeed, John viii. 36.

Real freedom can only come from Christ. The miserable condition of those who are the slaves of sin.

20. **Sun.** When ye were the servants of sin, what fruit had ye in those things, Rom. vi. 20.

Man's deepest degradation and shame: slaves in character, conduct, and will.

21. **M.** Now the Lord is that Spirit; and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty, 2 Cor. iii. 17.

And only there. The slave set free from moral and spiritual delusions.

22. **Tu.** Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, Gal. v. 1.

The wise only are free; not free from restraint, to act as you please. Under obligations to serve God and goodness.

23. **W.** For he that is called in the Lord, a servant, is the Lord's freeman, 1 Cor. vii. 22.

Under obligation as Christ commands.

24. **T.** Surely he shall not be moved for ever; the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, Ps. cxli. 6.

As a motive: an incitement to the good, and so they do good after they have gone hence.

25. **F.** He stayeth His rough wind in the day of His east wind, Isa. xxvii. 8.

Troubles are compared to winds and storms. They interfere with usual modes of life, our habits and joy.

26. **S.** The voice of the Lord is powerful, the voice of the Lord is full of majesty, Ps. xxix. 4.

These storms and winds are the voice of God; when you sit in the house that death has entered, you listen to the voice of God.

27. **Sun.** There hath no temptation or trial taken you but such as is common to man, 1 Cor. x. 13.

I could never have borne such a trouble. I should die. God never makes mistakes; He always gives help to those who ask it.

28. **M.** As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him, Col. ii. 6.

How receive the Anointed; the Saviour, only Lawgiver and Authority?

29. **Tu.** Moab hath been at ease from his youth, Jer. xlviii. 11.

We need to be unsettled in life by many changes to free us from our evils, and to fit us for the work and will of God.

30. **W.** He hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel, Jer. xlviii. 11.

Shaken by no defeat, he lived in security; made no improvement.

SUN'S RISING AND SETTING.
 1st d. 13th d. 25th d. 1st d. 13th d. 25th d. }
 4.34 4.11 3.58 7.21 7.39 7.57 }

May.

MOON'S CHANGES
 { F.M., 4th d. 9.9 a. N.M., 18th d., 8.19 a.
 L.Q., 11th d., 4.22 a. F.Q., 26th d., 10.34 a.

1. T. For Christ sent me not to baptise, but to preach the gospel, 1 Cor. i. 17.

His main business, the lending purpose of his life.

2. F. Lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect, 1 Cor. i. 17.

The cross of Christ is adapted to produce a certain effect; as a means of creating anew a fallen race.

3. S. Until the time that His word came, Ps. cv. 19.

The key to Joseph's mysterious trials. God seems to be tardy in His movements; He accomplishes all His purposes.

4. Sun. The word of the Lord tried him, Ps. cv. 19.

The Lord was a Divine discipline, preparing Him for his mission.

5. M. Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward, Job v. 7.

God has created the heart to bleed, and the affections to be wounded.

6. Tu. But I have a baptism to be baptised with, Luke xii. 50.

Trials is the law of our humanity to which Christ submitted; we must be perfected through suffering.

7. W. As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, 2 Cor. vi. 10.

If you have not discovered the sacredness of sorrow, the meaning which is concealed in pain, you have yet to learn what spiritual life is.

8. T. He sent a man before them, whose feet they hurt with fetters, Ps. cv. 17, 18.

Joseph's brethren counted him a vain dreamer; he languished long in prison with stain on his character.

9. F. Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, Isa. ii. 22.

Some are subjected to all the bitterness which changes the milk of kindly feeling into gall.

10. S. But thou a man mine equal, my guide and mine acquaintance, Ps. lv. 13.

Your dearest friend may fail you. The thing you have fostered in your bosom may wound you to the quick.

11. Sun. We took sweet counsel together, and walked into the house of God in company, Ps. lv. 14.

With dastard meanness many forsake you; Judas did one whose love is a rock, who will not fail you.

12. M. And shall leave me alone; and yet I am not alone, John xvi. 32.

The life that is the deepest and truest will feel most vividly both its desolation and its majesty.

13. Tu. And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man, Gen. xxxix. 2.

Joseph saw the clouds which darkened the morning of his life pass away, and the rainbow of peace over his later days.

14. W. And Joseph said unto them, Fear not; for I am in the place of God, Gen. i. 19.

Forgiveness; he meets all bravely; his heart was never soured.

15. T. I have behaved and guided myself as a child, Ps. cxxxii. 2.

The Spirit of Christ can subdue the world, calm the soul.

16. F. Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty, Ps. cxxxii. 1.

God's promises come to such as visions, prophecies of what we shall be—great and noble.

17. S. And he requested for himself that he might die, 1 Kings xix. 4.

Our deliverance does come in the way we wish. Loneliness, weariness, and apparent failure spring from this prayer.

18. Sun. All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, Ps. cxlv. 10.

What place does this idea hold in our souls?

19. M. And Thy saints shall bless Thee, Ps. cxlv. 10.

The Lord is good to all; goodness overflowing, unbounded; God is love.

20. Tu. Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit, 1 Cor. xii. 4.

That gift is the most desirable by which we edify one another.

21. W. That they be one, even as we are one, John xvii. 22.

Two ideas of unity, sameness of form and identity of spirit.

22. T. For by one spirit are we all baptised into one body, 1 Cor. xii. 13.

You may have a unity shown in identity of form—a lifeless unity; the real unity is complex.

23. F. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind, Rom. xiv. 5.

The belief of the whole world cannot make that true which is false; and cannot make a thing right which is wrong.

24. S. For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself, Rom. xiv. 7.

Spiritual unity saves the rights of all in God's system; respects the sanctity of the individual conscience.

25. Sun. Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect (full grown), 1 Cor. ii. 6.

We shall reach perfection by steadily working out the life of Christ; let that pervade the soul.

26. M. Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither fruit be in the vine, Habak. iii. 17.

This must seem strange to one whose all is in the present.

27. Tu. Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation, Habak. iii. 18.

Calamity proves the reality of our principles; afflictions do not touch our highest and best interests.

28. W. The Lord is my light and salvation, whom shall I fear? Ps. xxvii. 1.

God is all-sufficient. Delight in His character will constitute the bliss of heaven.

29. T. Rejoice in the Lord alway; again I say, Rejoice, Phil. iv. 4.

If you enjoy God in all things, then you are in a state of mind to enjoy all things in God.

30. F. The Lord is my strength, and He will make me to walk upon high places, Habak. iii. 19.

All power must come from God; He is equal to all our necessities.

31. S. And I saw heaven opened, Rev. xix. 11.

Until God opens and shines clear from heaven, we do believe that Christ will win the victory.

SUN'S RISING AND SETTINGS.
 1st. d. 13th d. 25th d. 1st d. 13th d. 25th d.
 3.51 3.44 3.43 8.4 8.14 8.17

June.

MOON'S CHANGES.
 F. M., 3rd d., 6.31 m. N. M., 17th d., 6.59 m.
 L. Q., 9th d., 9.30 a. F. Q., 23th d., 1.54 a.

1. **Sun.** Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth, 1 Pet. ii. 22.

In Christ the highest virtues are seen; and this teaches us that in the Divine these virtues are still to be found.

2. **M.** Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again, 1 Pet. ii. 23.

Impetuosity, caprice, and revenge are out of place in Christ, so they must be in us.

3. **Tu.** Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, Acts xvi. 31.

To do this you accept the fact that He is a Moral Being of tender compassion, of boundless charity and tenderness.

4. **W.** I am the Way, the Truth and the Life, John xiv. 6.

To believe in the name of Christ is to say that no other approach to God exists.

5. **T.** And this shall be a sign unto you, Luke ii. 12.

The sign of humiliation: a most disappointing token to those who looked for a regal Christ.

6. **F.** This child is set for a sign which shall be spoken against, Luke ii. 34.

Simoon foresaw the offence and scandal which His lowly birth and humble surroundings would cause.

7. **S.** I shall see Him, but not now; I shall behold Him, but not nigh, Num. xxiv. 17.

In that prediction is the blended light of suffering and triumph.

8. **Sun.** Who also hath given us the earnest of the Spirit, 2 Cor. v. 5.

Life consists of ventures: running through all life are these earnest—love, power, and blessedness.

9. **M.** Charity never faileth, 1 Cor. xiii. 8.

As an element of moral and spiritual power; love sustains by taking the promises, and it is the inspiration for conduct.

10. **Tu.** Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, 1 Cor. xiii. 6.

Love regenerates in the soul all the elements of spiritual joy, sets all the springs of life to music.

11. **W.** Now He that hath wrought us for the self same thing is God, 2 Cor. v. 5.

This is something produced by a Divine agent; man is the subject.

12. **T.** Hath shined into our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, 2 Cor. iv. 6.

The Holy Spirit enlightens, produces conviction of sin, need of pardon, the rays of truth beaming on the soul.

13. **F.** But their eyes were holden that they should not know Him, Luke xxiv. 16.

A suggestive word; it comes from ignorance, pre-occupation; only see what is not the risen Christ.

14. **S.** Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? John i. 46.

Some whose life consists in discussing the characters of others, see not the inner beauty.

15. **Sun.** Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest, Rom. ii. 1.

Why should you dislike and condemn people because they do not come up to your small and narrow views?

16. **M.** For the love of Christ constraineth us, 2 Cor. v. 14.

One of the sweetest holdings comes from large love, which lays hold of the mind and enraptures the soul.

17. **Tu.** For whether we be beside ourselves it is to God, 2 Cor. v. 13.

Men have done glorious acts because their eyes were holden not.

18. **W.** For we know in part when that which is perfect is come, 1 Cor. xiii. 9, 10.

When anything is improbable, cannot see the end to which it leads, wait for the perfect day.

19. **T.** Philip saith unto him, Come and see, John i. 4—6.

Philip cares not to answer the objection, certain that if once he sees Christ, he will be satisfied, and so it was.

20. **F.** Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile, John i. 47.

He was truthful, open, candid, and free from deceit.

21. **S.** Blessed is the man in whose spirit there is no guile, Ps. xxxii. 2.

No attempt to stifle the voice of conscience, entire openness before God and man.

22. **Sun.** Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law, Ps. cxix. 18.

They who are taken up with themselves, see nothing but themselves.

23. **M.** Nathanael saith unto Him, Whence knowest Thou me? John i. 48.

How is it that Thou canst read my character, so truly and knowest a stranger?

24. **Tu.** Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, John i. 48.

I could see thee though out of sight, and know thy heart by My Divine insight.

25. **W.** Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel, John i. 49.

Confesses his belief that Jesus is the Messiah. Compare this confession with Peter's and the blessing pronounced upon it.

26. **T.** Hereafter ye shall see heaven opened, John i. 51.

It is hard to realise the unseen glories of our Christian state. We are standing on the threshold of heaven.

27. **F.** But Jesus did not commit Himself unto them; because He knew all, John ii. 24.

He did not open His heart unto them because they would not open theirs unto Him.

28. **S.** And needed not that any should testify of man; for He knew what was in man, John ii. 25.

He that created, shall He not know? So He knew Peter and Paul; so He knows us.

29. **Sun.** If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit, Gal. v. 26.

It is the life of the Spirit which can alone make the mind noble, the soul and the body pure.

30. **M.** Let us not be desirous of vain glory, provoking one another, Gal. v. 26.

Vain glorioussness, and challenging each other in emulation are works of the flesh with which the new man must part.

1. **Tu.** I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee. Job xlii. 5.

Humility for ourselves, charity for others, abasement before God; these are gifts essential.

2. **W.** Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness, Ps. cxii. 4.

Out of doubt comes faith, out of grief there comes hope, with each new trial a way of escape.

3. **T.** The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, Ps. cxii. 4.

The fear of God is wisdom's crown; understanding, insight into whatever good—sound discretion.

4. **F.** A good man sheweth favour and lendeth, he will guide his affairs with discretion, Ps. cxii. 5.

He declares his blessedness; one element—he conducts his business successfully.

5. **S.** Surely he shall not be moved for ever; the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance, Ps. cxii. 6.

He stands firm and unshaken during life, and after death his name is held in favour.

6. **Sun.** He hath dispersed, He hath given to the poor, Ps. cxii. 9.

Paul quotes this as an encouragement to Christian benevolence, as showing that God will supply to the bountiful the means of performing acts of kindness.

7. **M.** I am the Way, the Truth and the Life, John xiv. 6.

Jesus Christ being the Way, He is the truth which alone can save from error, and the which alone can support us in the way to life eternal.

8. **Tu.** If ye had known Me, ye should have known My Father also, John xiv. 7.

Christ is the Word revealing God to man; it is only by knowing the Son that we can know the Father.

9. **W.** Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us, John xiv. 8.

How true a thought did Philip speak, even if he had not the idea in his mind. What else will wholly and for ever suffice?

10. **T.** If ye love Me, keep My commandments, John xiv. 15.

Full of love and tenderness, are His parting words. Obedience is the true test and evidence of love.

11. **F.** And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, John xiv. 16.

Not simply one who consoles, but one who takes the part of another is an advocate.

12. **S.** The Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, John xiv. 17.

The Holy Spirit enlightens the mind, and sanctifies the heart.

13. **Sun.** I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you, John xiv. 18.

Christ will not leave them orphans, destitute and helpless; He comes when the Spirit comes.

14. **M.** But ye see Me; because I live, ye shall live also, John xiv. 19.

The spiritual life flows from Christ; and His own draw from Him the true life.

15. **Tu.** He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, John xiv. 26.

All things needful for the salvation of the soul; these would be mainly the truth about Christ.

16. **W.** Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you, John xiv. 27.

Christ's parting legacy is a word of power; He imparts that perfect and serene contentment which He always had in Himself.

17. **T.** I that speak in righteousness, might to save, Isa. lxiii. 1.

That despised and agonised form is the invincible conqueror He has been able to put His words into deeds.

18. **F.** Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah? Isa. lxiii. 1.

Out of that dark hour was brought the redemption and the sanctification of the human family.

19. **S.** Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, 2 Tim. ii. 8.

The example of a good soldier pure, just, and noble-minded. Is encouragement to the weak and weary.

20. **Sun.** This glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength, Isa. lxiii. 1.

This is Christ Himself, the eternal Spirit of His life and death; of His words and His acts.

21. **M.** And he went up and looked, and said, There is nothing, 1 Kings xviii. 43.

This is one of those parables in nature, which we may apply in many directions; that of seeing nothingness, then comes the blessing desired.

22. **Tu.** While they looked, He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight, Acts i. 9.

That cloud was full of blessing; Christ was gone, but Christianity was coming, the nobler, greater work.

23. **W.** O that Thou wouldest rend the heavens, that Thou wouldest come down, Isa. lxiv. 1.

There is the perplexity and misery of mankind; hold on trusting and hoping all.

24. **T.** The memory of the just is blessed, Prov. x. 7.

The heart's is cold at the grave, but of that tender memory comes a cloud of blessing.

25. **F.** But by the grace of God I am what I am, 1 Cor. xv. 10.

The goodness and wisdom of God, to whom nothing so precious as virtue and purity.

26. **S.** As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this shall surely die, 2 Sam. xii. 5.

There was still a spark of indignation to incite against wrong and injustice when he heard of it in others.

27. **Sun.** And let us not be weary in well doing, Gal. vi. 9.

Think not lightly of any effort that can save any human being from misery and want.

28. **M.** Now ye are clean, through the word which I have spoken unto you, John xv. 3.

Perservers in wisdom and goodness, bring forth the fruit of Christ's teaching.

29. **Tu.** Abide in Me, and I in you, John xv. 4.

We continue in Christ by cleaving to Him in faith, love and obedience.

30. **W.** For without Me, ye can do nothing, John xv. 5.

Without Christ we are utterly helpless for good.

31. **T.** As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you, John xv. 9.

Is this our love to Christ, or His love to us? It is that love with which He loves us.

1. **F.** Because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy, 1 Pet. i. 16.

Holiness consists of three things: separation from sin, dedication to God, and transformation into Christ's image.

2. **S.** Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, Phil. ii. 5.

We are one with Christ, when our hearts go with Him in all He said, did, and suffered on earth.

3. **Sun.** All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, 2 Tim. iii. 16.

The writers, by Divine superintendence, kept from error; the Holy Spirit helped them.

4. **M.** He Himself hath suffered being tempted, Heb. ii. 18.

The reality of Christ's temptation, that means victory for those who follow; be sure of His sympathy.

5. **Tu.** To be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord, Rom. vi. ii.

It is not in the way of the world that we are to seek our end; a complete and final separation from sin.

6. **W.** Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble, Ps. xli. 1.

Happiness, a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops yourself.

7. **T.** Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you, 1 Pet. v. 7.

God brings none into the conflict of life to desert them. Each has a friend in heaven.

8. **F.** Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, Mark xii. 30, 31.

These two things in life of vital value: our duties and affections towards God and man.

9. **S.** Abstain from all appearance of evil, 1 Thes. v. 22.

Every kind of evil; a command we can obey when we prove all things.

10. **Sun.** And to godliness brotherly kindness and to brotherly kindness charity, 2 Pet. i. 7.

Kindness and help to happiness, and good love in its widest sense.

11. **M.** The Lord is good to all, Ps. xiv. 5, 9.

The power, the wisdom, and goodness of God; Christ in words and life tells the same.

12. **Tu.** In that He did good and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, Acts xiv. 17.

Good in working, caring, and providing for our wants.

13. **W.** And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity, Jac. iii. 6.

So small and so effectual in mischief; every sort of evil and harm may be done by the tongue.

14. **T.** But seek ye first the kingdom of God, Matt. vi. 33.

That is a great, true, and common-sense injunction; let us obey it.

15. **F.** They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing, Ps. xxxiv. 10.

These words are as true to-day as ever they were; would o' God we believed them.

16. **S.** And let us run with patience the race that is set before us, Heb. xii. 1.

The lives of some suggest anything but a race—no progress no pressing onward to a goal.

17. **Sun.** Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of faith, Heb. xii. 2.

Meaning a concentrated gaze, turning away from other objects, directed to Jesus only.

18. **M.** Let us lay aside every weight, Heb. xii. 1.

The most valuable things are the most easily carried.

19. **Tu.** For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, Acts xxvii. 23.

God hears the testimony; I belong to God and Christ, I live Christ.

20. **W.** That ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil, Ep. vi. 11.

Do all that you can to stand, and fear lest you may fall, and by the grace of God you are safe.

21. **T.** Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, 1 Pet. iv. 1.

What the sufferings of Christ were; not as we do from a sense of sin.

22. **F.** A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, Isa. liii. 3.

Christ was a sufferer, mental, moral, wept over the Jews and at the grave of Lazarus.

23. **S.** Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses, Matt. viii. 17.

Christ leads us through no darker room than He went through before.

24. **Sun.** Arm yourselves likewise with the same mind, 1 Pet. iv. 1.

How can we do this? Keep Christ before us in all the temptations and sorrows of life.

25. **M.** And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, Acts ii. 4.

If so we must be spiritually minded; this effect, our moral and spiritual attitude.

26. **Tu.** Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, John i. 29.

Jesus came to die for the sinful, and to those who were lost.

27. **W.** For me to live is Christ, Phil. i. 21.

Life not only for Christ and with Him, but Christ Himself; entire union with Him.

28. **T.** Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, John xv. 8.

Oh that I were an orange tree,
That busy plant,
Thou shouldst I ever laden be
And never want—O, desert.

29. **F.** But also to suffer for His sake, Phil. i. 29.

What a lofty view of suffering when borne meekly as our appointed cross.

30. **S.** Your work of faith, and labour of love and patience of hope, 1 Thes. i. 3.

Faith works, love toils, hope waits.

31. **Sun.** When He giveth quietness, who can make trouble, Job xxxiv. 29.

Calm, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe with holy hymns and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

1. M. And say, We are delivered to all these abominations, Jer. vii. 10.

They were the Fatalists of those days; they tried to palliate their sins by the plea of destiny.

2. Tu. Having made known unto us the mystery of His will, according to His good pleasure, Ep. i. 9.

The world and all in it is being ordered in accordance with a settled purpose and an ordered plan.

3. W. That in the dispensation of the fulness of times He might gather together in one all things in Christ, Ep. i. 10.

The grand design of God in Christ's people, holiness the law, and charity the atmosphere.

4. T. For the perfecting of the saints; for the edifying of the body of Christ, Ep. iv. 12.

The final result; the absolute dependence of the human race upon the person of the Son of God.

5. F. Unto a perfect man, unto the measure of stature of the fulness of Christ, Ep. iv. 13.

In Jesus Christ we have the key to human history.

6. S. Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him, Isa. iii. 10.

As to human destiny, all the writers of the Bible adopt a broad basis; with the good it shall be well.

7. Sun. Woe unto the wicked, it shall be ill, Isa. iii. 11.

Hope and fear; God uses these methods in ruling the human race.

8. M. Because He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness, Acts xvii. 31.

He who created the world will judge it; a time when it shall judge the world in equity.

9. Tu. O give thanks unto the Lord for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever, Ps. cvii. 1.

God's ruling principle which penetrates and guides all things.

10. W. And lead me in the way everlasting, Ps. cxxxix. 24.

The way of God, the way of the righteous, which stands for ever.

11. T. He made them also to be pitied, Ps. cvi. 46.

What Solomon prayed for the people of Israel.

12. F. Who now rejoice in my suffering for you, Col. i. 24.

Paul had two reasons for joy in tribulation. One as to himself, by which he had more grace, and on account of the church.

13. S. That ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, Ep. iv. 1.

Let us ever remember our birthright.

14. Sun. Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice, Phil. iv. 4.

Joy is not only a privilege but a duty; and meant for usefulness and happiness.

15. M. Even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye, Col. iii. 13.

The power to forgive is attributed to Christ as on earth it was asserted by Him.

16. Tu. All Thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes and cassia, Ps. xlv. 8.

All myrrh and spiced gums.
Thy robes and rich array;
From hails of ivory tuncful strings
Shall make thee glad and gay.

17. W. Giving thanks always for all things unto God, Ep. v. 20.

The results of being filled with the Spirit are, fellowship, inward joy, praise and submissiveness.

18. T. Providing for honest things not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men, 2 Cor. viii. 21.

In our dealings, honesty and honour, and a fair and honourable appearance in the sight of others.

19. F. Who passing through the valley of Baca makes it a well; the rain also filleth the pools, Ps. lxxxiv. 6.

Who as they pass the vale of pain,
Make it a gushing rill;
Yea, blessings with the autumnal rain
Come mantling soft and still.

20. S. I hate the work of them that turn aside, Ps. ci. 3.

Unfaithfulness, evasions, deviations from truth and integrity.

21. Sun. The God of my mercy shall prevent me, Ps. lix. 10.

God forestalls—goes before, making provision for all our wants, giving what we need.

22. M. Salute Rufus chosen in the Lord, and his mother and mine, Rom. xvi. 13.

Paul means that the mother of Rufus had shown motherly love towards himself.

23. Tu. For Thou, O God, hast proved us; Thou hast tried us, as silver is tried, Ps. lxxvi. 10.

No ordinary suffering; God's purpose was to purify them by suffering.

24. W. Blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer; nor His mercy from me, Ps. lxxvi. 20.

Prayer and mercy stand to each other in the relation of call and echo.

25. T. For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that He might have mercy on all, Rom. xi. 32.

The design of God is one of mercy, all have sinned and He extends His mercy to all.

26. F. For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things, Rom. xi. 36.

All wisdom, grace and mercy come from God.

27. S. Cease not to give thanks for you, making mention of you in my prayers, Ep. i. 16.

Praise and prayer, whether for ourselves or others, should always go together.

28. Sun. Leaving us an example that we should follow His steps, 1 Pet. ii. 21.

Christ's death was an example to teach us how to suffer, and an atonement to take sin away.

29. M. The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law, 1 Cor. xv. 56.

Christ works over the law by fulfilling it, over sin by subduing it, over death by the resurrection.

30. Tu. Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie, Ps. xli. 9.

The weakness of human strength a reason for trusting in God.

1. **W.** But we have the mind of Christ, 1 Cor. ii. 16.

That mind a person who thinks, lives and inspires that mind, makes and fills the gospels.

2. **T.** But let patience have her perfect work, Jas. i. 4.

Patience and wisdom will wear out all that is not of God.

3. **F.** Preaching and shewing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God, Luke viii. 1.

That is the joyful news of setting up the reign of Christ on earth.

4. **S.** Who passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well, Ps. lxxxiv. 6.

Who as they pass the vale of pain,
Make it a gushing rill;
Yea, blessings with the autumnal rain
Come mantling soft and still.

5. **Sun.** And He said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace, Luke vii. 50.

Faith is the root, and love the fruit. Faith finds pardon, and pardon begets love.

6. **M.** Go in peace, Luke vii. 5.

That was a peace—the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

7. **Tu.** And the peace of God shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus, Phil iv. 7.

As with a garrison. Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

8. **W.** The Lord is at hand, Phil. iv. 5.

Who at His coming will cause the meek to inherit the earth, and will disown all who have not lived in love.

9. **T.** And the God of peace shall be with you, Phil. iv. 9.

Peace is the reward of obedience, as well as the result of prayer.

10. **F.** And in time of temptation fall away, Luke viii. 13.

That which causes the shallow and unstable to fall away, perfects the character, and confirms the faith of the Christian.

11. **S.** And bring no fruit to perfection, Luke viii. 14.

How many a fair promise is brought to nought by the cares, riches, and pleasures of this life.

12. **Sun.** And bring forth fruit with patience, Luke viii. 15.

The patient continuance in well doing, a perpetual, never failing purpose.

13. **M.** From him shall be taken away that which he seemeth to have, Luke viii. 18.

This is ever the law of God's gifts. If they are not used they are taken away.

14. **Tu.** But thy God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus, Phil. iv. 19.

Think of the wealth of God in power, wisdom, goodness, and love.

15. **W.** Preserve my soul; for I am holy, Ps. lxxvi. 2.

Whom the sense of God's love constrains to devote himself to Him.

16. **T.** Unite my heart to fear Thy name, Ps. lxxxvi. 11.

Make it one and entire; concentrate all its powers upon The alone.

17. **F.** They were taken with great fear, Luke viii. 42.

They saw Christ's power but shut their eyes to His love.

18. **S.** For he had one only daughter and she lay a dying, Luke viii. 42.

Christ feels for human love and human sorrow.

19. **Sun.** All my springs are in Thee, Ps. lxxxvii. 7.

Lord! our portion is Thy pity,
Keep Thou by strong grace entire.
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

20. **M.** And Jesus said, Who touched Me? Luke, viii. 45.

It is easy to be very near to Christ, outwardly in His presence, in His word, and yet to win no blessing from Him.

21. **Tu.** That ye would walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, Col. i. 10.

Personal, practical religion is the main end of all Christian teaching.

22. **W.** Being fruitful in every good work, Col. i. 10.

Took up every good work that came in their way for the good of others.

23. **T.** Unto all patience and longsuffering, Col. i. 11.

Indicates the soul's endurance of the will of God; only in patience do we possess our souls.

24. **F.** With joyfulness, Col. i. 11.

Many think joy only possible when all things go prosperously; we may rejoice in tribulation.

25. **S.** Made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, Col. i. 12.

The love of God our Father, and Christ at the root of our salvation.

26. **Sun.** Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, Col. i. 13.

The moral and spiritual blindness caused by sin, has a terrible influence over the soul.

27. **M.** In whom we have redemption, Col. i. 14.

The blessings of the gospel are meant for all, only enjoyed by those who accept Christ.

28. **Tu.** Through His blood, Col. i. 14.

As that which contains, completes, and expresses the fulness and meaning of His atoning work.

29. **W.** But unto Thee have I cried, O Lord; and in the morning shall my prayer prevent thee, Ps. lxxxviii. 13.

God anticipates our wants; by prayer and faith we seek God's mercy.

30. **T.** Who is the image of the invisible God, the first born of every creature, Col. i. 15.

Christ—the manifestation of God in person, and nature, and character.

31. **F.** And He is the Head of the body, Col. i. 18.

His relation to His people as Head and Lord.

SUN'S RISES AND SETTINGS.					
1st d.	13th d.	25th d.	1st d.	13th d.	25th d.
6.45	7.17	7.37	4.31	4.11	3.57

November.

MOON'S CHANGES.					
L.Q.	4th d.	4.12 a.	F.Q.	10th d.	0.45 a.
N.M.	12th d.	1.38 a.	F.M.	26th d.	1.23 a.

1. S. God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all, 1 John i. 5.

Love God for what He is, as you love everything that is good and beautiful.

2. Sun. I will fetch my knowledge from afar, and ascribe righteousness to my Maker, Job xxxvi. 3.

I will go beyond the old question; I will down into the root of all truth.

3. M. Behold God exalteth by His power; who teacheth like Him? Job xxxvi. 22.

The sense of right is intuitive; a thing is right because it is useful.

4. Tu. And let us not be weary in well doing, let us do good to all, Gal. vi. 9, 10.

That to do good to others is right, and to hate and hurt them is wrong, commands assent.

5. W. Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people, Prov. xiv. 34.

There is a moral bond laid upon people and nations; no violation or crafty devices can annul this eternal law.

6. T. What fruit had ye then in those things? Rom. vi. 21.

What man ever it be good for him to be a bad man?

7. F. Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin, Rom. iv. 13.

No mad, self-willed king, who left a name at which the world grew pale, to point a moral or adorn a tale, ever found life to be his fall.

8. S. That the triumphing of the wicked is short, Job xx. 5.

When a seeming selfishness is hidden under a veil of success, like a canker eats out all nobleness and beauty of life.

9. Sun. Surely he shall not feel quietness in his belly, he shall not save that which he desired, Job xx. 20.

Let bad succeed, the vile politicians sell the public weal for place and power; bitter disappointment awaits them.

10. M. This is the portion of a wicked man from God, Job xx. 29.

Let any say that wrong is better than right, hate than love, he will be undeceived in time.

11. Tu. They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness, Ps. cxlv. 7.

No righteousness without beneficence. God is good and love.

12. W. To the only wise God our Saviour be glory and majesty, Jude 25.

Sir Humphrey Davy said:—The chief blessing I know or crave in life is a firm faith.

13. T. Ponder the paths of thy feet, Prov. iv. 26.

Wolfe, estimate, conduct and doctrines. Is the wise saying right and according to truth?

14. F. So shall all thy ways be settled, Prov. iv. 26.

Stability follows carefulness. The mischief: carelessness, destructive fires, poison, and shipwrecks.

15. S. Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it, Ps. cxxvii. 1.

The sentinel at the gate, and the pilot at the helm.

16. Sun. When I sought to know this, it was too painful for me, Ps. lxxiii. 16.

Thinking alone will neither give the true light nor truth; sound only in faith.

17. M. All the city was moved, saying, Who is this? Matt. xxi. 10.

A person of highest dignity only Mediator: the only possible Saviour.

18. Tu. The law of Thy month is better to me than thousands of gold, Ps. cxix. 72.

God's word invests with a higher power, opens greater enjoyments and thrills with delight.

19. W. For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion, Ps. xxvii. 5.

A beautiful and instructive fact, presents both the perils and confidence of the godly.

20. T. When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face, Ps. xxvii. 8.

The character he assumes, the vows he makes to God, the evils he deprecates.

21. F. Leave me not, neither forsake me, Ps. xxvii. 9.

The plea represents God had helped and saved; past instances.

22. S. I have seen an end of all perfection, Ps. cxix. 96.

The difference between everything, that of man and of God; one narrow, the other broad, infinite like Himself.

23. Sun. As for man, his days are as grass, Ps. ciii. 15.

Human life and all that pertains, which soon pass away.

24. M. What I do thou knowest not how; but thou shalt know hereafter, John xiii. 7.

As to all God's doings and movements, there is always room for these words:—Be content to trust and then you soon know.

25. Tu. Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in generations, Ps. xc. 1.

How precious to know we are in contact with the Eternal, the unbounded, the inexhaustible.

26. W. Rehoboth, for the Lord hath made room for us, Gen. xxvi. 22.

A blessing gained with contention; relief, peace and prosperity.

27. T. Thou hast known my soul in adversity, Thou hast set my feet in a large room, Ps. xxxi. 7.

Freedom, fulness, mental and spiritual comfort.

28. F. Dost thou not fear God? Luke xxiii. 40.

The cross becomes the throne: this sinner confesses, and reproves and seeks to reclaim.

29. S. For we receive the due reward of our deeds, but this man hath done nothing amiss, Luke xxiii. 41.

30. Sun. And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom, Luke, xxiii. 42.

The Saviour in His deepest humiliation received the homage of the penitent soul.

1. M. Behave as good citizens worthy of the gospel of Christ, Phil. i. 27.

We must carry the law of Christ into our civil, social, and political affairs. Act as those who are worthy of the gospel of Christ.

2. Tu. But I have all and abound, Phil. iv. 18.

Do not think that I am asking for anything.

3. W. But my God shall supply all your need, Phil. iv. 19.

He cares for me, cares for you, need not despair. Think of the wealth of God in power, wisdom and goodness.

4. T. My times are in Thy hand, Ps. xxxi. 15.

That is all the changes and chances which time brings with it. His life is moulded by God.

5. F. Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart, Ps. xxxi. 24.

Wait patiently for the bright sun of peace and joy.

6. S. Rooted and built up in Him, Col. ii. 7.

Being built up gradually as a house, grow in grace, go on unto perfection.

7. Sun. Abounding therein with thanksgiving, Col. ii. 7.

Thankfulness is a duty; a safeguard against carelessness and as a means for bracing the soul for duty.

8. M. And ye are complete in Him, Col. ii. 10.

In Christ we are made perfect, through union with Him.

9. Tu. Let no man therefore judge you in meat or drink, Col. ii. 16.

So as to condemn you; maintain your freedom, accountable only to Christ.

10. W. And he desired to see Him, Luke ix. 9.

His wish not granted till Christ sent to him as a prisoner when Christ silent.

11. T. And when Herod saw Jesus, he was exceeding glad, Luke xxiii. 8.

Never been face to face with Christ; what vain gladness!

12. F. Then He questioned with Him in many words; but He answered him nothing, Luke xxiii. 9.

The eloquence of silence. He was so hardened that any answer would have been of no use.

13. S. No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him, John i. 18.

He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father, His intimate knowledge of the Father.

14. Sun. And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word, Luke i. 38.

Words of lowly and entire submission to the will of God.

15. M. And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord, Luke, i. 46.

Joy and thankfulness do not lead to pride and self-exaltation.

16. Tu. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, Luke i. 47.

God our Father, and Christ our redeemer—both our Saviour.

17. W. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, Luke i. 68.

Praising God for the salvation come, and also for the coming of John.

18. T. To give knowledge of salvation unto His people, Luke i. 77.

In the remission of sins, that in which the salvation consists.

19. F. To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, Luke i. 79.

A fitting description of sin and ignorance, Christ dispersed the mists of error and evil.

20. S. And laid Him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn, Luke ii. 7.

Many can find room for the world, but no room for Christ and His people.

21. Sun. Who had no room where to lay His head, Luke ix. 58.

Who then will dare to despise the poor? Blessed be ye poor.

22. M. I bring you good tidings of great joy, Luke ii. 10.

This divine message was the first preacher of the gospel; and the first congregation was formed of a few poor shepherds.

23. Tu. For unto us is born this day, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord, Luke ii. 11.

Bears witness with truth that Jesus was the promised Messiah, and to be adored in His divine nature.

24. W. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will toward men, Luke ii. 14.

No selfish joy; they praise God for His will to us.

25. T. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart, Luke ii. 19.

Quite in keeping with her character to muse on the words she had heard.

26. F. Waiting for the consolation of Israel; and the Holy Ghost was upon him, Luke ii. 25.

For the coming of Him who was to save and deliver.

27. S. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ, Luke ii. 26.

It was an inward intimation made to him by the Divine Spirit.

28. Sun. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, Luke ii. 29.

Readiness to die now he had seen Him who was to save man.

29. M. Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people, ii. 31.

All peoples, or nations, not as in the angels' message to the shepherds.

30. Tu. A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel, Luke ii. 32.

It needed a vision to teach Peter what Simeon here gladly declared.

31. W. Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many, Luke ii. 34.

Some should fall and some should rise, many offended at Christ and refuse to believe.

Catford Hill	T. Greenwood, Rutland Park Villa, Perry Hill, Catford
Chadwell Heath	D. Taylor, 70, Church Street, Camberwell, S.E.
Chadwell Street, St. John Street Road. TH.	E. Mitchell, 25, Colebrooke Road, Highbury
Chelsea, Lower Sloane Street. TH.	W. H. Page, 20, Shawfield Street, Chelsea
Chiswick, Annandale Road	J. Simmance, 13, Burlington Gardens, Chiswick
Clapham, Grafton Square. W.	T. Hanger, 17, Rectory Grove, Clapham
" Courland Grove. TH.	
" Solon Road	J. Douglas, M.A., 48, Lambert Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.
" Wirttemberg Street	H. Hall, Manor Street, Clapham
" Bedford Road ..	W. Took, 74, Church Street, Camberwell
Clapton, The Downs.	T. V. Tymms, 4, Fountain Road, Upper Clapton, E.
Clerkenwell Road	W. Pooke
Chatsworth Road, Clon	W. Moxham, 27, Powerscroft Road, Clapton Park
Commercial Road	J. Fletcher, 322, Commercial Road, E.
Cranford	
Crayford	T. F. Waddell, Laburnum Villa, Dartford
Crouch End	
Crouch Hill	A. B. Pullen, "Iona" Ferme Park Road, N.
Croydon, Tamworth Road	
" West	J. A. Spurgeon, 33, White Horse Road, Croydon
" Derby Road	T. Thurston, Croydon, S.E.
" Windmill Road	W. Horton, Sydenham Road
Dalston, Queen's Road	W. Miall, 71, Richmond Road, Dalston
" Forest Road	
" Junction. TH.	W. H. Burton, 20, Farleigh Road, Stoke Newington
Dartford	T. A. Carver, Dartford
Deptford, Florence Place	
" Midway, Lower Road. W.	F. W. Milledge, 2, Midway place
" Octavius Street	D. Honour, 18, Shardeloes Road, New Cross, S.E.
Devonshire Square, Kingsland Road...	E. H. Ellis, Walford Road, Stoke Newington
Dulwich, Lordship Lane... ..	T. Perry, 254, Crystal Palace Road, Dulwich
Ealing Dean	A. Fergusson, 18, Argyle Road, Castle Hill, Ealing
" Haven Green	W. T. Adey, 6, Windsor Road, Ealing
East Road, City Road	
East India Road, Pekin Street...	F. C. Holden, 78, Malmsbury Road, Bow
Edmonton, Lower	D. Russell, 8, Queen's Road Villas, Lower Edmonton
Eldon Street, Finsbury (Welsh). W.	W. Rees, 49, Church Road, N.
Enfield	G. W. White, "Arlesdene," London Road, Enfield
" Highway	W. Thorn, Brookland Villas
Erith... ..	J. E. Martin, 55, Pier Road, Erith
Eynsford	G. B. Richardson, Eynsford, near Dartford
Esher	J. E. Perrin, Esher
Finchley, North End	A. B. Middleditch, 5, Melrose Villas, North Finchley
" East End	R. R. Finch, Leinster Road, Finchley North
Finsbury Park	
" Gillespie Park... ..	
Foot & Cray	
Forest Gate, Woodgrange Place ...	J. H. French, 96, Hampton Road, Forest Gate
Forest Hill	J. C. Foster, 116, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill
Fulham, Dawes Road	A. Walker, 20, Rosaline Road, Dawes Road, Fulham
" Grove Chapel	A. Brandon, 5, Camera Street, Chelsea
Goswell Street Road, Charles Street. W.	P. Gast, 12, Noel Street, Islington
Gower Street. TH.	
Greenwich, Lewisham Road. W.	A. C. Gray, The Glen, 92, Blackheath Hill
" South Street	C. Spurgeon, 5, Eliot Park, Lewisham
Gunnersbury	J. C. Brown, Chapel House, Gunnersbury, W.
Hackney, Mare Street. TH.	E. Thomas, 47, King Edward's Road, Hackney
" Oval	H. Myerson, 96, Bonner Road, Victoria Park
" Hampden Chapel, Lauriston Road	John Hillman, 51, St. Thomas Road, South Hackney
Hackney Road, Shoreditch Tabernacle	W. Cuff, Amesbury House, Lordship Road, N.
Hammersmith. West End	W. Page, B.A., Upper Mall, Hammersmith, W.
" Avenue Road (Union.)	C. Graham, 2, Loftus Road, Shepherd's Bush co-pasto, F. B. Monti, 5, Keith Grove, Shepherd's Bush
Hampstead, Heath Street TH.	W. Brock, 16, Ellerdale Road, Hampstead
" New End W.	
" Child's Hill	W. Rickard, Homelea, Child's Hill
Hampton Court	A. Hall, Park Road, East Moulsey
Hanwell (Union)	G. R. Lowden, Hanwell
Haringay Park	W. Frith, 4, Cavendish Road, Haringay Park
Harlington	
Harrow-on-the-Hill	W. Dyson, West Street, Harrow
Harrow, Wealdston	
Hendon	G. D. Hooper, Sunny Gardens, Hendon
Henrietta Street, Brunswick Square. TH.	W. Smith, 14, Thornhill Crescent, Barnsbury
Highbury Hill	W. H. King, 88, Drayton Park, Highbury

Highgate Archway	...	...	S. B. Rees, 68, Langden Park Road, Highgate
Highgate, Southwood Lane.	TH.	...	J. H. Barnard, North Hill Terrace, Highgate [N.W.]
Highgate Hill Road	...	...	J. Stephens, M.A., Somerset Villa, Dartmouth Park Hill,
Hill Street, Dorset Square.	W.	...	...
Holborn, Kingsgate Street.	W.	...	F. James, 67, Hemingsford Road, Barnsbury
Holloway, Upper	...	...	J. R. Wood, 56, St. John's Park, Holloway, N.
" Tollington Park.	TH.	...	H. Bolton, 10A, Sebbon Road, N.
Homerton, Row.	TH.	...	...
Hornsey, Campbourne Road	...	...	...
" Sunnyside Row	...	...	G. Duncan, D.D., 20, Hazeldine Road, Hornsey Rise
Hounslow, Zoar	...	...	J. Curtis, Ealing, W.
" Providence Chapel	...	...	W. H. Clabburn, 1, Douglas Road
Hoxton, High Street.	TH.	...	W. J. Orsman, Milton House, Shacklewell
" Newton Street	...	...	J. T. Bootle
Ilford	...	...	J. Young, 42, Thorold Road, Ilford
Islington, Highbury Place.	W.	...	P. Reynolds, 8, Elphinstone Street, N.
" Copenhagen Street	...	...	J. Bennett, 40, Albion Grove, N.
" Cross Street	...	...	F. A. Jones, 23, Douglas Road, Canonbury
" Baxter Road	...	...	A. Bax, 23, Burnia Road, Stoke Newington
James Street, St. Luke's	...	...	E. J. Farley, Vicarage Road, Leyton. E.
John Street, Bedford Row	...	...	J. E. Shepherd, 37, Frederick Street, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.
John Street, Edgware Road, Trinity Chapel	...	...	H. Trotman, 93, Warwick Road, W.
John Street	...	...	W. T. Russell, 26, Cambridge Street
Kensington, Hornton Street	...	...	...
Kensington Park Road	...	...	C. H. Flint
Kentish Town, Hawley Road	...	...	...
" Bassett Street	...	...	M. H. Wilkin, Sydney House, Hampstead, N.W.
Keppel Street, Russell Square.	TH.	...	...
Kilburn, Canerbury Road	...	...	H. B. Murray
Kingston-on-Thames	...	...	G. Wright, Gibbon Road, Kingston
" Surbiton Hill	...	...	W. Baster, Southboro Road, Surbiton
Lambeth, Upton Chapel	...	...	W. Williams, Lansdowne Road, South Lambeth, S.W.
" Regent Street.	TH.	...	T. C. Page, 92, Newington Butts, S.E.
Langham Place, Regent Street.	W.	...	J. Adams, 98, Lisson Grove, W.
Lee, Bromley Road	...	...	J. W. Davies, Bromley Road, Lee
" High Road	...	...	T. Foston, 43, Blessington Road, Lee, S.E.
Lessness Heath, Kent	...	...	...
Lewisham, College Park	...	...	W. Hazleton, 2, Albert Villas, S.E.
Leyton, Vicarage Road	...	...	J. S. Morris, 3, Francis Road, Leyton
Leytonstone	...	...	J. Bradford, Ivy Bank, Leytonstone
" Cann Hall	...	...	G. T. Ennals, Cann Hall Road
Little Wild Street.	TH.	...	G. Hatton, 12, Ampton Place, Regent Square
Loughton	...	...	...
Malden, New	...	...	S. H. Moore, Cambridge House, Malden.
Mildmay Park	...	...	W. M. Jones, 56, Mildmay Park, N.
Millwall	...	...	J. Davis, Melish Street
Mitcham	...	...	...
Mintern Street, Dorchester Hall	...	...	W. Crowhurst, 23, Balmes Terrace, De Beauvoir Town
New Cross, Brockley Road	...	...	J. T. Wigner Breakspere Rd St. John's, S.E.; Co-Pastor.
New North Road, Wilton Street	...	...	W. Flack, 187, Church Road, N. [J. Lewis.]
New Southgate	...	...	J. L. Bennett, Upper Park Road
Norbiton	...	...	J. Clarke, Kingswood, Kingston Hill.
Norwood, Weston Hill.	TH.	...	S. A. Tittle, Hamlet Road, Upper Norwood
" Gipsy Road	...	...	W. Hobbs, "Penheale," Hawke Road, Norwood
" Chatsworth Road	...	...	W. F. Gooch, Melford Palace Road, Rouppell Park, S.W.
" South	...	...	J. Chadwick, "Holmesdale," Tension Road, S.E.
Notting Hill, St. James's Square	...	...	W. T. Moore, M.A., 42, Lansdowne Road
Old Kent Road, Maze Pond Chapel	...	...	W. H. M'Mechan, Tierney Road, Streatham Hill
Paddington, Church Street	...	...	J. F. Archer
" St. Peter's Park	...	...	J. M. Cox, 108, Shirland Road, W
" Praed Street	...	...	G. Robinson, 41, Cambridge Road, Kilburn, N.W.
Peckham, Lausanne Road	...	...	T. J. Cole, 5, Bousfield Road, Nunhead
" Park Road	...	...	H. O. Mackey, 34, Bushey Hill Road, S.E.
" James's Grove	...	...	E. S. Neale, 6, Anerley Road, S.E.
" Heaton Road	...	...	E. J. Harsant, 65, Eveline Road, Nunhead
" Rye Lane.	W.	...	J. T. Briscoe, 19, St. John's Villas, East Dulwich Green
" Gordon Road	...	...	T. H. Court, 34, King's Road, S.E.
" Public Hall	...	...	F. M. Smith, 39, Oakhurst Grove, East Dulwich, S.E.
Peckham Road	...	...	E. Roberts, 34, Camden Grove, Peckham
Peckham Rye, Barry Road	...	...	A. J. Grant, 110, Barry Road, East Dulwich, S.E.
Pekin Street, Limehouse	...	...	F. C. Holden, 18, Malmesbury Road, E.
Penge, Maple Road	...	...	J. W. Boud, 28, Jasmine Grove, Anerley, S.E.
Pimlico, Westbourne Road	...	...	J. Parnell, 25, Trigan Terrace, S.W.
" Princess Row.	TH.	...	W. Harris, 341, Edgware Road

Pinner	...	...	...	W. Stokes, Woodridings, Pinner, N.W.
Plumstead, Park Road	...	...	...	J. W. Cole, 6, Shrewsbury Villas, Plumstead
" Conduit Road	...	...	...	H. J. Martin
" Station Road	...	...	...	T. Henson, "The Poplars," Old Charlton
Ponder's End	...	...	...	A. F. Cotton, 2, Derby Road, Ponder's End
Poplar, Cotton Street	...	...	...	W. H. Broad, 63, St. Paul's Road, Burdett Road, E.
" Fckestone Terrace.	TH	...	...	H. J. Noyes, 8, Grove Villas, E.
" High Street, Bethel	TU	...	...	J. Dupee, Laurel Villa, Southgate Road
Potter's Bar	...	...	...	R. A. Redford, M.A., Forest House, Putney, S.W.
Putney, Werter Road	...	...	...	F. B. Meyer, B.A., Gainsborough Gardens, Hampstead
" (Union)	...	...	...	J. J. Ellis, 7, Warrington Road, Richmond
Regent's Park	...	...	...	J. M. Steven, London Road, Romford
Richmond, Duke Street	...	...	...	W. Sanders, 5, Percy Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.
" Parkshot	...	...	...	R. Chettleborough, The Manse, Hervey Road, Shooter's
Romford	...	...	...	E. Becher [Hill Road, S.E.]
Shepherd's Bush	...	...	...	G. Simmons, Granville Road, Sidcup
" Oakland Chapel (Union)	...	...	...	J. Box, Denbigh Villas, Grove Lane, Camberwell
Shooter's Hill Road	...	...	...	C. Wickerson, Winchmore Hill
Shouldham Street.	TH	...	...	J. L. Bennett, New Southgate
Sidcup	...	...	...	W. Stott, 14, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood
Soho Chapel, Shaftesbury Avenue	W.	...	...	W. Waite, 47, Tredegar Square, Bow
Southgate, Chaseside	...	...	...	Arthur Mursell, "Kintore," The Chase, Clapham Common
" New	...	...	...	C. Stanley
Spitalfields, German Church	...	...	...	G. Towner, Holmdale Villa, Clova Road, Forest Gate
St. John's Wood, Abbey Road	...	...	...	J. Banfield, 50, Hamfrith Road, Stratford
Stepney, Wellesley Street	...	...	...	J. P. Clark, M.A., 11, Ashlake Road, S.W.
Stockwell	...	...	...	S. Ponsford, 1, St. James's Road.
Stoke Newington, Bouverie Road	...	...	...	J. M. Bergin, Western Road, Sutton, Surrey
Stratford, Carpenter Road	...	...	...	J. W. Harrauld, Beauchamp Place, Upper Norwood, S.E.
Stratford Grove.	TH	...	...	W. W. Sidey, 9, Dalby Villas, Lansdowne Road, Tottenham
Stratford, Gurney Road	...	...	...	G. Turner, "Elberfeld," Belmont Road, Tottenham
Streatham	...	...	...	E. H. Brown
" Hambro Road	...	...	...	J. Durden, 1, Flodden Villas, Twickenham
Sutton, Surrey	...	...	...	D. Llewellyn, Broderick Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.
Teddington	...	...	...	G. H. Rumsey, Park Road, Merton
Thornton Heath	...	...	...	J. T. Malyon, Friern Road, Dulwich
Tottenham, High Road	TH	...	...	W. Thomas, 5, Cawley Road, South Hackney
" West Green	...	...	...	J. Foster, Linton House, Plaistow, E.
Twickenham	...	...	...	W. Jackson, The Manse, Paradise Row, Waltham Abbey
" St. Margaret's	...	...	...	W. Hetherington, 5, Addison Road, E.
Upper Tooting, Nottingham Road	...	...	...	A. Budgen, Hoe Street, Walthamstow
Lower Tooting	...	...	...	H. Dunkley, 74, London Road, Clapton
Vauxhall, Kennington Lane	...	...	...	J. Field, 30, Lorrimore Square
Victoria Park, Grove Road	...	...	...	W. J. Mills, 99, Grosvenor Park, S.E.
Victoria Docks	...	...	...	J. W. Ewing, 30, Eglinton Road, Wandsworth
Waltham Abbey	...	...	...	C. E. Stone, 4, Gorst Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.
Walthamstow, Wood Street	...	...	...	J. Bonney, Beach Lawn, Guildford
" Boundary Road	...	...	...	E. Henderson, 21, Victoria Road, Clapham, S.W.
" Selbourne Road	...	...	...	J. R. Walker
Walworth, East Street.	TH	...	...	J. Wilkinson, Upton Lane, Forest Gate
" Arthur Street.	W.	...	...	G. Davies, 62, Denbigh Street, Pimlico
" Road.	TH	...	...	C. J. Fowler, 48, Ramsey Road, Forest Gate
" York Street	...	...	...	J. S. White
Wandsworth, East Hill	...	...	...	J. W. Thomas, Gainsboro' Villa, Shrewsbury Road
" Charworth Road	...	...	...	C. Ingram, "Arnewood," Griffith's Road, South Wimbledon
" Northcote Road	...	...	...	J. R. Cox, Wanstead, Essex
" Meyrick Road	...	...	...	W. W. Haines, 19, Park Avenue, Wood Green
" Road	...	...	...	A. Read
West Drayton	...	...	...	W. K. Squirrel, 95, Taunton Road, S.E.
West Ham Park, East Road	...	...	...	T. Jones, 5, Union Place, Samuel Street, Woolwich
Westminster, Romney Street.	TH	...	...	B. B. Wale, Brook Hill Road, Woolwich, S.E.
Whitechapel, Commercial Street.	TH	...	...	J. Wilson, Montague House, Charlton
Willesden Green	...	...	...	
" College Park.	TH	...	...	
Wimbledon	...	...	...	
Woodberry Down	...	...	...	
Woodford	...	...	...	
Wood Green	...	...	...	
Woolwich, Joseph Street	...	...	...	
" High Street.	W.	...	...	
" Queen Street.	TU	...	...	
" Angelsea Road.	TU	...	...	
" Parson's Hill	...	...	...	

*4 In the event of changes of residence, Ministers will oblige by forwarding an early notice.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.	PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.
Acre Mill, C. Roberts, Brighton Grove College			Brompton, J. Garden, Bacup		
Amersham, W. Fisk, Ormsby			Highgate Archway, S. B. Rees		
Ashby-de-la-Zouch, T. A. Plant, Peterborough			Brookley, J. Lewis, Kilburn		
Ashby-de-la-Zouch, J. Dyer, Bristol College			Brixton, W. Pettman, Bath		
Breton Ferry, T. Davies, Sirhowy, Wales			Shepherd's Bush, B. Monti, Willesden Green		
Bradford, J. F. Makepiece, Notts			Stoke Newington, C. Stanley, Pastors' College		
Burnley, H. Hall, Hebden Bridge			Willesden Green, J. S. White, Wingrave		
Birmingham, Hope Street, P. S. Stanford Smithwick			Church Street, Edgware Road, J. F. Archer, Nottingham College		
Brighton, Sussex Street, C. S. Huil			Stratford, Maryland Road, W. Bennett		
Bradford, S. Kent, Limeholme			Plumstead, H. J. Martin, King's Cross		
Bugbrooke, A. Millard, Regent' Park College			Maze Pond, W. H. M'Mechan		
Bedford, W. Turner, York			Walthamstow, W. Hetherington, Reigate		
Birmingham, Spring Hill, C. Longhurst, Ipswich			Mold, D. Walters, Penmaenmawr		
Birmingham, Bradford Street, R. Weaver			Morrison Grove, W. Johns		
Crewe, R. P. Cook, Edgware Road, London			Minchinhampton, H. J. Wicks, Bristol College		
Crieff, W. R. Simpson			Malling West, D. Mace, Stotfold		
Cardiff, S. W. Medhurst, Portsmouth			Moulton, L. Bartlett, Bristol College		
Cumrae, T. D. Cameron			Malvern, W. J. Povey, Regent's Park College		
Chenies, G. S. Cook, Battersea			Morley, Leeds, C. Welton, Driffield		
Cumberland, Maryport, W. H. Elliott, Glasgow			Manchester, E. Morley, Halstead		
Chester, F. M. Wynne, Talybont			Middlesbrough, T. Armstrong, Chesham		
Chester, Grosvenor Park, J. B. Morgan, Crewe			Nottingham, D. P. Packer, Nottingham College		
Cosely, J. T. Whitaker, Leeds			Newbury, J. G. Knight, Weymouth		
Coate, J. S. Poulton, Winslow			Nottingham, Sherbrook Road, J. C. Travers, Hoibeach		
Derby, A. Mills, Chester			Northampton, T. F. Smythe, Harlington		
Darlington, J. Duncan, Grantown, N.B.			Nazebottom, S. Peacock, Rothley		
Everton, D. Powell, Rhaidar			Pontypool Graig, G. C. Cull, Ferndale		
Exeter, W. Julian, Trowbridge			Pontypridd, J. R. Jones, Llanpfa		
Farnworth, F. G. West, Pastors' College			Portlady-by-Sea, J. O. N. Campbell, Sussex Street Brighton		
Felinfoel, B. Humphreys, Manchester			Prescott, W. Gillard, Croyde		
Faringdon, H. Smith, Pastors' College			Portsmouth, Lake Road, C. Josephs, Birmingham		
Guildsborough, J. M. Williams, Regent's Park College			Rushden, W. E. Palmer, High Wycombe		
Gilwern, R. Owen, Beaufort			Penzance, W. Thomas, Putney		
Haywood, S. Rixon, Ashby-de-la-Zouch			Rhympney, D. P. Griffiths, Maestag		
Hyce, Cheshire, W. R. McAlisee, Brighton Grove College			Rugby, S. Mann, Penzance		
Harrow-on-the-Hill, W. Dyson, Hitchin			Shrewston, A. Smith, Sheffords		
Halifax, A. B. Preston, St. Peter's			Stokes Croft, T. J. Dake, Chudleigh		
Hartlepool West, A. W. Curwood, Pastors' College			Sunderland, H. C. Bailey, Maryport		
Hounslow, W. H. Claburn, Mundesley			Sutton, F. Todd, Stapleford		
Hawarth, D. Arthur, Westmoreland			Shrewsbury, H. L. Thomas, Kingston		
Hastings, W. R. Peacock, Regent's Park College			Stotfold, J. Hart, Potter's Bar		
Hagglescote, C. Barker, Fleet			Shirley, Hants, E. R. Pullen, Pastors' College		
Hatherleigh, E. Spanton, Danby			Saundersfoot, D. Lewis, Rochdale		
Henley-in-Arden, F. R. Bateman, Twickenham			St. Peter's, Kent, W. L. Mackenzie, Pastors' College		
Huddersfield, T. R. Lewis, Manchester College			Sidcup, G. Simmons, Foot's Cray		
Ibstock, J. P. Newman, Littleborough			Soham, F. W. Dunster		
Kimbolton, T. G. Gathercole, St. Neots			Southend, E. Dyer, Atherton		
Longwynd, Dundee, D. Clark, Pontypool College			Treharris, W. D. Nicholas, Pontypool College		
Llandudno, H. B. Williams, Wrexham			Trowbridge, H. Saunders, Kirton Lidsay		
Long Preston, J. Davis			Tonbridge, B. G. Knight		
Leeds, F. Wells, Huntingdon			Westbury Leigh, W. Price, Beckington		
Limeholm, W. H. Houldsworth, Rawdon College			Wrexham, P. A. Hudgell, Pastors' College		
Lingford, J. Spanswick, Long Buckley			Winchester, W. J. Harris, Birmingham		
London:			Wells, W. E. Glanville, Coate		
Crouch Hill, H. H. Pullen, Darlington			Wellington, H. Reid, Whitechurch		
Bow, Blackthorne Street, F. P. Hazzard, Westbury Leigh			Willenhall, W. Towle, Nottingham College		
			Wirkworth, B. Noble		

NEW CHAPELS

Ash.	Harrogate.	Malvern.
Ashby-de-la-Zouch.	Liverpool, Kensington.	Nettleton.
Barnes.	London:	Notts, Old Basford.
Birkenhead.	Brixton, Wynne Road.	Notts, Red Hill.
Birmingham.	Castle Street, W.	Norwich.
Braunston.	East Finchley.	Okehampton.
Chatteris, Paddock Bridge.	Fulham, Dawes Road.	Sudbury, Suffolk.
Carlisle.	Ferne Park.	St. Helens, Tring.
Cambridge, Forty Feet Bank,	Stroud Green.	Weston, Bristol.
Freemantle.	Middleton.	Welton.

COLLEGES.

BRISTOL.—Founded 1770. President and Theological Tutor, Rev. J. Culross, D.D.; Secretary, Rev. R. Glover; Treasurer, E. Robinson, Esq. Number of Students, eighteen.

BRIGHTON GROVE (Manchester) BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION.—Founded June, 1866. President and Tutor, Rev. E. Parker, D.D.; General Literature, Rev. J. T. Marshall, M.A.; Treasurers, George Shepherd, Esq., and William D. Shaw, Esq.; Secretary, Rev. F. Overend. Number of Students, nineteen.

RAWDON (near Leeds).—Founded at Bradford, 1804; removed to Rawdon, 1859. President, Rev. T. G. Rooke, LL.B.; Classical Tutor, Rev. W. Medley, M.A.; Treasurer, John Barran, Esq., M.P., Leeds. Secretary, Rev. George Hill, M.A. Number of Theological Students, twenty.

REGENT'S PARK.—Founded 1810. Number of Students, twenty-eight. President, Rev. J. August, D.D.; Classical Tutor, Rev. S. W. Green, M.A.; Professor of Hebrew, Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A.; Treasurer, E. B. Underhill, Esq., LL.B.; Secretary, Rev. G. W. Fishbourne.

PONTYPOOL.—President, Rev. W. Edwards, B.A. Founded 1807; removed to Pontypool, 1836. Treasurer, B. Lewis, Esq.; Secretary, Rev. T. Lewis; Classical Tutor, Rev. Joseph Davies, B.A., Students, twenty.

HAVERFORDWEST.—Founded 1839. Students, nineteen. President Rev. T. Davies, D.D.; Classical and Mathematical Tutor, Rev. T. W. Davies, B.A.; Secretary, Rev. James Jenkins; Treasurer, Richard Cory, Esq. The College Term begins on the Third Wednesday in November, and ends on the first Wednesday in September.

NOTTINGHAM.—Instituted in 1797, Nottingham; removed to Chilwell, 1861; removed to Nottingham, 1883. Present number of Students, eleven. Theological Tutor and President, Secretary, Rev. W. Evans, Leicester; Treasurer, Mr. T. W. Marshall, Bankhouse, Loughborough.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.—Instituted at Camberwell, 1855; removed to the Tabernacle, 1861; and to College Buildings, Temple Street, Southwark, 1874. President, C. H. Spurgeon, Vice-President, Rev. J. A. Spurgeon; Tutors, Revs. D. Gracey, A. Fergusson, and F. G. Marchant. Lecturer on Natural Science, Rev. F. R. Cheshire. Tutors of Evening Classes, Mr. S. Johnson and Mr. T. F. Bowers. Secretary, Mr. Harry Hibbert. Present number of Students, sixty-two. Students in the Evening Classes, 120. Amount required annually, £6,000.

LLALENGOLLEN, OR NORTH WALES.—Instituted at Llangollen, 1862. Present number of Students, twenty. President, Rev. G. Davies, B.A.; Classical Tutor, Rev. S. Morris, B.A.; Treasurer, Thomas Hughes, Esq., Vrondeg, Llangollen. Secretary, Rev. H. C. Williams.

SCOTLAND.—THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION (in connection with the Baptist Union of Scotland—formerly connected with the Association). Instituted 1856. Number of Students, nine. Theological Tutors, Rev. Dr. Llandells, Rev. J. McLellan, Rev. G. S. Woodrow (taking Bible Criticisms and Exegesis, Systematic Theology, Apologetics, Church History, Pastoral Theology, and Homiletics). During the winter months the Students take the Art Classes in a Scotch University. The Theological Session is for two months during the summer. Candidates for the Institution to apply to A. Rae, Esq., 26, Granville Street, Glasgow. Convener of Committee.

Note.—The number of Students, as mentioned above, may not be the exact number the institutions are capable of receiving, the number not always being filled up.

The Colleges named (except the Pastors' College) are entitled to give certificates, qualifying for matriculation at the University of London; and many of the Students have already taken degrees and honours there.

RELIGIOUS AND BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—W. R. Ricketts, Esq., Treasurer; Hon. Sec., Dr. E. B. Underhill A. H. Baynes, Esq., F.R.G.S., Secretary; Association Secretary, Rev. J. B. Myers, Mission House Furnival Street, Holborn.

YOUNG MEN'S BAPTIST MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION is in aid of the Baptist Missionary Society, by forming Sunday-school and other Juvenile Auxiliaries. President, H. M. Bompas, Esq., Q.C.; Treasurer, F. J. Maruham, Esq. Secretary, Mr. Holiday, 19, Furnival Street, Holborn.

GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY was formed in 1816, to carry on Missionary work on the principles of the New Connexion of General Baptists. Treasurer, W. B. Bembridge, Esq., Ripley; Secretary, Rev. W. Hill, Derby.

BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY has for its object—"To aid in printing and circulating those translations of the Holy Scripture from which the British and Foreign Bible Society has withdrawn its assistance, on the grounds that the words relating to the ordinance of Baptism have been translated by terms signifying immersion; and further, to aid in producing and circulating other versions of the word of God, similarly faithful and complete." Treasurer, E. B. Underhill, Esq., LL.D. Secretary, Rev. J. W. Trafford, M.A., 19, Furnival Street, Holborn.

BAPTIST TRACT SOCIETY was formed to disseminate the truths of the Gospel by means of small treatises or tracts, in accordance with the subscribers' views, as Calvinists and Strict Communion Baptists. Treasurer, J. S. MacMaster, Esq. Secretary, Rev. G. Simmons. Editor, Rev. E. Parker, D.D. Depot, 22, Furnival Street, Holborn, E.C.

BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY FOR SCOTLAND. (Chiefly for the Highlands and Islands).—Formed 1816. Object—"The dissemination of the Gospel of Christ in Scotland." Hon. Treasurer, Charles Anderson, Esq., 21, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh. Secretary, G. W. Emslie, Esq. Collector, H. W. Hunter, Lasswade, Edinburgh. The General Committee consists of members of churches in the principle towns of Scotland. Twenty-four Missionaries are supported, in whole or in part, by this Society.

BRITISH SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL AMONG THE JEWS.—Formed 1842. Secretary, Rev. J. Dunlop. Offices, at 96, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

BRITISH AND IRISH BAPTIST HOME MISSION.—Offices, 19, Fumival Street, Holborn, W.C. Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth, D.D. Treasurer, Colonel Griffin.

GENERAL BAPTIST HOME MISSION.—President, E. Cayford, Esq. Treasurer, T. H. Harrison, Esq., Greenhill, Derby. Secretary, Rev. J. Fletcher, 322, Commercial Road, E.

BAPTIST UNION.—The objects of this body are said to be—To extend brotherly love and union among those Baptist Ministers and Churches who agree in the sentiments usually denominated evangelical; to promote unity of exertion in whatever may best serve the cause of Christ in general, and the interests of the Baptist Denomination in particular; to obtain statistical information relative to the Baptist Churches and Institutions throughout the world; to prepare annual Reports of its proceedings, and of the state of the Denomination. It fully recognises that "every separate church has within itself the power and authority to exercise all ecclesiastical discipline, rule and government, and to put into execution all the laws of Christ necessary to its own edification." The pastor of every Church connected with the Union is a representative ex-officio; and every Church is entitled to appoint as representatives two of its members. Every Association of Baptist Churches connected with the Union is entitled to appoint two representatives. Churches, Associations, and Ministers are admitted on written application. Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth, D.D., 19, Fumival Street, Holborn.

BAPTIST BUILDING FUND assists by gifts, or loans without interest, in the building, enlargement, and repair of Baptist Chapels. Hon. Secretary, Mr. John Howard, 81, Fairholt Road, Stoke Newington. Mr. Alfred T. Bowser, Treasurer, Offices, 19, Fumival Street, Holborn: Hon. Solicitor, S. Watson, Esq.

THE GENERAL BAPTIST BUILDING FUND.—Formed 1865. Treasurer, H. Hill, Esq., Nottingham. Secretary, Rev. W. Bishop, Leicester.

BAPTIST BUILDING FUND FOR WALES.—This fund was established, in connection with the commemoration of 1862, of the Ejected Ministers of 1662, to assist in paying for the Baptist Chapels of the Principality. D. Davis, Esq., Treasurer; Mr. J. Phillips, Hon. Secretary; with 24 Committeemen selected from all parts of the Principality.

LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—Treasurer, Col. Griffin; Secretary, Rev. F. A. Jones. The object of this association is the extension of the Denomination in the metropolis and its suburbs, the Committee having pledged themselves to build a Chapel every year.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.—President, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Treasurer, C. Allison, Esq. Secretary, Rev. W. C. Jones. Trade Manager, Mr. C. Waters. The object of this Association—the increased circulation of religious literature—is carried out in a twofold manner; 1st, By means of colporteurs, whose whole time is devoted to the work, and who are paid by a fixed salary. 2nd, By Book Agents, who canvass for orders for periodicals, and supply them month by month; these receive a liberal percentage on the sales to remunerate them for their trouble.

THE PARTICULAR BAPTIST FUND is for the Relief of Ministers and Churches, the education of Ministers, and the presentation of books to Students and Ministers. Treasurers, T. Greenwood, Esq., Rev. S. H. Booth, D.D., and J. J. Smith, Esq. Secretary, Mr. R. Grace, 28, Bromar Road, Denmark Hill, S.E.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.—Formed 1866. Object: "To aid the Ministers of both Sections of the Baptist Denomination with limited incomes, in the education of their children." Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth, D.D.

GERMAN BAPTIST MISSION.—Committee for the distribution of funds sent out from Great Britain. Treasurer for Great Britain, Mr. M. H. Wilkin, Hampstead, N.W. Travelling representative in Great Britain, Rev. F. H. Newton, 11, Bismarck Road, Highgate.

WARD'S TRUST.—John Ward, LL.D., Professor in Gresham College in 1754, left £1,200 Bank Stock for the education of two young men for the ministry at a Scotch University, preference being given to Baptists. Trustees, Rev. Dr. Angus, J. J. Smith, Esq. Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth, D.D.

THE BAPTIST UNION PASTORS' INCOME AUGMENTATION SOCIETY.—Object:—"The increase of the income of well-accredited pastors, according to the claim that may be presented, and the means that may be supplied." Treasurer, Mr. S. R. Pattison, Queen Victoria Street, London. Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth, D.D., Fumival Street, Holborn.

BAPTIST TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.—President, W. S. Caine, Esq., M.P. Treasurer, J. P. Meredith, Esq., Wandsworth. Hon. Secretary, Mr. James T. Sears, 232, Southampton Street, Camberwell, S.E. This Association was formed to utilise to the greatest advantage the Total Abstinence power existing in the churches of the Denomination. Secretary, Rev. H. Trotman, 95, Warwick Road, W.

GENERAL SOCIETIES.

IN WHICH BAPTISTS ARE MORE OR LESS INTERESTED.

AGED PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY.—Asylum, Westmoreland Place, Peckham, Secretary, Mr. E. Hazledon, 83, Finsbury Pavement. Treasurer, F. A. Bevan, Esq., 54, Lombard Street.

APPRENTICESHIP SOCIETY.—Formed 1829. Secretary, Rev. J. Marchant. Office, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street.

ARMY SCRIPTURE READERS' AND SOLDIERS' FRIEND SOCIETY.—Object:—"To spread a saving knowledge of Christ amongst our soldiers, without denominationalism."—President, General Sir A. J. Lawrence, K.C.B. Treasurer, V. G. M. Holt, Esq., Whitehall Place, Bankers, National Provincial Bank of England, 212, Piccadilly, W. Secretary, Rev. W. A. Blake. Hon. Secretary, Colonel Sandwith.

ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN, Reedham, near Caterham.—Instituted 1844. Treasurer, H. Spicer, Esq. Secretary, Mr. J. R. Edwards. Office, 35, Finsbury Place, E.C.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY, SAILORS' INSTITUTION.—Mercer's Street, Shadwell, E. Established 1818. Treasurer, Thomas Hankey, Esq. Secretary, Rev. E. W. Matthews. Sixty-three agents in home and foreign parts.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY. Normal School, Borough Road.—Formed 1808. Treasurer, J. G. Barclay, Esq. Secretary, A. Bourne, 9, Central School, Borough Road, S.E.
HOME AND SCHOOL FOR THE SONS AND ORPHANS OF MISSIONARIES, Blackheath, S.E.—Established 1842. Treasurer, H. W. Dobell, Esq., Jun. Hon. Secs., A. H. Baines, Esq., Rev. R. W. Thompson.
INSTITUTE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF MISSIONARIES, Walthamstow, N.E.—Minute Hon. Secs. Mrs. Pye-Smith. Treasurer, T. Gardiner, Esq., Buckhurst Hill.
LADY HEWLEY'S CHARITY.—Clerk to the Trustees, Robert Calder, 4 Commercial Court, Liverpool.
MILL HILL SCHOOL, Hendon, N.W.—Treasurer, A. Spicer, Esq. Acting Secretary, A. A. Hannay.
ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, Haverstock Hill.—Instituted 1785. Secretary, Mr. J. Finch. Office, 73, Chapside.

RAGGED CHURCH AND CHAPEL UNION.—Object: "To raise funds to assist in providing buildings for places of worship on Sundays and general school purposes during the week for the destitute poor of the Metropolis." President, Lord Ebury. Treasurer, A. Sperling, Esq. Secretary, Mr. W. A. Blake, 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.—Formed 1799. Treasurer, E. Rawlings, Esq. Hon. Secretaries, the Rev. Canon Fleming and Rev. John Stoughton, D.D. Secretaries, Rev. Lewis Borrett White, M.A., and Rev. Dr. Green.

ROBINSON'S RETREAT, Hackney.—Built and endowed by the late Mr. S. Robinson, a member of the Independent Church then meeting at Founder's hall, for twelve widows of Protestant Dissenting Ministers, eight of them being Independents, and four Baptists. Each widow has a separate set of apartments, and a pension of £13 per annum. Mr. Robinson also created a fund called "Robinson's Relief," from which annuities of £10 are paid to sixteen Independents, and eight Baptist ministers. Trustees, Messrs. T. B. Woolley, E. Viney, E. C. Searle, and J. Carter.

ROBINSON'S RELIEF FUND.—For Calvinistic Ministers, Baptist or Independent, resident in England and Wales. Ebenezer Viney, Esq., Treasurer, Upper Norwood. Two-thirds are to be Independents and one-third Baptists. The grants are £10 per annum. The trustees are the same as for "Robinson's Retreat." Present number of recipients, 32.

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE FOR FATHERLESS BOYS, Clapham Road, London, S.W.—Trustees, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, James Stiff, Esq., H. Smith, Esq., B. W. Carr, Esq., C. F. Allison, Esq., William Olney, Esq., Joseph Passmore, Esq., Thomas H. Olney, Esq.; Master, Rev. V. J. Charlesworth. Secretary, Mr. F. G. Ladds. Fatherless boys and girls between the ages of six and ten are received, irrespective of creed and locality; but sons of Baptist Ministers are considered especially by Trustees. Applications, giving full particulars, should be addressed in writing to the Secretary or Master.

SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF AGED AND INFIRM PROTESTANT DISSENTING MINISTERS.—Formed 1818. Treasurer, P. Cadby, Esq. Secretary, Rev. P. G. Scorey, 53, Oakhurst Grove, East Dulwich.

SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF NECESSITOUS WIDOWS AND CHILDREN OF PROTESTANT DISSENTING MINISTERS.—Formed 1733. Treasurer, W. Edwards, Esq. Secretary, R. Grace, Esq.

MONTHLY TRACT SOCIETY, 181, Queen Victoria Street, Blackfriars. Secretary, Mr. J. R. Mackenzie.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 56, Old Bailey, E.C.—Formed 1803. Secretaries, Messrs. F. J. Hartley, J. E. Tressider, and J. Towlers. Trade Manager, Mr. Cauldwell.

TRINITARIAN BIBLE SOCIETY, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.—Secretary, Rev. E. W. Bullinger, D.D. Hon. Secretary, H. C. Nisbet, Esq.

RECENT DEATHS.

1.—**REV. STEPHEN ALBERT SWAINE** died at Penzance, at the early age of thirty-eight. He had been suffering for some time from pneumonia. He entered the ministry in 1873, and held pastorates at Wantage, Belfast, and Brompton. Since the death, about five years ago, of Rev. J. B. Parrett, Mr. Swaine had edited *The Baptist Magazine*. He was also the founder and first editor of *The Imperial Federation Journal*. Mr. Swaine was a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and his book, "Faithful Men—Memorials of Bristol Baptist College, and some of its Most Distinguished Alumni," published in 1884, is highly prized by the older members of that college. "Religious Revolution in the Sixteenth Century," and two volumes of the "World's Worker" series—Turner the artist, and General Gordon—were from his pen. He prepared a "Life of John Cassell," the great head of the publishing firm, but that has not yet seen the light. Mr. Swaine married a daughter of Mr. Alexander Berryman, of Penzance, and leaves a wife and four young children.

2.—**REV. J. BARKER**, of Lockwood, died on March 20th, in his seventieth year. He was a native of Bramley, and was educated for the ministry at Rawdon College. In 1846 he took the pastorate of the church at Lockwood, and remained there till 1878, when he was appointed secretary of Rawdon College. Mr. Barker was very widely known and respected, and did a great deal of work, not only for the church with which he was more immediately connected, but for Baptist churches in various parts of the country. The funeral took place on Monday, in the churchyard at Bramley, of which village Mr. Barker was a native. Rev. S. Cope (vicar) officiated, and among those present were the deacons of Lockwood Church; Rev. T. G. Rooke, President of Rawdon College; J. Compston, formerly of Bramley; C. Welton, Morley; C. Harrison, Staningley; and J. Horn, Leeds.

3.—**REV. LEWIS EVANS**, Morriston Tabernacle, near Swansea, departed this life on Wednesday, June 19th. His death was very sudden, without any previous illness, and without any warning. At the home, Rev. R. Lewis read a portion of God's Word, and Rev. D. D. Hopkins offered prayer. His body was borne to its last resting-place by the deacons of the church. In the cemetery of Zion Baptist Chapel the following ministers spoke:—Messrs. James, Lewis, Harries, Davies, Morris,

and Davies. Rev. W. Walters concluded the services with prayer. Our departed friend was born at Cwmaman, Carmarthenshire, in 1865; baptized by his father, Rev. J. Evans, when he was fourteen years old; entered Llangollen College in 1885. He was a diligent student, an acceptable preacher, and a young man of a very gentle and kind spirit. Just when his sword was being sharpened in the war against sin and Satan, just when his influence was beginning to be felt and his usefulness gradually extending, death came and took him. "His sun went down while it was yet day." He leaves behind him a father and mother and sisters to mourn his loss.

4.—**Rev. W. R. STEVENSON**, of Nottingham. He was on a visit to his brother-in-law Rev. C. Clark, of Bristol, and died suddenly on Saturday morning. He had suffered from heart disease for some years. Since the death of Professor Goadby, Mr. Stevenson had been taking the duties of principal of the Nottingham Baptist College, where he formerly was classical tutor, and he had been requested at the Conference held at Walsall to continue to discharge those duties until a permanent appointment was made. He was educated at the Free Grammar School, and received his college training at University College, London. He commenced his ministry in 1847. "On leaving London," says *The Nottingham Guardian*, "he became assistant minister to the Rev. J. G. Pike, of Derby; but at the end of four years work in the neighbouring town he removed to Nottingham, and in May, 1851, became pastor of Broad Street Chapel. Of the value of his services during the long period of twenty-five years at Broad Street, Nottingham Nonconformists are fully aware, because Mr. Stevenson took a prominent part in all the denominational movements, and his was a familiar figure upon public platforms during that time. For seventeen years he was classical and mathematical teacher at the College, Chilwell, among the earliest students who came under his care being Dr. Clifford, who was last year president of the Baptist Union. After resigning his pastorate at Broad Street, Mr. Stevenson took no regular charge for two years, but then interested himself greatly in the development of the Church at Chelsea Street, Basford, where he ministered for nine years quite as a labour of love. He has just completed an account of the Baptist hymnists of England and America for the "Dictionary of Hymns and Hymn Writers."

5.—**GOADBY THOMAS, B.A.**, etc., Principal of Nottingham Baptist College, was the son of the Rev. Joseph Goadby, of Loughborough, and grandson of the Rev. Joseph Goadby, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch. He was born December 23rd, 1829. His school time was cut short by illness, and his father encouraged him to take long walks and be much in the open air, so that he became an assiduous collector of entomological and botanical specimens, and acquired that keen partiality for Charnwood Forest scenery which clung to him through life. He was apprenticed at a grocery establishment in Leicester, and though he had to work from seven in the morning till nine at night, and "shop" was kept open even on Christmas Days, he found time to study by early rising and sitting up late. The following plan shows that when about eighteen he studied hard for an apprentice who had to "shop" between 7 a.m. and 9 p.m. "Rise b-tween four and five. Read Virgil's *Æneid* till time to open shop. Then during the day if there is time, or after closing shop, read one page Greek, two pages Latin Grammar, thirty pages of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' and one of the 'Lives' in Plutarch. Then, and not till then, can I read anything else. Retire to rest between 10 and 11." He was surrounded by youths of sceptical tendencies, and had some work to hold his own against the arguments of some of the Chartists; but he was through this period a sincere believer. From Leicester he went to Cambridge as an assistant in the same line of business. He was baptised at the Particular Baptist chapel, and shortly afterwards strongly recommended to enter the ministry. His brother was already at the Leicester College, and he was shortly admitted. His progress was so thorough that the college committee agreed to send him at their own expense to Glasgow University. Here he took a Williams' Scholarship, which, however, he held for two years instead of three, as the expense of college life was too severe. Having taken his B.A. degree, he accepted the pastorate of Coventry, and soon after married Miss Everard of Mountsorrel, to whom he had been long engaged. To take out the very small stipend, he became editor of a small weekly newspaper, and his health gave way. The sad times of the Coventry silk trade depression came on, and hundreds died practically of starvation. The little Baptist church was almost overwhelmed. After a six years' pastorate Mr. Goadby went to London as pastor of Commercial Road chapel. He worked hard there, as at Coventry, to promote payment of debt and chapel building funds, and became very much endeared to the people, and an active member of the London Baptist Association Committee. He was constrained by his increasing family to keep a school—but after six years he accepted a call to Osmonston Road. The measured style of his elaborate preaching became a great power, and he enjoyed better health—though at a public breakfast he was once poisoned by arsenic, inadvertently put into a pigeon pie—which left his life in jeopardy for some days. In 1873 he was invited by the association meeting at Burnley to accept the post of principal of the Nottingham (Chilwell) college, a post which he held till his death. During his tenure of the principalship, the college had nearly sixty students passing through its curriculum, only one of whom—the Rev. J. Bird—died during their tutor's lifetime. The death of his youngest daughter by drowning in 1887, and the death of his wife in 1881, left an abiding mark on his character. His work at the college developed some of the finer qualities of his nature, and his indefatigable reading and study, combined with his personal intimacy with eminent theologians in America and in Germany, gave him great advantage ground in dealing with the speculations of modern thought. Many a young preacher visited him and wrote to him when suffering under the doubts which are described as having led Robert Elmslie from the faith—and receive strength and new encouragement. There was perhaps no minister in England who had a fuller acquaintance with German theological speculations, and at the same time such firm reliance on "the old paths." His principal published works were two volumes—a translation of "Ewald on Revelation." The obituary resolution of the Association was penned by

the Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., and that of the Mission Committee by Dr. Underwood, the latter stating:—"The very great company at his funeral made his burial-place like the floor of Atad, where Jacob was interred, and where they mourned for him with a very great and sore lamentation. That remarkable manifestation of sympathy and regret attested the high estimation in which he was held, yet his worth was not fully appreciated till God took him away."

6.—REV. NORMAN J. S. NAISE, who has been for four and a half years pastor of the church at Great Shelford, died on the 21st of June. He was a sufferer from neuralgia, for which he used an aconite and chloroform liniment. On the day of his death he was taken with severe vomiting, followed by syncope, which terminated fatally. The conclusion arrived at by the coroner's jury was that he had taken some of the liniment, diluted with water, to ease his pain, and the quantity taken was an overdose accidentally administered. He was twenty-seven years of age, and there was no reason to suspect a suicidal intention. The funeral was attended by many ministers of the county, the Rev. H. F. Griffin conducting the service.

7.—HOBSON, HENRY JAMES, who spent his youth as a pupil teacher, and thereby acquired the habit of speaking so as to interest those who listened to his narrative, gave up educational work for the press, and served for many years on a local newspaper, being a rapid "note" taker. The uncertain hours necessitated his return to scholastic work, and he established a successful private school. He was asked in 1877 to take the pastoral oversight of the church at Union Place, Longford. Last year he resigned owing to dangerous symptoms of ill-health. He was very much beloved, and an indefatigable worker. During his pastorate additional accommodation was provided for the Sunday school, though the large number latterly out of employment in Longford rendered advance difficult. He died after a long weakness, without hope of recovery, yet was through all full of cheerful resignation and hope of the better land. He was able to attend his school up to the time of his death, Oct. 11th, 1888. So the worker found rest.

8.—REV. THOMAS WITNEY, aged forty-two, fell asleep in Jesus on Sunday, April 21st. Our brother's ministerial labours consisted principally in establishing a Baptist cause at Lower Tooting, where, after a most trying and difficult pastorate, he was instrumental in building a school room, and afterwards a chapel, his work bearing testimony to his zeal and fidelity to Christ. His death, after eleven years' service at Lower Tooting, is the more lamentable, owing to a disease of the brain, causing his removal to an asylum, where, after three months' suffering, he passed away to his rest, leaving a widow and two very young children to mourn his loss. His remains were interred at Salisbury, on April 25th, followed to the grave by his affectionate brother and widow.

9.—REV. J. COMPTON, who died on Easter Sunday in London, very suddenly, after coming home from evening service, aged sixty-one years. Mr. Compton was born in 1828, at Bury, in Lancashire. At the time of his birth his father was a touring missionary in Bradford, and afterwards became a Congregational minister. For a number of years he was a Sunday school teacher and lay preacher. In 1851 he was married, and was following his trade as a grocer. He and his wife having both been baptized, he was urged to enter the ministry, and became pastor of the church at Inskip in 1852. He laboured successfully till 1856, and he received a call to Bramley, much to the regret of the church at Inskip. In 1861, at the request of the church and Yorkshire Association, he accepted the call from Barnsley, and entered upon the pastorate on the new year of 1862. He did good work amongst the miners of the district. In 1870 he accepted the pastorate of the church at York Road, Leeds, and laboured very acceptably for three years, being the means of new chapel and schools being built. From 1876 to 1878 he was engaged in the work of organising bands of hope in Yorkshire. Afterwards he received a call from the churches at Fivehead and Taunton in Somerset. In 1888 Mr. Compton retired from the ministry and took up his abode in London, and went labouring as an evangelist, and preaching at several churches, where he formerly worked.

9.—JOHN RICHARD PARKER was born at Portsmouth in 1835. He was the child of a good mother. Converted very early in life, he joined the church, and at once threw all his youthful energy and ardour into all kinds of good work, preaching frequently. He was baptized at the age of twenty-one, and now, under the advice of some well-known Christian ministers, he was led to devote himself wholly to the ministry. He gave up a good position, in which he was rising rapidly, to do this. His first charge was at Lockerby, where he laboured unremittingly for four years, with great success. From Lockerby he removed to Upton-on-Severn, where he remained nearly five years. From Upton to Carey Chapel, Moulton, where a happy and successful term of eleven years was spent. The chapel was enlarged, and a beautiful tablet erected to the memory of Dr. Carey. A large number were added to the church. From Moulton to Castle Donington and Sawley, where another five years of service were faithfully discharged, and in 1881 he came to Salem, Longford. Here, after six years of labour, and in the thirty-first year of his ministry, he has "fallen asleep." His latest services were given to Longford. His ripened experience, his fullest Christian love and grace. For some time before he died an insidious foe was undermining his strength, and while he struggled with it heroically, his friends feared the worst. He was filled with hope that he would be raised up again—and yet there were premonitions of coming dissolution, and a manifest ripening for the kingdom. When preaching at Well Street, and with greatest difficulty—almost the last time he preached—he said in the vestry at the close, "The Gospel I have

preached to others is my own solace and comfort now, and Christ is my unfailing support." When suffering very greatly one day he repeated, "Jesus, lover of my soul," to the verse beginning—

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find."

And often in a morning he would say—

"I am nearer home to-day than I have been before."

The last Sunday he spent on earth his thoughts were fixed on heaven, and he said, "I am weary, and want to go home. I shall be in glory next Sunday, and that will be glory for me." A little time afterwards he passed calmly away.

PUBLICATIONS.

WEEKLY.

The Baptist. One Penny. Stock, Paternoster Row.
The Freeman. One Penny. Alexander and Shepherd, Furnival Street, Chancery Lane.

ANNUAL.

Baptist Handbook. Two Shillings. Alexander and Shepherd, Furnival Street.

— *Almanack.* Twopence. Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

Baptist Magazine. Sixpence. Alexander and Shepherd.

— *Messenger.* One Penny. E. Stock, 61, Paternoster Row.

The Church. One Penny. E. Stock, Paternoster Row.

General Baptist Magazine. Twopence. Marlborough and Co.

Earthen Vessel. Twopence. Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet street.

Missionary Herald. One Penny. Alexander and Shepherd.

Juvenile Missionary Herald. One Halfpenny. Alexander and Shepherd.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

QUEEN ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA, born 24th May, 1819, succeeded to the throne 20th June, 1837, married 10th February, 1840, to the late Francis Albert, Prince of Saxe Coburg and Gotha. *Issue:—* 1. Princess Victoria Adelaide (Princess Frederick William of Prussia), born Nov. 21st, 1840. (married 25th January, 1858).—2. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born Nov. 9th, 1841 (married to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, March 10th, 1863).—3. Princess Alice Maud Mary (Princess of Hesse Darmstadt), born April 25th, 1843 (married July 1st, 1862. Died December 14th, 1878).—4. Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh, born August 6th, 1844 (married Grand Duchess Maria of Russia, January 23rd, 1874).—5. Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25th, 1846 (married to Prince Christian of Augustenberg, July 5th, 1866).—6. Princess Louisa Carolina Alberta, born March 18th, 1848 (married John, Marquis of Lorne, March 21st, 1871).—7. Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1st, 1850 (married Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, March 13th 1879).—8. Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert, born April 7th, 1853 (married, 27th April, 1882. Died March 28th, 1884).—9. Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora, born April 14th, 1857 (married Prince Henry of Battenberg, July 23rd, 1885).
George William Frederick Charles, Duke of Cambridge, cousin to the Queen, born 26th March, 1819.

George Frederick Alexander, Duke of Cumberland, cousin to the Queen, born May 27th, 1819.

Princess Augusta Carolina of Cambridge (Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz), born July 19th, 1822.

Princess Mary Adelaide of Cambridge, born 27th November, 1833, married to Prince Teck, June, 1866.

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against inspection, or any other enclosure not allowed by the regulations of the Book Post, will be treated as a letter, and charged with double the deficiency of the letter postage.

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No Newspaper, whether posted singly or in a packet, may contain any enclosure except the supplement or supplements belonging to it. If it contain any other, it will be charged as a letter.

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	50	0	0	6	"	2,000
	75	0	0	9	"	3,000
	100	0	1	0	"	4,000
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