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THE
BAPTIST MESSENGER:

AN

Evangelical Treasury

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FOR THE YEAR 1878.

LONDON:
61, PATERNOSTER ROW.

DEAR READER,—By the long-sparing goodness of our heavenly Father we are permitted to exchange congratulations at the close of 1878. May the coming year prove the brightest and the best of our chequered lives! How many of those who were our companions in labour have been called away! The Church of the glorified is constantly receiving accessions from the Church militant, and our turn will soon come to exchange mortality for life. Let us, therefore, work while it is called day—gird up the loins of our mind—be sober and hope to the end, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

We would fain thank the many friends who have assisted our efforts during the year that is ended, while inviting a continuation of their valued sympathy and help.

Our lot is cast in the perilous times which are to precede the end of the present dispensation. In presence of surrounding apathy and ungodliness it behoves us to be doubly diligent in the conservation and defence of inspired truth.

There are points of doctrine and discipline upon which divergence of opinion is allowable—there are verities to which we must ever cling with uncompromising and unfaltering allegiance. There is a sense in which the truth of God is committed to our trust. Let us guard it, cherish it, practise it, and love it as becometh those who are constituted “heirs together of the grace of life.” Then shall our joy be full in the day of final recompense. That we may all meet at last on the shores of abiding blessedness, is the prayer of

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM ALEXANDER BLAKE,
Editor.

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December 31st, 1878.

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A CHEERING CONGRATULATION.*

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

“Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven; whose sin is covered.”

PSALM xxxii. 1.

MEN have all of them their own ideals of blessedness. Those ideals are often altogether contrary to the sayings which our Saviour uttered in His Sermon on the Mount. They count those to be blessed who are strong in health, who are abundant in riches, who are honoured with fame, who are entrusted with command, who exercise power—those, in fact, who are distinguished in the eyes of their fellow-creatures. Yet I find not such persons called “blessed” in God’s Word, but often times humble souls, who might excite pity rather than envy, are congratulated upon the blessings which they are heirs to, and which they shall soon enjoy. To the penitent there is no voice so pleasant as that of pardon. God, who cannot lie—God, who cannot err—tells us what it is to be blessed. Here He declares that “Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven; whose sin is covered.” This is an oracle not to be disputed. Forgiven sin is better than accumulated wealth. The remission of sin is infinitely to be preferred before all the glitter and the glare of this world’s prosperity. The gratification of creature passions and earthly desires is illusive—a shadow and a fiction; but the blessedness of the justified, the blessedness of the man to whom God imputeth righteousness is substantial and true. How apt we are to say in our hearts, “Would God Adam had never fallen, for blessed must be the man who never sinned!” Could any man have attained to a perfect life, which deserved commendation at God’s hands, blessedness would surely glow around him like a halo; at his feet the earth would blossom; in his nostrils the air would breathe sweet odours; and his ears would be regaled with the sweet singing of birds; “content, indeed, to sojourn while he must below the skies, but having there his home.” Such a man would feel and find the beams of brightness playing over the entire expanse of life, and the thrill of gladness filling his heart with unbroken peace. The mountains and hills would break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field would clap their hands, to multiply his inlets to happiness. But it is not of such imaginary bliss that our sacred psalmist loves to sing; because, however true, it would be a mere mockery to tell us, who are so deeply fallen, of sweet delights that those alone could know who never fell. Our time of probation is over. We of mortal race were proved, tried, and condemned long ago. It is not possible now for us to have the blessedness of uncorrupted innocence. And yet, thank God, blessedness is still possible to us, sinners though we be. We may hear the voice of the ever-blessed of God pronouncing us to be blessed. His mercy can secure to us what our merit could never have earned, for so it is written, “Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven; whose sin is covered.” May every one of us partake of this blessedness, and know and rejoice in the full assurance.

Now, the observations I address to you shall be very simple; but if

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they come home to us as true, and we can grasp them with a lively faith, they will be none the less gratifying to us because they seem common.

I.—EVIDENTLY THERE IS FORGIVENESS WITH GOD: TRANSGRESSION MAY BE FORGIVEN.

It is spoken of here, not as a flight of fancy, or a poetic dream; it is not an imaginary or a possible circumstance, but it is described as a fact that does occur, and has been the happy lot of some who knew its sweet relief, and felt its strange felicity—"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven." Do take the words with all their weight of meaning; for though taught in our catechisms, embodied in our creed, and admitted in our ordinary conversation on religious subjects, the belief in the forgiveness of sins is not always sincere and hearty. When the guilt of sin is felt, and the burden of sin grows heavy, and when the wound stinks and is corrupt, as the Psalmist says, we are very apt to doubt the possibility of pardon; or, at least, of our own pardon. Under deep conviction of sin, and a sense of the peculiar heinousness of our own guilt, there is a haze and more than a haze—a thick fog, which hides the light of this doctrine from our view. We think all men pardonable except ourselves. We can believe in the doctrine of forgiveness of sin for blasphemers, for thieves, for drunkards, even for murderers; but there is some particular aggravation in the sin which we have committed that appears to us to admit of no place of repentance, to find no promise of absolution. So, writing bitter things against ourselves, we become our own accusers and our own judges, and seem as if we would even become our own executioners. In our distraction we are thus prone to doubt that our transgression can be forgiven.

And, beloved, I am not sure that those of us who are saved do not sometimes have misgivings about this grand truth. Although I know that I am saved in Christ, yet at times when I look back upon my life, and especially dwell upon some dark blots which God has forgiven, but for which I can never forgive myself, the question comes across me, "Is it so? Is that really blotted out? It was so crimson, so scarlet, can it be that the spot is entirely gone?" We know that being washed in the blood of Christ we are whiter than snow, but it is not always that our faith can realise the forgiveness of sins while our heart and conscience are revolving the fragrant of their guilt. It should not be so. We ought to be able to bear, at one and the same time, a vision of sin in all its horror, and a full view of the sacrifice for sin in all its holiness and acceptance to God—to feel that we are guilty, weak, lost, and ruined, yet to believe that Christ is not only able to save to the very uttermost, but that he has saved us,—to confess our crimes, while we cast ourselves without a question into His blessed arms. I trust that we can do this. But, alas! a fly may find its way into the sweetest pot of ointment, a little folly may taint a good reputation, and an unworthy doubt may tarnish the purest faith; so it may be profitable to remind even the forgiven man that forgiveness of sin is possible, that forgiveness of sin is presented in the Gospel as a covenant blessing, that forgiveness of sin is the possession of every believer in Jesus, that his sin has gone entirely and irreversibly, and that for him all manner of sin has been forgiven, blotted out, and put away through the precious blood of Jesus, seeing that he has believed in God's great propitiatory sacrifice.

Peradventure there has strolled into this sanctuary to-night some professing Christian who, though a true child of God, has foully stained his profession. It may be, my dear friend, that in your weakness, and to your shame and to your confusion of face, you have forsaken God, and have fallen into sin. You who knew better, you who have instructed others, you who would have denounced such conduct with great severity in your fellow-creatures, have fallen into the transgression yourself, and now you are conscious that both the sin and its results are very bitter; you are smarting under the rod, your bones have been sore broken, and, perhaps, while I am speaking, it seems as if my words were putting them out of joint again where there had been a little healing. Beloved brother or sister in Christ, if your sin be a public sin, a grievous sin, a black and foul sin; if it be a sin which conscience cannot for a moment tolerate, a sin which God's people must detest even though it be in you who are dear to them, let me entreat you not to suffer the deceitfulness of sin to drive you to despair; in the anguish of remorse do not shun the mercy-seat. Doubt not that the Lord is still ready to pardon you. Let not Satan persuade you that you have sinned a sin which is unto death. Nay, come to the cross of Christ. The blood of Jesus was real, and it was really shed to wash away real sin, not sin in the abstract as we talk of it here, but sin in the concrete as you have committed it—such sin as yours; nay, your sin, that special sin, that degrading sin, that sin which you are ashamed to mention, that sin which makes you now, even at the very thought of it, hang your head and blush. Know of a truth that your sin is pardonable. Do you ask me why I draw this inference from my text? I answer that it was penned by David, when his crimes were complicated, his character corrupted, and his case seemed beyond the possibility of a cure. Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God! Whatever your sin may have been, it can scarcely have exceeded his in atrocity. You know how he added sin to sin; you know how high he stood and how low he sunk; and you know how sweetly he could sing—“Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven; whose sin is covered.” It shines forth more clearly now than ever it shone before. Sin is pardonable: the Lord God is merciful and gracious. Hear the heavenly invitation—“Come, now, let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as wool; though they be red like crimson they shall be whiter than snow.” Hear Jehovah's voice out of heaven—“I, even I, am He that blotteth out thine iniquities for My name's sake; I will not remember thy sins.” With such a peerless proclamation of perfect pardon we leave this point. We trust, however, that you will not leave it till you have proved its preciousness and its power.

II.—Observe, now, that the pardon being proved, the BLESSEDNESS MAY BE ENJOYED.

So much sadness comes from a sense of sin that it is not easy for a penitent to regard pleasure as within his reach, or for a criminal to imagine that cheerfulness can become his habitual condition. How have I heard a man say—“Were God to forgive me I do not think I could be happy; such is my sin that though it should be put away, the memory would haunt me, the disgrace would distract me; my own conscience would confound me; I never could blend with the blessed ones.” Is not this just what the prodigal said—“I am not worthy to be called thy son;

make me as one of thy hired servants?" He could not think so well of his father as to suppose that he could receive him again into his affections as his child; hence he would be content to take the yoke of service, and to be a hired servant of his father's; not a servant born in the house, though these were common enough among the Jews, but a hired servant, willing to be even with the lowest class of servants, so that he might but live in his father's house. I know that this is often the feeling of humble souls, but look at the text and observe the blessed truth which it teaches. You may not only be forgiven, my dear friends, but you may enjoy, notwithstanding your past sin, blessedness even on earth. Oh! look up through those tears! They can all be wiped away, or should they continue to flow in a long life of penitence, if they do but fall upon the Saviour's feet, which thou wouldst fain wash with the tears of thine affection and wipe with the hairs of thy head, thou shalt find those tears to be precious drops that ye need not rue. Though evangelical repentance may be compared to bitter herbs in one respect, to be eaten lamenting, yet in another respect there is no grace so sweet as repentance. In heaven, it is true, they do not repent, but here on earth it well becomes the saints. It is sweet here below to sit and weep one's heart away in sorrow for sin at the foot of the cross of Christ, saying, "With my tears His feet I bathe:" and although we shall have done with it when we reach those blissful shores, until then repentance shall be the occupation of our lives.

But, dear friends, you may suppose that as sincere repentance always leads to great searching of heart; it cannot be blessed, yet it really is so. Repentance, as we have already said, is a sweet grace. You remember that the prodigal shed his tears, his best tears, in his father's bosom, when he put his face, as it were, close to his father's heart, and sobbed out, "Father, I have sinned!" Oh, what a place for repentance is the bosom of God, with his love shed abroad in the heart, making you contrite and moving you to say, "How could I have sinned against so good a God? How could I be an enemy to one who is so full of grace? How could I run away and spend my substance with harlots, when here was my father's deep care for my welfare? How could I choose their base love, when a love so pure, so true, so constant, was waiting for me?" Oh, it is a holy sorrow that hath a clear life ensuing; and I tell you that however deep your repentance may be, it shall not stand in the way of your being blessed; but shall even prove to be one contributory stream to the blessedness of your experience.

Does the memory of your sins haunt you, and do you feel that you shall always hang your head as one whom pardon could not purge? Not thus did the apostle Paul reflect on his many sins. Though he bewailed the wickedness of his heart and was ashamed of the evil he had done, yet his humility after he was converted took the form of gratitude cheering his very soul with the most lively impulse. While confessing that he was the very chief of sinners, at the same time and in the same breath he said, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Conscious of his own infirmities, he could exclaim, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" yet, confident of his full redemption, he could add, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Moreover, hurling

defiance at all his accusers, he asks, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" No bolder or more triumphant champion of Divine grace than that apostle who was before a blasphemer and a persecutor and injurious, but now rejoices to bear record, "I obtained mercy that in me Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering as a pattern to them who should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting." What though your past offences be never so rank and your present shame should sting you with ever so much poignant sorrow, yet with thrills of bliss you shall prove the full blessedness of the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Methinks I hear one say, "Few men have fallen more deeply into sin than I have; if converted I might be pointed out as an illustrious monument of Divine grace; yet, what with vanities which have matured into vices, and passing follies which have grown into positive evil habits, it is not likely I should ever attain the same eminence in grace as those who were trained from childhood in the sanctuary, and never lived a dissolute life or risked a desperate death as I have done." Let me assure you that this is a great fallacy. The heights of glory are now open to those who once plunged into the depths of sin. Say not, slave of Satan, that thou canst not be a soldier of the cross. Thou canst be a heroic soldier. Thou mayest win a crown of victory. Why needest thou be weak in faith? Thou canst not be languid in love. Great sinner as thou art, thou hast in this a sort of advantage; thou wilt love much because thou hast had much forgiven thee. Surely, if thy love be warmer than that of others, thou hast the mainspring of zeal, the mightiest force within to mould thy future course. Instead of being less than others thou shouldst seek to outdo them all, not out of carnal emulation, but out of holy strife. I counsel thee, poor sinner, when thou comest to Christ do not try to hide thyself in some obscure corner; but come to the light, that thou mayest have near and intimate fellowship with thy Lord: for the love thou hast to Him, show kindness to His lambs; by thy generosity to His disciples, show thy gratitude to the Master; grudge no service; be ready to spend and to be spent; yield yourself a living sacrifice to Him who redeemed thee from thy sins and restored thee to His favour. I liked what one said to me to-day when I was seeing inquirers who are seeking membership with us. "By God's grace," he said, "I will try to make up for lost time." Let this be your resolve, my friends. If you are called by grace when the day is far spent and the time in which you can hope to serve your Lord is getting brief, do not waste an opportunity, but engage with all your heart and soul in the work of faith and labour of love for the Lord Jesus. Some of us were called at the first or second hour of the day, and while we were yet children we found some employment in the vineyard. Still we cannot serve Christ as we would. Oh! I wish I had a thousand tongues that I might tell out His love, and could live a thousand lives to proclaim His grace amongst the sons of men! But as for you, whose time must, in the course of nature, be so short; you who have given so much of your lives to Satan—do not let Christ now be put off with the fag end, but give Him the very best of your love, the fat of your sacrifice, the strength and soul of your being.

And as to the matter of enjoyment, I cannot believe for a moment that when a great sinner is blessed with a great pardon he should fail to have

the fulness of joy which so Divine a benefit must properly excite. My observation has been that the joy of those who have been graciously forgiven after having greatly transgressed rather exceeds than falls short of the joy of such as are more gradually brought into Gospel liberty. Oh! no; my Master will not adjudge you to take a second rank.

He who was by birth an alien and in open rebellion an enemy to God, shall have all the rights of citizenship, and partake of all the privileges of the saints. Not he who like Samuel was lighted to his couch in childhood by the lamps of the sanctuary is more welcome at the Father's board than the returning prodigal. Such blessedness is in store for some of you. You have fallen; you have lost your character; you have stifled the voice of your own conscience; you have forfeited all title to self-respect. But by Christ redeemed, in Christ restored, this infinite blessedness shall be your portion. Have you been put out of the Church? Have your brethren been compelled to withdraw from fellowship with you because of your flagrant sin? Have you been convicted of a crime, and suffered a term of imprisonment? There is blessedness possible to you yet. There may have strayed in here one who from the fold has wandered very far. Though you have forfeited your good name, I simply and sincerely point out to you the means whereby you may yet transform your blighted life into a blessed life. Glory to God and peace to your own soul shall immediately follow your trust in the sacrifice of Christ. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." Seemeth it not to thee that this is the very fountain of all blessings? Thou comest here to the stream-head, to the source of the great wide river of mercies. Those of you, therefore, who believe in the forgiveness of sins should not be satisfied till you have the title-deeds, enjoy the possession, and revel in the blessedness of this reconciliation to God. "If I am a Christian," said a sister to me hesitantly, "but I do not like that ugly 'if,'" she added; "I must get rid of it." So she prayed the Lord—"Let there be no 'if' between me and Thee." I would have you pray in like manner. Oh! those horrible "ifs!" They are spiritual mosquitos that sting and harass us; they are like stones in the shoes, and you cannot travel with them. Hear what David says: "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile."

III.—Still enlarging upon our last point rather than venturing on to anything fresh, observe THAT THE STATE OF FORGIVENESS IS EVIDENTLY A STATE OF BLESSEDNESS IF WE REMEMBER THE CONTRAST IT INVOLVES.

Ask the sinner conscious of his guilt and its penalty, who is bemoaning himself and crying out, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" what wouldest thou think if thy condition could be changed and thy conscience cleansed by one line of the pen or by one word of the lips that can pronounce a pardon? Would not that be blessed beyond wishful thought or wakeful dream? "Oh!" say you, "I would count no penance too severe, no sacrifice too costly, if I might but get my sins cancelled, forgiven, and completely obliterated. Look at poor Christian, wringing his hands, sighing and crying. Why was it? He wanted to have his burden taken off. Had you spoken to him he would have told you he was willing to go through floods and flames if he could get relief from his burden, and be clean rid of it. Seeing how every anxious soul longs for forgiveness, clearly it must be a state to be greatly desired, and those who do attain

it find it to be full of gladness, delight, and rejoicing. It is indeed blessed to have sin forgiven; but oh, how wretched to face its infamy, to feel its malignity, to fear its terrible penalty. Witness a soul in despair; that is a dreadful sight; I think I would sooner walk fifty miles than see a despairing soul; I have seen several such, shut up in the iron cage. You may talk, talk, talk, and try to give some cheer, but it is of no use. No promises can comfort; the Gospel itself seems to have no charm. Were you to put the question to a despairing soul, "Would it be a blessed thing to have sin forgiven?" sharp, quick, and decided would the answer be. Not the lips only—the heart would express itself in every muscle of the face, in every limb of the body—the nerves all tingling with joy, the eyes shining with gleams of heaven.

Ask dying sinners, stung with remorse at the memory of their lives and filled with dread at the prospect of the future, whether it is not a blessed thing to have sins forgiven. Though they may have trifled hitherto, the death hour forbids dissembling. Now the vanities of time pass like a shadow, and the realities of eternity come up like a spectre. "Too late!" they cry, "too late! Had we but fled to Christ before! Had we but turned our eyes to Him in years gone by, then hope would have cheered us in this extremity!" But it is not death they dread so much as the after death; not present dissolution, but (shall I say it?) the damnation that may follow. Unforgiven sin! Who can paint the sentence it must meet? Could we peer into that world where wicked spirits are tormented ever and anon, and there ask the question, "Would it be a blessed thing to be forgiven?" ah! you can guess the answer. I pray thee, friend, tempt not the terror for thyself. Trifle not with kind entreaty; know that 'tis treason so to do. The pardon spurned will recoil on your own head. You will bewail in everlasting misery the mercy that through your wilfulness was unavailing. Blessed must he be whose sins are forgiven, for it enables him to escape from the horrible doom of the impenitent.

But you shall have a witness nearer at hand. You know, as a fact recorded in the Gospels, that the Son of man had power on earth to forgive sins? You know, too, from the testimony of the Acts of the Apostles, that His Name by faith in His Name is invested with the same power. By the ministry of the Holy Spirit one may hear now, as in days of yore, a voice of Divine authority saying, "Thy sins are forgiven Thee; go in peace." It was only last week I met with one who had been forgiven on the previous Sunday. The sweet relief, the calm belief, and the true blessedness of that man was such that you could see it flashing from his eyes and animating every faculty of his being. The whole man was so full of joy that he did not know how to contain himself. The drift of all his conversation was, "I have found Christ, I have laid hold on eternal life! I have trusted in Jesus! I am saved!" His joy, though uttered in part, was unutterable. I sympathised in his ecstasy, remembering that it was so with me. I wanted to tell everybody that Christ was precious, and was able to save. Oh, yes! the young convert is a good witness, though the old Christian is quite as good. It is a blessed thing to have had fifty years' enjoyment of the forgiveness of sin. I have half a mind to call some of our venerable friends up here to bear their witness. I am sure they would not stammer; or had they lost the power of ready speech through infirmity of the flesh their testimony would

be sound and vigorous, for they would tell you unhesitatingly how blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

IV.—I wish I had time to show you that forgiveness of sin is not only blessed of itself, but ALL ITS CONCOMITANTS HELP TO SWELL THE TIDE OF BLESSING.

A thousand felicities follow in its train. He who is forgiven is justified, acquitted, vindicated, sent forth without a stain or blemish on his reputation; he is regenerated, quickened, invigorated, and brought into newness of life; more still, he is adopted, initiated into a Divine family, invested with a new relationship, and made heir of a heritage entailed by promise. The work of sanctification begun in him here will one day be completely perfected. He who is forgiven was elected from before the foundations of the world. He was redeemed with the precious blood of Jesus. For him Christ stood as his sponsor, surety, and substitute at the bar of justice. To the forgiven man all things have become new. Our Lord Jesus Christ has raised him up and made him sit in heavenly places with Him. He is even now a son and heir, a child of God, a prince of the blood imperial, a priest and a king who shall reign with Christ for ever and ever. He who is washed in the precious blood is favoured beyond any words that I can find to express it. Ten thousand blessings are his portion. "How precious," such a pardoned one may exclaim, "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them!"

V.—But the BLESSEDNESS OF THE MAN WHOSE TRANSGRESSION IS FORGIVEN, WHOSE SIN IS COVERED, WILL BE MAINLY SEEN IN THE NEXT STATE.

That disembodied spirit, clear of spot or blemish, washed and whitened in the blood of the Lamb, passes without fear into the invisible world. It trembles not though it appears before the eye of justice. No award can come to the forgiven soul except this—"Come, thou blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for thee." We commit the body of the forgiven sinner to the grave in "sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection." We give his flesh to be the food of the worm, and his skin may rot to dust; but though worms destroy his body yet in his flesh shall he see God, whom his eyes shall see for himself and not another. I was astonished some little time ago when I heard a good pastor, standing by the coffin of an honoured minister, say—"There lies nothing of our brother." Not so, thought I. The bodies of the saints were purchased by Christ; though flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither can corruption inherit incorruption, yet there will be such a marvellous change pass over the body of the forgiven sinner that the same body—changed, but still the same body—shall be reunited with the disembodied spirit to dwell at God's right hand. Hark, hark! the trumpet sounds! Oh, my brethren, we can but speak in prose. These great scenes we shall all of us see. We shall then think after another fashion. The trumpet sounds. The echo reaches heaven. Hell startles at the sound to its nethermost domains. This trembling earth is all attention. The sea yields up her dead. A great white cloud comes sailing forth in awful majesty. Upon it there is a throne, where Jesus sits in state. But his heart has no cause to quake whose sins are all forgiven. Well may the ransomed soul be calm amidst the pomp and pageantry of that tremendous day; for He who sits upon the throne is the

Son of man, in whose blood we have been washed. Lo! this is the same Jesus who said, "I have forgiven thee." He cannot condemn us. We shall find Him to be our Friend whom others find to be their Judge. Blessed is that man who is forgiven! See him, as with ten thousand times ten thousand others, pure as himself and like to himself, who had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, he ascends to the Celestial City, a perfect man in body and in soul, to dwell for ever there! Hark to the acclamations of the ten thousand times ten thousand, the sound of the harpers harping with their harps, and the song that is like great waters. Write, yea, write now—"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." But doubly blessed are they then that they rise from the dead. Once they were sinners washed in blood; but then, in body and in soul, they shall have come, through the precious blood, to see Jesus face to face.

Oh! how I wish that all of us knew this blessedness! Seek it, friends, seek it. It is to be found. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near." I am specially encouraged in preaching the Gospel this evening because I have just been seeing some who have been recently converted. There are hearers of the Gospel among you who have been listening to me for many years. Often have I feared that, in your case, I had laboured in vain; but I have great hope now concerning some of you. The Lord keeps bringing in the old hearers of eight, nine, and ten years' standing. Oh! I pray the Lord to save every one of you and bring you into the fold. I do long and pant that I may present you all before my Master's face with joy! Even should you go and join other churches, and serve the Lord elsewhere, that will cause me no sorrow or regret. But God forbid that any of you should despise mercy, reject the Gospel, and die in your sins. May you prove the blessedness of pardon, and then shall we meet, an unbroken congregation, before the Throne.

The Lord grant it, for His Name's sake. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

TRAITS OF CHRISTIAN NOBILITY.

NOBILITY IN THE HOME.

CHAPTER I.

"So, Harriet, I hear you are going to be married. Is it true?"

"It is, aunt."

"And may I ask when the wedding is likely to come off?"

"In about two months; that is,

you know, if nothing should occur to cause a postponement."

"Just so. Of course the young man is a Christian?"

"Why do you put in that 'of course,' aunt?"

"Because I hold, and hold firmly, that no believer should marry an unbeliever. Not only is it contrary to God's Word, which expressly commands believers to marry only "in the Lord," but by contracting

such a union wrong is done to both, to the unbeliever as well as to the believer."

"Well, I must confess, aunt, I have often heard it said that in thus marrying a Christian does wrong; but how do you make it out that it is a wrong done to the one who is not a Christian?"

"In this way, Harriet. When persons marry who are diametrically opposed to each other on the most important of all questions, it is hardly likely that they will live together happily. The husband can have no sympathy with the wife's religious pursuits, should the wife be the Christian; and on the other hand, the wife can have none with his, should he be the Christian. One is converted, the other is unconverted; the heart of one is given to the Lord, the heart of the other is given to the world; the one walks in the light, the other walks in darkness; and, worse than all, while one is travelling on the road that leads to life eternal, the other travels on the road that leads to destruction. What happiness, I ask you, is likely to arise on either side from such a so-called *union*? The Apostle puts it very forcibly when he says, 'Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel,' or rather 'with an unbeliever?' The want of such fellowship or communion must necessarily make *both* miserable, and that is why I affirm that the wrong done applies to both."

"But you must admit, aunt, that some young men who frequent our places of worship and yet are not decidedly religious, still prefer a nicious young woman for a partner

to one who is not so. They evidently do not think that such a union is calculated to make *them* miserable!"

"That, dear, I do not doubt; but does it alter the case? I think not. The stern fact remains still, that one is on the Lord's side and the other is not, and that God's holy Word forbids the alliance. It is not, however, at all surprising that young men should, though not themselves decided, value the steady conduct and the virtues of young women who profess to love the Saviour, and therefore, on that ground, seek the alliance. Such young women their common sense, and, it may be, their love of that which is moral and outwardly good, tells them are far preferable as wives to the giddy and gay girls that abound around them. But how do these selfsame young men feel when the burdens of married life weigh heavily upon them and its responsibilities increase? Is not the want of communion often felt *then* to a degree that is almost insupportable? As true religion has to do with all life's concerns, the wife—should her heart be alive unto God—will desire 'in all her ways to acknowledge the Lord,' and would fain have her husband and children to do so too. But that is impossible. Her husband, looking at all things from his own carnal or worldly standpoint, cannot either see with her or act with her in such matters, and he often wonders at her religious scruples and is annoyed by them. Now this clashing of sympathy, feeling, and action day after day must invariably bring mental distress to both, and often lifelong misery. What, for instance, did I hear a minister say the other day? He said he had recently paid a visit to one of his members, an estimable Christian wife and mother, but one who had had a great deal

of trouble. She told him that she loved her husband, and that in many respects he was a good partner to her ; but that, for all that, it was to her a cause of deep sorrow that she was an entire *stranger* to him. And why ? Because he was an unbeliever, and could never therefore enter into any of her religious desires and feelings. What she cared for in such respects he totally disregarded, and every attempt on her part to bring religion *into the front* caused him considerable annoyance. The result was that she could not train her children as she yearned to do, and a dark cloud consequently rested upon the whole of her life. She could understand him too well, but he could not understand her at all. No doubt this poor woman's case is like that of thousands more."

"I dare say it is, aunt. No one, I think, can doubt that to have mutual happiness in married life there must be reciprocal feeling."

"Of course there must. A certain poet has said, 'If there be a curse red hot from hell, it is an ill-assorted marriage.' That is putting it strongly, I will confess, and yet I fear it is not too strong. Young people cannot take too much care in seeking to be well mated. One sees plenty of these ill-assorted marriages. To speak figuratively, we often find fire matched with water, sugar matched with vinegar, lambs matched with wolves, sparrows matched with hawks, and it is not going too far to say angels matched with demons. In ancient times when a man committed a murder they used to fasten the dead body of the man he had murdered to his living body, and as a punishment he had to carry it about with him till it putrefied and rotted away on his person. It was a horrible sentence, but an ill-assorted marriage is something like it. When religion

is bound to irreligion, sobriety to drunkenness, industry to idleness, generosity to covetousness, purity to depravity, good to evil, light to darkness, and that too for life, it is like the living body carrying about the dead body, sleeping with it, dying with it, being cursed to the last with it everywhere."

"Really, aunt, you are giving one some dreadful figures ; they actually make me shudder ! If you go on talking much more after this fashion I fear you will make me afraid of venturing on married life at all. But is there not a bright side to these unequal matches as well as a dark one ? May not the good partner's influence make the bad one better, or even lead to his or her conversion ?"

"You have just hit, my dear niece, on the real evil. I know many good young people say, 'Oh ! but if we do happen to get bad partners, we will try to make them good !' In that they are sincere, and no one disbelieves them. But will they succeed ? that is the question. It does not seem to strike them that the other side will try, and perhaps try hard too, to make them worse. I heard a ministerial lecturer the other day give rather a droll illustration on this point, but it was a telling one. He said, 'Look here : suppose a young man gets under a table and a young woman stands on the top, and that they then take hold of each other's hands to have a trial of strength. The young woman tries to pull the young man up, and the young man tries to pull the young woman down. Which do you think will conquer ? Is it likely that the young woman will pull the young man up to her height, or the young man pull her down to his level ? It is a hundred times more likely that he will pull her down, and that she will be

"flooded," than that she will raise him higher. So it is in married life; bad young men are far more likely to pull good young women down than good young women are to raise them up.' The same minister said that he married a young woman of this sort who was a member of a Christian church to a young man who was not, and who was not much to boast of; and when he saw her about three years afterwards, degraded by her husband's intemperance, she told him that 'if anybody had taken a pistol and shot her dead the day she was married, it would have been better for her than it was.' That was a dreadful confession to make, but you can never hardly take up a newspaper without reading of similar cases."

"Then what should you advise a Christian young woman to do when solicited by a worldly young man to keep his company?"

"Why, take a firm stand for the Lord, as a young lady did that I will tell you about if you would like to hear the incident."

"Go on, aunt, if you please."

"It is rather an old story, but worth repeating. A young gentleman being tenderly attached to a young lady was obliged to leave her and take a long journey. During his absence she became a follower of Jesus. Hearing on his return of her conversion, he taunted her with the change, and said, 'I suppose you cannot sing us a song *now*?' 'Yes,' she said, 'but I will,' and immediately sung and played on the piano the following verses, which she had composed to his favourite tune:—

"As I now bid adieu to the world's
fancied pleasure,
You pity my weakness. Alas! did
you know

The joys of religion, that best hidden
treasure,

Would you have me forsake it?

Ah! never! Ah! no.

"In the gay scenes of life I was hap-
piness wooing,

But oft in its stead I encountered
woe.

I perceived I was only a phantom
pursuing—

I never once found it:

Ah! never! Ah! no.

"But how bright now the sunbeams
of glory are shining

Around my sweet path as to heaven
I go!

With Christ in my heart, on His
promise reclining,

Shall I yield up my treasure?

Ah! never! Ah! no.

"By the counsels of Jesus my feet are
directed,

My faithful companion—we inti-
mate grow;

With His love I am blessed, by His
arm I'm protected,

Would you have me forsake Him?

Ah! never! Ah! no.

"And in my last hour, when I'm passing
the river,

And the warm streams of life dis-
continue to flow,

I then shall have God as my portion
for ever—

Shall I yield up this treasure?

Ah! never! Ah! no."

So affected was the young gentleman by this song, and the young lady's firm stand for the Saviour that it led to his conversion; and then they both happily walked together in the ways of God."

"Well, that was nice, aunt; but then, you see, in this case the young lady was previously engaged, and nothing is said in it as to the course she would have taken had the young man not have been converted through her song. As it was, all ended well. What, however, I want

to know is, what a Christian young woman should do when pressed to accept such an engagement?"

"I merely related this little story, Harriet, to illustrate what I meant by taking a stand for Jesus. In this case the young lady avowed her profession boldly and ran the risk in doing so of breaking off the engagement. Had not the Lord blessed the stand she took, most probably that would have been the result. That risk she was evidently, notwithstanding her personal attachment to the young gentleman, prepared to run for Christ's sake. Answering your question, therefore, I should say that it is the duty of the Christian young woman firmly but kindly to decline making such an engagement, and give the proposer her Scriptural reasons for doing so. Such a course is certain to command the Lord's blessing. It may be blessed by God to lead the young man to think about his own soul, and end in a happy union in the future; and if not, in any case it will preserve the young woman from much future sorrow. To break, as many do, one of God's revealed laws in the hope of securing ultimate conversion is, after all, only 'doing evil that good may come.' Very few get converted by the adoption of any such course. John Angell James tells us that 'he has seen the experiment often tried, but scarcely ever to succeed, of marrying an unregenerate person with the hope of converting him, and he quotes Dr. Doddridge as saying that 'he never knew *one* instance in which this end was gained.' Certainly such cases are very rare, and therefore serve not to encourage such marriages, but rather to prevent them."

"Well, aunt, after your long lecture I can only say that, so far as I know, I have no such risk to run.

Edwin Hartley has been a member of the same church with myself for more than two years, is a teacher in the Sunday-school, and also its librarian; and you will be glad to learn that the friends generally express themselves as believing that it is likely to turn out 'a good match.'"

"I am indeed glad to hear it, my dear niece; and I can, on the ground of your union being in accordance with the Lord's revealed will, hope and trust that God's richest blessing will abide with you in making for life such an important change."

(To be continued.)

GOD'S MARVELLOUS FACT, AND MAN'S MISERABLE FICTIONS.

BY REV. JOHN COX.

"IF CHILDREN!" The word "*children*," viewed in relation to God's predestinating and adopting grace (Ephes. i. 5; Rom. viii. 29, 30) is a marvellous fact indeed. If children! How much hangs on this supposition. The little word *if* is found in the New Testament in connection with the words "children" and "Father," in two senses. Sometimes it institutes an *inquiry* and at other times helps to deduce an inference. "If God were your Father ye would love me." The Lord would not have the Jews take it for granted that they were God's children; he brought them to a practical *test*.

"If children then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs of Christ." Here is a cheering inference growing out of God's marvellous fact of sonship realised.

It is a question of the greatest

importance now, who may, on good grounds conclude that they are the children of God. May I do so? Am I a child of God? If so, then what are my privileges now, and what my heritage in eternity?

Our object will be to show what this relationship of children is, and how those who are such may be assured of it. We may, perhaps, attain our object in some measure by referring to three brief but weighty texts, in which the word *children* occurs. The first is dreadful, the second is beautiful, and the third glorious beyond all thought.

1. "*Ye were by nature the children of wrath, even as others*" (Eph. ii. 3). The word *wrath* does not refer to disposition. It is not, ye were wrathful children, because, as you know, furious passions wrought in you; but ye were children, or *heirs*, of God's holy wrath, which impended over you. In consequence of your being and doing what the words before describe, you became exposed to God's terrible indignation. A diligent comparison of Rom. i. 18, ii. 5—8, v. 9; 1 Thess. v. 9; Rev. vi. 14—17, will clearly prove that all mankind are referred to by this expression, because "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." This wrath, so clearly revealed in God's word, is future as regards its *manifestation*; it is WRATH TO COME. It surely will come, and will be terrible beyond all thought. If once it comes upon the soul it will abide for evermore. Such "shall not see life" (John iii. 36).

2. The second text presents a wonderful contrast, "*ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus*" (Gal. iii. 26). These words are addressed to special characters, not to all mankind, "for all men have not faith." Christ came to His own (that is, to His own nation), but

His own received Him not. Now mark the contrast. "But as many as received Him to them gave He power (privilege of right, see margin) to become the sons of God, even to them who believe on His name" (John i. 10—12). These words prove that the faith which makes the children of wrath to become the children of God consists in receiving Christ. Thus we read (Rom. v. 11) of "receiving the reconciliation, of 'receiving Christ Jesus the Lord'" (Coloss. ii. 6). Then His blood is in the conscience, His love is in the heart; yea, He is Lord of the soul. For such there is no wrath, because Christ hath borne it on the accursed tree (Gal. iii. 13). Those in whom Christ is, are in Him, one with Him, in God's estimation. He is Christ's Father and their Father.

Well might John exclaim, "behold what manner of love," such are "called the sons of God." How *special* is all this. Surely John i. 10—12, and 1 John iii. 1—3, clearly prove that all are not included here.

"The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of His Son,
A new peculiar race."

3. The third text is Rom. viii. 21. "*The glorious liberty of the children of God.*" This is future. In the first text we read, "*ye were*;" in the second, "*ye are*;" now it is, "*we shall be like Him!*" What that blessed state of resurrection glory called "the adoption—to wit, the redemption of our body" will be, what it will be a liberty *from* and *to*, and with whom it will be enjoyed, who can ever imagine! No more pain, sorrow, or doubting; no more clogs on the soul, no more hinderings of fellowship with any of the family. It will be upward and onward for ever; following the Lamb whither-

soever He goeth will be glorious liberty indeed! Of every overcomer God says, "he shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be My son."

It is sad to turn from this marvellous fact of sonship to the mischievous *fictions* of man on this point, but it is necessary to do so, never more so than now. There are three fatal mistakes, to which we would refer.

The first is that God is a Father alike to all mankind, and that every human being is a child of God. This "universal Fatherhood" of God is one of the worst and most fruitful errors of the present day. It denies the plainest assertions of Scripture; it sets aside spiritual regeneration, it directs us to Christ as born for man, but ignores His being a vicarious sacrifice to God. It speaks of Christ becoming the brother of all, and "putting new blood into humanity;" but overlooks the fact that "without shedding of blood there is no remission," and that He died to sanctify *the people* with His own blood."

We will give some short quotations from two leading advocates of this theory, Mr. Maurice and Mr. Erskine. The first says, "Apart from Christ I feel that there dwells in me no good thing; but I am not apart from Christ, nor *you*, nor *any man*. I have a right to tell you this. If I have any work to do in the world, it is to tell you this." Again, the regeneration of man in the most radical sense we can *dream* of it, has not been commenced, but effected, not for a few of us, but for all." Yet God's word says, "Ye were without Christ, having no hope and without God in the world."

Mr. Erskine says, among many other equally bad things, "The

sonship is not a new relation communicated through faith, but is itself coeval with man's creation." One would think that his Bible did not contain our second text from Gal. iii. 26. The daring way in which these writers, and many others, treat God's work is most distressing, and must to those who follow such leaders blindfold, prove most disastrous.

The Fatherhood of God may be viewed under *four* aspects (we do not now refer to the sonship of the Lord Jesus). God is the Father of angels, seeing they are called sons of God (Job xxxviii. 7). Adam is called a "son of God" (Luke iii. 38); as Creator and Preserver, God is the Father of all Adam's offspring (Acts xvii. 28, 29). God often calls himself the *Father* of Israel, as a nation (Deut. xxxii. 6). As we have seen, God is the Father of all who believe in Christ.

The three first of these have failed. Angels have revolted. Man has fallen. Israel has rebelled (Isa. i. 3), but the last of the four still stands, and must stand for ever, because it is founded upon God's purpose in Christ Jesus His Son.

Into this blessed relationship God invites the worst wanderers; yea, he comes forth to meet every returning one, and like the father in the parable, clasps him in the embrace of infinite love.

Some use this parable to prove that God is as much a Father before the sinner's conversion as afterwards. We must not so interpret any parable as to make it contradict the plain teachings of many other texts. Some have taught from Luke xv. that repentance is enough for salvation without any atonement, and others have inferred that man is the originator of his own renewal. He does not need, they say, an infinite Saviour to do a work *for* him,

nor an infinite Spirit to effect a radical change in him. Those who believe this will be down in sorrow. Luke xv. does not contradict Titus iii. 4—8, it only presents the human aspect of the work of conversion. Dr. Candlish, in his work on the Divine Fatherhood, says, "Christ when on earth never used the term Father when addressing the multitude, but restricted the use of it to His disciples." The reader would do well to search out this point.

A second fearful mistake as regards God's fatherhood is that the children of wrath become the children of God by means of the ordinance of baptism. During many, many ages this most vile and destructive falsehood has been promulgated all over Christendom. Millions of little children are still taught to repeat the lie, "in my baptism I was made a member of Christ, a *child of God*, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." This is a most shocking and soul-ruining falsehood. No tongue can tell the evils which have flowed, and are still flowing, from this and similar horrible perversions of one of Christ's ordinances.

Some who deny baptismal regeneration teach that infant baptism has come in the place of infant circumcision. The New Testament does not sanction any such teaching; there is not a single instance of infant baptism in the whole book, nor any command enjoining it. The fact is that Jewish male children were circumcised because they were born Jews, or children of Abraham; and it is equally a fact that all believers, and only such, are required to be baptised because they are believers, and so the children of God, born from above. Baptism is a symbolic exhibition of the facts and doctrines of the Gospel. The believer confesses in baptism his faith in these

facts and doctrines, also his hope of resurrection to glory; and by it he avows his purpose to live a life of devoted service to Christ.

Reader, search the Word of God, and see whether the order at Corinth was not always the order in primitive times, and should be the order still. "Many of the Corinthians hearing believed and were baptised." Every baptised believer has an important trust committed to him to protest against a great error and stand up for a glorious truth. Let each one be faithful to his trust, and by testimony and tracts set forth what the New Testament says on baptism. Though not a saving ordinance, it is a most important one for the saved; while to make it a channel of grace is a great delusion. Let the example of Christ, and His parting command, powerfully influence you to be faithful to your personal convictions as regards believer's baptism; while you walk in love with all the children of God who, in this respect, see differently from you.

A third mistake is when persons claim to be the children of God, and do not earnestly aim to be like Him whom they call their Father. God says, "Come out and be separate; touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you and be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." "Be ye imitators of God, as dear children, and walk in love." Do not some deceive themselves in this matter? Certain doctrines are avowed, various duties are practised, and sometimes pleasing emotions are felt; while holiness in heart and life is not followed after, nor Christian charity (1 Cor. xiii.) cultivated. If this present evil world is loved and lived for, if its fashions, and possessions, engage the heart, if pleasing

God and winning Christ are not the objects set before us; how can we be the children of God? "Whatsoever is not of the Father is of the world, and the world passeth away and the fashion thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

Believer in Christ, study much and often the first eighteen verses of Romans viii. Remember, also,

that the Sermon on the Mount is as much for your good as the three first chapters of the Epistle to the Ephesians. Be not content without realising the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost, and then you will not go without His comfortable witnessing with (or, to) your spirit, that you are one of the children of God.

Norwood.

Tales and Sketches.

POOR JENNIE; OR, HOW THE KING BUILT HIS BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

FOUNDED ON FACT. BY A PASTOR.

CHAPTER I.

Perplexity and Prayer.

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, behold I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."—ISA. liv. 11—13.

"Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw."—WATTS.

"In prayer it is better to have a heart without words, than words without a heart."—BUNYAN.

ONE Saturday night, about the middle of the month of November, in the year 1860, the form of a solitary woman might have been seen passing alone under the shadow of the wall in Dyke-lane, near the town of Hammington. The night was stormy and wet, and as she was but poorly clad she was evidently glad to avail herself of the protection

which a wall on one side of the lane afforded to screen her from the cold north-east wind, which seemed more than usually malignant.

This solitary woman was no other than Jane Harris, or Jennie, as she was familiarly termed by her fellow workers in the neighbouring factory which she had just left to return home to her old widowed mother who lived about two miles distant, with the result of her week's toil in her pocket. This was on the present occasion eleven shillings and sixpence, and a few odd halfpence. Her usual wage was nine shillings per week; the addition to that amount, now in her possession and lighting up an extra glow of pleasure in her heart, was the result of what she termed over-time.

Jennie's occupation was laborious and trying. She had to work in hot stoves, the heat of which was to her, not being strong, very exhausting; and any little addition to her wages therefore, was always purchased by an expenditure of her strength which she could ill afford.

On the night referred to she was unusually tired. The hours had

been long and her food but poor and scant, as was usually the case at the end of the week, her resources being generally exhausted the day before the pay. Jennie was very tired and depressed on the present occasion; and as the rain came down heavily, and the cold wind blew on her face, and her feet were very cold, her shoes being old and leaky, she felt very miserable; and, had it been daylight, we might possibly have seen some tears occasionally blended with the rain which beat in her face. And indeed it did seem to her that night as if the more weak and uncomfortable she felt the more severely the wind blew against her, and the colder her face the more keenly the rain beat upon it. Still she struggled on, until at last she reached the humble street where she dwelt, and found shelter again in the small room occupied by herself and her aged mother.

The mother rose to welcome her daughter with a few kind words. Generally she had very little, if anything, to say to her loving daughter, being of a very taciturn, hard, and impervious disposition, difficult to please, and not troubled at any time with overmuch gratitude. Indeed it was the wonder of her neighbours how she ever came by a daughter so unlike herself. But on this occasion she seemed to be in a more kindly mood, and disposed to be unusually gracious, as she helped her daughter to remove her clothes, placed her wet feet near to the fire, rubbing them in her hands to make them warm, and proceeded to prepare a little of that beverage which is so prized alike by rich and poor, and which generally occupies so prominent a place in the meals of the poor—a cup of tea.

Jennie partook gratefully of the tea so provided, which, with some

bread and butter and an egg she had brought with her, summed up all her meals for that day. She was cheered, and felt all the better, not only for her food, but for the sweet relish of her mother's kindness added to it. Still she sat listless and sad before the little fire, absorbed in thought. Every now and then, however, she seemed to wake up, and counted over her earnings. In truth, the difficulty with Jennie was not so much the earning of her money as the apportioning it out to the various claimants to whom it belonged. On this occasion she had spread her money on the table, apparently to help her in her abstruse calculation; but notwithstanding the brightness of the idea she was evidently much puzzled to make her money cover all her ideals, or to be more commonplace, to make both ends meet.

The truth was, that honest as she undoubtedly was, and bravely as she had struggled in the past to keep out of debt, her small earnings were not equal to those contingencies which, notwithstanding all her care, would overtake her, as they do others much wiser and with larger resources. Her mother had been ill—seriously so—and in her alarm Jennie had done that which on no account she would permit to be done for herself; she had sent for the doctor, and he had called six times, and for each visit had charged her 2s. 6d. This was the fact; the bill was before her, "To attending Mrs. H— six visits, 2s. 6d.—15s.!" There it lay, staring at her on this weary Saturday night. Jennie looked at it, and it seemed to look at her, until her eyes became swollen and as red as the smouldering embers of her little fire. This was her difficulty: this it was which, on this occasion, rendered the financial arrangements too much for her. Oh,

how Jennie shuffled her money about and looked at that bill, and arranged and then rearranged! Now she would offer the doctor half a crown towards his amount, then five shillings, then half a crown again. Alas! poor honest soul, the thought of not being able to pay these few shillings at once cost her more suffering than the loss of thousands of pounds have cost some. The truth was, that under the most favourable circumstances Jennie always found it very hard to pay her rent, 2s. 6d. per week, and to support herself and her aged mother on a wage varying from nine to twelve shillings a week. Hitherto, somehow, through the occasional kindness of a friend, she had managed to rub on, keeping out of that which she most dreaded—debt; but she had never told her mother nor a single friend how much she suffered to do this. To clothe her mother and herself, and now and then to get the former some little comforts that were often received in a very ungrateful spirit, Jennie had frequently nearly starved herself; and indeed, in general, she was so poorly fed that she was scarcely ever fit for her work. But she thought it her duty to do what she did; and generally she did it cheerfully, saying nothing to any one. And the quiet, patient, pale-faced girl worked on, getting thinner and thinner—

“A speechless speech upon her cheeks.”

But on the evening we refer to Jennie was really very anxious. What should she do? Through the illness of her mother, and the little extras, the rent too was now in arrears. It had never happened before. But ten shillings must be paid, or the landlords would turn them out perhaps, and take possession of their things. He was a stern

man, and had treated some of their poorer neighbours very cruelly. Jennie was now fairly beaten. She had no friends but those who were as poor as herself; and she knew not what to do.

However, on her mother retiring to rest in the corner of the room, she listlessly turned over the pages of the old family Bible. It was her father's. She had loved him much: now he was in heaven. She turned over page after page, until she came to a passage which he had marked, and she read, “Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.”

On reading these words she gently dropped upon her knees, and mentally prayed the following prayer:

“O Lord, I am a poor, sinful, ignorant creature, and I do not know how to speak to Thee; but, O Lord, I am in trouble, and Thou hast said ‘Call upon Me in the time of trouble.’ O Lord, this is a day of trouble, and I do not know what to do. O Lord, Thou knowest that I could not help mother's illness, and I tried to do without the doctor as long as I could; and now I have not the money to pay the rent. O Lord, Thou knowest I would pay that, and the doctor too, if I could. O Lord, I feel this trouble is too much for me. O Lord, I don't know what to do. Pray help me! pray give me strength. I am not worthy to speak to Thee; I do not know how to speak; and I am very sinful; but, O Lord, I am in trouble, and Thou hast said, “Call upon Me in trouble.’ O hear my prayer, and send me help that I may pay the rent; and help me to forget this trouble, and give me to sleep to-night; for Jesu's sake. Amen.”

Jennie got up from her knees, and appeared soothed and calm. She closed the Bible, and gathered up her money into her pocket, looked

up at a small portrait of her father over the mantelpiece, and thought that he seemed to smile upon her; and in a few minutes, overcome by

fatigue and sorrow, with a few tears upon her cheek, she was fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

Quiet Thoughts for Quiet Hours.

By WALTER MATHAMS.

TALENTS.

You cannot expect to be able to do all things, so do not murmur because your talents are few. God does not give to any of us a monopoly of powers. We must be satisfied with proficiency in a limited number of things, and that proficiency must be of the highest character. If you cannot do what you would, do what you can and leave the rest to God, who will bless the effort. Common ability with that full-weighted talent called Perseverance, will help us on to positions in which there is no need for shame. A great many people use one talent to bury another, or cover up one while digging up another, then cry against heaven for their deficiency. There is such a thing as voluntary weakness. The man with one talent received our Lord's deepest denunciation, not because he had only one, but because he did not develop it into more. God will read our lives correctly, no matter how we write them. Many a man writes to-day the death sentence of his own soul, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting," and calmly goes on to meet its execution. According as we weaken or strengthen our talents, so will God judge. Let us awake to the solemnity and earnestness of life, and find out what our powers may be; then go forth into the Divine vineyard with arms bared

for honest, holy work, always remembering that just as we hide our talents so far do we fail in our mission and dishonour Him whose love bestowed them upon us. Let us beware of the resurrection of a wasted life in the day of reckoning, and always toil as if we believed that the Creator never gives us anything to bury except our sin.

SEARCHING FOR HAPPINESS.

A STONE that is cast into the sea does not sink in a straight line, but is swayed to and fro by the various currents it passes through, and only when it nears the bottom is it uninfluenced by them. So the mind that searches for happiness is influenced by the varying currents of human life—trouble, joy, prosperity, failure—and only when it descends through all these into the eternal calmness of Divine love does it find rest; which rest is the "peace of God which passeth all understanding."

THE HEART A PITCHER.

USE your heart as a pitcher, and go with it to the well of salvation where rise the waters of immortality. But, "Master, the well is deep." Nevertheless go; the arm of faith will surely enable you to reach the crystal stream, seeing there is nothing out of the reach of faith.

OUR DESTINY.

In eternity we shall be kings and priests unto God. It is our duty to let the world know our destiny by the royalty of our characters.

I KNOW of no ghosts save the spirits of dead opportunities, which rise up from their graves along the pathway of my life, and taunt me for allowing them to die without using them for God.

Reviews.

Old Jonathan, the District and Parish Helper. W. H. Collingridge and Co., Aldersgate-street.

THE twenty-first volume. We congratulate the publishers and the public on this moral and religious magazine having reached its majority. It is our ever welcome friend. It grows in strength and beauty. The articles are always telling, and the pictorial illustrations refreshing and helpful.

The Preachers' Analyst. Analyses, Epitomes of Sermons, Addresses, etc., together with Copious Sermonic References. Vol. I. Elliot Stock.

ANSWERS well to its title. Thoroughly good, and price insignificant. It will be of great use as a suggestive book. We like the skeletons because of their condensation and brevity, leaving the thinker to do his own work in expanding and clothing the writer's thoughts. The plan of giving a list of works on the subject is very capital, and acts as a finger-point to our bookshelves.

Heaven not our Home, but the Redeemed Earth the Eternal Abode of the Redeemed Saints. Elliot Stock.

THE title is somewhat startling, and clashes with some of our fondly cherished thoughts, which we are not prepared to abandon after reading carefully this work. We agree with much that the author advances in favour of the non-annihilation of this earth. In fact, amid the clamour of annihilation advocacy, we have often

looked earnestly into the things of God around us, and find no illustration of this favourite dogma. We are not satisfied that this earth, however renovated, will be the only heaven of the saints, or that in its future it will be the home for the continued increasing generations of mankind. We still have faith in the doctrine that the inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, is reserved in heaven for us.

The Power of the Holy Spirit of God. By Rev. J. HUNT COOKE. Dickinson, Farringdon-street.

WE are right glad to receive this excellent testimony from our brother at Richmond. We are pained by the settled conviction that the Holy Spirit and His work is in some pulpits and among some professors but little recognised, and in some cases quite unknown. The work is clear and Scriptural. It should be read by all devout minds; and will, we trust, by the sanctifying influences of the Blessed Spirit, lead to the most glorious results.

Pearls from the Golden Stream.
The Strict Baptist Sunday-school Chronicle and Juvenile Mission Advocate.

WE are more than satisfied with the quality of the *Juvenile Mission Advocate*. The *Pearls* are such as will interest and profit old and young. It has this excellence, that every article

is written so as to best secure its good and design.

The King's Son. A Memoir of Billy Bray. By F. W. BOURNE. Illustrated Edition. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Paternoster-row.

THIS is greatly enlarged on fourteen former editions. Its rapid and extensive sale speaks for itself. It is a thrilling story. The singular hero of it was a compound of *eccentricity and veneration, roughness, and tenderness*. Uneducated, but *one of nature's diamonds*, a man of considerable energy and determined purpose. Ready to denounce sin in others and to firmly put his foot down on sin in Himself. The story is full of romance, and even some of its best things move us to more than smile. Yet at all times the writer keeps his prime object in view, *to do good to the reader and bring glory to God.*

Biblical Things Not Generally Known.—

A collection of tracts, notes, and information—rare, quaint, curious, obscure, and little known in relation to Biblical subjects. Part I. Elliot Stock.

ANOTHER opportunity for local preachers, ministers, and Sunday-school teachers to enrich themselves at a small outlay. We like the specimen number, and believe the volume when complete will be a treasury of scarce and valuable matter.

Water Baptism and the Lord's Supper Viewed in Relation to Ritualism. By JOSEPH COOPER. Harris and Co., Bishopsgate.

WE hate Popery and loathe the Ritualistic priest because of his *doctrine and dishonesty in fattening on a Protestant income while he is leading his flock away to Rome*. Still one error cannot put down another. We have no sympathy with the writer's views. *We shall have no need of faith presently if but a tithe of the present attempts to undermine the ancient landmarks of truth succeed.*

Gospel Truth and Anglo-Israel Heresy. By J. C. McClellan. Elliot Stock.

THIS is a very interesting and popular

question. Much has been written to prove our Israelitish origin. Those who have read on that side will do well to read this pamphlet also.

ALMANACKS.

The Evangelical. Partridge and Co. *Spurgeon's Penny Illustrated.* Passmore and Alabaster.

The Baptist Almanack and Hand Book. Banks, Racquet-court.

The former of these has a beautiful tinted frontispiece of the Dead Sea; Mr. Spurgeon's is a marvel of cheapness; while the Baptist, with its stores of information and interleaves for memoranda, will place it on every Baptist minister's writing desk.

The Dietetic Reformer. F. Pitman, London. December number of Vol. 4. The organ of the Vegetarian Society, established 1847, shows us reason why we should live on vegetables. We have no doubt that animal flesh is in many cases eaten to excess, and that we are a far more flesh-eating people than our forefathers were without any corresponding physical improvement. *A vegetarian skid on the wheel will do good, though we are not prepared to stop going in that direction altogether.*

MAGAZINES.

The Baptist has a good chapter on C. H. Spurgeon, of whom the world and the Church never seem to be tired of reading.

The General Baptist gives us full measure in both quantity and quality.

The Sword and Trowel continues the same, always varied and ever useful articles.

Magazines, &c., which have our approval:—*The Baptist and Freeman, Truth and Progress* (an Australian Baptist monthly), *After Work* (a new illustrated monthly, Elliot Stock), the *Biblical Museum, Teachers' Storehouse, The Voice of Warning, The British Flag and Christian Sentinel* (W. A. Blake, Charing-cross), *The Pulpit Analyst and Evangelical Christendom.*

Poetry.

LYRICS FOR THE HEART.

THE UNCHANGING FRIEND.

"A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity."

"Lo, I am with you always."—*Jesus.*

"He loved His own which were in the world, He loved them on to the end."—*Jesus.*

WHEN hearts like flowers their petals close,

And fail to bring relief,
Or, bending like a smitten rose,
Yield only fragrant grief;

When one by one each comfort flies,
Want lingering round the door,
And faithful love, with weeping eyes,
Must say that she is poor;

When fades our joys like early flowers,
And hope is hid from view,
And sparkling love we once thought
ours

Melts like the early dew;

There is a heart which opens wide,
Its sweetest love reveals,
And o'er the heart oft pierced by pride
Its hidden fragrance steals;

There is a friend, to faith how dear,
Too oft our hearts disown,
When most forsaken He comes near
To make our love His own.

When others wound, He comes to heal,
Comes at the feeblest call,
Our very wants His wealth reveal,
Too glad to give us all.

Alas! that sin should blind the eyes
And bid this friend depart,
That not until each comfort flies
We rightly read His heart.

Oh, while our day is bright and clear,
Ere we are sad and lone,
Now let our faith behold Him near,
And cleave to Him alone!

Brighton.

W. POOLE BALFERN.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. J. DAVIS, late of Manners-street Chapel, Bath, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Old Broughton-lane Chapel, Melksham.

Rev. J. Y. Jones, of Gibrachgoebr, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Tabor, Brynnaur.

Rev. E. Yemm, of Regent's-park College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Measham, Derbyshire.

Rev. W. V. Smith, of Regent's-park College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Cowl-street Chapel, Evesham.

Rev. C. Evans, Stalybridge, has removed to the pastorate of the united churches at Salcombe and Marlborough, Devon.

Rev. W. A. Hobbs, late Baptist missionary in Bengal, is about to take charge of a new district mission to be formed in the county of Huntingdon, in connection with the Union Church at St. Ives.

Rev. Jas. Horn has resigned his pastorate at Idle, Yorkshire, and will preach his last sermon on January 27th. Efforts have been made to induce him to reconsider his decision, but he still holds to his resignation.

The Carnarvonshire Association have given Mr. John Griffiths, of Llangollen Baptist College, an invitation to labour as home missionary in the favourite watering-places of Llanfairfechan and Penmaen.

Rev. W. Owen has resigned the pastorate of the church at Keynsham, Bristol, and has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Marlowes Chapel, Hemel Hempsted.

Rev. H. Crasweller, B.A., has resigned the pastorate of the church at Cross-street, Islington.

Rev. W. H. Rolls has resigned the pastorate of the church at Bushey, Herts, after six years labour, and accepted an invitation from the church at Horsforth, near Leeds.

Rev. James Stephens, M.A., late of Berwick-on-Tweed, has received a unanimous call from the congregation of Highgate-road, Chapel.

Rev. Wm. James, of Pentreysted, has been accepted by the committee of the Missionary Society as a missionary to India. He will leave England with the Rev. J. Trafford, M.A.

Rev. E. Francis, late of Poona, India, has accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the church at Stogumber, Somerset.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. W. J. GRANT, late of Aberdeen, has been publicly ordained to the pastorate of the church at Fowld-street, Kilmarnock, the services being conducted by the Revs. W. Tulloch, of Glasgow, and W. Grant, of Edinburgh.

Rev. W. T. Flint was publicly recognised as pastor of the church at Foxton, Leicestershire, on the 19th of November. The Rev. J. H. Atkinson delivered the charge, and other addresses followed.

Rev. L. McDougall has been publicly recognised as the pastor of the church at Gorleston, Yarmouth. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. G. Gould, S. Vincent, J. Lee, C. Stovell, and others.

PRESENTATIONS.

A PURSE of gold was presented to the Rev. Levi Palmer, of Woodstock, at a public meeting, held November 12, on the occasion of his leaving the above place to take the pastorate at Albemarle Chapel, Taunton.

On Thursday evening, November 8, eight handsome volumes in a case were presented to Mr. Chapman, secretary of the St. George's-park Young Men's Bible-class, Great Yarmouth.

Rev. John Green, of Broughton, Hants, has resigned the pastorate of the church at that place, and at a farewell meeting, held under the presidency of the Rev. J. T. Collier (Moderator of the County Association), was presented with a purse of gold as a parting testimonial.

Rev. W. Whale preached his farewell sermons at Stoke-green Chapel, Ipswich, on Sunday last, to crowded congregations. On Tuesday evening a tea and public meeting was held to bid him farewell. After tea the chair was taken by Mr. Alderman Grimwade, who, on behalf of the friends at Stoke, and of Christian friends of all denominations in Ipswich, presented Mrs. Whale with a tea and coffee service, and Mr. Whale with an address and a purse of fifty guineas. Mr. Whale very feelingly responded, and referred to the great kindness and sympathy shown him by all parties in Ipswich. The Meeting was addressed by the Revs. T. M. Morris, W. Emery, and W. Higgins, Baptist ministers, and by Messrs. R. L. Everett, F. J. Bagg, B. Birkett, A. Piper, and G. Hines. All the speakers referred in the highest terms to the highest terms to the value of Mr. Whale's services during his seven years' residence in Ipswich, and the deep regret felt by all at his departure. On the following morning Mr. Whale and his family left Ipswich for Middlesborough.

A tea and social meeting were held at Salter's Hall Chapel, Baxter-road, Islington, on Monday evening, December 10, to commemo-

rate the first anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. A. Bax. During the evening a handsome gold lever watch, locket, and pencilcase were presented to Mr. Herbert Lee for his voluntary services as organist.

The members of the Young Women's Bible-class, Rye-lane, Peckham, recently presented to their teacher, Mr. G. T. Congreve, on his birthday, a large and handsomely-bound Bible, as a mark of their affection and esteem.

WORTHVILLE, KEIGHLEY.—On December 4th, the teachers and friends of this place met for a social tea, after which a meeting took place under the presidency of the Rev. C. B. Berry, of Cullingworth, who spoke of personal friendship, and regret that they were losing from the district a hard-working and earnest brother in the ministry. On behalf of the Baptist ministers of the district he expressed himself thus, and they were met to do honour that night to one whom they all esteemed very highly for his work's sake in a practical manner. Rev. W. E. Goodman then, in the name of a large number of teachers and friends in the neighbourhood, presented the Rev. William Mayo with a beautifully-worked purse of sovereigns, saying as he did so that it was an expression of pure love from hearts that had received spiritual blessings under the ministry of Mr. Mayo, and an expression of esteem from others outside the congregation who had witnessed his earnest zeal for the Lord. Mr. Mayo briefly acknowledged the gift in an affectionate farewell appeal to those "not quite decided" for Jesus. Addresses from other ministers and gentlemen of the neighbourhood followed, and many were the expressions of sympathy and encouragement to our brother who has so recently resigned. Mr. Mayo's address is, Altrincham, Manchester.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE opening services of the new chapel at Lower Norwood, the foundation stone of which was laid last year under

the auspices of the London Baptist Association, were held on Tuesday, December 11. In the absence of Mr. Spurgeon, who was announced to preach, Rev. J. T. Wigner conducted the afternoon service, and after tea, a largely attended public meeting was held, under the presidency of Mr. James Stiff. The structure is of Gothic architecture, and has, it was stated, been erected at a cost, including the site, of nearly £6000. Accommodation is afforded for 650 persons, and galleries with an additional 400 sittings may be added when required. The church furniture, including tea and communion services, have been given by friends. Towards the sum required, upwards of £3,000 has already been promised, including nearly £600 as the result of Tuesday's gatherings.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Baptist Union have decided to accept a very cordial invitation from Leeds to hold their next Autumnal Session in that town.

THE hundredth anniversary of the formation of the church now worshipping in Hope Chapel, Hebden Bridge, was held November 20. About fifty ministers were present, including Dr. Landels, of London, who preached the afternoon sermon, which was followed by the reading of a brief history of the church by the Rev. Charles Williams. An interesting gathering was held in the evening, at which the pastor, the Rev. W. H. Ibberson, presided.

THE autumnal meetings of the Essex Baptist Union were held at Halstead on Tuesday, October 30th. About forty pastors and delegates were present at the morning meeting, at which a paper was read by the secretary on "The Conditions of the Churches, with Suggestions for strengthening the feeblers among them." In the afternoon about eighty teachers assembled to hear and discuss a paper by Mr. J. Westhorpe, of Burnham, on "The Sunday-school Teacher's Study of God's Word." In the evening a public service was held.

HOWEY, LLANDRINDOD, RADNOR.—Thanksgiving for the harvest. On October 10th three services were held in the above chapel. The meetings were excellent, and the congregations large.

BAPTIST CHURCH, GLASCOMB, RADNORSHIRE.—Thanksgiving for the harvest. On October 4th a service was held at the above place; the congregation was good.

ARRANGEMENTS for the contemplated Congo Mission are in course of completion, and the society, after conferring with experienced traders of the Congo River district, have determined to entrust the entire charge of the expedition to the Revs. C. Grenfell and W. Comber, who have for some time past been labouring in the Cameroons. They are to proceed *via* San Salvador into the interior, a route by which, according to Stanley, they will meet a much larger population than in any other direction.

PORTSMOUTH.—The fifth anniversary of the Pastor's Bible-class was held at Lake-road Chapel, December 4. T. W. Medhurst presided. A service of sacred song was given by J. Manton Smith and a choir of boys from the Stockwell Orphanage. Rev. V. J. Charlesworth gave an account of the work of the Orphanage. The proceeds were presented to C. H. Spurgeon for his Orphanage. The gathering was a right joyous one.

FRANKSBRIDGE, RADNORSHIRE.—On Wednesday, October 24, the annual summer meetings and harvest thanksgiving services were held at the Baptist Chapel. In the morning a service of praise and prayer was held, several brethren taking part. In the afternoon and evening sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Nicholas and the Rev. J. M. Jones. Collections were made on behalf of the Indian Famine Fund.

HORNSEY RISE CHAPEL.—Pastor's seventh anniversary, on Sunday, the 11th inst. Two sermons were preached; in the morning by Rev. W. Cuff, of Shoreditch, and in the evening by Rev. J. R. Wood. On the Tuesday following there was a tea and public

meeting, when a statement was made by the pastor, Rev. Frank Smith, of a very encouraging character. During the seven years 264 members have been received into the church; a new chapel and school-room built; an earnest and loving church; good congregations; and an overcrowded Sunday-school and Bible-classes gathered together. A mission hall has also been taken this year by the young men of the church, in which the Gospel is preached on Lord's-day and week evenings, and a branch Sunday-school is about to be formed. A day-school already existing is well-attended. There are various other agencies, such as adult Bible-class, mothers' meetings, Christian instruction, and beneficial societies, all doing effective service. During the evening a purse of gold was presented to the pastor by Mr. Lewis, one of the deacons and treasurer to the church. The collections also were devoted to the pastor's fund. Revs. W. Stott, A. Bax, G. Hatton, T. G. Atkinson, J. R. Wood, G. T. Edgely, and D. Russell took part in the proceedings.

BAPTISMS.

Abertillery, Mon.—November 11, Two, at the Lower Chapel, by L. Jones.

Allerton Central.—November 21, Eight, by J. Bentley.

Ashton-on-Mersey, Sale.—November 14, at Oakfield Chapel, Eight, by W. B. Vasey.

Bacup.—November 25, at Zion Chapel, Six, by C. W. Gregory.

Bacup.—Dec. 2, at Irwell-terrace Chapel, Two, by J. S. Hughes.

Bath.—November 25, at Manvers-street Chapel, Five, by J. Baillie.

Bexley.—November 28, at Trinity Chapel, Three, by G. Smith.

Birmingham.—November 22, Latimer-street South, Twelve, by C. Joseph.

Birmingham.—November 25, at Cannon street, Three, by G. Jarman.

Birmingham.—December 2, at Longmore street Chapel, Nine, by W. Oates.

Birkby, Huddersfield.—November 29, Three, by T. W. Ward.

Brayford, North Devon.—December 9, Two, by A. Sprague.

Burton-on-Trent.—November 28, at Guild-street, Three, by J. Askew.

Bushy, Herts.—November 1, One, by W. H. Rolls.

Cheam, Surrey.—November 15, One, by W. Sullivan.

Cheltenham.—October 29, at Cambay Chapel, Three; November 25, Six, by W. Juiyan.

Cloughfold, Lancashire.—November 25, Four, by A. J. Parry.

Chepstow, Mon.—November 28, Four, by W. L. Mayo.

Darford.—December 5, Six, at Highfield-road Chapel, by A. Sturge.

Dowlais.—November 18, Two, at the English Tabernacle, by A. Humphreys.

Dowlais.—December 9, Sixteen, by J. Williams.

Dunfermline.—November 21, Four, by J. T. Hagen.

Ebbs Vale.—November 25, at Nabo, Eleven, by W. Jones.

Eye.—November 25, Two, by M. W. Haines.

Frankbridge, Radnorshire.—November 4, Two, by Ed. Babb.

Griffith's Town, near Pontypool.—November 30, at Tabernacle, Pontypool, Three, by J. Tucker.

Hansterley, Durham.—November —, Three, by T. Durant.

Honeyborough.—December 2, One, by J. Johns.

Hose.—November 25, One, by Thomas.

Jarrow-on-Tyne.—November 18, Two, by W. Satchwell.

Kenninghall, Norfolk.—November 18, One, by F. J. Ewing.

Lincoln.—November 25, at St. Benedict's-square, by E. Compton.

Liverpool.—November 25, at Soho-street, Seven, by E. E. Walter.

Long Eaton, Derbyshire.—December 2, Four, by C. T. Johnson.

Macclesfield.—November 28, Two, by J. Maden.

Mastey.—December 5, at Bethel, Two, by T. A. Pryce.

Metropolitan District:—

Battersea Park.—October 21, Nine, by T. Lardner.

Brixton.—November 29, at Cornwall-road Chapel, Three, by D. Asquith.

East Dulwich.—November 25, at Lordship-lane Chapel, Six, by H. J. Tresidder.

John Street.—Nov. 29, at Trinity Chapel, Nine; Dec. 2, Seven; by J. O. Fellowes.

Waltham Abbey.—November 18, Two; November 19, Two; by W. Jackson.

Walthamstow.—November 18, at Mark-house-common Chapel, Ten, by T. Bree-wood.

Metropolitan Tabernacle.—November 26, Sixteen; November 29, Twenty; November 30, One; by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon.

Mold, Flintshire.—December 2, Four, by Mr. Firmstone.

Morton, near Bourns.—November 27, Six, by W. Orton.

Nantwich.—December 2, One, by R. P. Cook.

Newport, Mon.—October 28, at Stow-hill Chapel, Five, by J. Douglas.

New Steinton, Wilts.—November 28, Eleven, by F. Pugh.

Orcop, Herefordshire.—November 13, Three, by T. Williams.

Osselt, Yorks.—November 28, Four, by J. W. Comfort.

Lynn, Cheshire.—December 2, Two, by H. Davies.

Lymington, Hants.—November 25, Two, by J. J. Fitch.

Penre, Ystrad (English).—November 18, Three, by M. H. Jones.

Ponhir.—November 18, Seventeen, by D. B. Jones.

Pontnewydd, Mon.—December 4, by Mr. Cocker.

Pontyrdashun, near Pontypool.—December 4, Four, by J. Tucker.

Portsmouth.—November 28, at Lake-road, Three, by T. W. Medhurst.

Preston.—November 18, at Fishergate Chapel, Six, by E. Walters.

Raglan, Mon.—December 2, Two, by E. Johnson.

Risca.—November 18, at Bethany Chapel, Three, by T. Thomas.

Ryeford, Herefordshire.—November 27, One, by E. Watkins.

Shefford, Beds.—One, by T. H. Smith.

Smethwick, Birmingham.—November 25, Five, by G. T. Bailey.

Stalybridge.—December 2, at Cross Lecch-street Chapel, Five, by D. Jenkins.

Stoke-on-Trent.—October 28, Two, by W. March.

Taibach, Glamorgan.—December 9, Two, by W. T. Price.

Todmorden.—November 4, One; November 11, One; December 2, Six, by H. Briggs;

December 2, at Shore Chapel, Four, by J. K. Chapelle.

Ulverston, Lancashire.—November 18, Three, by M. H. Whistall.

Warrington.—November 25, at Golborne-street Chapel, One, by A. Harrison.

Weston-by-Weeden.—November 18, One, by J. Longson.

RECENT DEATHS.

ANOTHER veteran has passed away from our ranks. The Rev. Dr. ALBRECHT, for nearly fifty years pastor of the Baptist Church, Mirfield, Yorkshire, expired at nearly midnight on Sunday, December 9, in perfect peace and unwavering confidence in his blessed Redeemer. Dr. Albrecht was one of Dr. Steadman's students at Horton College, Bradford. Mirfield was his first and only charge. He had resigned his pastoral office only a few weeks before his death, and the church at Mirfield had made generous arrangements for the maintenance of the good old man during the rest of his days, as

well as for the maintenance of his wife should she survive him. This kind consideration greatly cheered the heart of our departed friend. He did not live many days after this arrangement had been made. Severe paralysis soon did its work. Dr. Albrecht was in his seventy-third year when called to his reward. He was visited a day or two before his death by his two old friends, Dr. Stock, president, and the Rev. John Barker, vice-president of the Yorkshire Association, to both of whom he bore cheering testimony to his unshaken faith in Jesus. He leaves behind him a loving, united people, and a beautiful new chapel, entirely free of debt. His memory will long be fragrant in Mirfield.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—O. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from November 16th, 1877, to December 17th, 1877.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
A Friend (New Cross)	1 0 0	J. S.	0 5 0	Moiety of Collection	
Mr. W. Dobson	1 0 0	Mr. J. Baker	1 0 0	at Grosvenor-st.,	
Romans viii. 26, 27...	1 0 0	Per Mr. G. Aubrey...	0 16 0	Manchester, per	
Mrs. Glennan	2 10 0	Mrs. Townsend	1 1 0	Rev. C. A. Davis...	5 0 0
T. R. V.	5 0 0	Dr. McGill	1 1 0	Collection at Vernon	
Mr. F. Poole	2 0 0	Mrs. and Mr. Muller	1 0 0	Chapel, Pentonville,	
T. and H. S. Ashby...	0 2 6	Mr. J. Robson	5 0 0	per Rev. C. B. Saw-	
Mr. T. Oliver	0 5 0	Miss Miller	0 10 0	day	11 0 0
M. M. M. (Montrose)	0 5 0	D. E. G. Wilts	0 2 6	Collection at Min-	
Leamington	0 5 0	Mr. J. Urquhart	1 0 0	chinhampton, per	
Durweston Chimneys	0 10 0	Mastr. Alfd. Levorslu	0 3 0	Rev. H. A. James	3 4 6
For Jesus' sake	1 0 0	Mr. E. Johnson	2 10 0	Collection at Drum-	
Mrs. Fawcett	0 10 0	Mr. W. A. Macfie	5 0 0	mond-road Chapel,	
W. B. Lenham	1 0 0	Mrs. Aikman	5 0 0	Bermundsey, per	
Christiana Pilgrim...	1 0 0	Mrs. Raybould	1 0 0	Rev. J. A. Brown...	5 3 0
M. J.	1 0 0	Mr. Searle	1 0 0	Weekly Offerings at	
Mrs. Marshall	1 0 0	Collection at Kings-		Metropolitan Taber-	
Five Pounds.	5 0 0	gate-street, Hol-		nacle, Nov. 18...	42 0 0
Mrs. Hinton	0 10 4	born, per Rev. W.		" " 25...	46 0 0
Mr. J. Symon	0 10 0	H. Burton	7 0 0	" " Dec. 2...	
Ashford	1 0 0	Moiety of Collection		" " " 9...	40 0 3
Mrs. Arnold	1 1 0	at John-street, Bed-		" " " 16...	
Mr. Wayne	0 10 0	ford-row, per Rev.			
G. P.	0 5 0	J. Collins	4 10 0		
					£218 10 1

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

TWO TRENCHANT ADDRESSES.*

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

"I will say to the north, GIVE UP; and to the south, KEEP NOT BACK."
ISAIAH xliii. 6.

THESE words, no doubt, primarily refer to the gathering together of the Jews in the latter days. Whether they have wandered to the north, or whether they have pitched their habitation in the south, it matters little. By the wonderful power of God they shall be both converted to Christ and gathered into their own land. God will have but to speak the word, and that miracle of miracles will be wrought. The unbelief of Judah and of Israel shall be taken away. They shall look on Him whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn because of Him.

The words may also be applied to those glorious gatherings of the latter times when the Church shall make up her full number; when the elect, though they may be scattered hither and thither, shall hear the call of effectual grace, and return unto the Lord who has bought them with His precious blood. May the Lord hasten those happy times, when His word shall run, and have free course, and be glorified!

But my intention this evening is rather to utilise than to expound the text. To you, dear friends, specially, who are not saved, I have thought that the address to the north and that to the south might prove, either or both of them, messages from God to you. "I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back." These are two appeals from heaven to which ye do well that ye take heed. May the Eternal Spirit make them powerful, so that you may be obedient to their high behests. Here are two short, terse addresses; two simple items of serious advice. Oh, that you might hearken and follow them to your soul's eternal benefit!

I. The first counsel is—GIVE UP. Give up what? Why, with some of you it is imperative that you give up your prejudices. So have you mis-estimated true religion, that you have been accustomed to denounce it as cant, and to declaim the professors of it as hypocrites. Now, give up this blind bias, and give the Gospel a fair hearing. Should it turn out to be an imposture, you will at least be the better able to expose its fictions, after having studied its facts; but should it happen to be genuine and true, how ill will it be for you if you continue to despise it! The doctrine of Christ claims to be Divine. It asserts itself to be the only true faith, and it argues all other systems to be false. It tells that God "so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." This is a startling announcement. History or poetry has no parallel for such a wonder that the Holy God was willing to die for sinful man, that He who was offended should Himself take the guilt of those who offended Him upon Himself.

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and suffer for the transgression. Strange miracle of grace! that the Lord of life and glory should become a substitute for His enemies. Do not mock at the mention of such mercy. There must be something in it. Tens of thousands live happily upon the tidings. Millions have died exultingly on the credit of its authenticity. The trust reposed in it has been tried and tested in the prison, on the rack, and at the stake, and believers in it have triumphed over every form of infernal torture. They have held their confidence stedfast to the end, and finished their course bravely and gloriously, grasping the standard of the cross of Christ. Seal not your ears, shut not your hearts against the testimony; let it have a fair hearing. Give up your prejudices. Hear, and your souls shall live.

Give up in like manner your self-righteousness. In vain my entreaties, for unless God shall say it, no man will do it. The worst of men flatter themselves with some conceit of their own righteousness. Their companions back them up, and praise them as good fellows. However abandoned and dissolute their lives, they credit themselves with some virtues that make a fair show before men of their own type, which they fondly hope will pass current with God at the last. But I beseech you hearken to a brother's voice, while I assure you that excuses for sin are unavailing and apologies impertinent. The best labours of the human hand, and the best dispositions of the human heart, are so defiled through our natural depravity, that they cannot be accepted by the Most High. Paul, the great Apostle, who during the early part of his life had been one of the most excellent and exemplary of men, observing the most authentic religion with the most austere consistency, and supplementing it with the most furious zeal, discovered the hollowness of his piety, and the hideousness of his character, when he came to see things in the right light; so that he counted his own righteousness to be but dross and dung, that he might win Christ, and be found in Him. Surely Paul knew as well as you know, and much better too, what creature righteousness may attain. I would feelingly admire, rather than foolishly disparage, all that is honest and upright; amiable and benevolent; sober and sensible. This is all admirable in its way, but do not trust to such trifling charms. A bridge that may carry you well enough over the straits of this life, among your fellow-men, will fail to bear the weight of your soul when you reach the torrent of death, and are about to pass into eternity. Then every timber will creak and snap, and down will you go, if grace prevent not, into the gulf that is bottomless. I do beseech you to give up all dependence on your own merit; give it up. No man can be saved by Christ while he has any degree of reliance upon himself. One of the first requisites to genuine faith in Christ is to have a total despair of all salvation by your own efforts. How long we are haggling with God before we submit unreservedly to this self-renunciation. If we cannot be saved entirely by our own merits, we say—"Well, may we not at least do a little?" Let this snare be broken, and we soon entangle ourselves again, saying, "Surely something must be required from us." To bring a man to the full assurance of understanding that "it is finished," that love's redeeming work is done, that the blood which cleanses from all sin has been shed, that the righteousness which justifies a man before God is already wrought out and completed—oh! this simple statement is the hardest lesson that

a sinner has to learn. Little heed ye give when I cry, Give up your self-righteousness. Only God can so teach you that you shall be willing to cast it away as not only profitless, but utterly polluted. The confidence you feel in the rectitude of your judgment, in the resolutions of your conscience, and the reasonableness of your hope is a rotten foundation. Give it up.

Give up; again I say—give up your *sins*. You cannot be saved from their consequence if you cling to their company. Christ is willing to forgive you all your past sins, if you are willing to part with them now; but when you make a league with your lusts you are plotting against your own life. Drunkard, though you have all but killed yourself with strong drink, there is pardon for you now; but you must renounce that intoxicating cup. So long, sir, as you keep to it you are drinking down the venom of hell. What! will you ask Christ to deliver you, while you are destroying yourself? And you too, ye libertines, you who have violated the laws of chastity, foul as your offences are, there is forgiveness for them; the precious blood can make you white, but you must forsake your impurities. The Saviour of sinners will make no compromise with sin, nor will He have anything to do with you, unless you clear yourself of these abominations. Is there one here who has been dishonest? Still there is pardon for the penitent. Your transgression shall be covered if you come to Christ; but you must cease from fraud and falsehood of every kind. There must be no more trickery in trading; no short weights, no spurious articles, no cheating or shuffling henceforward. All imposture must be renounced. You must shake such villainy off your hand as Paul shook off the viper into the fire. Give up, and have done with it. A Good Physician is our great Master, and very willing is He to heal your diseases; but His treatment is not to be trifled with. You must not cling to habits that clash with health. Or should you feed the passions, and revel in the pleasures that sap your stamina and foster your sickness, then no remedy can restore you; your certain doom is death. Give up your sins. Are you loth to part with them? Oh, fools and slow of heart, to hanker after harm, and desire your own destruction! Why, your sins, perhaps, have already begun to entail sorrows upon you. Now that you feel their bitterness, is it not time to have done with them? I have heard of one who kept a tame leopard in his house. It had been nursed from the time it was a cub, and it gambolled about like a cat. But one day, while the master was asleep, it licked his hand. As it licked a place where the skin was thin and broken, the blood began to flow. Then all the wild instincts of the beast of the forest flashed from its furious eyes. The man suddenly woke, and saw the situation. His end was near—unless he should be quick and skilful enough to destroy the animal. Do you think he paused or hesitated? No; a loaded pistol was within his reach; so he stretched out his hand quietly, grasped it firmly, aimed it steadily, fired it, and the creature lay dead at his feet. It had come to this; that he must either kill it, or it would kill him. It is so with you. Your sins begin to draw blood from you already. Those stings of conscience, that empty purse, those red eyes—all are beginning to tell what sin can do. Not yet do you know all its horror. Before the leopard springs upon you and tears you in pieces, God help you to give it up! May God help you to give it up to-night, whatever it may be. Pluck it out, though it is like a

right eye. Off with it, though it be like a right arm. It were better for you to enter into life having but one eye, or but one arm, than having both eyes and both arms, to be cast into the fire of hell. Give up.

"Give up," says the text; and I use the expression thus—*give up delays*. Give up procrastination. Give up that constant—"To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow!" Give up talking, like Felix, about "a more convenient season." Give all this up. Some here are sickly and drooping. Symptoms of consumption are beginning to betray themselves. What does this mean? Is the great Landlord giving His poor tenant a notice to quit? Prepare ye, then, for the removal. Last Sabbath, and during the early days of this week, there was present with us, and busy among us, a dear sister in Christ, whom we all regard with affection and esteem. She has been suddenly paralysed. When I looked at her just now, as she lay upon her bed, it was with much difficulty that she at last opened her eyes, recognised me, just smiled, and then relapsed into unconsciousness. "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." She was at the beginning of the week, to all appearance, in as good health as you are. There she is now, suddenly smitten down, soon, perhaps, to be taken away. 'Tis a warning to us. Oh! take the warning to yourselves. How often do we hear of City men, who used to go up on the omnibus with us, or pass by our house regularly every morning. We miss them; and when we ask where they are, we are told that they are gone! Some who were so busy they could find no time to think of their latter end, have found out of a sudden that their time to live was spent, and their time to die had come. Scattered among this congregation are persons whose sable dress tells of recent bereavement. Ah! you have had the warning close at home. I pray you give up your supineness. May to-night be to you the appointed time, and this the hour of salvation, when eternal grace shall woo and win your hearts.

And I might well say to some here present, *give up quibbling*. You have never yet come to the point with your own conscience. You have always been so deft at finding out knots and raising questions. What is the good of it, man? If you are never saved till you get every problem solved, you will never be saved at all. A man is dying; there is a medicine that might restore him; he will not take it, because he does not understand the anatomy of his lungs and the various internal organs of his body. Stupid! Is it not enough that the physician understands the malady and the remedy? Take the medicine, man, and be content. Surely Christ understands every difficulty that could perplex a sinner's brain, and He has prepared a potent salvation fully adequate to secure the sinner's welfare. Why should we stammer at the difficulties, instead of solving the dilemma by accepting the grace? If a vessel were breaking in pieces on yonder shore, and the rocket apparatus had fired a rope into the middle of the vessel, would you not think the crew to be insane if they said to one another—"We do not understand how it is that the rocket apparatus manages this!" Oh, but they just twist the rope round the mast, get a hold-fast, and begin to swing themselves ashore. So would every sane man do; and may the grace of God rid you of the insanity of your sin, and may the Eternal Spirit make you wise to flee to Jesus ere the night of death comes on.

"Give up," says the text—and I shall use it once more—*give up*, you

troubled ones; give up despondency; give up the thought that there is no hope; give up the suspicion that Jesus cannot forgive. Know you not that our Lord Jesus Christ is very God—though man, of the substance of His mother? Made of a woman, made under the law, He was nevertheless co-equal and co-eternal with the Father. Now, if He, being God, took upon Himself the sin of His people, there must be a wonderful power in the sufferings He endured. There is, in fact, such power in the atonement of Christ that no sin was ever found too great for Christ to put away; no stain too deep for Him to wash out. However black you may have been, depend upon it your sins shall never baffle the power of the Almighty Saviour. Give up your doubts, then, and believe the message of my Lord and Master. "He that believeth on Him shall never perish, but have everlasting life." To despond and to despair, to doubt and to mistrust, were to insult the one Mediator and to bring swift destruction upon ourselves. Others have trusted, and none of them were rejected. They have depended upon the mercy of God in Christ, and many of them are safe in the city of the blessed, and thousands more are now happily on the road thither. Oh, troubled one! why dost thou not try it? God is speaking to thee through my lips, and I trust His effectual grace is commanding thee to "give up," and constraining thee to "give up" thy dark suspicions and thy gloomy fears. Drop into the arms of Christ. Fall into the bosom of pardoning grace; "give up; give up; give up!" You are not asked to do aught; you are not asked to feel aught; you are not asked to prepare yourselves for mercy; you are not asked to perform penance, or to pass through purgatory. Give up! This is everything. Give up your every other trust. Give up your every other thought, and come just as you are to the sinners' Saviour, who has said—"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." May this prove to be the message of God to many of you in these galleries and in that area. Give up! Give up!

II. We pass on to the second address, which is this, "KEEP NOT BACK."

Pray for me now, ye people of God, that during the next ten minutes I may be made God's mouth to some with this timely counsel, this solemn charge "Keep not back."

Keep not back, my dear hearers, from attending the means of grace. It was with very great pleasure I heard that this afternoon at the special service for the young the Tabernacle was full. I do not doubt that if we had every Sunday three services we should have the house filled three times, for the people are, as a rule, willing to hear. Still, there are very many in London of all classes, relatively as many of the rich as of the poor, who keep back and habitually neglect the house of God. Do you not see the penny Sunday paper handed in at many a working man's door on the Lord's day morning? That is the sermon they are supplied with for the forenoon, I suppose. After dinner, they do their devotions to the god of this world with libations of ale and fumes of the pipe; their Sabbath being a day of inactivity, if not of intemperance. Ah! did they but know the blessedness of Gospel privileges, they would not forsake the assembling of themselves in the fellowship of the house of God, but they would gather with eager haste to hear of the things that make for their soul's peace. Not that we have any cause for complaint. It is entirely for their own interest I counsel the careless not to keep back with

reckless indifference. As you all know, the crowds that throng this capacious chapel baffle all our efforts to provide them with accommodation. Should I happen, however, to be addressing any who do not go regularly to a place of worship, I offer you, friends, a cordial greeting. I am glad to see you here to-night. But I earnestly admonish you to make the house of prayer a settled home. Let this casual visit be followed up with a continual resort to the sanctuary. Keep not back. Going to church or chapel will not make you a saint any more than going to school would make you a scholar. Still we are told of one that "being in the way the Lord met with him." If you are in the fields at time of wheat harvest you may glean some ears of corn, but if you lounge about that house at the roadside, you will get nothing worth carrying away. If you are where Christ is distributing His royal bounties, it may be you will receive a boon such as you could never purchase. But oh! God forbid you should ever be content with "it may be!" Come with this firm resolve—that if true religion is taught anywhere you will know it; if pardon is to be had you will find it; if heaven is to be reached you will, by the grace of God, secure a place among its holy inhabitants. Now if this purpose of heart be wrought in you by God the Holy Spirit, your desires will not be disappointed. I beseech you, therefore, keep not back.

And when you do attend the house of the Lord, *keep not back from a simple obedience to the Gospel*. How many times over have I told to this congregation the simple Gospel whereby we are saved! How many times more, if God spare my life, shall I have to tell the same old, old story! It is summed up in a few syllables, God must punish sin. Sin is such a mischief that the most holy God cannot put up with it. It must be punished. But Jesus Christ put His bare shoulders under the Divine lash. He took the penalty of sin upon Himself, and suffered for His people what they ought to have suffered. Who, do ye ask, are the people for whom Christ suffered? We answer, for as many as trust Him. If you trust Him that is the evidence that He died for you. If you will depend upon Him, and upon Him alone, that is the mark that you were redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, and a sure token that you should never perish. God cannot punish you for your sins if they were laid on your substitute. It would be unjust, for He has already punished Christ instead of you. If you believe in Jesus, God's justice cannot demand twice over payment of the same debt; first at your bleeding surety's hands and then again at yours. Now, sinner, Christ is lifted up in the Gospel for you to know Him and to trust Him. Keep not back! Keep not back! The devil says that your sins are too great. He is a liar; keep not back. Your heart says you are not prepared. God is greater than your heart, and He knoweth all things—keep not back. You say you cannot pray, but a sigh is a prayer, a tear is a prayer—keep not back. You say you are afraid you are not elected. If your soul takes shelter in Christ you have conclusive evidence that your name is written in the Book of Life—keep not back. You are afraid you shall not hold on to the end. It is His covenant engagement to keep you from falling if you come and commit yourselves to His protection—keep not back. Christ Jesus, like the brazen serpent in the wilderness, is lifted high upon the pole that whosoever looks should be healed. Look! sinner, look! 'Tis the whole Gospel in a word—look! Look to Jesus.

Away with your good deeds. Away with your fine prayers. Away with all your self-righteousnesses—

“None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.”

Look, then ; look to Him, and keep not back.

And when you have looked to Christ, *keep not back from the mercy-seat.* You may ask of God, and He will give you your desires. Unworthy though you be, God is a Father to you, and you may tell Him all your troubles, your sins, your doubts, and you may ask Him for whatever He has promised. According to your faith, so shall it be done unto you. Keep not back, poor soul. When you get home to-night, and want to pray, you will think you must not, but I beseech you hear the word, “Keep not back.” You will begin to pray, perhaps, and find yourself stammering and trembling, but keep not back. Your old sins will half choke you in the recollection of them, but keep not back. If anybody saw you trying to pray they would say, “What you, you old wretch, you trying to pray !” Oh ! but keep not back. ’Tis mercy calls you ; come and pray. The mercy-seat was built for sinners ; it was sprinkled with blood for sinners ; therefore keep not back.

When you have really trusted in Christ, and have learned to pray, then *keep not back from coming forward and making a profession of your faith in Jesus.* Your Master has told you to follow His example. The first thing He did in public life was to be baptised. He came to John, and asked him to baptise Him, and this was the reason He gave, “Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.” You know your Lord was not sprinkled. He knew nothing of infant baptism. He was a man of ripe years when He came forward and was baptised. You know how the Gospel puts it, “He that believeth, and is baptised, shall be saved.” Do not put the cart before the horse. It is not written he that is baptised and then believes, but he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved. In the case of all the early converts, as soon as they believed, they were immediately baptised, and added to the Church. If you have believed, then, keep not back ; but in all your Lord’s appointed ways pursue your journey to heaven. Then there is the Lord’s Supper. “If ye love Me,” said he, “keep My commandments.” Can ye overlook His dying commandment ? “This do ye in remembrance of Me.” Keep not back, then. When you have found Christ come forward and avow it at once. Some who negligently wait for a year, inadvertently wait for two years. And as nothing seems urgent when it has been long deferred, years multiply and conviction chills ; duty becomes doubtful and a languid heart finds excuses for all the lingering, till they wait so long they never care to come at all. Be prompt, if you would be precise in serving the Lord. “I made haste,” said David, “and delayed not to keep Thy commandments.” Christ deserves and demands the most scrupulous homage. He redeemed you openly ; profess Him openly. Christ did not come into this world with a secret love to you, but with a bold outspoken love. He emptied out His very heart upon the cross for you ; be not ashamed of Him. Take your place in the pillory side by side with this despised and persecuted people. Take up your cross daily and follow Him, for he that confesseth Him before men, him will He confess before His Father in

Heaven ; but he that denieth Christ before men, him will Christ deny before His Father and His holy angels. Keep not back, then, keep not back.

To those who are saved, and have avowed their conversion, let me now say, Keep not back, my dear brethren and sisters, *from the Lord's service*. I entreat you, young men, not to keep back from preaching Christ. I hope, when the weather permits, there will be plenty of street preaching all over this region. It delights me to hear occasionally that our preachers are numerous enough to become a nuisance to the neighbourhood. I hope you will increase the force tenfold. We must take the Gospel to those who will not come and hear it. Occupy the street corners, police or no police. Preach the Gospel wherever you have an opportunity. Throw it in the way of the wayfarer. Let the plan of salvation cross his path and greet his ears. I have known persons from Germany and France struck with nothing so much in London as with the open air preaching. I have met too with cases, chiefly of foreigners, who had never heard our holy faith—such as Frenchmen, Germans, Poles, and Spaniards, who have mingled in the crowd, listened to what has been spoken, and learned for the first time a Saviour's love and felt the power of it in their hearts. Some of you young men may have great ability, but much bashfulness. Remember that souls are dying, and tremble at your own timidity while you contemplate this huge city perishing for lack of knowledge. How can you be cowardly and craven, and hide your light under a bushel? The Lord have mercy upon us if we have concealed the glad tidings in the past ; but in the future let us publish the Divine proclamation—"Keep not back !" Those of you who could help in a ragged school, need not make vain excuses, or cultivate your own ease on Sundays, as is your wont. Turn out and go in quest of young Arabs from the streets. You, who might be useful in the Sabbath school but prefer to have your time to yourselves, make it a matter of conscience that ye volunteer on the Lord's side. Judge ye whether you are doing right while ye stand aloof. Are you at liberty to keep a single talent unemployed? You are six days at work in the world for your own wage, cannot you dedicate one day wholly to Christ? I may be speaking to some sentimental Christians, who never seriously think of serving the Lord. We look for ripe fruit from your rich experience. By the love of souls, I pray you keep not back. Some of you are affluent in this world's currency ; give of your substance ; keep not back. Aid others to do what you cannot accomplish by your own personal efforts. I am bold to beg for my Master. By the famishing millions ; by the tens of thousands who know not their right hand from their left in the point of religion ; by the activity of the priests of Rome ; by the craftiness of the fiends of hell, who on every side are casting abroad their temptations ; by the attractiveness of the gin-palace, the casino, the theatre, and the haunts of infamy, I pray you be vigilant, active, always on the alert. Give God no rest in your supplication for His favour. Cry aloud and spare not. Give sinners no rest in your deprecation of their behaviour. Constrain them to see what wages await their wickedness, and to hear of what salvation is proclaimed to their souls.

Would God I could speak with more fervour to you upon this point. Better is it perhaps that my text speak to you, "Keep not back." Let

not any one of you skulk or hold back. Every man to the front as far as possible. In the name of God, the Eternal, the Almighty; in the faith of the precious blood; in the power of the blessed Spirit let each man advance to the conflict; let each sister take her part in the fray. God bless you according to your faith—bless you according to your zeal. Oh, that many may “give up,” and all of you “keep not back.” So shall He bless you very richly, for Jesus’ sake, Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

TRAITS OF CHRISTIAN NOBILITY.

NOBILITY IN THE HOME.

CHAPTER II.

HARRIET ROSS was the daughter of respectable, working-class parents, living in a large town in the Midland Counties. At the time the preceding conversation took place, she was paying an annual visit to a highly-esteemed aunt, resident in a distant village. Her aunt’s sterling Christian character, strict adherence to principle, and practical benevolence, made her quite a favourite with her niece, who, we may say without flattery, possessed a measure of her aunt’s noblest qualities. The week’s visit, therefore, proved an agreeable time for them both, and when the hour arrived for parting a feeling of regret was expressed that the end of it should have come so soon. But short though the visit was, it was not made in vain. In after years, when the trials of married life came thick and heavy upon the wearied wife and mother, many a time was she cheered and stimulated by instructive words dropped, and useful counsel given, in this brief period, which, when recalled to mind, proved to be to her “bread

cast upon the waters, and found after many days.”

In reference to contemplated marriages, as well as to other important events in life, the proverb is often quoted, “There’s many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip.” The quotation is of course intended to give a salutary warning to the over-joyous, not to set their hearts’ affections too strongly upon the anticipated good, lest at the last moment the cup of expectation should be dashed from the lips, and the happy one be doomed to ruthless and bitter disappointment. While this, alas! has been true in the case of many, we are happy to say it did not turn out to be true in the case of Harriet Ross. At the appointed day, and even at the very hour, Harriet Ross signed her familiar maiden name in the registrar’s book for the last time, and ever afterwards, when called upon to append it to any letter or document, put down the surname of Hartley instead. Into what transpired on the wedding-day we have no desire to enter. We do not suppose that the reader would be much entertained by our giving a detailed description of the bride’s dress, the wedding breakfast, and a list of the relations summoned to witness the interesting ceremony, and after-

wards to partake of the festivities. It will, however, be more to the point if we venture to give the somewhat quaint address which was delivered to the young couple by their officiating pastor, when, the usual preliminaries required by the law of the land being over, he solemnly pronounced them to be "man and wife." If the reader should consider it rather odd, he will, in his good-nature, pardon its quaintness upon being informed that the Baptist minister was generally looked upon as being an odd man; and that, therefore, in giving the newly-married couple this seasonable and sensible counsel, he was acting in perfect character with his usual mode of proceeding. Having laid down from God's Word the duties prescribed for husbands and wives, he went on to say: "You will observe that this counsel is given to Christian husbands and Christian wives. If you will prove such it will be well with you. There are no marriages like 'marriages in the Lord.' Those who begin their married life with Christ, who invite Him to the wedding as a wedding-guest, who own Him as the real 'Master of the house' from the first, who consecrate the dwelling with family worship, and who are determined that, by God's grace, and in His strength, for them to live it shall be Christ; these are the husbands and wives whose married lives shall prove happy, useful, and blessed. Remember that by this ceremony your two lives have been welded into one. You may have together a long life or a short one. But, long or short, be to each other all that husband and wife should be. How long it may please God to spare you to dwell together we cannot tell; but with that at present we have nothing to do. Trust your future with Him, and be concerned

only to begin right and go on right. You are now in one boat, sailing over life's ocean; then both pull the oars one way. Do not have two interests, but one. Never let there be any contention for mastery. Give way rather than quarrel. *Bear and forbear* with each other. You will find out as time rolls along and circumstances arise, that you have different temperaments and entertain different views, and that therefore there will be plenty of call for having these two 'bears' in the house. Don't disagree over trifles. Make the best of everything. Give each other a hundred smiles to one frown, or, what is better, abolish the frowns altogether. Try, by attention to little things, to make each other happy. To you, the wife, I would say, let the home be what it ought to be—a happy English home. Let your husband ever feel that it is for him the brightest and happiest earthly place under the sun. To you, the husband, I also add—so act, that by all the loving self-denying labours of your life, and by all the money you can lawfully earn and place at your wife's disposal for the domestic comfort of the household, she may be enabled to bring that home up to the desired paradisiacal standard. Rest assured of this, that unless both husband and wife thus act in concert, the happy English home never can be made. If God should be pleased to give you offspring, train your children 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' Let them ever feel the weight and influence of having to look up to a Christian father and mother, whose precept is worth obeying, and whose example is worth copying. This is the way to make your offspring revere your memory when your bodies shall lie

in sweet repose, quietly beneath the green sod. May God Almighty be with you in all your changes: may He give you throughout life more sunshine than storm; may He bless your prosperity and sanctify your adversity; and when your course of life is run, may you, through the grace that is in Christ Jesus, meet in heaven to part no more. God grant it for Christ's sake."

The good advice thus given was well received, not only by the young couple themselves, but also by their various married relatives, who, whether they acted up to it or not, candidly assured the newly-married pair that every part of it was worthy of their adoption. And adopt it they did. From the day they entered their new and humble abode, as its master and mistress, until the day came when the Lord was pleased to effect an earthly separation, it was the constant aim of both to share each other's joys and sorrows, and lighten one another's burdens. Thus, to them, married life was what God intended it to be, a life of union and communion. One in the flesh, they were also one in the spirit. We must not, however, be understood to say that at all times and under all circumstances things went on smoothly. To say that no misunderstanding ever arose, that there were no "little tiffs," that there was everlasting sunshine in the household, never darkened by the slightest domestic cloud, this certainly would be beyond all credence. As Master Trapp shrewdly observes, "The best we see have their domestic contentions; some household words will now and then pass betwixt them. We match not with angels, but with men and women. Two flints may as soon smite together and not fire come

forth, as two persons meet in marriage, and not offences fall out." That offences were given in the married life of Edwin and Harriet Hartley we do not dispute; but like summer showers they were quickly over, and the sunshine which was destined to be more lasting, appeared to be all the brighter after the passing cloud. And this is as it ever should be. Perfect harmony, perfect tempers, perfect sayings, and a perfect course of action, we can no more expect in this fallen state in conjugal life, than we can in any society in which different temperaments are sure to commingle. Diversity of thought and action, wisely developed and practically controlled, is as beneficial in married life as in all other kinds of life, tending, as it does, according to the wise ordination of Providence, to make the married pair all the more "helpmeets," to each other. The aim, in all cases, should be to make due allowance for human frailty; and acting upon the belief that we ourselves are as liable to err as those with whom we are connected, to deal charitably and kindly with those who differ from us. This, at any rate, was the view taken by this young couple; and it was because they strove to act up to it, it came to pass that all who were privileged to enjoy their acquaintance readily confessed that during the fifteen years the husband and wife were spared to dwell on earth together, a happier couple or a more comfortable home could not be found among the working classes in the kingdom. While, however, happily, this was the case, these fifteen years were not—as the reader will soon learn—without their hidden and deep sorrows; a proof that even under the most favourable aspects of domestic life, the Scriptural pro-

verb is true—"The heart knoweth its own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy."

(To be continued.)

THEMES FOR THOUGHT AND THANKFULNESS.

BY REV. T. W. MEDHURST.

"Remember the Lord thy God: for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth" (Deut. viii. 18).—Many, even among professed Christians, seem to forget this. They act as though their own power and the might of their own hand had gotten them their riches. They do not remember that, they are stewards for God, and that He will require them at last to render in their account unto Him. But, whether they remember it or not, it is true, as the wise man states it, "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it" (Prov. x. 22). If God has given to us gold and silver, houses and lands, and we do not use them for His glory, He will surely require them again at our hands. He who withholdeth from God, and from His cause, is charged with robbing God. He who neglects to honour God with his substance is an unfaithful steward. Covetousness is declared, in the Word of God, to be idolatry; and no idolater hath eternal life abiding in him. God justly demands from us all that we are and all that we possess. He is the Author of our being, and the God of our lives and mercies. We are created, preserved, redeemed, justified, regenerated, and adopted, in order that we might glorify God and benefit our fellow-man. This

is designed by God to be the one great purpose of the Christian's life, that He may be glorified.

"Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to Thy mercy remember Thou me for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord" (Psalm xxv. 7).—The Psalmist here, confessing past sins and present transgressions, pleads for mercy, not on the ground that his sins were few, or his transgressions small, but on the simple grounds of God's tender mercies, everlasting loving-kindnesses, and great goodness. Bishop Horne very beautifully remarks—"When God remembers His mercy He forgets our sins; and when He forgets our sins He remembers His mercy: for what else is His mercy but the forgiveness, the blotting out, the non-imputation of sin? Who that has lived long in the world can survey the time past of his life without breaking forth into this petition, adding to the sins of his youth the transgressions of his riper years?" When David prays that the sins of his youth be not remembered, nor his succeeding transgressions, he means that they may not be charged upon him, but that they may be pardoned. And, being a sinner, he had nothing to plead for himself but the free mercy and unbounded benevolence of God, which he here implores. This prayer is a suitable one for the contrite transgressor. It is like unto the request of the publican, "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

"We will remember Thy love more than wine" (Song of Sol. i. 4).—To believe the love of Jesus is more precious than the chief of earthly luxuries. When they sit at the memorial supper-table, they remember the love of Jesus above the wine-feast. Wine makes glad the happy heart of him that is ready

to perish, so that he remembers his misery no more; and so, in a far higher and better sense, the love of Jesus fills the heavy heart with pure seraphic joy. Jesus gives the same commendation to His bride's love, with an emphatic addition, "HOW MUCH BETTER IS THY LOVE THAN WINE!" (chap. iv. 10). Wine was created by Jesus at His first miracle in Cana of Galilee. Wine was the pledge of His love given at His last supper. The spiritual wine is the blood and spirit of Jesus, the new and better wine of His kingdom, of which we can never drink to excess, as we can of the wines of earth.

"We will remember, more than wine,
Thy love,
Which conquer'd our deprav'd, rebellious
hearts,
Seal'd pardon when we own'd and
mourn'd our sins—
Repeats its tokens in our daily joys,
And ever proves itself immutable;
While all the upright feel the sacred
glow
Which love Divine enkindles in the
soul."

"Our grateful mem'ries will record
This matchless love of Thine,
And keep the relish thereof, Lord,
Beyond the richest wine."

"Nevertheless, I will remember My covenant with thee in the days of thy youth, and I will establish unto thee an everlasting covenant" (Ezek. xvi. 60).—Notwithstanding all His people's unfaithfulness, Jehovah abideth faithful. He will neither change His covenant, nor alter His purposes of grace.

"Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

"He that can dash whole worlds to
death,
And make them when He please;
He speaks, and that Almighty breath
Fulfills His great decrees.

"His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises."

It is this unchanging faithfulness of God which is as the strong fortress wherein, in the day of trouble, our souls find a sure hiding-place. We are constantly changing; friends are failing us; our experiences are varying; but our God is immutable. He changes not, therefore; we are not now, and never shall be, forsaken. God has sworn to be faithful, and God cannot lie, neither can He deny Himself; so that we have strong consolation who trust in Him alone.

"The Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent; for He is not a man that He should repent" (1 Sam. xv. 29).—The margin reads, the "eternity" or "victory" of Israel will not lie nor repent. Jehovah, as the "eternity" of His Church, gives firmness, duration, and permanency to her. He bestows unto her spiritual strength, and enables her to triumph over her enemies, the world, sin, and Satan. He gives to her everlasting salvation, permanent duration, immortality, and everlasting life. Jehovah, as the "victory" of His Church, is the only source of all her conquests, to whom all the glory is to be ascribed, and who is able to give unto her more grace. Jehovah is the "strength" of His Church, in all her dependence and trust; and, as such, He cannot lie, which is the effect of weakness; nor repent, or change His mind as men do, which is the result of a want of foresight. God, who knows the end from the beginning,

can and will support His chosen people, strengthen them against their adversaries, and work deliverance and salvation on their behalf. God will neither lie nor repent, either of His purpose to save believers, or of His purpose to punish unbelievers. Man is weak and feeble, so that he is often unable to perform what he has promised or purposed; but God is omnipotent, therefore He is able to perform, and will carry His purpose into execution. He never either alters His counsels or reverses His covenant mercies.

“*Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth*” (Luke xv. 10).—The joy of heaven is not increased, but is manifested to a higher degree when sinners repent. The angels think more of sinners than the Church does. We are not much moved to joy over one repentant sinner, though we may rejoice over a score. The angels rejoice over repentant sinners, because repentance, the first sign of salvation, is precious. The penitent is safe, and is certain to persevere unto the end through faith in Jesus. Here is a wonderful sight to angels at which men do not often wonder. Sinners saved by sovereign grace are compounds of miracles. Each penitent sinner has exercised an influence on the *past*. Before creation was born, his name was traced by the eternal pen in the book of God’s predestination. He has exercised an influence on the *decrees* of the past. All things have had a something to do with each sinner’s salvation. Especially is this true of Calvary and its cross, and of all those circumstances which transpired to bring that soul to Jesus. His salvation has an influence on the *present* and on the *future*. The story of his salvation is told by him-

self to others, and is borne from lip to lip, until others are saved likewise. God himself rejoices “*in the presence of the angels;*” the heart of the Eternal is filled with joy, while His essence remains unchangeable.

“*The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love; He will joy over thee with singing*” (Zeph. iii. 17).—This promise carries in it much rich and precious encouragement to the Church and people of God. If received by faith, it will prove an effectual antidote against all their fears and faintings. Jesus is in their midst. Christ dwells in their assembly. He is near at hand to support and supply them, to strengthen and assist them, to protect and defend them. He is nigh to them by His grace and Spirit. He is nigh to them as the Almighty God. He is with them as the omnipotent Saviour. He is in their midst as the rejoicing bridegroom. He is with them as the unchangeable lover. “*He will rest in His love.*” He will continue therein without variation or change. Nothing shall ever separate Him from the people of His choice. He is contented and satisfied with His Church, and solaces Himself in her midst. Jehovah will, because of His love, be *silent* concerning the faults of His people; and He will make all others be *silent* likewise. He will forgive their iniquities, blot out their transgressions, pass by their sins, and, in His love, cast all their guilt behind His back, into the sea of eternal forgetfulness. He will sing over His Church, because of His complacent delight in her, which is the source of all the glory and grace He bestows upon her.

Portsmouth.

SPARKS ON FAITH.

BY REV. J. H. COOKE.

No. I.

THE passes through the mountainous country of Switzerland are often very intricate and dangerous, and travellers find it necessary to obtain the direction and assistance of experienced guides. On one occasion a gentleman, with a guide in whom he had confidence, came to a very narrow gorge through which a mountain torrent was running, there had been heavy rain, and the stream was so swollen that it had overflowed its banks, and the road was impassable. The traveller was very anxious to find his way home as speedily as possible, and told the guide that he was willing to undergo some risk if he could but get on. "There is another way," said the guide, "that I know of, but it is called the Dangerous Pass, but if you are willing to trust in me I can take you safely through." The gentleman consented and they altered their course. The path now led up, over rugged pieces of fallen rock that needed some hard climbing, till at length it came to a narrow ledge along the mountain side. The guide went first, knocking aside with his feet the stones, and bidding the traveller step in his footsteps with care. The path grew narrower until at last it seemed but a very few inches in width; on one side was a dark yawning chasm, the depth of which could not be seen, at its bottom was heard the roaring of some wild cataract; on the other side the rock towered upwards to an immense height, with green patches of liverwort and moss, and golden streaks of lichen, with here and there a bunch of ferns or a stunted bush. Becoming still narrower, at length it came to an end at a

fearful chasm in the rock. On reaching this point the guide told the traveller to be calm, and putting one foot round the edge he disappeared. For a moment he felt awfully alone, retreat was impossible, the guide was out of sight he knew not where, when he heard a voice saying, "Put your foot in my hand, and trust to me." He did so, and in another minute was safely round the jutting point, and had reached a sunlit path, and was going on his way in peace and pleasantness.

There are many occasions in life in which we have to exercise faith in our fellow-men, to trust them when we cannot see them, to believe in them amidst circumstances of danger and alarm. Yet how unready we are to exercise similar faith in the Lord Jesus Christ! Let this be a parable. The path to heaven by good works, if indeed such a path ever existed, is now utterly impassable: it is all inundated by floods of sin; we imagine we can find it out; we try, and hopelessly fail. The Lord Jesus assures us that if we trust to Him, He can take us safely to the heavenly city, but it is a narrow path, and we must follow Him with implicit trust. Sometimes when we cannot see Him, we have to listen for His voice. He bids us keep our confidence and be assured that in His hand we are safe. He never leads but where He has gone before. None who trust in Him ever fail to reach the home of the Father's house.

No. II.

THE incident here narrated is a fact and of recent occurrence. A Christian lady was one Lord's-day morning suffering severely from spiritual depression. She went to the house of prayer, and although the hymns

of praise, the prayer, and the discourse were full of comfort for others, none reached her heart. On her return, she walked in her garden, and this was her meditation—"All hope is gone for me, I am as a worthless branch, cut off from the vine, fitted only for the burning." Just then her attention was attracted to a rose-bud, that lay on the edge of the path covered with dust, and she thought—"I am like that bud, broken off from the stem, and lying lifeless and defiled on the earth." She stooped to pick it up, when on touching it, to her surprise, it sprung up, shaking off the dust, and was seen blooming on the tree; in some way a branch of a neighbouring bush had been blown across it, and bowed it to the ground; she had removed that which held it down, and it had recovered its proper condition. It seemed as though light burst on her mind; she took it as a sign from God, and went on her way rejoicing in a blessed hope.

It need cause very little surprise

to learn that ere long depressing feelings returned. A strong faith cannot be built on the sand of omens, but only on the rock, Christ Jesus our Lord. Some Christians place reliance on dreams, or on having their attention turned unexpectedly to some particular passage of Scripture, or something out of the common. The healthiest condition is to reject all fancies, and studying the word to believe on the promises. Paul in his epistle to the Romans, bids us beware of this temptation, "Say not in thine heart, who shall ascend into heaven." That is, to bring Christ down from above; or, who shall descend into the deep? That is, to bring up Christ again from the dead. But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, the word of faith.

And our dear Lord has still reason to utter the remonstrance, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." Well may our hearts reply, "Lord, I believe, pity and help thou my unbelief."

Richmond.

Tales and Sketches.

POOR JENNIE; OR, HOW THE KING BUILT HIS BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

FOUNDED ON FACT. BY A PASTOR.
CHAPTER II.

Deliverance and Joy.

Only a look—but the look was *faith*,
And the knowledge, by reason long sought,
But which mocked all her efforts and
laughed at her toils,
To the range of my vision was brought.

Only a look—but the look was *love*,
And my heart was conquered outright;
This look, like the light the cloud rifts among,
Beamed down like a star in the night.

THE next morning was the Sabbath, and Jennie was seen in her customary place of worship, neat and clean as usual, with no other marks of the last night's struggle upon her than that her face perhaps looked

somewhat more pale and pensive than usual.

The sermon to which she listened was on the duty and privilege of submission to the will of God. On this morning, it may be, Jennie did not give the speaker her usual attention; for somehow, notwithstanding that she had prayed for some good word to help her, and deeply felt her need of such help, the rent would intrude itself, and so broke up her thoughts that, on her returning home, her mind was still restless and worried—so much so that she could scarcely partake of the frugal meal provided; and, while her mother kept urging her to eat a little food, her mind was busily engaged with the problem how she could be reconciled to the will of God while the fact looked her in the face, with all its serious consequences, that the rent was not paid. This problem was too much for Jennie: Sabbath as it was, she had turned the matter over and over, without being able to reach any settled, much less comfortable, conclusion. How long the wearing process might have continued it is impossible to say; for her lucubrations were suddenly shortened by a gentle rap at the door, and in a few moments little Miss Mayhew was quietly seated with her by the side of the small fire.

Little Miss Mayhew was well known in the neighbourhood, and lived in the same street as Jennie—but a few doors distant indeed from her domicile.

Miss Mayhew, who was a dress-maker, was in the custom of visiting each house in her own street, and a few others adjoining, as the tract distributor of the district, teaching in the Sunday-school, and occasionally visiting her sick neighbours. She was well known among her

poor neighbours as a kind-hearted, cheerful Christian woman, ever willing to do anybody a good turn. She had a few poor relatives, too, whom she seldom saw, unless they were in trouble, when they generally found their way to her humble home, well knowing that they would be welcomed, and that if they did not receive material help, they would be sure of kind words and sympathy. Often indeed under the influence of the latter, she gave both in clothes and money what she really needed herself. Still what she did she did cheerfully and without grudging, ever keeping her little doings and troubles to herself. She was a spare little woman, with a thin, pale face, bright cheerful eye, and sweet benevolent smile; very quick in her movements, always seeming to pass along with a kind of spring, as if in a great hurry. She was always neatly and respectably clad, though her habiliments ever conveyed the impression to the close observer that they were under the most careful supervision, and would never be cast off until their powers of endurance had been taxed to the uttermost. She knew Jennie as one of her neighbours, and used to have little chats with her as they returned home (for they both frequented the same place of worship), much admiring her quiet, gentle spirit, and her constant and unwearied solicitude for the comfort of her imperious mother.

On the present occasion, Miss Mayhew soon discovered the state of poor Jennie's mind, and her anxiety about the rent. Jennie told her how she had prayed to God, and how perplexed she had been about submission to His will while the rent was not paid. Her friend smiled in her usual way; told her to be of good cheer, for she believed

that in answer to her prayer God would very speedily solve her problem Himself; and, after a few words of loving prayer, left her.

All the following day, both at home and at her work, Jennie felt her mind sustained and comforted by what her friend had said to her, and by the secret hope that God would hear her prayer and in some way send her the money to pay her rent. The doctor's bill did not give her so much anxiety—she hoped he would be patient, and that with God's blessing, she might by degrees be able to pay him herself. But when Tuesday evening came, and no help reached her, and she expected to see the landlord's agent walk in to receive his money, her heart began to fail her; and, on returning home on Wednesday evening, she felt her old feelings of worry and depression return.

She had scarcely, however, partaken of her tea or supper—for one generally stood for both—than bright-eyed little Miss Mayhew tripped blithely into the room, and placed a small paper on the table, saying with a smile,

"There, Jenny, there is your rent; did I not tell you that the Lord would answer your prayer?" Jennie took the paper, and opening it, beheld a half-sovereign and five shillings. She could not speak; but, as the tears flowed down her cheek, she silently squeezed her friend's hand and kissed her. And well she might; for although it was an easy thing for Miss Mayhew to place the money upon the table, there was a real little history of love, zeal, and self-denial wrapped up in that bit of paper. The small sum it contained represented nearly three days' hard work. For Miss Mayhew's friends were chiefly poor; and it would be difficult to say how many she had visited to get together

the fifteen shillings that were now gladdening the heart of Jennie. Most of those who had contributed had done so out of their deep necessity, a penny each being about the average; so that a deal of time and talk too had been expended on reaching the result. To make up for her lost time the little dress-maker had sat up to work very late every night; yet she was now cheerful as a cricket, and her heart overflowed with joy as she witnessed the relief and happiness it brought to her friend.

"God has answered prayer, has He not?" said Jennie.

"Yes, indeed," replied her friend.

"But, Jennie, do you go to Jesus with your prayers?"

"Not much."

"But do you know that He especially says, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?' God hears prayer, but always through Jesus, Jennie."

Thus, in addition to the money she had brought, the little dress-maker sought to lead the now grateful and softened heart of Jennie to the greater wealth contained in the love of Christ. Jennie was much affected by the conversation of her friend, and for a long time after Miss Mayhew was gone, and her mother had retired to rest, she continued to ponder over the words of Christ, "Come unto Me," &c., until at last she thought she would try and pray. She had often said her prayers; but now she thought she would pray in earnest. She felt she must. And falling upon her knees, her feeling almost choking her utterance, she said, "O Jesus, I am a poor ignorant creature, and though I have read of Thee I do not seem to know Thee, and I fear I have never come to Thee as I ought. O Jesus,

forgive me! O Jesus, teach me to know Thee, and how to come to Thee. Thou hast been very good to me for many years, and I have been very ungrateful; and now Thou hast heard my prayer, and sent me help, and this kind loving friend. O, accept my thanks! But oh, I don't know how to come to Thee. I am weary and heavy-laden. I do feel my sinfulness, and I am weak and helpless, and I do not know how to come to Thee. O Jesus, what is it to come to thee? Oh, help me to come to Thee; I do want to come to Thee; I do want to know and love Thee; I do want rest; I am very weak and weary. O Jesus, do help me, I beseech Thee! Oh help me to come to Thee and give me rest." Thus she prayed, and on rising from her knees, and still thinking over these words "Come unto Me," she felt that she had been wrong in the past—that she had gone more to the Bible than to God; rather to the words of Christ than to Christ Himself. But He said, "Come unto Me," and she now felt that she had never really gone to Him as a living present Saviour. And as she thought of all, she remembered to have read in the Bible respecting Him, it seemed as though a flood of light streamed through His words, and they had a meaning and a beauty she had never seen before. Indeed, it seemed now as though she could hear the Saviour Himself speaking to her; and so powerful and sweet did His words become that she fell upon her knees before Him, asking His forgiveness that she should have slighted Him so long, and failed to perceive His beauty and love. As she continued to pray, a strange but divinely sweet

feeling took possession of her, and seemed to fill her soul; she felt as though up to this time she had not known herself; as though her soul had been in some distant land, far away both from Christ and her true self, and now for the first time she had reached herself, and the true home of her spirit in her Father and God. And as she prayed on and on, the little room itself seemed filled with light, and a strange heavenly joy thrilled her heart, and Christ Himself in all His love and glory seemed to grow out before the eye of her mind; until lost in wonder, and melted under the sense of His great love, she fell at His feet, embracing Him as her Saviour, confessing her sins, and mourning over past unbelief.

This was a memorable night in the experience of Jennie. Bright were the hours she spent in the presence of her Saviour; and sweet her communion with the bridegroom of her spirit. And, when she woke in the morning a divine fragrance seemed to fill the soul; the very peace of God lay like the quiet dew of the morning upon her heart; while the light of a calm, holy joy looked out of her eyes, and lighted up her quiet, pensive face, with something of the pure tranquil beauty of Heaven.

Thus, in that little mean room in that poor street, while the rude world rolled on its way, and men of science debated the existence of God and the utility of prayer, a very Patmos of glory found its way down here; and the King Himself came down and laid the first stone of His beautiful house, even the sapphire of Faith, in the struggling, weary, and sorrowful heart of the poor, toiling, praying factory girl.

Reviews.

The Life of William Brock, D.D., First Minister of Bloomsbury Chapel, London. By CHARLES M. BIRRELL. Nisbet and Co., Berner's-street.

WE are charmed. . . The biographer has so excelled in his office, and the biography is of so thrilling a character, to the many thousands who with us had the privilege of knowing Dr. Brock, and profiting from his teaching, society, and example, this will indeed be a valuable gem. In the earlier pages we have the ancestry, parentage, and first days of the subject of this memoir, as its description flows from his own pen, told with such naturalness, that we seem to have him present, breathing out the words of his interesting story. Chapter Eleventh commences the year 1849; the introduction and entrance on the work at Bloomsbury Chapel; and captivated and spell-bound, you are carried on through this most instructive and useful life, until reaching Chapter Sixteenth, years 1866 to 1872, the autumn has come, the fruitful boughs droop, and the honoured and crested head bends itself; death comes and calls the loved wife home to glory; the resignation of the pastorate takes place, and farewells are given of most attached and revered friends; retirement from *pastoral work*, but busily active in speaking of the Master east, west, north, and south, until like a glorious sunset, we see the orb bathing in sight at eventide, fading behind the hilltops of time to rise again on the morrow a glorious immortality. His thoroughness at all times, his plain and outspokenness, his genial friendship—and by no means least of his excellencies to be admired and imitated, was his firm adherence to the end of the grand truths and doctrines of the "Old, old story"—throw a halo round this work and memory rarely realised. We lay it down with a resolve to return to it again, feeling sure it is not of that class which when once read is done with. . . .

The Spare Half-Hour. By C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore and Alabaster, pp. 224.

THIS is one of Mr. Spurgeon's "Shilling Series." In face and form (that is to say, type and binding), it is like its elder brothers—"Seven Achievements of Christ," and "Seven Wonders of Grace." Here, however, the resemblance ends. Instead of seven sermons, you get fourteen essays—for the most part stories. These are not echoes of a voice familiar to hearers at "the Metropolitan Tabernacle," but they are repeats of a pen easily recognised by readers of *The Sword and Trowel*. The contents are too various for us to criticise. Between tales of his grandfather, and talk of his own travels, there is variety enough to be pleasing and profitable.

Heathen England and What to do for It—its utterly godless condition, and the success of the Christian efforts, under the superintendence of William Booth. Partridge and Co., Paternoster-row.

WE have read with care, and endorse all and more than is here said of the heathen places of our own towns and cities. We are thankful for the success which has in many cases attended Mr. Booth's work. We are, therefore, the less disposed to find fault. We must, however, confess our belief that the work ought to be done by the Church, and not handed over to the responsibility of one man or society. We believe this is the great mistake of the day. *The Church is apathetic, and the disposition is to get right away from Church organisation.* We believe also that Mr. Booth owes his success not to the novel and peculiar means sometimes resorted to, but in the simple preaching of the Gospel, which still is suitable and has power to draw the masses, without curious and sometimes coarse titles given to subjects, and secular affixes

given to names. If the apostles were here it would not be necessary to say, the tentmaker Paul, the fisherman Peter, or the tax-collector Matthew, would preach. We were pleased with Mr. Moody during his stay; he never resorted to novelties, but preached the simple, earnest, loving Gospel. Thousands listened, and multitudes were converted. We wish Mr. Booth and his work God speed.

The Seven Seals Unveiled, or the Faithful Saviour's Sequel to His Hebrew Saints of the Impending Days of Vengeance. Deciphered by THOMAS PALMER, of Sydney, Australia. Elliot Stock.

WE are grateful for the copious indexes and list of Scriptures treated of. The spirit of the writer is devout, and his object stated with great clearness. The mode of interpretation is similar to that of the late learned Dr. Hammond, and finds the fulfilment of the Revolution in events nearer to the time of utterance than remote, giving literal meaning to the words of Matthew, "this generation shall not pass away till all be fulfilled;" and the words of John, "things which must shortly come to pass." We advise a careful reading, and believe it will not be without profit.

The Sower and The Little Gleaner. Houlstone and Sons.

TWO volumes of considerable merit. Full of good reading for the old as well as the young. We wish we could circulate them among the hundreds of our own young people. Let them find a place in every Sunday-school and chapel library.

The One Word Text Book for every day in the Year. Shaw and Co., Paternoster-row.

THE object is to give a subject in one word, with several appropriate texts, and also a blank fly-leaf for the accumulation of suitable texts. The plan is a good one and will prove profitable. The volume is neatly got up.

Also by the same publisher, three precious little books, *Cast Down, Not Cast Off.* By OCTAVIUS WINSLOW. *Polished Shafts.* A word for the New Year. By the Rev. W. HAY, M. H. AITKIN, M.A.,—and *Be of Good Cheer.* By A SAPHIR. We wish to say all that is approving, and hope for the sake of usefulness they may have a large circulation.

The Church. New Series. Vol. XX. Elliot Stock.

NEAT and well covered. A good readable volume. Full of well-written articles. You cannot make a mistake if you invest in it.

The Appeal. A magazine for the people. Elliot Stock.

THE twelve months' numbers make a very good book. We have frequently said that it is the most suitable and most likely to be read tract published. The volume should find a welcome place in every Sunday-school library.

PAMPHLETS, MAGAZINES, ETC.

The Masses, and how to Reach Them. By CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, 4, Trafalgar-square, W.C. Delivered at the half-yearly meeting of the Ragged Church and Chapel Union. It is worthy of the good Captain and the Society. But it suggests that one certain way to reach the masses would be to send means to this long-established and earnest working society. Its mode of proceedings are not noisy or sensational, but very solid and Scriptural. The readers of our reviews, if concerned about the masses, will do a right thing by forwarding at once a subscription for the work of reaching them.

The Christian Era. The organ of the Bible and Prayer Union. Haughton and Co., Paternoster-row. A new magazine; the first number; and an excellent one.

The Name, Mark, and Number of the

Beast. A Protestant Tract for These Latter Times. New Light upon a Dark Scheme. By REV. WILLIAM GRIFFITH. Elliot Stock.

We confess we are lost in the columns of mysterious figures which confront us on the first page. If the writer wishes to do good to the multitude, we think his style must be less obscure. There are, however, some things which we think we understand, but do not sympathise with.

The Irish Baptist Magazine. Vol. II. No. 1. Elliot Stock. We are pleased with this gem of first water from the Baptists of the Emerald Isle. It contains extracts from C. H. Spurgeon's *Sermons*, &c.

The Gospel Herald and Voice of Truth. Elliot Stock. Really the organ of the strict Baptists, fairly and firmly and respectably representing their sentiments.

Holiness Magazine. "The Christian Life," "Be Ye Perfect," and "The

Divine Life." Haughton and Co, Paternoster-row.

Works received which have our most hearty approval:—

Evangelical Christendom (Johnson and Co., Fleet-street), *The Appeal*, *Biblical Museum*, *The Preacher's Analyst*, and *Teacher's Storehouse* (Elliot Stock), *The Ragged School Quarterly*, *The British Delay*, *Herald of Peace*, and *The Preacher's Exchange*.

Baptist publications which we specially recommend:—

The Baptist Magazine, *The Sword and Trowel*, *The Baptist and Freeman Newspaper*, *The General Baptist Magazine*, *Truth and Progress in Australia Monthly*.

We also call attention to the quarterly of the German Baptist Mission. Specially to the conduct of Russia at this crisis in banishing Baptist Missionaries. Would it not tell marvellously if the Baptists of England were to call the attention of the Czar to this persecuting and inconsistent conduct.

Poetry.

THINKING OF HIM.

We love to think of those whose names
are dear,

They seem to fill the mem'ry and
remove

All other thoughts that time has
graven there.

And shall it be a task to breathe His
name

Who loves as none beside? Shall
we forget

Amid a thousand loves His hallowed
claim?

Forbid it, Lord, and in earth's temple
court,

From morning's dewy dawn till
evening's close,

May Thy delightful name fill every
thought.

Thou lovest us! O what a love is
Thine!

The love of God—the love of God to
worms,

In pity human—in its power Divine.

Can greater love be found? that one
should bend

To die for His rude enemies, as
Thou

Hast died for us, O gracious, loving
Friend.

Then fill our heart, and let our heart
suggest

Thy matchless love the theme of
every thought,

Whene'er we walk abroad or toil, or
rest.

May Thy dear name, amid the world's
stern strife,
Like fragrance fill the air, that we
may breathe
The atmosphere of heaven, and live its
life.

And if in midnight hours disturbed we
wake,
Be thou our peace: and in the silent
hush,

Call us by name; speak, gracious
Saviour, speak.

Thus may we love and praise Thee,
till we meet
To be for ever with Thee, to behold
The brightness of Thy face, and kiss
Thy feet.

WILLIAM LUFF.

A RUINED ABBEY.

No more the sexton mounts the stairs,
The bell has fallen from the tower;
No more it calls to morning prayers,
The clock no longer chimes the
hour.

The crumbling walls have tumbled
down,
The rusty gates are worn and thin;
The doors decayed, the porch o'er-
thrown,
And all who choose may walk
therein.

The tombs decay on every side,
There's dust below, and dust above;
And gathering moss inscriptions hide,
The records of enduring love.

Hushed now are all the sounds of
praise
Which used the echoing aisles to fill;
The choristers no anthem raise,
But all is gloomy, damp, and still.

Long years ago the pealing bells,
Proclaimed each happy wedding
morn;
What now, each married history tells,
When death has sacred union torn?

Thrice happy they, who found within
Those walls of stone, an earthly
heaven;
With peace proclaimed o'er conquered
sin
And joyful hopes securely given.

If such were those who gathered here,
If all a heavenly peace have found;
How fair those crumbling walls appear
And every tomb a hallowed mound.

J. W. GALBRAITH.

December, 1877.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. JOSEPH JONES has resigned the
pastorate of the church at Wellington,
Salop.

Rev. W. Skelly, of Spaldwick, has
accepted an unanimous invitation to
the pastorate of the church at Gretton,
Northamptonshire.

Rev. W. L. Stevenson, of Chilwell
College, has accepted the pastorate of
the General Baptist Church at Isleham.

Rev. E. P. Barrett, after four years

service, has resigned the pastorate of
the church at Hereford.

Rev. D. Macrory, of Dorryneill,
County Down, Ireland, has accepted a
call to the pastorate of the church at
Coleraine.

J. C. Foster, of the Pastors' College,
has accepted an invitation from the
church at Braintree.

Rev. E. P. Barrett, of Portfields,
Hereford, has intimated his intention
of seeking another sphere of pastoral
work.

Rev. W. J. Acomb, of West Bromwich, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church at Astwood Bank.

Mr. McNab of the Pastors' College, has settled at Great Broughton, Cumberland, and Mr. W. Hobbs at Norwood New Town.

Rev. P. G. Scorey, who succeeded the Rev. C. M. Birrell as pastor of the Pembroke Church, Liverpool, is resigning that charge.

Rev. E. Bott has retired from the pastorate of the church at Gutterton, after eight years' labour there, and forty years' service to the denomination.

Rev. — Barker has resigned the pastorate of the church at Sutton-in-Ashfield, the church, owing to the depression of trade, being unable to support him.

Rev. A. J. Robinson, of Holbeach, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Pinchbeck, near Spalding.

Rev. T. Williams, B.A., of Merthyr, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate at Coleford, Gloucestershire.

Rev. Spencer Murch has been compelled, on account of failing health, to resign the pastorate of Hay-hill Church, Bath. Mr. W. J. Packer, of the University of Aberdeen and Bristol College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become Mr. Murch's successor.

Mr. H. C. Bailey has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Padigham, Lancashire, to become their pastor.

Rev. Geo. Barran, has resigned the pastorate of Port Mahon Church at Sheffield, which he has held for the last eleven years, and has accepted a call to the church at Bridlington.

Rev. J. W. Ashworth, who accepted the pastorate of the Sion Church, Bradford, on the removal of the Rev. J. P. Chown to Bloomsbury, has resigned that church, and accepted a unanimous call to the church at George-street, Plymouth, as successor to the Rev. John Aldis.

Rev. Watson Dyson, of Old Basford, Nottingham, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate

of the church meeting in North Parade Chapel, Halifax.

The church at Peniel Tabernacle, Chalk Farm-road, have given an invitation to Rev. R. T. Sole, of Kingston, to become their pastor.

Rev. T. Churchyard has, after five years' ministry, resigned the pastorate of the church at New-street, Hanley, and accepted that of the church at Selly Park, Birmingham.

After ten years' labour, Rev. James Horn has, in consequence of declining health, resigned the pastorate of the church at Idle.

Rev. J. Burnham has, on account of failing health, resigned the pastorate of Five-head and Isle Abbots Church, near Taunton, after three years' successful labour.

Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex. Mr. Geo. W. Pope, from the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of the church here.

Rev. A. Carson, M.A., has resigned the pastorate of the church at Dalston Junction, and has been presented with an illuminated address and a purse of money.

Rev. E. T. Gibson requests us to state that he has removed from 126, Dartford-road, Dartford, to 42, St. John's-road, Deptford, S.E.

RECOGNITIONS.

TAUNTON.—Public recognition services were held on Jan. 9, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. Levi Palmer, as pastor of the Albemarle Chapel, Taunton. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by the Rev. E. G. Gange; a public tea followed, and in the evening a meeting was held under the presidency of Mr. Gange. Mr. Turner gave the reasons why the church invited Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Palmer stated the circumstances that led to his acceptance. Addresses welcoming Mr. Palmer were given by the Revs. H. Soper and J. P. Labdon, ministers of the town, and H. Moore and J. R. Middleton.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE new iron chapel in Underhill-road, East Dulwich, has been opened for worship. Rev. J. T. Briccoe preached. The new building has cost £460, towards which about £100 has been realised.

Memorial stones were laid on the 26th of December in connection with a new chapel and Sunday-schools in Warwick-street, Deritend, Birmingham. Addresses were delivered by Lieut.-Col. Ratcliff, R. W. Dale, Esq., and others. The estimated cost is £800, towards which £300 has been subscribed or promised, including £50 from Lieut.-Col. Ratcliff.

The foundation-stone of the Sparkbrook New Chapel, Stratford-road, Birmingham, has been laid by Mr. W. Rogers, chairman of the Cannon-street Chapel Trust Fund, under the charge of which trust the building will be placed. In the evening a public meeting was held in the Circus Chapel. The Rev. J. J. Brown presided, and there was a large attendance of ministers and friends.

The chapel at Bromley has just been re-opened, after repair and renovation. The Rev. J. P. Chown, George Rogers, R. H. Martin, and A. Teysier have preached at the special services, and £365 have been contributed towards the outlay involved.

PRESENTATIONS.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Longmore-street Church, at a meeting on the 31st Dec., presented their pastor, Rev. W. Oates, with a purse, containing £12, as a token of esteem.

The annual tea-meeting in connection with the Sunday-school, at Middleton Cheney, near Banbury, was held on Tuesday, January 1. At the subsequent meeting the pastor, Mr. Dodwell, was presented with a cheque for £14, subscribed by members of the church and congregation.

On Friday evening, December 28th, a social gathering of the members and friends of West-end Church, Hamersmith, took place, when Rev. W. Page, B.A., was presented with an electric pen and clock for the study, and Mrs.

Page with a handsome silver-plated tea-kettle.

At a public meeting connected with the Wadham-street Church, Weston-super-Mare, Rev. E. J. Rodway, on his resigning the pastorate after thirty years' labour, was presented with a purse containing £230, and an illuminated address, expressive of the appreciation with which his ministry had been received. Miss Louisa Rodway at the same time received £20 as a similar recognition.

Rev. J. Jones on retiring from the pastorate of the church at Wellington, Salop, was presented by persons outside the congregation with a purse containing over £15. Mrs. Jones was also presented by members of the church and congregation with a beautiful timepiece and a purse of five guineas.

On leaving Sheffield, for Bridlington, Rev. G. Barrans was presented, at his farewell tea-meeting, with a framed address acknowledging his worth and the esteem in which he is held by his late people, together with a purse of £40 and a study clock, value £2 2s. Mrs. Barrans also received from the ladies a tea and coffee service, with other silver-plated goods, of the value of £20, and private tokens too numerous to mention. Nearly 300 persons sat down to tea, and afterwards a large meeting was held, addressed by various ministers. Mr. Barrans has been repeatedly requested by his church and congregation to remain with them, but felt it his duty to accept the call to the more salubrious air of Bridlington.

Rev. A. Parry, after upwards of six years ministry at Cloughfold, Lancashire, having accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Welsh Church, at Swansea, preached his farewell sermon at the former place on Sunday last, and was presented with £30 by the congregation as a token of esteem.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting was held on Tuesday, January 15th, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The Rev. John Clifford, M.A., read a suggestive paper upon "The Condition of Successful Preach-

ing in our Age." At the afternoon meeting a cordial vote of thanks were passed to the retiring president, the Rev. A. G. Brown. The Rev. J. P. Chown was then inducted into the presidency, and delivered an able address upon the association and its work. From the report which was next submitted, it appears that the number of associated churches is now 144. A site for the new chapel to be erected in the forthcoming year has been selected at Brondebury. The total membership of the associated churches is 35,420. There has been a net increase of 1,007, as against 1,056 last year. Several new branch churches were reported as the outcome of Home Missionary operations. Five churches have entirely cleared off their debts, in addition to the reduction effected by many others. Four new chapels have been completed; the amount returned as having been thus expended during the year is upwards of £33,000. Nine churches number more than a thousand scholars each in their schools, while the total of Sunday scholars has risen from 43,054 to 49,279, with 4,021 teachers. The Rev. W. P. Cope, of Maze-pond, was appointed secretary in place of the Rev. W. Brook, resigned. A special resolution in favour of a strict neutrality and peace policy in regard to the Eastern Question was carried with acclamation. After tea, a public meeting was held in the Tabernacle, under the presidency of Rev. J. P. Chown.

SHOULDHAM STREET CHAPEL, EDWARE ROAD.—Sunday-school Anniversary services, were held on Sunday, January 13th. Sermons were preached by S. D. Rickards, Esq., and Rev. W. A. Blake. On Tuesday, January 15th, tea at 6, and public meeting at 7-30 was held. Addresses were delivered by Rev. J. O. Fellowes, Mr. A. Towers, Mr. W. H. Mills, and other friends.

PAINCASTLE, RADNOR.—The annual tea-party was held on Christmas Day in the Baptist Chapel, when about 350 sat down to tea. After which a concert of sacred music was given by the Rulan choir, conducted by Mr. Morris, in the Paincastle schoolroom (kindly

lent for the occasion). The chair was taken by the pastor, the Rev. W. Jenkins; Mr. Pryce Williams and Mr. Davis, of Brocon College, addressed the meeting.

PORTSMOUTH.—The Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists, Alfred J. Clarke and J. Manton Smith, conducted a series of special services at Lake-road Chapel every evening, from January 6th to the 13th inclusive. The spacious chapel was crowded, and many were present who had not before attended any place of worship. Mr. Smith led the singing with the silver cornet, presented to him by Mr. Spurgeon, and Mr. Clarke preached each evening. We have every reason to believe that much good was done by the visit of these brethren, who are well qualified for evangelistic work.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to call the attention of your readers to the following "Hints on Salvation by Jesus only," which, in my judgment, is a subject of great importance, although too much overlooked:—

The subject may not be the exact teaching of the modern schools of theology; yet it is the pith of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as revealed in the New Testament, and from my personal knowledge will be found of inestimable value and benefit to sick and dying persons, as well as to those who are in distress about their souls.

We are taught and invited in the New Testament to come to Jesus, to pray to Jesus, to look to Jesus, and to trust in Jesus.

He is on the right hand of God in His glory, interceding for us; He is the Advocate for us before His Father's throne; He is the only One to whom we can go for the forgiveness of our sins, for salvation, and for peace.

1st. Let us pray to Jesus for a *new heart*, which is promised unconditionally to those who ask Him.—Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

2nd. Let us pray to Jesus for the *Holy Spirit*, who is promised unconditionally to those who ask Him.—Luke xi. 13. We must

have His Spirit to teach us, to guide us, and to bring all things to our remembrance.

3rd. Let us pray to Jesus that we may be assured that all our sins are forgiven us. For if our sins are not forgiven us, we are not saved; but when they are blotted out by His precious blood, He makes His Holy Spirit to bear witness with our spirits, that we are the children of God.—Rom. viii. 16.

Some time since I was well acquainted with a young ungodly lawyer who, on his dying bed, prayed to Jesus for these three things, and in a short time had his load of guilt removed, realised his sins pardoned, and died rejoicing in the hope of glory.

I was also well acquainted with a gentleman who had long been afflicted with an incurable disease; he prayed earnestly to Jesus for these three things, and in a little while was heard of him. He, too, had the full assurance that all his sins were pardoned, and exclaimed "only to think of me, a poor sinner, getting pardon and peace." "Yes," it was remarked, "emperors and kings would give their empires and kingdoms to feel as you do." He replied, "I would not exchange my peace for all their empires and kingdoms put together." Shortly after he fell asleep in Jesus. F. C. C.

January, 1878.

BAPTISMS.

Abercarn, Mon.—Jan. 13, at the English Chapel, Fiva, by E. E. Probert.
Aberthilly.—Jan. 6, at Ebenezer Chapel, Six, by L. Jones.
Ashton-under-Lyne.—Dec. 30, One, by A. Bowden.
Barnsby.—Dec. —, Eight, by W. Osler.
Barton Mills.—Dec. 30, One, by J. Johnson.
Bath.—Jan. 6, at Widcombe Chapel, Eight, by J. Huntley.
Batley.—Jan. 13, Three, by J. H. Hardy.
Beccles.—Dec. 30, Three, by W. F. Edgerton.
Belfast.—Dec. 20, at Regent-street, Three, by R. Holmes.
Bradford.—Dec. 30, at Sion Jubilee Church, Six, by the pastor.
Bradford.—Jan. 6, at Tetley-street Chapel, Ten, by B. Wood.

Bridgend.—Dec. 30, at Hope Chapel, Five, by T. Cole.
Bridport, Dorset.—Dec. 30, Three, by J. T. Eames.
Builth Wells.—Dec. 23, Two, by J. M. Jones.
Bures.—Dec. 23, Two, by J. Kemp.
Burnley.—Dec. 23, at Ebenezer, Six, by W. Reynolds.
Caerleon, Mon.—Dec. 23, Four; Jan. 6, Three, by D. B. Jones.
Cefnole, Radnorshire.—Dec. 8, Three, by D. Davies.
Chatham.—Jan. 2, at Zion Chapel, Thirteen, by J. Smith.
Cloghfold, Lancashire.—Dec. 23, Two, by A. J. Farry.
Clydach, Swansea Valley.—Jan. 6, Eighteen, by H. C. Howells.
Coventry.—Jan. 2, at Gosford-street Chapel, Nine, by H. W. Meadow.
Cutsdean, Worcestershire.—Dec. 30, Four, by W. C. Ellis.
Eastington, Gloucestershire.—Dec. 27, Ten, by T. M. Whittard.
Ebbw Vale.—Jan. 6, at Zion English Chapel, One, by T. Garnon.
Foot's Cray, Kent.—Dec. 30, Twelve, by R. E. Soars.
Forys Side, Blaenavon.—Dec. 20, Eight, by J. Edwards.
Gainsborough.—Dec. 17, One, by H. J. Dyer.
Hemlan, Mon.—Jan. 6, Three, by J. S. James.
Kenninghall, Norfolk.—Jan. 13, One, by T. J. Ewing.
Leeds.—Dec. 30, at Hunslet Tabernacle, Two, by J. Hillman.
Liverpool.—Dec. 30, at Soho-street Chapel, Four, by Eli E. Walter.
Liverpool, The Brock Mission.—Dec. 19, Three, by M. M. Thomson.
Llanidloes, Mont.—Jan. 6, Three, by J. Edwards.
Long Eaton, Derbyshire.—Jan. 6, Two, by C. T. Johnson.
Longton, Herefordshire.—May 12, Three; Oct. 7, One; Nov. 4, One; Nov. 23, Four; Jan. 6, Two, by J. Howells.
Lynnhurst.—Dec. 16, One, by W. H. Payne.
Maesyberran, Brecon.—Jan. 6, One, by G. H. Llewellyn.
Mayeacshalem, Radnorshire.—Sept. 30, One; Nov. 24, One, by D. Davies.
Mansfield.—Dec. 13, Thirteen; Dec. 30, Two, by H. Marsden.
Meitham, Yorks.—Jan. 3, One, by J. Alderson.
Merthyr Tydvil.—Jan. 6, at Zion Chapel, Two, by D. Davies.
Metropolitan District:—
Bermondsey.—Dec. 30, at Drummond-road, Six, by J. A. Brown.
Battersea Park.—Nov. 23, Six; Jan. 2, Ten, by T. Lardner.
Brentford.—Jan. 10, in Albany Chapel, One, by W. Sumner.
Dulwich.—Dec. 30, at Lordship-lane, Two, by H. J. Tresidder.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—Dec. 31, Eighteen; Jan. 3, Ten, by J. A. Spurgeon.

Whitechapel.—Dec. 30, at Little Alie-street Chapel, Two, by C. Masterson.
Woolwich.—Jan. 3, at Charles-street, Five, by J. Wilson.
Mildenhall, Suffolk.—Dec. 30, One, by H. M. Burt.
Montacute.—Dec. 30, Three, by J. Hardin.
Morley.—Jan. 6, Four, by R. Davies.
Moughtry, Montgomeryshire.—Dec. 2, Three, by D. Davies.
Newport, Isle of Wight.—Jan. 2, Three, by Mr. Dean.
Newport, Mon.—Jan. 6, at Stow-hill, Five, by J. Douglas.
New Swindon, Wilts.—Dec. 12, Eight, by F. Pugh.
Over Darwin.—Dec. 9, Five, by J. Blake.
Pentre, Rhondda Valley.—Dec. 23, Two, by M. H. Jones.
Pole Moor, near Huddersfield.—Jan. 6, One, by L. Evans.
Poole.—Dec. 2, Nine, by J. H. Osborne.
Portk, Rhondda Valley.—Jan. 10, Six, by D. Thomas.
Raglan, Mon.—Dec. 23, Four, by B. Johnson.
Roomfield Lane, Todmorden.—Dec. 25, One; Jan. 6, Four, by H. Briggs.
Sheffield, Beds.—Dec. —, One, by T. H. Smith.

Southport.—Dec. 30, Eight, by L. Nuttall.
Studley, Warwickshire.—Dec. 27, One, by W. Radburn.
Sunderland.—Dec. 19, at Lindsay-road Chapel, Two, by W. Wallace.
Tenby.—Dec. 9, at South Parade, One, by H. M. Barnett.
Uckfield, Sussex.—Dec. 30, Four, by Mr. Horton.
Upper Stratton, Swindon, Wilts.—Dec. 30, Two, by N. Rogers.

RECENT DEATHS.

DEPARTED this life in the faith and hope of the Gospel, on January 11, aged 75. REV. GEORGE HALL, for many years pastor of the Church at Carlton, in Bedfordshire, and afterwards Secretary to the Army Scripture Reader's Society for Scotland. On resigning the latter, Mr. Hall removed to Wollaston, Northamptonshire, and, when health permitted, he was engaged in the ministry of the word.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE. PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from December 18th, 1877, to January 18th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Krell	5	0	0	Mr. W. Tucknott.....	1	7	0	Mrs. Isaac.....	5	0	0
Per Mrs. J. Withers—				Miss Macnab.....	1	0	0	Mr. Salmon.....	0	2	6
Messrs. Hellass & Co.	1	1	0	A Friend, per C. L.....	0	5	6	Part of a Tenth from			
Mr. A. Richardson ...	1	0	0	Miss Marshall.....	2	2	0	the Country.....	5	0	0
Mrs. J. Leach.....	0	10	0	Mr. R. Hunt.....	1	1	0	Mr. H. W. Butler.....	2	2	0
Mr. B. Oakshot.....	0	10	0	A Thankoffering for				Mr. Frearson.....	5	0	0
Mr. J. Withers.....	0	10	0	Recovery of Pastor	0	10	0	Mr. G. Stephens.....	0	10	0
Profit on sale of Books				Baptisma.....	10	0	0	Mrs. Benzies and			
by Mrs. J. Withers	4	16	0	L'Esperance.....	5	0	0	Friends.....	0	12	0
Mr. S. Gostage.....	0	5	0	Per Rev. D. Asquith	0	10	0	K. Buckingham.....	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Fuller.....	0	5	0	Mr. J. G. Hall.....	1	1	0	B. S. B.....	2	0	0
Mrs. Howitt.....	0	2	0	A Friend, Mrs. S.....	0	7	0	Students' Collecting			
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Jephth.....	0	10	0	Mrs. Haggott.....	1	5	0	Mr. Butherford.....	1	0	0
A Friend.....	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hey-				Collection at Romney			
Miss Spliet.....	5	0	0	wood.....	0	7	0	Street, Westminster	3	15	0
Mr. Griffiths.....	1	1	0	Mrs. Fyfe.....	1	0	0	Irvine Baptist Church			
Mr. J. Banger.....	1	1	0	Mr. R. Scott.....	1	0	0	and Friends.....	5	5	0
Mrs. J. Hodze.....	1	0	0	Montaive.....	0	10	0	Collection at Eythorn,			
Mrs. Butterfield.....	0	10	0	G. E.....	0	2	0	per Rev. T. Stubb	4	9	3
Mr. B. Vickery.....	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Brewer	5	5	0	Weekly Offerings at			
Mr. J. M. Ferguson...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Thomas	2	10	0	Metropolitan Taber-			
Mr. W. Ewing.....	1	0	0	Mr. R. Fergus.....	2	10	0	nacle, Dec. 23...	52	1	7
A. H. J.....	1	0	0	Mr. Child.....	5	0	0	" " 30...	39	10	6
Mr. J. Somerville.....	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Booth...	1	0	0	" " Jan. 6...	43	6	8
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SOWING THE SEED.*

A REVIVAL SERMON.

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

“And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying, Behold, a sower went forth to sow; and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up: Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth: and when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them: but other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold.”—MATTHEW xiii. 3—8.

I do not propose, this evening, to open up this parable and probe its depths. My intention rather is to make a few running comments suitable to the special work in which we are engaged during this month of February. We are seeking, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to promote the piety of God's people in this church, and more especially to gather in some of the lost sheep, believing that Jesus Christ will be greatly glorified if such shall be the happy result.

This parable seemed to me to have in it some valuable lessons both for the Lord's workers, and for those who are the objects of our work, namely, the unconverted.

I. Let me first ADDRESS MYSELF TO THE MANY NOW PRESENT WHO ARE WORKING FOR THE LORD JESUS CHRIST with a sincere desire to see a harvest to His name.

Beloved friends, it is of the highest importance that *you should have but one subject in your work*. “Behold,” says the parable, “a sower went forth to sow.” I do not know whether the day was bright or dark, and it mattered nothing to him, for he did not go forth to enjoy the landscape, but he went forth to sow. I do not know in what style he was dressed, whether he wore the garb of poverty, or was habited in the attire of rank and wealth; nor was it of any consequence so long as his clothing was suitable to his work. He did not go out to make a show of his garments; he went out to sow. And I suppose, that when he sowed, if he accomplished his work he was content, though there may have been many other useful things which he did not attempt. He was satisfied, being a sower, if he knew how to sow. Had some one told him that day that he could not ride a horse, or drive one of the chariots that were brought up out of Egypt, he would have smiled and said—“Those may be exceedingly important accomplishments, but for the present it is enough for a sower that he can sow. So too my brethren and sisters, when we go forth to do the work of evangelists our one simple object should be to spread abroad the tidings of that salvation which Jesus Christ came to work out. Though we may not be able to do anything else, if we can do this skilfully it will

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have been worth while to live. With all the ills of life it would be worth while to have life prolonged to extreme old age, could one still continue to sow the seed. Some one has said, "A curse upon eloquence in the Christian church!" and I have sometimes felt half inclined to say the same. A plague upon your fine rhetoric, with all your fastidiousness in the choice of words, your glittering sentences, and your grand and gaudy periods. What are the seductive affectations of the tongue to Jesus Christ and His gospel? Our testimony to the truth is often more convincing when spoken in simple language, unadorned and unpolished. "I brethren," said Paul, "came not unto you with the words of man's wisdom." We, no doubt, greatly err when we suppose that, in order to be qualified for preachers, we must be schooled in the arts of oratory, or when we imagine that to address our fellow-creatures about their souls, it is necessary to tickle their ears with frothy flowery strains. No, brethren, if we sow the seed it is enough. If we do but tell them that Jesus Christ came into the world to seek and to save the lost; if we open up clearly the great truth of substitution, that Christ has suffered for sinners, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, and that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life,—we may rest assured that although the cynic may sneer, and the critic may find fault with our plainness of speech, yet we have sown the seed, we have done our Master's work, and we shall receive our reward, if not in this life yet in the life to come. The sower went forth to sow.

May I put the question to many of you workers for Christ—are you sure that when you go forth you do go forth to sow? I am not certain that every minister keeps that one object distinctly in view. Perhaps he goes into the pulpit to read an essay which he has elaborately prepared, or to deliver himself of a recitation which he has committed to memory: but to sow, to be an eager, earnest, enterprising, sower of seed, they have no disposition. I am afraid that our young men too often go into the senior classes of the Sabbath school to impress the lads with a sense of their ability, rather than to sow. Some teachers love their ease so much that to eke out an hour in the school, they get the children to read texts of Scripture, or any other little device to get through the time, but they are not concerned to sow. What marvel that there should be no results! Why should there be any? You did not aim at results; you did not go forth to sow; what right have you to expect that there will be any fruit to reap. Would to God, that every Christian here felt it to be the dominant passion of his soul, and believed it to be the sovereign purpose of the Almighty that he should become a witness for Christ and an agent for the spread of the gospel—his training, his experience, and his talents all fitting him to become a sower of gospel truth—as one predestinated, prepared, and preserved with special endowments for this very purpose, that he might spread abroad the savour of Jesus Christ's name. Let it never be said "That man aims to shine," or "That woman went forth to seek favour." The sower went forth to sow; he had one purpose, and that one purpose he carried out.

II. I learn from the parable, in the next place, that when we go forth to talk of Christ, either in the pulpit or out of it, *we are bound to proclaim the Gospel to all sorts of people.* There is a denomination of believers—very excellent people in their way—who hold that no exhortations ought

to be addressed to the unconverted. Some Christians, when they hear of such tenets, imagine that the people who entertain them must be idiots or lunatics; but I can assure you that it is not so. This extraordinary opinion they deliberately state and vigorously maintain. Not unfrequently do they even ridicule the preacher who appeals to dead sinners, and tells them to live; accounting it altogether idle to speak to ungodly, careless men, wrapped up in the vanities of this world, and bid them to lay hold of eternal life. They think us very unsound: although I need hardly inform you that we obey our Lord's command, that we follow the example of His apostles, and that we are fully prepared to vindicate the consistency of our exhortations to sinners with the doctrines of grace, when we account it our duty to say to the unconverted, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Now, if these brethren had gone forth to sow, they would not have sown anywhere except in the good ground. They would only have selected those spots which bring forth the thirty-fold, or the sixty-fold, or the hundred-fold. They would not have sown on the stony ground. The man would have put his hand back into the basket, and said, "No, I shall not think of sowing anything on that spot or on the place where the thorns will spring up, because it is of no use. What is the good of doing a thing that has no use in it?" But the sower in our parable felt that it was his duty to scatter the seed everywhere, to sow a handful upon the trodden path, and a handful among the thorns, and a handful among the rocks. He did not think that his master would blame him, nor do we find that he did so. Brethren, we are to sow beside all waters. We are even to cast our bread upon the waters, with the expectation that we shall find it after many days. Like Ezekiel, we are to preach to the dead. Our mission is to the dry bones of the house of Israel. We are to say to them, "O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord! Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones, Behold I will cause breath to enter into you and ye shall live." The ministry does not depend for its success upon the condition of the hearts of the people; it depends upon the unseen and everlasting might of the Holy Spirit, who goes forth with the truth to hearts that have nought in them, and makes the ground good that once was hard, and makes willing in the day of God's power men heretofore unwilling. It seems to me to be most congruous with the doctrines of grace to preach the gospel to sinners as sinners; nay, I account it to be inconsistent with Calvinism, as well as inconsistent with Scripture to confine the invitations to any particular class. Let the proclamation rather be sounded through the whole earth, for the invitations are as universal as mankind. Therefore, should they be scattered, as the winds scatter the seeds, everywhere, for somewhere or other, according to God's purpose, those seeds shall drop, and find an appropriate soil.

Never then, my dear friends, never make excuses for not talking to anybody about Christ, or say—"My talking is of no use." You have nothing to do with that. You are responsible for the sowing, not for the reaping. And let me remind you that those persons who appear to be the most unlikely are often the first to get the blessing. I could tell you of a place of worship not far from here, where the cause of God languished, where the interest of the congregation had dwindled, where it seemed as if

the work of the house of God had ceased. The good brother who ministered there was exceedingly "sound." He would never sow his seed anywhere except on good ground. He was content to preach security to the saints. At length, by the grace of God, he broke through the trammels of the little sect to which he was attached, and he preached the Gospel just as his Master prescribed it should be preached. Now the house is filled; the Church has been greatly multiplied; within a month or two he bears witness to having seen more conversions than he had ever previously seen in all the years of his ministry. God has set a seal to his servant's faith in venturing to do what prejudice had prohibited him from doing before, namely, prophesying upon dead dry bones. Oh! friends, go out to sow; go out with holy confidence in your Master! He will not stint the seed, for he has so much in the garner that he cannot grudge your waste, and if you even scatter it upon the briny deep, you have his warrant for it that you shall have his blessing.

III. Looking at the parable still further we notice that it is *not enough to sow, but there must be a watchfulness for results; we ought to look for them.* The parable records the effect in four cases. I think you and I should never be satisfied with preaching, with teaching a class, with distributing tracts. We should always be looking for the fruit of our labour. No farmer in England is content with merely getting his seed into the ground. He anxiously looks for its springing up, and in due time yielding him corn. It augurs ill for a Christian worker when he is satisfied with having gone through the performance, the mere routine as he thinks of his duty. You must sigh and cry after souls, or you will never have them. Some workers never see any conversions; you could predict almost to a certainty that they never would; it does not seem likely. If souls were converted under their teaching they would be surprised themselves. It is only the men and the women whose hearts are touched with a divine impulse, and moved with a tender sympathy towards their fellow-men, that prove to be soul winners. They must have a great horror and dread of their being lost, and a great joy in the very thought of their being saved, or they give little promise of great success. I do exhort you, my brother Christians, to be in earnest for results from your work. Do sigh and cry before the Lord, if you have not had them. Let us never as a Church content ourselves with no conversions attributing our shortcomings to the sovereignty of God. It may be a crisis in the divine government, but I think it is far more likely to be a chastisement for our want of earnestness if we earn nothing by our effort. The absolute prerogative of the Most High offers no pretext for listlessness while we have the authentic rule of scripture to regulate our service. Paul plants and Apollos waters, and what then? Why God gives the increase. Wherever, therefore, a Paul is planting and an Apollos watering, God does give the increase. He has not set his servants to a thankless, hopeless, fruitless toil. If they with all their hearts devote the strength the Lord has given them, to do His commandments, they will reap their reward. What saith the Scripture? "As soon as Zion travailed she brought forth children." When there is a travailling in birth over the souls of men, conversions are sure to come. Thus then the sower looked after the harvest expecting to reap it.

IV. Every grain of seed, it appears from the parable, had a history.

The Gospel is always a power wherever it is spread. When you tell the story simply you have done a thing of consequence. In the very worst case the seed fell by the wayside, there it was not unnoticed.—“The fowls came and devoured them up.” That means that the wicked one came and caught away that which was sown in the hearer’s heart. Persons who passed by and saw the sower scattering his handful of corn might have thought nothing of it, but there was an evil one who watched; and knowing the value of souls and the preciousness of the seed, he was prompt to foil the sower’s purpose. He would not let that corn alone; its growth was hurtful to his dominion; therefore, like an evil bird he came and devoured it. Mark how the Prince of Darkness is jealous of its influence. A simple woman sits down by the bedside of a suffering invalid and reads a chapter of the Bible, she tells that poor fellow of the salvation there is in Christ Jesus. The visit is refreshing; but the enemy is on the alert. Scorners may sneer, but Satan hath a fear, so he cometh and seeketh to snatch away the word that was sown in a human heart.

You do not know what opposition you excite when you are talking about Christ. You are not merely exerting the little influence of feeble men and women; but you are engaging in a spiritual warfare. In the truth you are scattering there is a divine life in any case, whether it be kindled or whether it be quenched. The seed that fell upon stony ground likewise exhibited a power, for it sprung up at once. It began to grow. The word was received with joy. When the gospel comes to those flippant folks who receive anything which startles them with its novelty, it takes a strong hold upon their imagination, and for a time seems to flourish mightily in their understanding and affections. However transient, it is still powerful. The Gospel does not lie there as a thing effete. Nor in the last case, where the thorns sprang up and choked it, yet there was a vitality which must needs be stifled or else it would have flourished. How it struggled to grow! How it strove to live! Many thorns and tangles; many briars and bewilderments had to twist themselves about it to strangle it! There was a living force in operation. So, too; I am persuaded it is with multitudes of people, who, though they are not converted, are nevertheless deeply convicted of their sin and their need of salvation. The Gospel has a greater effect upon them than we wot. They have an awful conflict with their conscience. They have a positive struggle to keep out the light. The love of favourite sins, the lust after pet pleasures, the allurements of Satan assert themselves with such force that they find it hard to resist, yet at times it seems that instead of the thorns choking the seed, the good seed would be strong enough to grow up and choke the thorns. Everywhere the Gospel is a thing of power, be it a crane to lift or a stone to crush. They sneer nowadays; they say that the Christian religion is effete, that its influence has evaporated. But they utter opinions without knowledge. They are utterly ignorant of the goodness they gainsay. It is precious despite prejudice. To all hearts it appeals. Though to those that reject it, a savour of death unto death, it is still a savour, and those that receive it find a savour of life unto life. Go on then, my brother, however feeble be the hand, go on scattering the seed, for let it fall where it may it shall be a power.

V. *We must expect, in working for Christ, that in many cases we shall be grievously misinterpreted.* Thus was it with the man who heard the word

but understood it not. The hard ground does not receive the seed. However plainly you may put the Gospel, some men will not comprehend it. When Our Lord spoke to the woman at the well about the living water, His language was such that a Sabbath-school child might have seen through it, yet the woman took it in a wrong sense, mistaking the natural for the metaphorical. The words Our Lord spoke to Nicodemus about being born again could not be more clear, but he construed them too literally instead of discerning their spiritual meaning after the common manner of the Prophets. When you use a metaphor to illustrate a truth, if those who listen to you will take the metaphorical as though it were mercantile language, your meaning will be altogether misunderstood. Now, try to be thoroughly intelligible. The sower in the parable is typical of all sowers; you must expect to be misunderstood, but I pray you never add to the natural difficulties men have to encounter, by piling up hard words which they cannot comprehend. We do not want dictionaries to be requisite in the House of God; though we do like people to refer to their Bibles. When the Gospel is stated as plainly as words of one syllable can make it, unless the grace of God shall enlighten the hearts of men they will not discern its meaning. Do, therefore, let us be simple, and avoid all attempts to obscure the gospel by clothing it in the language of a vain philosophy, or colouring it with the affectation of tawdry speech.

VI. And yet among those to whom the *Gospel is clear and obvious, we are sure to meet with many that promise fair for a time and afterwards disappoint our hopes.* Warm-hearted young people, with quick and nimble fancy, are prone on a sudden to rally at the call of the trumpet, enlist among the followers of the Lamb, profess the faith, and show much joy and peace. These are the seeds on the stony ground which spring up quickly, grow fast, and wither anon. After a few weeks the gush and glow of their excitement will cool; they will not be able to bear the taunts and jeers of their friends, or their relatives, so they will sink into indifference and become as listless and as lifeless as they were before. Christian workers do not be discouraged if such be the case. It always was and always will be so. Should any one reproach you with the ill-fruit of your labours, refer them to your Master's teaching, and tell them to look at its chequered results. If disappointment then sometimes falls to your lot, you will not be so distressed as to lose heart. Mind that no one goes back for want of your watchfulness; do not allow any young convert to say that his zeal evaporated because he saw inconsistency in his teacher. With the utmost scrupulousness, and the most thorough sanctity on your part, there will be those for whom your efforts prove abortive. However bitter your regrets therefore, let them be restrained; and urge on your course with redoubled energy. Worse still is the third case. Some endure for a long time, keeping up a very good profession, but at last the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches destroy the good seed in them. Our church-membership is sure to suffer from those who fall by little and little. Individuals who are more religious than righteous; giving promise of fruit, though lacking the root, the vital power of godliness, are sure to flounder. These people after a time get hankering after prosperity in this world. They have not time for private prayer. They neglect reading their Bibles. To the courts of the Lord's house

they may *openly* repair, as hypocrites are wont to do, but for the sacred exercises of worship they have *secretly* no relish. They do not draw near to God with the spirit and the understanding. How can you reasonably look for them to thrive; I think the more vitality there is in a Church the sooner these will wither. When the wind blows over them they will be gone. We often pray the Spirit of God to come like the wind. Why? when the wind blows, of course the rotten branches will be rent asunder. If there were no wind they might continue awhile on the tree. A revival, a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, has little charm for a Pharisee. The ardour of piety excites his disgust; he seeks to get out of the way. Never let us be surprised if the hypocrites are unmasked by the spiritual visitation which converts souls. When you walk out at springtime in the garden after a shower of rain, the flowers are exhaling their perfumes, the vegetables are springing up, but the snails and the slugs are crawling about the path. So is it with every Christian church, we may reckon upon it. When it occurs we need not think that some strange thing has happened. The parable is a prophecy. "To fear the worst oft cures the worst," our poet says; and so I bid thee by a timely warning to be timely wise.

In your work for Christ, dear friends, you had need be aware that among genuine converts, there will generally be a considerable diversity of character and ability. Some will be only thirty-fold converts. Though saved by grace they will never be remarkable for their fruitfulness. Their love to Christ will not be so fervent, or their zeal for the souls of men so consuming as to exert a wide influence. Others more prolific will yield an increase sixty-fold, and some few will produce a hundred-fold. They happily bring forth much fruit for God; being generous in their liberality, grateful in their devotedness, gracious in their holiness of life, prolific in Christian virtues, and abounding in every good thing. God grant we may have many hundred-fold converts, saved ones, who love much because they have had much forgiven; ornaments to the Church, trusty disciples of Jesus, distinguished as soul-winners. This, however, delightful to witness in some, is more than you can reasonably look for in all. Be thankful for the minimum, though the thirty-fold may seem to give less satisfaction than the hundred-fold in which others luxuriate. A little grace demands a large amount of gratitude. You remember how Ezra strung the *littles* together in his prayer. In much heaviness, with many blushes, he found room for much thankfulness. "*And now for a little space of time grace has been showed from the Lord our God, to leave us a remnant to escape, and to give us a nail in His holy place, that our God may lighten our eyes, and give us a little reviving in our bondage.*" Here were three little things, small units. There was a little space of time, and a remnant, which is a little fraction of a large company, and a nail, which is a very little part of a great building. Adding them together the sum total was a little reviving. And that little reviving cheered his heart, excited his praise to the Lord, helped his prayer, and stimulated his further efforts. May the like encouragements be yours. Go on, ye sowers; go on sowing your seed; and the Lord will make you to reap in due season.

VII. Having thus addressed the workers, I want to SAY A FEW EARNEST WORDS TO THOSE FOR WHOM WE ARE WORKING: TO THE UNCONVERTED.

I feel much pleasure in recognizing the faces of many who have been here on two previous evenings this week; and I know there are many of our regular hearers in this throng. Remember one thing, I pray you. Whether during this month you are saved or not, I may say to you as Christ bid the seventy-disciples whom He sent out to say in every city and every street they visited—“*Be ye sure of this, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.*” If you perish, your hap will be the more pitiless and your doom the more perilous, because unlike those sick folk near whom Christ never came, your opportunities have been numerous, your privileges have been conspicuous; but because your listlessness or your levity, your prejudice or your presumption, have stood in your own light, you cling to your sins and despise your own mercies. With authority our Lord Jesus Christ has said, “It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon in the day of judgment than for you.” You can sin like Sodom and Gomorrah, but you cannot escape with the same sentence. They never heard of the way of salvation. Christ says that if the things done in Chorazin and Bethsaida had been done in Tyre and Sidon they would have repented a great while ago in sackcloth and ashes. Apply His words to yourselves. Suppose the gospel which has been preached to you had been preached in the centre of Africa with what a welcome it would be received! The better auspices under which you live, the more bitter anguish awaits you when you die. This is a plain doctrine of scripture. The means of grace involve their measure of responsibility. If you were in connection with a dead church that did not care for you, if you listened to preaching that never pressed the truth upon your conscience, you might plead ignorance in mitigation of your unbelief; but now you are without excuse. The warning you neglect will aggravate the woe that awaits you. “If the watchman warn them not they shall perish, but their blood will I require at the watchman’s hand.” But when the watchman is clear, when he does labour for your souls, when he speaks plainly and earnestly, and when the members of the church are stirred up as at the present hour, to deep anxiety for the conversion of those who assemble in this edifice—surely, if you resist the appeals and resent the affections that are lavished on you, you shall perish, miserably perish, but the watchman shall be clean of your blood. Will you think of this, dear friends, will you lay it to heart. To us it is solemn. To you it should be very shocking. God grant, that while hearkening to our voice, you may heartily yield to the heavenly message—“Repent ye, therefore, and be converted that your sins may be blotted out.”

In the case of the seed that fell upon the highway, *the unfruitfulness of the word was attributed to its not being understood?* Will you, therefore, endeavour, dear hearers, to understand the Gospel? Perhaps you do not understand it as yet. Hear it again, and if our statement is not clear enough to enlighten you, then enquire of some Christian neighbour what the way of salvation is. Do not be backward about this. A matter so important should be attended to at once. You ought to get rid of all bashfulness. It is urgent. Say to some friend in whom you have a little confidence,—“Tell me, what is the gospel of Jesus?” If you should not understand him, take the Bible itself as your counsellor, read the Word of God diligently; pray over it in real earnest; and turn to those passages which speak about conversion. Should you still feel in doubt, I trust you

will continue to come up to the house of God and seek the society of Christian people. 'Tis true, I cannot tell you other than I have told you ten thousand times from this pulpit. To be saved you must trust Christ; simply trust Him; wholly trust Him, trust Him implicitly; let no other confidence intervene; lean not to your own understanding; trust Him for everything, for the pardon of your sins, for the righteousness which justifies your soul, for the grace which renews your heart, for the power which guides the new creatures in a new course. Everything must come from Christ. You are to rely on Him because He is God; because, being God, He became man that He might put Himself into the place, and room, and stead, of those who have come to seek shelter under His protection. He deigned to suffer what they ought to have suffered, to pay the debt which was due from them to the justice of God. If your faith is fixed upon Christ as the great substitute for sinners, you shall be saved. I meet with persons almost every day who tell me that though they have been attending a place of worship for years, they do not know what the Gospel is. Alas! in many cases they cannot plead that it is not preached to them, but it is painfully evident their ears are deaf that they hear not, and their hearts are waxen gross by sin that they feel not. Such ignorance is terrible. Do seek to understand the gospel. A clear knowledge on this subject, though it will not suffice to save you, will whet your appetite for the salvation which they enjoy who walk in the light of the Lord's countenance.

In the second case the word was understood, was received, the seed went into the soul, and it sprang up, *but it died away because it had not any depth of earth?* I therefore entreat you, *dear friends, to be especially particular that the truth you receive, find a home in the depths of your heart.*

This is a great point. Do not be content with a superficial repentance, but by a deep sense of the guilt, the desert, the horrible ingratitude of sin, let your repentance be deep and thorough. And as to your faith in Christ, let it not be the mere acknowledgement of a creed. Know and believe in His blessed person. Study His work. Acquaint yourself with His sacred offices. Ruminatè often upon His excellencies. So feed upon Him, that the means of grace will rather disconcert than gratify you, unless you find communion with the Lord. Heart work is essential to your well-being. We ought not ever to leave off a prayer till we have really prayed in the spirit. We should not cease from devotion in private till we have felt the heavenly glow. Cling to a promise. Linger over it till you can suck all its sweetness. Be not satisfied with merely skimming the Word of God with a swallow's wing, that barely touches its surface, but dive into its meaning. Ask the Holy Ghost to quicken your intellect, your memory, your affections, all your powers and passions, that you may read to profit. Do throw your hearts into your religion. It is respectable to make a profession; and a decent attention to externals helps to keep the conscience quiet. But blessed is that man who is baptized into Christ, and yields his whole self up to the mysterious power of the Gospel. If it is only skin deep with you it will wear off, or wash out. You will prove the proverb. The dog will return to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire. May the Spirit of God dig deep foundations, for storm and tempest are coming. There is a high house to be built, and high houses need deep foundations.

I would have you receive the word as the principal thing. In the third instance thorns sprung up and choked the seed. Those thorns were more the possessors of the soil than the wheat. The nettles and the thistles were the master-principle, and the wheat was only there as an interloper. Is it not so with many? Religion is not resident in their heart but a casual that seeks a night's lodging. It drops in as a wayfaring man, a sojourner for a night. Their worldly business, their family, their circle of acquaintance, their home, their purse, their fame, their learning—one or other of these things occupies the warmest place at the table of their heart. Their politics or their piety seize them at times like an intermittent fever. This is not a demeanour to be desired, but it is a disease to be dreaded. Religion, if anything, must be everything. If worth a thought it is worth all our thoughts. The gospel of Christ is either the highest of impostures, or the grandest of revelations from Heaven. Either it deserves to engross all the faculties of our mind, or to be utterly discarded. God give us grace to receive the kingdom of God into our very soul. May grace live and reign in our hearts.

And lastly, let your zeal be kindled to bring forth a hundred-fold. Willing to bear fruit for God, be zealous to produce much fruit. Oh! what a church we should have if all the members were of that mind! What an army of the living God if all were strong! What a flock if they were all healthy and flourishing! What a vineyard if all the vines yielded great clusters like that famous bunch from Eschol! "Herein is My Father glorified," said Christ, "if ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be My disciples." The little branch that bears a little fruit is acceptable, but God is not so glorified by it as by one who bears much fruit. Christ has bought you, dear brethren, with His heart's blood. Give Him your whole self. You cost Him dear; He loved you long; He desires you much; He means to make you like Himself for ever, and to crown you with His crown, and give you to sit upon His own throne. Oh, serve him! As you would serve a dear friend, not according to law, but according to gratitude, be devout and devoted in your service. Make no reserve. Keep back nothing from Him; let your heart, and soul, and strength, be used up to the very last ounce in the cause of Jesus. What though we often sow in tears, God grant we may reap in joy for Jesus' sake.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

TRAITS OF CHRISTIAN NOBILITY.

NOBILITY IN THE HOME.

CHAPTER III.

A DESERVEDLY popular melody tells us that "there is no place like home." Brought up in a Christian

family, Harriet Ross knew from her earliest childhood what it was practically to be able to indorse the truthfulness of the maxim. Though her parents' home was humble, it had connected with it so many hallowed associations, that until her marriage there was not for her a more endearing and well-loved

spot on the earth. When, therefore, she became Mrs. Hartley, and entered upon her responsible duties as the mistress of a small household, she did so with a firm determination to make her new home, so far as it might lie within her power, everything that a happy home should be. And in this, notwithstanding her husband was but the foreman of a small joiner's shop, and consequently had but a moderate salary, she succeeded. The young couple did not fall into the blunder which many make who assume that wealth is necessary to make home a centre of social enjoyment. They knew well that this could be done as perfectly with a limited income, well laid out, as with a lavish expenditure used to purchase any number of articles and luxuries regardless of cost. To make home clean, tidy, bright, and cheerful; to furnish it with comfort and taste; to provide food that was plain and wholesome; to anticipate the wants of the family, and strive to meet them, so far as means would allow; to have the meals properly cooked, and on the table at the appointed hour; and, above all, to take care that when the good man, tired and weary, came home in the evening, he should have everything snug and cozy, and a blazing fire with a well-swept hearth to sit down to, was Mrs. Hartley's constant aim; and she found, by happy experience, that its accomplishment lay within the power of the British workwoman. Thus accommodated, Edwin Hartley rarely felt happier than when, for a couple of hours before retiring to rest, he could sit on one side of the cheery fireplace, with his legs crossed, and some well-chosen book in his hand from which he occasionally read aloud pleasant and profitable extracts, as his wife, with

an interested countenance, sat listening on the other side while doing some kind of needlework to contribute to the comfort of either her husband or her children. Many a day's hard and weary toil was rendered all the lighter and easier by the thought that, when the shades of evening prevailed, this homely treat awaited him; and when, at the expiration of ten years, on one such evening he came home just in time to give three of his young children a loving kiss, when bidding them "good night" as they marched upstairs to bed, he felt his heart swelling with gratitude to his Heavenly Father for the kindness of that providence that had given him so long such a wife, such a family, and such a welcome habitation to come to.

It is possible that some may smile when we affirm, that in looking at this picture we take the first glance of nobility in home life. We are, unhappily, so accustomed to look for nobility in the great, that it almost seems unnatural to look for it in the little. But true nobility, and especially Christian nobility, has relation far more often to that which is small than to that which is great; to that which is obscure and hidden, rather than to that which is well-known and trumpeted abroad. For a wife and mother to make and keep a comfortable home of this kind, amid all the changes, and annoyances, and trials that inevitably must fall to her lot, requires an amount of industry, tact, patience, skill, perseverance, wisdom, love, and grace, that few are aware of, save those who strive to reach the domestic ideal, and succeed daily in its accomplishment.

To see this more clearly, we have only just to glance at the opposite picture. A working man comes

home after work, and what does he find? Everything topsy-turvy: the fire half out; the ashes filling the grate; the floor dirty; the chairs in the middle of the room; the dinner-things left on the table unwashed; the kettle full of cold water instead of hot; and perhaps, to crown all, half-a-dozen children screaming and fighting, while his slattern of a wife gives him the first salute on his entrance in the shape of thrusting into his arms a squalling baby, saying, angrily, "Here, take the noisy thing, for I'm tired of it!" The effect produced on the weary toiler is easily imagined. That from such a scene of dirt, neglect, and discord, he should often fly in a rage to the public-house, or to more congenial company, is not to be wondered at. Without at all apologising for the folly of the man who may thus flee from "bad to worse," we do not hesitate to affirm, after most extensive acquaintance with the inner life of the working classes in this country, that a frequent cause of an oft-visited public-house is a slatternly wife and mother, and a neglected household. Young wives will therefore learn a useful lesson from the glow-worm. A writer in *Good Words* tells us that there are male and female glow-worms; and he represents a young farmer as saying to a young gentleman, "I've caught 'em with wings, and without wings, and kept 'em in a pill-box. It's the one that ain't got wings that shines the most. That's the 'she,' I reckon. T'other chap can gad about, and so God made her look cheerful-like to make him want to come home to her. The house looks twice as cheery when you can see the fire shining through the windows, when you comes home as wet as mud."

But what was the element which,

above all others, thus tended to make this working-man's home such a happy one? Indisputably, it was the permeating power of Christianity. The husband was a Christian, the wife was a Christian, and it was the aim of both to make Christian principle the ruling influence in all that pertained to their social and home life. From the outset, every evening, family worship was conducted in the dwelling; and often, when father was away from home, as soon as the little ones could understand what might be read to them, their mother would gather them around her, and, after explaining to them the Scriptural meaning of the beautiful pictures in the big family Bible which they so much admired, she would then ask them to kneel with her, while in a short, simple, feeling prayer she poured out her soul on their behalf at the throne of grace. As early as practicable, also, the children were sent to the Sunday-school; and it was a rule with their father, on their return home, to ask them questions relative to the lessons they had been taught, and to supplement their worthy teacher's instruction by giving them still further information concerning the subject in hand. Under such teaching, it will be readily conceived that the little ones, from the earliest date, became so well acquainted with the simple historical facts and narratives in the Old and New Testaments, that on looking back, when they grew to years of maturity, they could not hardly remember a period when they did not know them. To their teachers in the Sunday-school their parents' help thus rendered was of great advantage. The interest in religious truth, excited at home, was felt in the class; for not only were the children well behaved, but they en-

tered so joyously and knowingly into the lesson that, by their questions and answers, they kept the rest of the class alive, and gave their teacher much gratification. "I like these little Hartleys," he used to say; "young as they are, they are the flower of my class. They come punctually, and their good mother takes care that they come, too, in time; and then, when the lesson commences, they read so nicely, and show such an intelligent acquaintance with the simple truths of God's Word, and they ask one such unexpected, and sometimes droll, questions, but, after all, so much to the point, that it is quite a pleasure to instruct them, and I shall really feel sorry when they have to be removed to a higher class." It was thus that the influence exerted in a Christian home made its power felt in the Sabbath-school, and led the teachers to think what a blessing it would be to the Sabbath-schools in the land, if in thousands of cases more such parental influence at home was exercised on their behalf. But, unfortunately, this is too rarely seen. The influence unhappily exerted is of quite a contrary character. The work done in the Sabbath-school on one day is undone in the ungodly home during the remaining six days. The parents do not go to the Lord's house themselves, and only send their children to school to "get them out of the way;" or, at least, in the faint hope that they will learn something, but what they know not, which, in some way or another, may do them good, here or hereafter. But as to backing up such instruction by their own personal effort, or in any other way aiding the Sunday-school teacher in his or her good, and often thankless, work, such an idea never enters their dark and benighted minds. In such cases Chris-

tian nobility at home is supplanted by practical heathenism; and thus through the godless and careless conduct of the parents themselves, a large proportion of the Sunday-school teachers' work is lost upon their offspring. With the Hartleys, however, it was the reverse. And what was the consequence? The gratifying result was that, in after years, when the children arrived at mature age, through the Christian influence exerted upon them, both at home and in the Sunday-school, they all acquired a character for consistency of conduct and uprightness in life, which not only contributed to their own happiness and usefulness, but also pre-eminently fitted them to be the medium, in their respective social relationships, of conferring upon their own beloved offspring the same domestic blessings which, in their past youthful, happy, and never-to-be-forgotten days, had in God's good providence fallen to their share.

(To be continued.)

NONCONFORMITY A HUNDRED YEARS AGO AND TO-DAY.

BY REV. DR. STOCK,

President of Yorkshire Baptist Association.

I AM asked to speak to-night, for not a moment longer than twenty minutes on a subject on which any historian might profitably enlarge for as many hours. So permit me at once to plunge into the heart of my subject, which is "Nonconformity a Hundred Years Ago and To-Day."

"NONCONFORMITY!" But that is

a merely *negative* term, and we have no desire to be described by a simple negation. Saying what a man is not, will give a very imperfect idea of what he is. We are, or endeavour to be, according to the light that is in us, CONFORMISTS; that is, conformed to the will of the Head of Zion as made known in His imperial, universal, and sole statute-book, the New Testament.

When the State passes Acts of Parliament which trench upon the rights of conscience, we refuse obedience. We submit to Cæsar in the things which belong to Cæsar, but not in the things which belong to God. Let us then be known as conformists in religion to the only power which has authority in that sphere; but Nonconformists to all State usurpations of the prerogative of God over conscience.

"Nonconformity a Hundred Years Ago!" Now in order to understand this we must go back a little further. The State Church from which we dissent, was finally consolidated in the reign of that immaculate Christian gentleman, Charles II., of pious memory, "the Nell Gwynne Defender of the Faith for us all." In his infamous reign (perhaps the most humiliating in the history of our country), the ascendancy of Episcopacy was finally fixed and determined. The Corporation Act was passed in Dec. 1661. The Act of Uniformity, which became law in 1662, fixed the type of doctrine and ritual, and remains to this day *substantially* the law of the Established Church. This iniquitous piece of legislation was followed in rapid succession by the Conventicle Act, May, 1664; the Five Mile Act, October, 1665; a second Conventicle Act in 1670; and the Test Act of 1671.

By these several Acts, the Non-

conformists of this realm were deprived of the last vestiges of religious freedom, and of their political and municipal rights. The prisons of the country were filled with God's faithful servants, who preferred allegiance to the King of kings, to submission to an adulterous monarch, and a court which was ruled by concubines and harlots! To the sufferers of that dismal period our Baptist brethren furnished no small proportion. The only relieving feature of the deep darkness and horrible pollution of those times is to be found in the majestic witness furnished by our Puritan and Nonconformist ancestors to the rights of conscience and the sanctity of God's truth. Charles II. went to his dishonoured grave in 1685, having refused the sacrament from the hands of Protestant prelates; and having, by the aid of his brother, submitted himself to the rites of the Church of Rome, which were secretly administered by a disguised priest. Such was the consolidator of Episcopal domination in England.

In the next brief reign, that of James II., the nation came to its senses: the divine right of kings to govern madly and badly was rudely set aside; and, what our historians call the Glorious Revolution, under William III. and Mary his wife, took place. Well, it was a glorious Revolution, no doubt; but I cannot for the life of me understand why historians, who so loudly applaud the revolution of 1688-89, should have so much mud and dirt to fling at the previous revolution which culminated in the Commonwealth, and the Protectorate of glorious old Oliver Cromwell. My reading of history may be different from that of some men, but most assuredly, if the latter of these two Revolutions was

glorious, the former must have been so too; for the latter was but a return in measure at least to the principles of the former one. And yet many of our historians who toady the Dutchman have not a kind word to say for his greater predecessor, the Lord High Protector. The great event in the reign of William III. was the passing of the Toleration Act, May 24, 1689, which Act liberated the larger portion of the Dissenters from many of the penal statutes with reference to the exercise and profession of their faith, on condition of their taking the oath of allegiance. Their ministers, however, were required to sign the doctrinal articles of the Establishment, being excused from those which related to discipline. The measure had no reference to persons denying the doctrine of the Trinity; who, along with the Papists, remained subject to persecuting legislative enactments.

It is also worthy of note, that, early in the reign of Queen Anne, the Tory Party made a desperate effort to impair even the limited liberty conceded by the Toleration Act. A Bill against accepting occasional conformity as a qualification for holding civil offices became law. The last Act of Parliament to which Queen Anne gave her assent was the Schism Bill, June 25, 1714, which interdicted Dissenters from keeping schools, or even officiating as private tutors. But its influence was arrested by the Queen's death on the very day when it was to have come into operation, and subsequent events rendered it a dead letter.

One hundred years ago (1777), many of the most obnoxious disabilities of Dissenters were still in full force. The Corporation Act of 1661, and the Test Act of 1671,

were not repealed until the year 1828; so that for fifty-one years of the hundred of which I am speaking to-night, those Acts were in force.

Their provisions excluded all Dissenters from civil offices, unless they qualified by taking the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. The statesman is still living in an honoured and good old age, who signalised his entrance upon public life by leading on the liberal forces to the abolition of these unjust statutes. He is no other than the venerable Earl Russell, who, whatever mistakes he may have made in policy and administration, has never swerved one hair's breadth from the great cause of civil and religious liberty. With another twenty-five years to live we should not despair of seeing him a member of the Liberation Society, and completing the noble work of his life by aiding in the establishment of perfect religious equality. May God grant the veteran patriot all the grace and consolation that he needs in his closing years! He has done the State some service: at eventide may it be light with him!

The year 1828 inaugurated a series of concessions to the just and righteous demands of the Non-conformists of England. The Registration Act, the Dissenting Marriages Act, the Abolition of Church Rates, the opening of the national seats of learning to our sons, are only samples of this kind of legislation. The entire severance of Church and State; or, in other words, legislation which shall reduce all denominations to a footing of perfect equality in the eye of the law, is the top stone which has yet to be brought forth to crown and complete the edifice. Does the statesman live who is to consummate this work? We sometimes think he

does, and that his name is William Ewart Gladstone.

One hundred years ago the Toleration Act had been in force eighty-eight years, and what was the spiritual state of Nonconformity? George III., that wonderful compound of moral excellence and blind bigotry; of devout feeling and infatuated obstinacy; of confidence in his own judgment and narrow capacity, had been on the throne seventeen years. The influence of his personal character, and of the atmosphere of his court, was doubtless salutary. During the latter half of the reign of George II., the Wesleys, George Whitfield, and their coadjutors, had been the great moral and religious reformers of their age. Whitfield set the first example of preaching in the open air to the colliers of Kingswood, near Bristol, Feb. 17, 1739; and at the beginning of the century which is now our special theme the revival movement inaugurated by the rise of Methodism was in full force. A man might preach any religious views in which he believed without fear of molestation, whatever civil disabilities the law might inflict upon him for his faith. In the blessed revival of that period our churches in some measure participated.

But Baptist Nonconformity was generally speaking at that time, a timid and non-aggressive thing. It called its chapels Zoars and Adullams, and built them upon mountain tops, or upon the edge of moors, or in sequestered "nooks," as if the members were still haunted by the recollection of Five Mile Acts. If our people ventured to erect places of worship in towns and cities, they generally hid away their light up a court or alley, where they might in dim seclusion sing—

"We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little spot enclosed by grace
Out of this world's wide wilderness."

Hyperism and Antinomianism had become a dry rot, yes, a very dry one, in the house of the Lord among us, until the stalwart pastor at Kettering, Andrew Fuller, was raised up to teach our churches a more excellent way. He was ordained to his first pastorate over the Church at Soham in the spring of 1775, and while there his whole yearly income from his people never exceeded thirteen pounds. Mr. Fuller removed to Kettering in October, 1782.

The Gospel Worthy of All Acceptation was written in 1781, the second edition appeared in 1801, and no work of its kind has ever exerted so determining an influence upon the religious thought of our denomination as that work did.

The altered spirit, the deeper sense of responsibility towards the unconverted around us, which it produced, prepared the way for the commencement of the great modern missionary enterprise. Baptist Nonconformists were the first movers in this godlike work, and Andrew Fuller became the first secretary of our mission, an office which he filled to his death, and into which he threw all his herculean strength of intellect, and will, and energy.

The formation of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society at Kettering, on the 2nd of October, 1792, marks a new era in the history of Protestant Nonconformity. The first collection made amounted to £13 2s. 6d., "the harbinger of the millions which have since been laid on the altar of this sacred cause." Eighty-five years have rolled away since that eventful day, and what a

change has come over our churches! The foreign missionary enterprise was soon followed by a mission to Ireland, by the commencement of the Home Mission, and by the undertaking of local mission work by all our county associations. The churches of the country sprang into a new life, and commenced a rate of increase which would have filled our forefathers in 1777 with amazement. So much so, that when the religious census was taken in 1851, it was found that in England and Wales the adherents of the Established Church were a minority of the population, and Nonconformity had a decisive majority. We can indeed rejoice in the progress which Evangelical Nonconformity has made since 1777, and as we survey the splendid series of triumphs which mark the history of this century, we cannot but give thanks to our gracious Lord. *But our gratulations are not unmixed with anxiety and even alarm.* Our forefathers were too rigid and exclusive, are we not becoming too lax and pliable, and do not our sinews and thews need bracing? They had no Liberation Society orators to applaud, but they had the very spirit of loyalty to truth, and sealed their dissent by the patient endurance of injustice. They were not as advanced politicians as we are, but their nonconformity was simply an affair of earnest loyalty to their Lord. Consentaneously with our eagerness to bring about unquestionably righteous reform, the entire severance of Church and State, we seem to be drawing nearer to the Establishment in our methods and vocabulary. Our places of assembly, mere brick or stone and mortar, must be called churches: these meeting-houses are not thought complete unless they are surmounted with a steeple that

costs as much as would build a neat and commodious chapel in a parish where the pastor has hard work to maintain his position against the opposition of squire and ritualistic priest. It is the fashion too, in many quarters, to advocate the adoption of "modified liturgical forms" in conjunction with our free prayer. Our "theological institutions" have become "colleges," and our "tutors" have developed into "professors." The houses of our rich members are "mansions," and they will often spend more upon the purchase of a single picture to adorn the wall of a room than they give to the missionary cause in twenty years. Now, too, card-playing, dancing at balls, visits to the opera and theatre, are commonly indulged in by many members of our Nonconformist Churches. Are these healthy symptoms? We think not.

Such were not the practices of the men who founded our Lancashire and Yorkshire Itinerant Society — of our Fawcetts, our Steadmans, our Medleys, and our Listers. Such were not the habits of the men who led the Christian chivalry of their age in its assault upon the heathenism of the world — of Robert Hall, of Andrew Fuller, of William Carey, of John Ryland, of Reynold Hogge, of John Sutcliffe, and the seraphic Samuel Pearce! The Nonconformity of to-day is, without doubt, an advance in many things upon the Nonconformity of 100 years ago: would that we could say it is so in every respect! We do not wish to act the part of needless alarmists; but do we not see manifold evidences of a *growing laxity of doctrine*. There is an increasing school among the professedly Evangelical Nonconformists of this country which boldly proclaims that agreement in theological

opinion ought no longer to be required as a term of Christian communion. A meeting was held during the last autumnal conference of the Congregational Union for the ventilation of this notion. At the autumnal session of the same body held the year before at Bradford, it was argued at a sectional meeting that differences of opinion upon such questions as the vicarious character of Christ's sufferings and death, the full inspiration of the Scriptures, and the nature of conversion, ought not to incapacitate a man for a place in the ministry of the Independent body.

Now, brethren, these are terrible signs of the times. Attachment to Evangelical truth has made our churches what they are. A full-toned Gospel has given us our power with God and with men. And if ever the day should come when our churches shall descend to embrace a Unitarian interpretation of the vital verities of inspiration, that moment you may write in letters of flame upon the walls of our sanctuaries, the glory is departed. Our churches will degenerate into debating clubs, or places for elegant mental entertainment; they will no longer work any deliverance in the earth, when the atoning work of our Incarnate Lord as the only ground of a sinner's justification before God, and the gracious work of the Holy Spirit as the only regenerator of fallen human nature, are no longer believed by our members or proclaimed from our pulpits.

The good Lord preserve us from so fearful an apostasy, and keep us from losing our fidelity to Him in the indulgence of a false charity towards the errors of our brethren!

I cannot do better than close this address by quoting the eloquent words of the Rev. Alexander Thom-

son, M.A., President of the Congregational Union of England and Wales in 1875—76. In denouncing the modern cry for novelty in theology, he says:—

“As if a blind craving for novelty were not as bad every whit as a blind adherence to antiquity; or as if sound Scripture doctrine were any the worse for having been cherished by good men before us! Are the laws that guard our liberties less precious because we trace them back to the traditions of our Saxon ancestors? Are the songs of our native hills less sweet because they have been handed down through the warm lips and hearts of bygone generations, thrilling us with memories of the past? Or shall the sacred page in its familiar meaning be less dear to me, because I see on it the marks of a father's fingers and the stains of a mother's tears? Truth is independent of time, the rolling years may encircle its brow with the silvery crown that commands our reverence; but they cannot palsy its arm or dim the lustre of its eye. . . . If our doctrine becomes negative and dubious, with no muscle in its arm, and no fire in its eye, you may deck it with the garlands of sentiment and poetry, and array it in flowing robes of rhetoric, it will be no knightly warrior, “good at need,” it will never turn to fight the armies of the aliens; it will be but a stage champion, fit to declaim, not to fight; it can work no deliverance in the earth. But let it gird on the Divine panoply, let it sound forth the truth in those trumpet tones to which hill and plain have echoed of old; let it sharpen its arrows, and aim them well, and the world will tremble and yield, as before the crowned rider on the white horse, going forth conquering and to conquer.”

Tales and Sketches.

POOR JENNIE; OR, HOW THE KING BUILT HIS BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

FOUNDED ON FACT. BY A PASTOR.

CHAPTER III.

The Double Spring, or the Day of Espousals.

“There’s a mystery of soul chasten’d joy,

Lit up with sunlight hues,
Like morning flowers most beautiful
When wet with midnight dews.

There are depths of earnest meaning

In each true and trustful gaze,
Telling of wond’rous lessons

Learnt in their pilgrim days.”

It was a bright beautiful spring morning when Jenny started forth early to her work. She had often admired the works of God before; she had sang with the birds and rejoiced with the flowers, but never did nature appear so beautiful as now.

A sort of sweetness seemed to float upon the very breeze, while the sun appeared to shine brighter than ever it had before. All things, indeed, seemed transfigured, and to be clothed in a beauty they had never previously worn, while the face of Christ seemed to shine upon her through the whole. She could do nothing but praise Him; her very heart sang and danced for joy. She felt so strong and buoyant too, singing and praising as she passed along, picking up her feet quickly as though she would beat time with them to the inward music of her soul. She was, indeed, at this time an unconscious, spiritual im-

provisatrice, pouring out the rich treasures of her newly-found love into the very heart of Christ. All nature seemed to talk to her—the birds, the trees, the flowers—and to join in her song of praise to the Bridegroom of her spirit.

O how sweet was this springtime of love which Christ had brought forth in the soul of this simple girl! Nature springing out of the arms of winter—each tender bud, each opening leaf and fragrant blossom—was but a symbol of that new creator which, at the bidding of Christ, springs forth in the soul when He reveals His beauty, and, by the power of His love, declares Himself to be the resurrection and the life.

Poor, simple girl! how little did she believe that the grand old words had been fulfilled in her: “Behold, I make all things new,” “Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee;” or as she walked down the old lane, that she was a visible embodiment of another beautiful promise: “The Lord shall comfort Zion; He shall comfort all her waste places; He shall make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be held therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.”

Without knowing exactly why, Jennie was very happy at her work that day, and her fellow workers wondered what it was which seemed so different about her—so pensive and yet so cheerful. The work,

too, seemed to her to go so easily and so well. And not only so, but even the very implements of her work, and the old stove itself, seemed pleasant and gracious. And as she sat down to her dinner where she had often sat, and the light of the sun streamed in through the old windows as it had often done before, it seemed as though the days of her captivity had passed away for ever; her heart was so full of gratitude and peace that she cried for very joy as she ate her bread and cheese and praised the Lord.

She went home very cheerfully that night, the bloom of her joy still fresh upon her spirit; and she wondered how she could so often have been sad and discouraged at the thought of her mother's peevishness, so frequently greeting her on her return from her work. She felt now that all the past was nothing, and her only hope was that her mother might find Jesus, and taste of the same joy which now lived in her own heart.

Jennie read a chapter to her mother, as was her usual custom, spoke to her of the love of Jesus, and prayed with her. And how beautiful the words of Jesus now appeared to this simple girl; and how different was her prayer from any she had prayed before! Even her mother's heart was touched. As she rose from her knees she secretly brushed away a tear; and when her daughter bent over her in bed to say good-night, she kissed her cheek with more than usual affection.

The words of Christ were so

pleasant and sweet to Jennie, that she sat up beyond her usual time pondering over their meaning, and seeking to hide them in her heart. It seemed to her as though she heard the voice of Christ speaking to her. The sweet words uttered by Christ to His sorrowing disciples, when about to leave them especially arrested her attention. "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also." The future appeared very much unchanged to her as it regards this world; she saw the place of her toil, her hard work and scant fare; but beyond all, and above all, in the distance she saw the heavens bright and beautiful, and the form of her Saviour glorified in the midst of His people, and in the light of that brightness and glory she fell asleep; and, in her dreams still thought she saw her Lord—His face brighter than the sun in its strength—coming in the clouds of heaven, and that she caught His eye, and that He looked at her and smiled—and O, what a smile it was! When she awoke, the brightness of the vision was gone, and she found herself in her little room as usual. But as she walked up the old lane to her daily work, her heart was glad, for she felt that she had a good future now. And as she passed through the factory gates to begin her task, she was rich as she had never been before; for the King indeed had placed the stone of good HOPE in the heart of the poor factory girl.

Quiet Thoughts for Quiet Hours.

By WALTER J. MATHAMS.

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

The sword of the Spirit is like the flaming sword in Eden; it will turn every way to guard the paradise of our hearts. There is no flaw in it; no bluntness. Keenest of all weapons, it will cut through the armour of the enemy, and be a certain messenger of death. He who fights with it must infallibly conquer; he need not be afraid to guard the gates of heaven, nor assault the gates of hell; but let him attempt to do either with his own weapons of warfare, and failure is inevitable. Take God's sword, and thou shalt win God's victory.

THE LONG ECHO.

The words we utter now we shall hear again. Eternity will echo back the things of time with awful accuracy. Be careful, lest out of thine own mouth God condemn thee.

CHRIST OUR PASSOVER.

Christ is our Passover Angel. He will pass over our sins if the blood be upon the lintels and door-posts of our hearts; but He will never pass over our sorrows, if our tears and prayers invite Him to enter. He can, and will, forget our sins, but never our sorrows.

GOD'S TEACHINGS.

God preaches to the soul from various texts. Sometimes He takes one from the Scriptures, and makes it speak with the Almighty eloquence of His Spirit. At others, with silent steps, He leads you to the grave, where your dearest child

is wrapped in its last long sleep; and through the carving on the stone, or by the flowers which grow in that region of death, He reveals to you His undying love. Those who know by experience the depth of Divine sympathy in suffering, will say, and say truly, that graves are stepping-stones to heaven, not stumbling-blocks to cause us to fall into the dust.

CHRIST'S LIFE.

Christ's life was a transfiguration all through—from glory to glory. Let us try to resemble Him, by pressing on from the good things we have done to-day to others which are nobler to-morrow.

HIGHER KNOWLEDGE.

In the cottage of a poor man, the glass of his window is dim, blurred, and broken; with the refuse of the smelting-house, which no one else will take, he is content, for his want of money makes him so. In the home of the rich, all the glass is clear, and you are scarcely conscious that any substance comes between you and the objects in the street. The stages of our spiritual experience are very much like this. At first, in our poverty of holy principle and religious knowledge, we look out on God's beautiful world and see His works and ways very dimly indeed; but when we get richer in the wisdom and love of Christ, the dimness gradually passes away, and we begin to see all things in the matchless symmetry of God's own workmanship. Death shall remove the last obstacle to our complete vision of Divine

loveliness, perhaps by taking away the blessed transparency of faith, for is it not written, that we shall see face to face, and know as we are known?

THE HEART A HARP.

May God make my heart like an Æolian harp, which sends forth its sweetest music as the storm passes through it.

PRIDE.

Pride is a weed which cannot grow at the foot of the Cross; only God's flowers may live and bloom there—such as humility, peace, and love.

GRACE, IF NOT GLORY.

You do not always see sunshine in the day, but you see light. God may not always beam upon you the exceeding brightness of His countenance, yet He will always give you His grace.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the forerunner of success, and the want of it the forerunner of ruin.

Let Christ be in thy heart, and thy heart in all thou doest; so shalt thou live well and wise in heaven.

BIBLICALS.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. His Life and Work to his Forty-third Birthday. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster-buildings.

ALL about Mr. Spurgeon for one shilling. A mass of interesting material. Thousands will read and profit. This life story exhibits Mr. Spurgeon's colossal work and God's abounding grace in crowning that work with His abundant blessing. The woodcuts are very good.

Thy First Love. Christ's Message to Ephesus. By Rev. J. CULROSS, D.D. Morgan and Scott, Paternoster Buildings.

WE have here what all would expect to find who have previously heard or read Dr. Culross. It is written in a devout and earnest strain. The chapters four and five, on what was wrong in Ephesus, and its cure, are very searching and effective. We heartily commend this work to all.

The Handbook of Bible Words. Giving an Explanation of all the prominent Words and Proper Names found in the Bible, with their Derivation and Signification. By H. F. WOOLRYCH, M.A., with an Introduction by the Rev. J. J. S. PEROWNE, D.D., Canon of Llandaff. Elliott Stock.

A work of very considerable merit; a scholarly book, yet readable by all; and, from its being more portable than most of our Bible dictionaries, will prove very acceptable, and we are quite in accord with the worthy Canon, who says, "I am glad to recommend it as a useful compendium of information on the words and phrases of the Bible.

Searching the Scriptures. In order to Abiding Communion with God. Also, Suggestions for Bible Reading and Study, and a Plan for Consecutive Daily Reading. By Dr. ANDERSON. Morgan and Scott, Paternoster Buildings.

THE compiler has done good service

for the Bible reader. It will stimulate and help all of whom it can be said, his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night. The historical and general remarks which preface each book of Scripture, and the table showing the order and circumstance of each Psalm, are truly valuable additions to the work.

The Psalmist Chant Book. A Collection of One Hundred Passages of Scripture, with Te Deums and other Sentences. The whole set to appropriate Single and Double Chants, forming a most complete Chant Book for Congregational Worship. Edited by EBENEZER PROUT. J. Haddon and Co., Bouvorie-street.

"THE proof of the pudding is in the eating." So we left the study and went to the organ with this chant-book and satisfied ourselves of its worthiness of association with our old musical friend *The Psalmist*, which we are glad to find is in the press for a new edition. We are not what we might be in our congregational chanting. There is room for improvement, and we believe this chant-book will be helpful to this end.

Infinite Facts and the All-important Question. A Sermon preached at Bond-street Chapel, Brighton, on the Occasion of the Death of Mrs. Lucy Savory, Widow of a former Pastor of the Church. By her oldest friend, JOHN COX. Also, by the same writer, *A Modern Crusade against an Ancient Doctrine*; or, Remarks on a Sermon by S. A. Tipple, entitled, "Our Robe of Righteousness."

It is now many years since we first heard the Rev. John Cox; he was then a most energetic and hard-working pastor at Woolwich. He gave clear proof that he was valiant for the truth, and now, in his rich old age, we rejoice to find him still set for the defence of the old Gospel. His words have the same ring, and show clearly that, by God's grace, our worthy friend

means to continue faithful unto death. Since this was written Mr. Cox has been called to his rest.

The Nonsuch Professor in his Meridian Splendour; or, The Singular Actions of Sanctified Christians laid open in Seven Sermons at All-Hallow's Church, London-wall. By WILLIAM SECKER. Sixth Edition, carefully revised. J. C. Pombrey, Watton-street, Oxford.

THE reprint of a rare old work, first produced in 1660, and has passed through several editions, and has worthily received the commendations of some of our best preachers. It is a mine of wealth, a vast storehouse of good things, open it where you may. It sparkles with gems, and is rich with gold nuggets. All who read must profit.

PAMPHLETS, MAGAZINES, ETC.

The Baptist Magazine is giving a series of excellent papers on Baptist authors.

The Sword and Trowel contains a report of Mrs. Spurgeon's book-fund, and shows how very welcome her kind work has been to many a recipient.

The General Baptist is a good average number, and our friends, *The Baptist* and *Freeman*, continue to serve us both with talent and heart.

We have received *The Biblical Museum*, the *Quarterly* of the Trinitarian Bible Society, *Truth and Progress* (from South Australia), *The British Flag*, *Evangelical Christendom*, *The Appeal*, *The Divine Life*.

The Gospel Magazine. Edited by D. A. DOUDNEY. A thoroughly sound work, worthy of its title and its author.

The Preacher's Analyst contains its usual amount of good useful matter for preachers and others.

The Teacher's Storehouse, and Morgan

and Scott's sixpenny packets of *Narrative Tracts*, are very good, and will be sure to be read.

LIBERAL OFFER TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.—A Gentleman who has in former years paid the loss of supplying the annual volume of the *Sunday-*

School Teacher's Storehouse to teachers at 1s. 6d. each, has renewed his offer to do the same this year; and this useful volume of teachers' help may be had at this price, *post free*, by application, enclosing stamps to F. B., care of Mr. Stock, 62, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

DALTON-IN-FURNESS, LANCASHIRE.—Rev. J. G. Anderson, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of this church.

Rev. T. Davies, of Bristol College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate at Bethel Chapel, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Rev. H. A. James, after thirteen years' successful labours at Minchin-hampton, has resigned his charge there, and accepted a call to the pastorate at Stratford-on-Avon.

Rev. T. Turner has resigned the pastorate of the church at Harefield, Middlesex, and accepted that of the church at Attleborough, Norfolk.

Rev. R. C. Evans has resigned the pastorate of the Zoar Baptist Church, Llanfihangel, Cruorney, Mon.

Rev. George W. Pope, of the Pastors' College, has become the minister of the church at Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex.

Rev. T. J. Malyon has resigned the pastorate of Emon Church, Monkwearmouth.

Rev. N. Higgins has resigned the pastorate of the church at George-street, Ipswich, and accepted a unanimous invitation from the church at Melbourne, Camba.

Rev. G. Williams having received a unanimous invitation from the church at Astley Bridge, has resigned the pastorate of St. Mary's-road, Faversham.

Rev. W. R. Saunders, of Holyhead, has accepted the pastorate of the English church at Bangor, and will commence his ministry next month.

Rev. J. W. Cole, having resigned his pastorate at Whitehaven, is now engaged in home-mission work at Leeds.

MARKYATE-STREET, DUNSTABLE.—Rev. H. W. Taylor has intimated his intention of resigning the pastorate of the church here, in connection with which he has just concluded a seven years' ministry.

Rev. T. H. Martin, of Regent's-park College, has accepted a hearty call to the pastorate at Thames-street, Wallingford.

Rev. James Smalley, of Ross, Herefordshire, has accepted an invitation to become pastor of the church, Littleborough, Manchester.

The announcement in our last issue of the Rev. P. G. Scorey's resignation of the pastorate of Pembroke Church, Liverpool, was not correct. Our correspondent was, it seems, misinformed.

The committee of the new Association chapel at Lower Norwood have unanimously invited the Rev. W. F. Gooch, of Falmouth, to the pastorate, which he has accepted, resigning his present charge.

Rev. J. E. Cracknell requests us to state that letters for him may be addressed as formerly to Westoe-crescent, South Shields. He has declined an invitation to Canada. We shall be glad to know that Mr. Cracknell has met with a suitable sphere of labour at home.

RECOGNITIONS.

MERSTHAM SURREY.—On January 31, recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. H. H. Garrett, were held. In the afternoon, state-

ments were made by the chairman (Mr. T. Haben) and the pastor as to the steps that led to the union. Rev. W. Usher offered the ordination prayer, and Rev. G. Rogers delivered the charge to the minister. The evening meeting was presided over by Mr. S. Barrow. The charge to the church was given by Rev. W. Barker, and amongst those present and on the platform were Revs. A. J. Adeney, C. Chambers, F. M. Cockerton, J. Haig, T. Hancock, C. T. Keen, B. Marshall, and J. Veals.

Rev. J. Davis, late of Bath, has been publicly recognised as pastor of the church at Broughton-lane, Melksham. The trays for the tea were given, and the profits are to form the nucleus of a fund for the renewal of the interior of the building.

HORSFORTH, NEAR LEEDS.—A public tea-meeting was held on January 1, in the schoolroom of the Cragg-hill Chapel, to welcome Rev. W. H. Rolls, as pastor. Nearly 400 friends sat down to tea, after which the Rev. Geo. Hill, of South Parade, presided, and addresses of welcome were given by the Revs. J. Smith, A. P. Fayors, and H. Thorne. Mr. J. Bateson, Mr. Murdoch, and others, also took part in the meeting. The proceeds of the tea were upwards of £22.

TROWBRIDGE.—Rev. W. V. Robinson, B.A., was publicly recognised as assistant minister of Back-street Chapel on January 30. At the afternoon service, Rev. T. Mason read and prayed; Mr. W. Hayward, deacon, spoke for the church; Mr. Robinson stated the bases of his belief, and how he was led into the ministry; Mr. Page, of Hammer-smith, offered special prayer for the pastor, and Dr. Angus preached. A tea followed in one of the schoolrooms, attended by over 300 guests. At a public meeting in the evening Dr. Angus presided. After prayer by Rev. J. Ryan, addresses were delivered by the chairman, and Revs. W. Barnes, John Aldis, W. Page, B.A., S. R. Aldridge, LL.B., and W. V. Robinson. A collection was made at the doors for Regent's-park College, which, with

profits of the tea, after paying all expenses, amounted to £17.

WINCHESTER.—On January 13, recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. E. Gough over the City-road Church were held, when two sermons were preached; that in the morning by Rev. J. W. Munns, and that in the evening by the newly-chosen pastor. On the following evening a public tea-meeting was held at the Corn Exchange, at which a large number of friends of the various congregations were present. After the tea the company adjourned to the chapel, when the chair was taken by Mr. W. F. Mayoss. After prayer by Rev. J. Cooper, addresses were delivered by Revs. J. Burt, J. W. Munns, J. P. Bake, B.A., J. Hasler, S. Atkinson, M.A., J. M. H. Valentine, and by the pastor.

PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, HOUNSLOW.—A tea and public meeting was held in the above place of worship, on Tuesday, February 19th, 1878, to welcome the Rev. J. S. Stanion, as the pastor of the Church. The chair was taken by the Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford. The following ministers took part in the meeting: Rev. J. D. Kilburn, of Isleworth; Rev. S. V. Robinson, of Regent's Park College; Rev. S. W. Bowser, of Regent's Park College; Rev. C. Henwood, of Brentford; and Rev. J. S. Stanion. The Rev. Dr. Angus had promised to preside, but a telegram was received from him during the meeting to say he was detained at the Biblical Revising Committee at Westminster.

NEW CHAPELS.

OPENSHAW, MANCHESTER (Laying of Memorial Stone for a New School-Chapel).—The church and congregation of the Rev. R. Stanion, who have been worshipping for the last five years in the lecture-room of Co-operative Stores, Ashton-road, Openshaw, have long since felt the need of a more convenient and commodious place of worship to accommodate their increasing congregation. A very eligible sight (a few steps from the Ashton-road) has at last been secured, and on

the afternoon of Saturday, February 9, a goodly number of friends assembled thereon for the ceremony of laying the foundation, or memorial, stone. The Rev. E. Parker (President of Brighton-grove College) delivered a suitable address, and the stone was laid by J. Shepherd, Esq., of Bacup. The company adjourned to the hall for tea, which was provided by the lady friends. After tea, a public meeting was held; the Rev. R. Chenery occupied the chair. The Secretary of the Building Committee read a most interesting account of the leadings of Divine providence in the formation of the church, and also relative to the chapel project. They had sufficient land to build the school-chapel, which would cost £650, and also for a larger chapel in front, when required, and when means would allow.

A new interest is being established at Eccles, a suburb of Manchester. It was inaugurated by two sermons preached by Rev. H. W. Taylor, of Markyate-street, Dunstable. A tea and public meeting, presided over by J. P. Griffith, Esq., were held on the following evening.

St. George's Hall, Ramsgate, has been purchased for the purpose of public worship, and it is intended to form a church there. Rev. John Spurgeon preached on the 3rd February. A tea and social meeting, largely attended, followed on the 5th of February, addresses being delivered by Revs. W. Barker, W. Sampson, and others.

The Lecture Hall, Perry-hill, Catford-bridge, was opened as a Baptist chapel, January 24, by the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon. Mr. Greenwood, who is at present preaching in it, hopes to shortly form a church.

A new church is in course of formation at Walton, near Liverpool. Opening services were held on Sunday at the Walton Institute.

PRESENTATIONS.

BUSHEY, HERTS.—At the end of 1877, the Rev. W. H. Rolls brought his ministry in this place to a close, after a nearly six years' pastorate, having ac-

cepted an invitation from Horsforth, Yorkshire. A valedictory meeting was held in the Bushey Chapel, Mr. C. K. Smith, of Watford, presiding, and addresses being delivered by the Revs. F. W. Goadby, M.A., J. Basley, J. Palmer, H. T. Spufford, and G. Stanley. The chairman wished the retiring pastor "God-speed," and, in the name of the church, congregation, and friends, presented him with a framed address and a purse of £26; at the same time presenting Mrs. Rolls with an address of sympathy and congratulation, accompanied by a purse of gold, upon her recovery from her long and painful illness.

Rev. H. Beddow of Moss Side, Manchester, has recently been presented with a purse of gold, as an expression of the esteem felt for him by the subscribers.

On Tuesday, February 5th, the Rev. S. Pugh, of Devizes, was presented with a purse of 50 guineas, and an address, upon the occasion of his resigning the pastorate, which he has held for over nineteen years.

On Wednesday, January 16th, the members of the church and congregation at New Park-road Chapel, Brixton-hill, in commemoration of the completion of the fourteenth year of his ministry among them, presented to the Rev. D. Jones, B.A., and his wife, an elegant epergne, bearing a suitable inscription, accompanied by a purse of 50 sovereigns, as a slight testimonial of the affectionate regard they feel for them both.

WALTON, SUFFOLK.—The Baptist church in this place had their annual tea-meeting on Thursday, Jan. 17th, when Mr. G. Ward, the late pastor, was presented with Brown's Self-interpreting Bible, very elegantly bound and illustrated, also with a purse of money, as a token of esteem and affection from the church and other friends. The gift was gratefully acknowledged by the retiring pastor, and the meeting was addressed by the Rev. S. D. Thomas, late of Wrexham, Denbighshire, the present pastor (who presented the testimonial), and also by several mem-

bers of the church. The spirit of love and unity pervaded the meeting, and gave encouragement for the expectation of future prosperity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOWLASH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Evangelistic services were conducted here by Rev. Wm. Mayo, commencing on Sunday evening, Jan. 13th, the Rev. Walter L. Mayo, of Chepstow, assisting on the Thursday evening.

CHEPSTOW.—Three lectures have been delivered in the Baptist church here in aid of the sufferers at Morthyr Tydfil. January 29th, by the pastor, Walter L. Mayo, "On the History of Coal." February 5th and 8th, by the Rev. Wm. Mayo, subject—"A Trip to Jerusalem by Lime Light." The proceeds (after expenses were paid) amounted to £6 15, which were sent to the Rev. T. Williams, B.A., for distribution.

A considerable sum has been raised at Waltham Abbey, by means of a Christmas-tree, towards the erection of a large room for the Sunday-school in connection with Paradise-row Chapel, under the pastoral care of the Rev. W. Jackson.

A reunion meeting of scholars and teachers connected with the Upton Chapel, Lambeth, was held on Tuesday, February 5th, the Rev. W. Williams, pastor, presiding. It was reported that during fourteen years the school had raised £1,400, and that they were now engaged in supporting a native preacher in Western Africa, towards which they had contributed £350.

The spring meetings of the Baptist Union are announced to be held at Bloomsbury Chapel, on Monday, April 29th next, and by adjournment, on Monday evening, and on the Thursday following. The autumnal session will be opened at Leeds in the week following Sunday, the 6th October.

BAPTISMS.

Aberdeen.—Jan. 27, Academy-street, One, by Brown.

Abertillery.—Feb. 3, at the English Chapel, Six, by L. Jones.

Arlington, Gloucestershire.—Jan. 27, Four, by J. J. Brown.

Ashley, near Lymington.—Feb. 3, Four, by T. J. Stockley.

Bacup.—Feb. 3, at Irwell terrace, Four, by J. S. Hughes.

Bedford.—Feb. 3, Two, by G. C. Williams.

Belfast.—Jan. 22, at Regent-street, Two, by R. Holmes.

Bulwell, Nottingham.—Jan. 20, Three, by C. D. Crouch.

Burnley.—Jan. 13, at Ebenezer, Seven; Feb. 10, Three, by W. Reynolds.

Bury.—Jan. 27, at Knowsley-street, Six, by W. Bury.

Bythorn, Hunts.—Feb. 3, Two, by J. Kingston.

Cefnpoole, Radnorshire.—One, by D. Davies.

Chatteris, Cambs.—Jan. 27, at Mill-end, Five, by F. J. Bird.

Christchurch and Parley, Hants.—Feb. 3 and 11, Eleven, by P. Thompson.

Contig, Ireland.—Jan. 20, One, by J. Harris.

Consett, Durham.—Jan. 27, One, by R. Herries.

Cyeckerne.—Jan. 30, Six, by J. Cruickshank.

Dodds, Lancashire.—Feb. 10, One, by J. S. Hughes.

Downham Market.—Jan. 22, Four, by S. Howard.

Dunfermline.—Jan. 16, Three, by J. T. Hagen.

East Hartlepool.—Jan. 27, Five, by H. Dunnington.

Elbow Vale, Mon.—Jan. 20, at Nebo, Two, by W. Jones.

Eythorn, Kent.—Jan. 27, Three, by J. Stubbs.

Gosberton, Lincolnshire.—Feb. 10, Twelve, by J. J. Ellis.

Gold Hill, Bucks.—Jan. 24, Three, by T. Thomas.

Hatherleigh, North Devon.—Jan. 27, Nine, by J. Pearce.

Havick.—Jan. 20, Three; Jan. 24, Six, by P. Hatton.

Heaton, Bradford.—Feb. —, Four, by R. Howarth.

Huddersfield, for Primrose Hill.—Jan. 31, Six, by W. Gay.

Kerry, Montgomeryshire.—Jan. 27, Three, by J. H. Sarn.

Leicester.—Jan. 22, at Dover-street, Eleven, by W. Evans.

Leeds, Beeston-hill.—Jan. 31, Eight, by H. Winsor.

Lincoln.—Jan. 27, at St. Benedict's square, Five, by E. Compton.

Llanuwiler.—Jan. 20, Two, by W. James.

Llanwrt Major, Glamorganshire.—Jan. 27, One, by J. Hill.

Loosely-row, Bucks.—Jan. 21, Three, by F. J. Feltham.

Manorbier, near Tenby.—Jan. 13, Two, by J. Phillips.

Mayeserhelem, Radnorshire.—Dec. 29, Two, by D. Davies.

Meltham, Yorks.—Jan. 31, Three, by J. Alderson.

Mersham, Surrey.—Feb. 1, Two, by H. H. Garrett.

Merthyr.—Feb. 3, at Bethel, One, by J. Cole.

Metropolitan District:—

Bedford-row.—Jan. 23, at John-street, Nine, by J. Collins.
Clapham Common.—Jan. 27, Six, by R. Webb.
Lambeth.—Jan. 27, at Upton, Sixteen, by W. Williams.
Woolwich.—Jan. 27, at Queen-street, Five; Jan. 28, One, by T. Jones.
Milnsbridge, Yorks.—Feb. 2, Two, by Mr. Speed.
Mollerton, Pembrokeshire.—Jan. 27, Two, by T. Baker.
Oswestry.—Feb. 7, Eight, in the Welsh Chapel, by W. Edwards.
Pentre, Rhondda Valley.—Jan. 20, at the English Chapel, Two, by M. H. Jones.
Pole Moor, near Huddersfield.—Feb. 3, Five, by J. Evans.
Portsmouth.—Jan. 30, at Lake-road, Nine, by T. W. Medhurst.
Presteign, Radnorshire.—Jan. 21, One, by S. Watkins.
Preston.—Feb. 3, at Pole-street, Six, by J. Harvey.
Ripley, Derbyshire.—Feb. 4, Nine, by J. Manning.
Roosfield, Todmorden.—Jan. 31, One; Feb. 3, Three, by H. Briggs.
Sheffield, Attercliffe.—Six, by R. Ensoll.
Shiptley.—Feb. 3, at Bethel, Six, by H. C. Atkinson.
Southampton.—Jan. 20, at East-street, Seven, by J. H. Patterson.
Southeast-on-Sea.—Jan. 27, Four, by J. Bradford.

Spenny Moor, Durham.—Jan. 27, Five, by M. Morris.
Ta'garth, Breconshire.—Feb. 10, Two, by D. B. Richards.
Tiverton-on-Avon.—Feb. 3, One, by D. Sharp.
Tondu, Glam., S.W.—Jan. 20, Five, by E. Schaffer.
Waltham Abbey.—Jan. 20, Three, by W. Jackson.
Warrington.—Jan. 21, at Golborne-street, One, by A. Harrison.
Weston-by-Weedon.—Jan. 27, Two, by J. Longton.
Willenhall.—Jan. 27, Six, by E. Hiltop.
Waterhampton.—Jan. 30, at Waterloo-road, Four, by D. E. Evans.

RECENT DEATH.

We have to record the death of our valued friend, Rev. John Cox, late of Woolwich, which took place at the residence of his son at Uppor Norwood, on Saturday the 17th of February. The end was perfect peace. His remains were interred at the Norwood Cemetery, on Saturday the 23rd. We hope, in a future number, to be able to give a sketch of the life and labours of the departed.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.**PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.***Statement of Receipts from January 19th, 1878, to February 16th, 1878.*

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
The Misses Dransfield	2 2 0	H. O.	3 0 0	Mr. Feltham	20 0 0
Mr. J. Dore	1 0 0	Miss Gilbert	0 5 0	J. B. C.	1 0 0
J. M. G.	2 0 0	E. D.	0 5 0	Miss Winslow	2 0 0
Fragment from Mission Box, Houston	0 14 0	W. T. Birmingham	0 10 0	Collection at King's-road, Reading, per Rev. J. Anderson	10 0 0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	3 3 0	Mrs. Watson	3 0 0	Mr. W. Casson	1 0 0
Mr. S. Johnston	2 0 0	Mr. J. G. Howlett	10 0 0	The Tenth of a Servant's Wages	1 0 0
Mr. Apperly	1 0 0	Mr. C. Robertson	0 15 0	Mr. Darby	5 0 0
J. S.	1 0 0	Miss E. Wilkinson	2 0 0	Mr. J. Leeson	0 10 0
Mr. N. Reed	0 5 0	Mr. J. A. Hart	0 10 0	Mr. J. Hughes	1 0 0
Mr. Spriggs	0 5 0	Mr. W. Fox	3 0 0	Mrs. J. Hughes	0 10 0
Mr. B. Hanbury	50 0 0	Ediza and Alfred	1 0 0	John S. Hughes	1 0 0
A Friend, Scotland	20 0 0	Students' Cards	41 12 0	Mr. E. Turner	5 0 0
A. Collie	1 0 0	Mr. H. Leaver	0 10 0	Mr. C. E. Fox	5 0 0
Miss Beccbyer	0 5 0	Mr. R. H. Pomfret	1 10 0	Mr. G. James	1 10 0
Miss Hadfield	5 0 0	Gratitude for Mr. Spurgeon's recovery	0 5 0	Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle, Jan. 20	30 6 1
High and Dry	0 10 0	Collection at Mansfield-place, Paisley, per Rev. J. Crouch	3 1 0	" " " 27	20 0 3
Ashford	1 0 0	Mr. Wilcox	0 10 0	" " " Feb. 3	23 0 9
Proverbs x. 21, first clause	0 10 0	Collection at Sloane-street, Chelsea, per Rev. G. J. Knight	4 10 8	" " " 10	21 16 0
Margaret Wallace	10 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. H.	0 8 0		
A Lady, per Mr. R. Smith	0 19 10	Mr. H.	0 2 6		
Mrs. J. Davies	0 10 0	Mrs. S.	0 10 0		
Mr. E. King	1 0 0				

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SORROWFUL UPBRAIDINGS.*

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

"Ye did run well; who did hinder you that ye should not obey the truth?"
GALATIANS V. 7.

THE Apostle here judiciously gives some praise to the very people he designs to reprove. The credit he gives them supplies point and pungency to the censure he administers. His fidelity gathers force from the fairness of his reasoning. Do they run badly? Now, they had already proved their ability to run well. Their bad running must be their fault rather than their misfortune. "Ye did run well; who did hinder you that you should not obey the truth?" The pure Gospel of faith in Jesus had been delivered to those Galatian professors direct from the lips of the Apostle. They had received it with such delight, and welcomed him with such gratitude, that he could bare them record that they would have plucked out their own eyes, and have given them to him. Yet shortly afterwards the plausible arguments of certain perverters of the Gospel had turned them aside into quite another road. They had roamed from their quiet resting-place, and were now striving to be justified by the works of the law, instead of relying on the suretyship and satisfaction of the dear Redeemer, whose obedience unto death he had taught them to rely upon for pardon and acceptance. "Ye did run well," he says; "you did once understand the truth; you did seem at least to accept it with a gust of eagerness, and grasp it with a clear intelligence of its unspeakable value. But what has happened? Has a fresh light burst on your minds, or has a thick fog mystified your senses? How is it that you have turned aside and no longer pursue the road, or, at any rate, are hindered as if a stumbling-block were in your path?" Sometimes believers do not know when they do run well. Some of those Galatians, I dare say, had they been asked whether they were running well while they were under the power of faith, would have replied, "Run well? Ah! no, we scarcely run at all, for the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and we cannot do the thing that we would." They would probably have told the Apostle that they found the life of faith very hard; a constant striving with inbred sin, over which they could not get the complete mastery; what with daily trials from without, and anxious fears and jealousies within, it was no easy matter for them to maintain the simplicity of spiritual religion. We are making no progress, they would say; we seem rather to go back than to advance." "No," says the Apostle, "but ye did run well." Mark this, we often run well, though we think we run ill. When we imagine that we are making no progress we are often advancing. We ought not to measure ourselves by our religious excitement, or by our joys, far less by the good opinion we form of ourselves. When we go limping to heaven, as we think, we are often running apace. When every bone aches with toil; when the soul

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rather desires than attains the ripe fruit ; when prayer is expressed more in groans than petitions ; when songs are intermingled with sighs ; when conflict agitates the conscience ; then notwithstanding the gloom that overshadows the pathway, these may be the best days of our spiritual pilgrimage, and it may prove after all that we have been running well. These Galatians, however, were so little satisfied with the headway they made that they would fain try another road. "We will be circumcised," said they ; "we will attend to the various sacrifices of the Jews ; we will conform to all the rites and ceremonies of the Mosaic economy, and then we shall push rapidly forward." No doubt they fancied that at this time they were running exceedingly well. So the Apostle rebukes them, and says they were being hindered. "Their course was entirely obstructed." In like manner it is with all of you who have believed through grace ; in proportion as your self-sufficiency and self-confidence manifest themselves you are being hindered, and only as you are conscious of your own weakness, laid low before the throne of God, and led to look to the strong for strength, and to the righteous One for all your righteousness, you are running well, so well that you should win the prize.

Now, turning away from the text itself, I feel there is a weighty truth in it—a very solemn truth—and I want to use it for the benefit of brethren and sisters here assembled.

HOW MANY OF YOU PROFESSORS OF RELIGION did run well when you first joined the church ! No one could have expected of you more zeal and joy and every Christian virtue than you then manifested. Some of us can never forget those first days of our spiritual life. They were as the days of heaven upon earth. We were like those little lambs in the fold but lately born, that in the exuberance of their young life scarcely know how to display their joy. We could have done anything for Christ. Martyrdom would have been a delight. I am sure we never then grudged anything to the cause of God ; we only wished we had a hundred times as much, and we would have given it all to Him. A sermon—ah ! it was a feast ! We did not listen then with critical ears to watch for sentences well framed, arguments nicely balanced, and images tastefully spread abroad, nor did we cull the doctrines of ours—the Gospel as if some were welcome and others not so pleasant to our taste. No, we stood in the aisle, often in a rather inconvenient posture, but we did not get tired. We hearkened to the Word, and it seemed to distil as the rain and drop as the dew, and as small rain upon the tender herb. Then if we were asked to go and speak to any one about his soul we showed great readiness in it ; or if we felt unequal to the task of addressing our fellow-creatures, yet at the mercy-seat we were diligent and importunate in prayer. Private devotion never wearied us ; and that dear Bible of ours—how rich it was—like Jonathan's wood that dropped with honey, we wished we could always be reading it by day and by night. According to the analogies of nature, which appertain to the kingdom of grace, we ought to have been steadily advancing beyond this opening dawn of our young life, but I gravely query whether many of us dare claim to such onward movement. We have not been so prone to make "the goal of yesterday the starting point of to-morrow." Are we more full of love to Christ than we were in those youthful days ? Are we more zealous ? Do we exhibit more gentleness of spirit, more patience under provocation more quietness of mind, and

more heart restfulness? Are we less worldly, less selfish, less conformed to the customs of men? The reverse is too often the case. Men are like trees that bear fruit as soon as they are planted, and then all but cease bearing for long years. The first days of their summer are the warmest and the brightest. Their moon seems to be at the full as soon as it begins to shine, and after that it begins to decline, till it is but a narrow circlet indeed. I fear that the number of declensions in the Christian Church—not such as end in apostasy, but such as indicate gradual deterioration—is nearly equivalent to the number of the professors. Few escape the prevalent contamination; but the few who do rise superior to the deadening influence of the times make real growth, proceeding from the shoot to the full corn in the ear. God grant that each one of us may be among that happy and blessed few, who receive grace for grace, and are advanced from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

Yet as I fear that most of us will have to plead guilty to being hindered in the race, the question arises, "Who did hinder you?" and I feel a very solemn necessity to put one question to begin with. *Did I hinder you?* Say, ye seatholders, and ye members of this church, once so warm and earnest in the divine service, now, alas! some of you so listless, have I hindered you? Alas! I may have been culpable when I have not been conscious of it, my bow may not have been well strung when my health has failed, or my heart been heavy. Or I may have unwittingly neglected to enforce some truth that I should have put in the forefront. Or possibly I may have overlooked a subtle influence of the destroyer that was preying on the vitals of your spiritual prosperity. But God knows I have endeavoured to use my infirmities as well as my abilities; to keep back nothing, but to declare the whole counsel of God; and to watch with sleepless eyes the devices of the adversary. Still the thought will haunt me that the Lord may reprove me of things whereof you cannot reproach me. If at any time my spirit has not been prepared, or my closet prayer has been slighted, or after public exhortation I should have spared the pains of personal intercession on your behalf, the power of my ministry may have been hindered. Oh! it will go hard with us ministers if the negligence of our people should be laid to our charge, and some of it may be. When George Fox said, "I am clear! I am clear!" he said all I ever hope to say. If I may but at the last feel that I am clear of the blood of every one of you who throng this great house, I shall have a heaven of satisfaction after these intolerable heavings of anxiety. The unusual triumph will give me unprecedented gratitude, and cause me unfathomable joy before the throne of the infinite mercy, if I am helped to pass through such a responsibility without a rebuke. Did your minister hinder you? I hope you cannot say, "Yes." If you are obliged to blame him, pray God to forgive him. Pray, too, that henceforth you may not be injured thereby. One thing, however, is certain, some Christians under the same ministry have grown in grace if you have not; therefore it looks as if you ought not to lay it altogether on the infirmities of the preacher, you must trace at least a measure of the hindrance to your own neglect.

"Ye did run well; who did hinder you?" Perhaps you may lay the fault at the door of *some of your fellow-Christians*. We are all of us to blame in the Church of God for the low standard of piety among us, for

the entire fellowship is made up of units. Every person in a low state of grace contributes to lower the standard, and every man who should get an advance in the spiritual life would help to advance others. Many a young man when first converted, if planted in the genial atmosphere of some gracious growing Christian church, would turn out an earnest evangelist. Then the church would be blessed by him. Instead of this, perhaps he is drafted into some of your respectable congregations where his growth is dwarfed—places where piety is estimated by certain external proprieties of service, song, and sermon, rather than by an innate vitality which asserts itself in self-consecration and aggressive efforts to evangelise the masses. The warm blood of the young man grows chill, and instead of being in the van of the army of Christ, he gets down somewhere, like Saul, among the stuff. You never hear of him. He has got into a sphere where he is never likely to make his mark. Oh, there is a great deal of difference in the Christian associations we form. Thankful ought any of us to be if we are linked together with warm-hearted brethren, if in the church-meetings and prayer-meetings we attend we derive real assistance, and receive a fresh impetus to the piety that is within us. Not that I would supply any of you with vain excuses. Remember that, if you have been hindered by your fellow-Christians, in all probability you have been as much a stumbling-block in their path as they have in yours. If you have not grown through them, it may be equally true that they have not grown through you. We are apt to hinder rather than help one another. Oh, let this be a motive for double diligence! Because you live in a sleepy region, be awake yourselves. Do you dwell among the icebergs, take care that you are wrapped up in the warm fur of godliness, lest you should be frost-bitten among the Arctic snows.

“Ye did run well; who did hinder you?” Has it been worldly companions whose fellowship you have rather sought than shunned? In business I suppose that most of you have to meet with people whose morals do not improve your manners. The labouring man has to stand at the same bench, or to work at the same forge, with persons whose conversation is habitually profane. Many a young girl in the bookfolding shop, behind a counter, or in some other department of service, will be accosted with language abhorrent to piety, if not unfit for the ear of chastity. We little know what some believers have to endure at home, the trials and vexations that come upon those who dwell in Meshech, and tabernacle in the tents of Kedar. No doubt much of Christian growth is repressed by the worldly surroundings of believers, but it would be ill to offer this as an excuse. Do not make it a cloak for your sin, seeing there have been saints who, though they have dwelt in the worst of places, have proved themselves brilliant examples of piety. Riches may be an impediment to grace, yet there have been those who have worn a coronet as courtiers, and prayed as abject penitents before God. Poverty may be looked upon often as a painful impediment in the divine life. The carking care for casual help to subsist day by day must naturally draw the thoughts away from the absorbing anxiety to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, yet how many of the poor in this world's goods have been rich in faith, giving glory to God. He who does not grow in grace as a servant probably would not develop much as a master; he who is not dutiful as a child at home would be little likely to adorn the doctrine of

God his Saviour in the capacity of a parent. It is not the condition of one's circumstances, as the conformation of one's heart, that regulates the pure life. Do not, therefore, throw all the odium upon a wicked world without upbraiding your wilful self. Take up arms against the world as you find it. Be the more resolute for Christ because the world is so clamorous for Satan, and be the more determined to win the victory because your foes are so numerous and defiant.

No small part of the blame of our not running well is due to the old serpent—the first tempter—the devil. "Ye did run well; who did hinder you?" I think a genuine Christian cannot live long without believing in a personal devil. Some have thought his existence a myth. If they stood foot to foot with him in dire conflict they would know better. We speak our heart's convictions, since he has met us in the Valley of Humiliation and cast his fiery darts at us. We have had to contend with him by the hour and the day, ay, and even by the month, at a time, only too glad to defeat him at the last, though wounded in head, and hands, and feet. The devil, no doubt, often casts unbelieving insinuations in the way of devout Christians, whereby they are much perplexed. He often puffs them up with pride, and persuades them that they have grown so much in grace they need not live as daily dependents on Divine mercy at the foot of the cross; they try to live on their own experience; they will imagine that they have attained to such a point of union with Christ that they do not want His imputed righteousness; they are so exceedingly taken up with the blessed work within that they cease to look out of self to the adorable person of our Lord. Oh, how easy it is for Satan to make us appear to ourselves something when we are nothing! Having gained this advantage over us we speedily become his prey. Beloved, let us take heed of our deadly adversary, as we are not ignorant of his devices. Let our earnest prayer go up to heaven that we may be always enabled to resist the devil, for then he will flee from us. But is there not one foe who haunts us more incessantly and hurts us more frequently than the devil? The prayer of St. Augustine well befits us—"Lord, deliver me from that evil man—myself." The fire would not blaze in our hearts long, though the devil might strike the flint, were there no tinder to ignite. Were there not something in us for him to take hold of no great mischief would come of his temptations. The hindrance to our running nine times out of ten has come exclusively from ourselves. Should I put a few pointed questions to Christians here as to why they have not grown in grace, I think they would not find it difficult to give an answer. Some of you who have never grown much in grace; tell me, is it not because you never feel any need of growth? You found peace in the assurance that you were saved by faith. Being saved, all your ambitions were satisfied: You had become well-instructed in the fundamental truths, and you were wise in the estimation of the brethren. Your own prudence you reckoned upon as sufficient to protect you from committing sins into which other men of less experience than yourselves have fallen. You account yourselves privileged above your fellows. You have fed on the finest of the wheat, and you have grown fat as Jeshurun did of old. Ah! my brother, if this be your opinion of yourself you may at once gather the reason why you have not run well. How can you prosper when pride is thus fostered within your breast? Some Christians make no progress because they confine their

attention to the externals of religion. They pay little or no regard to its inward substance. Lectures, conferences, anniversaries, Bible readings, tea-drinkings, and the like, monopolise their time, their thought, and their talk. In the month of May what field-days they enjoy! But alas, as to private confession of sin, as to lamenting before God the hidden evils of the heart, as to drawing near to the Lord in an agony of desire, as to humble confidence in the precious blood, and as to seeking a full assurance of hope—to these vital things they give no diligence. Oh! beware of dissipating your time and consuming your strength upon the mere excitements of religion, dissociating yourselves without benefiting the church; troubled, like Martha, about many things; but not clinging, like Mary, to the Master, for the one thing needful. It is well to have much zeal in serving Christ, but it is ill to be so cumbered therewith as to forsake the feet of Jesus. How many, too, have not run well in the things of God because they have indulged in too much of the world. They get on in temporal things, and oh! you know among Dissenters what a peril there is to principles in a little prosperity. They become far too proud to go to the little meeting-house where they once met with God; their old friends with whom they once had secret fellowship they try to forget. It matters little whether they can hear the Gospel or not; they must attend the most fashionable church in the neighbourhood. There they must take a prominent pew. To that they must pay their subscriptions. Their object is to be seen in the select circle. Need they wonder that their souls do not grow? To others, on whom fortune smiles, the rural retreat presents itself as the goal of their ambition. Retiring in whole, or in part, from business, they seek to transplant themselves into a new neighbourhood where they may sun themselves in the evening of life. The land is before them. They scan the advertisements. Do they ask—Is there a colony of saints in the vicinity? Is there a Gospel ministry within easy reach? No; it never comes into their calculations. They make far different inquiries. Is there a healthy soil? Are there any good drives? Has the house a commanding view? Can we find easy access to the metropolis? How often in the hour do trains run to London Bridge or Victoria? Such considerations are uppermost in their minds. They dismiss the most important matter, “Can my soul be fed?” Poor creatures! the one vital point that ought to be the first to engage their attention—“Where can I hear to my soul’s profit?”—does not appear to occur to them. Yet they wonder that they do not grow in grace. So taken up with the world are they that though God may discern the difference between the children of this world it is not palpable to any but to Him. Their visits are paid to the same kind of parties; their dress is conformed to the same fashions; their conversation is alike frothy and volatile. The problem puzzles us. Their genealogy is not easily traced. Animal life and vegetable life may meet on border lands, but between fowl and fish there ought to be no such fellowship. If Israelites, indeed, they are not without guile; they mingle with the heathen, and learn their ways. If they are converted evil communications corrupt their good manners. They come not from the unclean, nor are they separate. To a quiet, holy, heavenly walk with God they make no pretension. Their conformity to these present passing pursuits is too palpable. Their sincerity is thus gravely to be suspected. They seem to side with the saints in opinion, but they do not bear much simili-

tude to them in character. Ah, if we walk contrary to God, He will walk contrary to us. I always think it a bad sign when a Christian asks, "Is there any harm in going to such and such a place of amusement?" Such a question shows a hankering after things that are not congenial with the spiritual mind. If the heart were right it would tell you at once; you would not need anybody's else's opinion. You would see clearly where Jesus would go with you, and account it ill to be found where you could not expect to keep up your fellowship with Him; nor would you wish to go where, if you were suddenly called upon to die, you would be found in an unfit condition to depart out of this life. This is no light matter. Let me earnestly press it upon your attention. Do not, my dear Christian friends, ask God to spare you trouble if only your sorrows may be sanctified; but do entreat Him to save you from coming into that horrible state of death in life in which many Christians are habitually found. Pray against heartlessness in religion. There is a stolid indifference to be bitterly dreaded, but at the same time it is to be vehemently deprecated. Pray against growing into religious machines, instead of being godly men and women. The Lord grant that none of you may get to think lightly of Divine things, that you may not skim the surface like swallows; that you may not kiss the shadows while you neglect the substance. Vital godliness is deep-seated, thorough; it goes through and through the heart. This is an age of flimsiness, superficiality. Never did the world paint, and gild, and grain so well as it does now. Oh! what a deal we can make out of little! How we blow bubbles, and how they are tinged with all the hues of the rainbow! But, brethren, this will not do to die with; it will not do for us to live with who look for the coming of the Lord. Nor can it be tolerated for a single moment when we once use the scales that God uses with the balances and the shekels of the sanctuary, and weigh things according to the judgment of the Eternal Mind. God help each and every one of us, if we have been loitering awhile, to gather up our strength, and cry to Him for more strength, that we may run with diligence the race that is set before us in the Gospel.

Now let me address a few words to the BACKSLIDERS who may be present among us. I cannot point them out, for I do not see them, though they are here sometimes. There are persons whose names cannot be mentioned in this place without exciting in us a thrill of horror. Oh, what sorrow some of them have caused us! Men and women who, after making a good profession, have so defiled their garments that we could no longer hold fellowship with them. As to whether they can be children of God or not, we pronounce no sentence. It is a question with which we dare not meddle. We are obliged to leave them in the hands of the great Judge. We ourselves have put them away, even as garments spotted with the flesh. Now, there may be some here to-night who have gone far astray from the paths of righteousness. If they have not been actually excommunicated from the Church of God, they have practically excommunicated themselves; for they utterly neglect attending upon the means of grace. How could they put in an appearance any longer? It was rather too impudent, when the character they assumed had proved to be so gross a forgery. And how many young men who used to be religious in the country, when they come up to London forget the faith they once clung to, and the piety they once showed! The

Sabbath-school they have forsaken; they cease to teach any more. You used to take the sacramental cup; but a very different cup you partake of now. London is an awful city. Terribly does it try the sincerity of countrymen when they first come to sojourn in the midst of its gay dissipations. Many an anxious mother has said to me, "Oh! sir; I wish you would try to find out my son; ever since he has been up in London the letters I get are very unsatisfactory. I am persuaded he does not attend the house of God; he trifles so much with things that are serious, that I tremble for his soul." Ah! it will be a dreary retrospect for some of you who did run well, and so well, too, that you were rejoiced over by the Church of God when first you were received into membership. How happy the pastor was when you told him of the work of grace in your heart. You did run well. Well, I shall not inquire what hindered you. I shall leave that to your own conscience; but my message to you is, whatever reason you may assign—Return! return! return unto thy first husband, for then it was better with thee than now. Thou hadst more real joy; thy mind was more pleasantly occupied with things that bear reflection; thy heart was filled with a deeper calm than you ever now experience. Oh! come thou back, so shall it be well with thee. Peradventure, though thou wast early schooled by thy mother's counsels, thou wast never saved from thy sins. Yet, I pray thee, bethink thyself how thy fair pretensions have melted like morning hoar frosts at the rising of the sun, and ask God to make sure work with thy soul—sure work for eternity. How many there are who seem, even for years, to hold on their way as pilgrims, and yet go back! I can never doubt the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints. If any truth is distinctly taught in Scripture, that is. Just as the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ is the basis of our faith, so the perfection of the Holy Spirit's work in new-creating a soul is the beginning of our confidence. Still, it is hard to say how closely the false may resemble the faithful; how cleverly the hypocrite may counterfeit the Christian; how nearly one may be a saint, and yet how clearly a devil. Look at Judas; think of the dissemblers we ourselves have known; covetous to begin with, traitors in the end. Year after year they have held on their way, and yet, after all, they have gone aside, and polluted their profession. Surely "the Strength of Israel will not lie or repent, for He is not a man that He should repent." But the weakness of the flesh will relent. In the teeth of perplexities it seldom perseveres. Your delight in God's decrees may be the drift of your delusions. You may incur the guilt of a crime you cannot commit, for you may crucify to yourselves the Son of God afresh. So, too, you may make the grace of God minister to your lasciviousness. Well, whether I am addressing real brethren who have fallen grievously, or false brethren who have gone back from us because ye were not of us, I have the same message to you both—Come; return unto the Lord. He is willing to receive you still. Thou wandering, lost sheep, the Master seeks for thee. Thou wandering prodigal child, the Father looks for thee, and his warm bosom is ready to welcome thee. Come back! God help thee to come back now!

Are there not likewise constantly amongst us another class of persons, such as were once half awakened having a measure of CONVICTION WHICH NEVER CAME TO MATURITY?

"Ye did run well; who did hinder you?" Under almost any ministry that has in it any living power, numbers of individuals are impressed, and for awhile they become deeply interested and sobered by the Word they hear. Under some preaching, indeed, hundreds are awakened; but, alas! their goodness is as the morning cloud, and as the early dew! I am not always inclined to admire those doleful sermons that describe the deathbeds of your mothers and fathers, and make people cry as though they were at funerals. There is something better and deeper wanted than such appeals to the natural sensibilities of the creature. It is not by making parents cry about their dead babies, but by leading them to mourn and weep over their sins, that we hope to make them anxious for salvation. Graves and sepulchres have their touching lessons which oft, as they cross our path, may well be turned to brief and pithy homilies, but it is our own present ruin and impending destruction that must arouse us to seek the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Oftentimes, no doubt, the impressions made are mere excitements of the fleshly mind; yet there are vital emotions that truly quicken the conscience, but which, like thousands of blossoms in early spring, never come to fruit, because, as the gardener would say, they do not nit. Of this sort, there are some that, for a time, attend the Tabernacle. Preaching for a week in a certain city, which I will not mention, a friend at whose house I stayed, after hearing two sermons, was observed to leave the hall. On being asked by one who followed him out, "What did you leave for," he replied, "I believe I should have been converted had I not come out, and I could not afford it; for it would make me quite a different man." "Oh! come in again," said the other, "you do not know what blessing God may give you." He came in, and at the close of the week he made use of this language. He said, "I never felt in my life as I have felt this week. Oh! that man has got me in his hand, and has moulded me into any shape he likes; I have been just like an india-rubber ball; but when he is gone I shall get back into my old shape; I know I shall." So it is. The very worst hearers we have to deal with are those impressible people. When I am hammering, and I feel that my hammer comes upon a piece of flint—real hard granite—I always feel thankful, for I can anticipate that the flint will break up one of these days. The man says he does not believe the Gospel; he contradicts it; he even avows himself an infidel; but we will have him yet. If he has got enough soul in him to be on the devil's side he is better than the man that serves neither God nor Baal. But what hope can we cherish of those people who, when you talk to them, say, "Yes, sir; very true, sir; quite right, sir"? Their tears are treacherous. They cry plentifully when you touch upon an affecting subject. Their heads are weak; at their hearts you can never get; they always disappoint you. Many a time have we thought, "Surely, now, they are made willing?" but ere long their wilfulness has been palpable. The pastor's hopes are frustrated. The lost one is lured, but not laid hold of. My voice is getting to be very monotonous to some of you. Oh, how you used to hear! You could once lean forward to catch every word. I do not think you go to sleep now; but your hearts slumber, though your ears are open. I hope sometimes that when I am absent some other voice may reach you, and perhaps another man's way of putting the truth may grip you. God

knoweth, if you be but saved it shall be equal joy to me, whether by this means or by that; but I have the gravest fears respecting some of you, who seemed to run well in the early part of our ministry. You were attentive hearers, and much given to earnest expressions, and even to devout prayers; yet, for want of decision, you remain like Felix, only now you have ceased to tremble; or, like Agrippa, almost persuaded, though with an enthusiasm cooled by trifling. He that is almost a Christian is no Christian. As that good Puritan, Henry Smith, says, "The door that is almost shut is open; he that is almost true is a liar; he that is almost honest is a thief; he that is almost saved is lost; he that is almost reconciled to God is an enemy to God; he that is almost inside the ark gets drowned; and he that is almost a believer in Christ will be damned." Oh! take heed of being hindered. Give up your darling sin, if it is that which hinders you. Give up that accursed pride, if it is that which keeps you from believing in Jesus. May the Holy Spirit be pleased to take away from you even the dearest idol you have known, whatever it may be, if it be a hindrance from closing in with the offers of Divine mercy, and laying hold upon eternal life in Jesus Christ. May the blessed Spirit now give you decision for your own soul's welfare, and for Christ the appointed Saviour. The Lord bless you with faith, and bring you into fellowship with us. Oh! that we may meet in heaven. Having been taught to run in the same road, and aspire to the same crown, may we meet where the running shall be over, and we shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of our Father, world without end Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

TRAITS OF CHRISTIAN NOBILITY.

NOBILITY IN THE HOME.

CHAPTER IV.

IN seeking to discover traits of Christian nobility in the home, we have so far found them to consist in the existence and maintenance of a Scriptural and spiritual union between the husband and wife; in constant endeavours on the part of both to make the home what God intended it to be—the abode of happiness and peace; and in practically using every means to bring up the children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Happily for Mr. and Mrs. Hartley they were the possessors of these traits, and thus realised, through the Divine blessing, as the result of well-doing at home, an amount of domestic enjoyment that we could wish might be the heritage of every household. It must not be supposed, however, that because we have for these reasons painted a bright picture of ten years of happy married life, that there was in it no dark background of suffering and sorrow. The ordinary trials of domestic life during this period fell to the share of this good couple, as they are certain more or less to fall upon all married people. They were destined to prove that an in-

crease in family meant an increase not only of pleasure, but also of suffering, care, and responsibility. Hard times called for the exercise of rigid economy. Doctors' bills' proved long and heavy, and sometimes took months to pay off. Incidents, too, not unfrequently occurred that demanded much Christian patience and fortitude. When death entered the house and took away little Annie, the pet of the family, just twelve months old, and stout, robust Charley was wasted nearly to a skeleton by three months' fever and sickness, and Henry put out his shoulder bone, and narrowly risked breaking his neck by a fall from a tree, and Mrs. Hartley lay hovering between life and death for at least three weeks on the advent of a "new baby," and Mr. Hartley was ultimately compelled to remove to another town through scarcity of work and receive a smaller salary—these and sundry other trials of a like kind which need not be mentioned, proved amply sufficient not only to prevent the happy couple from "making their nest here," but also to lead them to seek much of God's sustaining grace that throughout all these vicissitudes they might still sustain the Christian character. In their case the gall was thus mixed with the honey; and occasional troubles were mingled with countless mercies, only, however, to prove in the end so many sanctified "blessings in disguise."

Then in addition to these ordinary trials of domestic life there was also the little daily cares and worries that belong to most situations, but appear to be the special inheritance of a loving and anxious wife and mother. And these, after all, are the things which in a household call for extra patience. It is,

undoubtedly, their constant recurrence and not their importance that tends to make them so burdensome. A heavy trial calculated almost to crush an individual is often borne with more patience and submission than these minor evils. And why? Because the one, powerful and strong, masters the turbulent spirit by sheer force, while the others, like a continuous toothache, a speck of dust in the eye, or a small thorn in the flesh, does nothing but irritate it. Thus Newton has well said "Many Christians who bear the loss of a dear child, or of all their property, with the most heroic Christian fortitude are entirely vanquished by the breaking of a dish or the blunders of a servant." And another writer has observed that "The mind of the greatest man in the world is not so independent but that he may be subject to be troubled by the least jumble that is made around him; it need not be the noise of a cannon to disturb his thoughts, it need only be the noise of a weathercock or pulley." If such is the case with regard to a "great man," we may well expect the mother of a family, with all her cares, to be subject to the like influence. No one we think puts this better than Dr. James Hamilton. In his admirable work called *The Happy Home* he says:

"No doubt a wife has many things to vex her. Your work is hard. Your cares are many. You have a host of things to manage; things so minute that you are not thanked if they all go right, but at the same time so weighty that you are exceedingly upbraided if the least of them goes wrong. And when your foot is on the cradle, and the saucepan is boiling over, and the last torn garment engages either hand, a

hungry boy or an impatient husband rushes in shouting for his dinner and a dozen other things directly. And in the midst of all that worry nothing is so natural as to fume and scold and lose your temper; but in the midst of all that worry nothing were so noble as to remain serene and self-possessed and cheerful. And if you seek help from God He will enable you to possess your soul in patience. He can give you peace and sprightliness, and make you the ventilator of the smoky chamber. Amidst surrounding tumult He can supply you with soft words and gentle looks, and like the bird of fable make your very presence the antidote of storms. He can give you that cheerful countenance that doeth good like a medicine, a medicine which, if it does the patient good, does still more good to those by whom it was administered."

To these small worries then as well as to ordinary and heavy domestic trials Mrs. Hartley was no stranger. But she found out that the best panacea for them all was Dr. Hamilton's Scriptural prescription. Believing the proverb to be true that "*Patience is a plaster for all sores,*" she sought help of the Lord daily to enable her to bear with equanimity the scores of little things that in a short time were sure to happen in the household and try the temper. That help earnestly sought was as readily granted, for in little things she knew that the Lord was as willing to aid her as in great things. She did not fall into the error of some who suppose that in bringing before the Lord our little cares we trifle with His dignity. She knew that it was written "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths;" and again "Be careful for nothing, but in

everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." These passages of Holy Writ, with many others like unto them, were to her a sufficient warrant for bringing all her sorrows and perplexities, both small and great, to the throne of grace. And in thus acting we do well to copy her. To the Most High God our greatest concerns must appear trivial in the extreme; and therefore there cannot be much difference in His estimation between the heaviest load we have to carry and the lightest. Strictly speaking, to Infinite Majesty none of our affairs can appear either great or little, they are all alike, and therefore we are encouraged to bring all before Him. His condescension is seen as much in attending to the wants of a man as of a child, in giving wisdom to the statesman to guide a nation's affairs, as in hearkening to the prayer of the humble cottager when asking for daily bread. The hand that guides the eagle's dazzling flight directs the sparrow's feeble wing, and He who gives the lion strength to hunt his prey, provideth also the raven with its food. Let us then not think it an act of presumption or a piece of folly to lay all our wants before Him. For this there surely is great necessity. As Colton shrewdly remarks, "Small miseries like small debts hit us in so many places, and meet us at so many turns and corners, that what they want in weight they make up in number, and render it less hazardous to stand the fire of one cannon ball than a volley composed of such a shower of bullets." Our interest lies, therefore, not only in bringing

before the Lord the cannon ball of a heavy trial, but also the volley of life's trifling miseries, resting assured that not one of them is too small to be overlooked by Him who has told us that "the very hairs of our head are all numbered," and that "a sparrow falleth not to the ground without His permission."

Have we trials and temptations,
Is there trouble *anywhere*,
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

But now in the eleventh year of her married life Mrs. Hartley was called upon to bear the heaviest trial which hitherto she had had to sustain. In the morning her dear partner had left his home cheerful and happy, his last act being to give the baby at the door a merry toss up and a hearty kiss; and before the dinner hour he was brought home in a cab probably crippled for life. It appeared that while superintending the erection of a roof his foot had slipped and he had fallen from the rafters to the ground, a distance of five-and-thirty feet. When picked up he was insensible, but on coming to himself he found that he had broken his arm, fractured his thigh, and probably sustained other injuries. As quickly as possible the surgeon made an examination, and the bones were set, but the medical man expressed his fear not only that the severe shock given to the system would be long felt, but that the spine also was injured. Here then was a great and unexpected trouble. At first Mrs. Hartley felt stunned and bewildered, but ultimately this feeling gave way to one of thankfulness that her dear husband's life was spared. But for God's good providence he might, instead of being laid up in bed with hope of restoration, have been numbered

with the dead. It might be that the Lord would yet graciously spare him to her and their family, and so be better to her than all her fears! At all events she must seek grace to bear up and do her best as a Christian wife and mother under the great and painful calamity that had thus befallen her.

And do her best she did. If ever her Christian grace and character came out in full relief it was on this trying occasion. Casting her care upon the Lord, she realised that He cared for her. It was her courage and soothing words that, above all other things, nerved her husband to undergo more than one excruciating surgical operation. It was her quiet tact that assuaged the children's sorrows when first they heard of their father's accident, and constantly prevented their noise afterwards from jarring on the feeble nerves of the sufferer when to him quietness and rest were really a life necessity. It was her industry that helped to supplement by the use of the needle the small sum received weekly from the sick club, and so to keep the home neat and comfortable without being compelled to draw the few pounds deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank, and which might yet be needed for a still more "rainy day." It was too her watchful care and good nursing that contributed more than aught else towards bringing her husband round, as far as he could be brought round after six months' illness, one half of which period he had to walk with the assistance of crutches. How she bore up so cheerfully through these weary months and never seemed to murmur even when the cross proved heaviest was a wonder to many, and not least to the partner whose sufferings laid such burdens upon her. To hear her cheerful

voice singing some sweet melody, as she moved about her work in the house, often did him far more good than a bottle of medicine; and when in the evening while shivering with pain he heard her at family worship praying for the little ones gathered around her, and specially pleading with the Lord that he would once more graciously restore to them their poor suffering father, he could not help with tearful eyes looking up to Heaven and saying, "For such a wife and mother bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." When asked by him how she could thus nobly bear up amid so many cares and sorrows she invariably had but one answer to give. With a faint smile she took no glory to herself but simply said, "You know, dear Edwin, in regard to such times as these the Lord says 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be;' and so I find it."

(To be continued).

THE DARKNESS OF THE CROSS.

BY REV. GILES HESTER.

"And when the sixth hour was come, there was darkness over the whole land until the ninth hour."—MARK xv. 33.

THE most awful night which ever darkened this wicked world was that which preceded the crucifixion of our Lord. In the early part of that night Jesus was in the garden of Gethsemane, where His great soul-sorrow overwhelmed Him, and where Judas the betrayer, and his rabble, apprehended Him. From the garden, where He had sweat as

it were great drops of blood, He was hurried back into the guilty city. The darkness of night, relieved only by the beams of the moon, was overhanging the slumbering world. The Son of God and the Redeemer of men, was placed first before Annas, the father-in-law of Caiaphas; then He was arraigned before the high priest himself. The passing hours of that awful night were spent in ill-treating the Prince of Life. The morning brought no relief. As soon as the full light came upon the world, Jesus was bound and placed before Pontius Pilate. He was scourged, mocked, and at last crucified. See Him lifted up upon the cross. He hangs upon the accursed tree. He is made a curse for us. For six hours He writhes in agony, suffering the terrors of death, and grappling with the powers of hell.

The first three hours were dreadful hours in the experience of the dying Lord. From nine in the morning till twelve at mid-day. Who shall describe the sufferings of the Lord during those three hours? What thoughts passed through His struggling mind! Although we are not able to enter into the internal soul-struggles of the Lord, we do know some of the *circumstances* which transpired during those *three hours*. The ingratitude and malice of man followed the Lord to the very gates of death. There were *three classes* of individuals who insulted the Lord in His dying agonies during those three hours.

1. *Some railled on Him.* Jesus was probably crucified near a public highway. As He was hanging on the cross some passed by. They blasphemed Him as they went along. They wagged their heads in disdainful contempt. Evidently they are no strangers to Jesus. They have most likely heard His

words. They taunt Him with one of His own sayings, putting their own construction upon it: "*Ah, Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days. Save Thyself, and come down from the cross.*" These railers are utterly unable to understand that great spirit of self-sacrifice which constrained Jesus to expire on the cross.

Besides these blaspheming wayfarers there are others who heap contempt on the suffering Son of God.

2. There were those who *mocked* Him. The chief priests and Scribes had always shown an antipathy to the person and the teaching of the Lord. They were jealous of His influence over the people. Now they meet in conference. They said among themselves, "*He saved others, Himself He cannot save.*" These words, uttered in contemptuous unbelief, contain the germs of a great truth. They gather up much of the teaching of the Lord Himself. "*He that saveth his life shall lose it.*" It was the *glory* of the suffering Redeemer not to save Himself. Death was the object of His life. He came to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.

3. With the *railers* and the *mockers* there were *revilers* who derided Him in His sufferings. They cast reproach on the innocent victim. Jesus was crucified between two *malefactors*, who had been doomed to suffer for their crimes. During the earlier part of the morning they both seemed to have been hardened in their unbelief. "*They reviled him.*" Matthew says: "*The thieves also which were crucified with Him cast the same in His teeth.*" But the patience and the holy resignation of Jesus touched the heart and subdued the spirit of *one*; and before the sixth hour he had presented the prayer:

"*Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.*"

Such are some of the *circumstances* which transpired between the third and the sixth hour of that never-to-be-forgotten morning when the Lord of glory was suspended on His cross. But at mid-day, the time when the sun reaches his meridian splendour, there was darkness over all the land. What was the nature of that darkness? Was it an eclipse? Ever since the greater and the lesser lights were hung in the firmament of the heaven, eclipses, partial and total, have taken place. We have all witnessed these wonderful phenomena of nature. We have seen a partial darkness at mid-day. We have seen the darkened face of the sun as his glory has been obscured by the interposition of the moon. But this darkness could not have been thus occasioned. For the pass-over was celebrated when the moon was at *full*, and, therefore, just opposite to the sun.

Seeing, then, that it was not caused by an eclipse of the sun, we must regard it as supernatural, or, in other words, *miraculous*. It was caused by the direct interposition of God. "*I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil; I the Lord do all these things.*" The Eternal God sometimes manifests His presence and displays His power in the visible symbol of darkness: "*Clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne.*" "*He bowed the heavens also, and came down, and darkness was under His feet. He made darkness His secret place; His pavilion round about Him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.*"

How solemn and awful must have been this overwhelming gloom! How this darkness must have

hushed to silence the mocking tongues of the chief priests and Scribes! What must have been their feelings as this dark curtain fell upon the world. How was Jerusalem affected? What did Pilate say? How did his wife feel, who had had that mysterious dream? Again, we might ask, what was the density of this darkness? Could the sufferer be seen in His dying agony? Try and realise in your imagination those three sad and terrible hours when the pall of mourning hung over the face of shuddering nature.

What was the significance of this wonderful and supernatural phenomenon? Had it a voice to speak to the world? Surely a meaning is wrapped up in this awful gloom.

1. In the first place, we may take it as symbolising the moral state of the world. An ancient prophecy had read: "*Darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people.*" This prophecy is now literally fulfilled. The outer darkness which enwraps the earth is a figurative representation of that inward mental and moral darkness which lies on the hearts of the people. How deep, and dense, and wide-spread was that moral and spiritual darkness which lay upon the people at this time! Jerusalem, set to be a light to the whole world, is now herself steeped in darkness. "*If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!*" A moral blindness afflicts the people everywhere. Satan seems to have got for a time the mastery over universal nature. "This is your hour and the power of darkness."

2. But this solemn and diffused darkness may have another meaning. Who is He hanging on the cross? It is the Lord of glory, the King of nature, the Creator of all worlds. When a king dies, the empire over

which he has reigned goes into mourning. When the King of glory suffers the pains and penalty of death, as a vicarious sacrifice for the sins of men, it is a fitting thing that all nature should robe herself in the symbols of mourning. Luke says: "And the sun was darkened." The central light of our universe veils his splendours as if in sympathy with the expiring Son of God.

3. But this darkness may have another meaning still. Darkness is the emblem of the mysterious and the incomprehensible. It is a symbol of the incomprehensibility of God. Think of what is taking place on the cross while this darkness broods over the face of nature. The Lord is dying. He who made the world is dying for the world. He is drinking the bitter cup which sin and death have mingled, that the world might be freed from sin, and enter into the blessedness of eternal life. He is grappling with the powers of hell, that we might share the peace and bliss of heaven. He is making an atonement for our sins. He is offering Himself as a sacrifice unto God. Who shall reach the depths of this mystery? Who shall comprehend all the aspects of His atonement? Angels look into this subject, but cannot fathom the full depth of its meaning.

4. But this overshadowing darkness may be regarded as a prophecy. It speaks of death. The Lord is in the valley and shadow of death. The Rose of Sharon, which blossomed to beautify and fill the world with its fragrance, is now losing its lustre, and fading from human sight. Darkness may be looked upon as the outward image of death. This universal darkness is a prophecy of universal death. All nature must die. The sentence has gone forth. The day of doom is fast approaching. The fair flowers,

the brilliant stars, the noble trees of the forest, the beautiful birds which fill the air with their warbling notes of praise; all are marked for death. Death will yet riot in the universal frame of nature, before he himself shall be destroyed. Nothing shall be spared by the fell destroyer. As there is universal darkness, so there shall be universal death. All nature shall groan, and wither, and die.

"And Thou, Lord, in the beginning, hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thine hands. *They shall perish*; but Thou remainest; and they all shall wax old, as doth a garment: and as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail."

The death of Christ is the sign and the harbinger of the death of nature. As His body was laid in the grave, and came forth a new and glorified body, so nature shall pass through the process of dissolution, and come forth in all the splendours of immortality, "a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

"Thus shall this moving engine last
Till all the saints be gathered in;
Then for the trumpet's awful blast,
To shake it into dust again."

But out of this very dust nature shall robe herself in new and imperishable garments, and the great universe, freed from the touch and taint of sin, shall move on in sweet and glorious harmony; and, amidst the songs of angels, and the boundless joys of purified and redeemed spirits, all nature shall reflect the brightness and share the bliss of heaven.

Sheffield.

SICKNESS, NOT UNTO DEATH.

BY REV. THOMAS HENSON.

THAT Jesus possesses absolute power over death and Hades, the unseen abode of the departed—both good and bad—is boldly stated in the grand declaration: "I am the first and the last; I am He that liveth, and was dead: and, behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death." It is remarkable that, during His sojourn upon the earth, He would never recognise the dominion of death in His presence. In the house of Jairus He said: "Why make ye this ado, and weep? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth." Meeting the corpse of the widow's son at the gate of Nain, He immediately turned back the gates of death, and called him to life again. When the sisters at Bethany sent Him word that His beloved friend Lazarus was sick, He returned them the singular message: "This sickness is not unto death." Speaking to His disciples afterwards, and knowing that Lazarus was dead, He said: "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go that I may awake him out of sleep." How, generally, when speaking of the death of the righteous, does the Bible describe them as sleeping! It seems, as to them, to hold death in supreme contempt. In all the history of Christ, He would not permit the grim enemy to abide where He came. He was the Fountain of all Life, specially of eternal life, and it was fitting that death should not be allowed to reign before Him.

But how must we understand these words of Jesus, "This sickness is not unto death"? If there be mystery in them, it is not for long; four days will draw aside the veil, and show the meaning. The

words do not predict a recovery, as some of the rationalists have hinted; nor do they indicate any doubt or hesitancy on the part of Christ; it is rather as if He had said, "I know this sickness, and its issue, so marvellously redounding to the glorification of God and Myself, full well!" It is abundantly easy to perceive that Christ's meaning was, that the sickness should not end in permanent or abiding death. Tholuck suggests, "that an affectionate purpose was traceable in the enigmatical expression, having its spring in the love which Jesus bore to the whole family, giving the sisters a gleam of hope even after the death of their brother. It was not designed to exclude altogether the idea of dying, but rather, of remaining in death." Probably, when the messengers returned, and delivered this answer, Lazarus was already dead; if so, how the words must have tried the faith, of the sisters! Still they may in some measure, have excited that ray of hope, or struggle of faith, which Martha reveals when she says, "But I know that even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it to Thee." Perhaps it is to strengthen this feeble faith, apparently altogether lost, that Jesus possibly recalls this very message, "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" "But, as with so many other of the Divine promises, which seem to us for the moment to come to nothing and utterly to fail, and this because we so little dream of the resources of the Divine love, and are ever putting human limitations on them, so was it with this word,—a perplexing riddle, till the event made it plain. Even now, in the eyes of Him who saw the end from the beginning, "That sickness was not unto death;"

and this they too should acknowledge, when through the grave and gate of death this brother had entered on a higher life than any which hitherto he had known. For this we may confidently assume that it was a higher life to which Lazarus was recalled.*

The sisters were thinking of what seemed to them the immediate and inevitable end of the sickness—death. Christ was thinking of what He distinctly saw beyond, the remote issue, life out of death, the awakening of the sleeper, that the glory of God and Himself might be manifested. His words say to them, Look to God's furthest and most principal end, and to what God (who brings light out of darkness—meat out of the eater—and life out of death) can bring out of this sickness.† To the devout believer, the message leaves no room for doubtful guesses at truth; it is the calm sunlit prelude to the majestic utterance, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die."

"We walk by faith, not by sight." Who has not passed the long dreary night of slow pilgrimage through "the valley of the shadow of death," watching by the side of the sick one, and thus following in the slow procession to the grave? But when the watcher, like the sisters in Bethany, can send the heart-cry to Jesus, "He whom thou lovest is sick,"—when we have the sweet confidence that the sick and dying one is a child of God by the new birth unto righteousness; then, even while turning away from the closing grave, may each comfort himself with the reflection, this is not death, and "this sickness is not

* Trench.

† Hutcheson.

unto death." My loved one lives, and this is the sleep which awaits the resurrection unto immortality. In this region we cast away all materialistic philosophy along with all heathenish groping; we know that Christ, who is our life, liveth, and holds the keys of Hades and of death. We know that whosoever believeth on Him hath everlasting life, and shall not see death. We know that He is the eternal well-spring of life, and that because He lives, His people also live for ever. We know that believers are in Him a new creation; and that He is in them the hope of glory. With such knowledge, and the confidence that the departed had a happy experience of it, what comfort may be drawn from this singular word of Jesus, "This sickness is not unto death." All that constituted your beloved one lives; and that body—the soul's mortal home—shall not remain in death's hand; Christ shall raise it from the dead.

"Who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Is there a heart which does not know what that is? Constitutional tendencies, natural temperament, bodily infirmities, or mental obscurity, may help to embitter that bondage, but the tap-root of them all is sin, and death by sin. The thought of dissolution is ever tormenting. All the tendencies of the world and of life are to increase this aversion to the grave. And, despite the gross materialism and atheistic philosophy of the age, the soul will go out groping into the region of the unseen. Then conscience, pierced by the arrows of the law, or lighted up to an appre-

hension of the sublimity of heaven, holiness, and Divine love by the Gospel, and, withal, tempted and harassed by the unseen enemy, may, if not well anchored by faith and hope, assist in the conflict. But still, to the new creature in Christ Jesus, the victory is well assured. All this sickness cannot be unto death. Christ, the creator and reservoir of life, has Himself tasted death to free us from this fear and bondage. He has taken up the death into Himself—exhausted its venom, and extracted its sting. It may menace the soul by a display of its terrible artillery, but it cannot kill the believer. Christ lives for evermore, and there is no death—only a sleep for them that are in Him. "The body is dead because of sin, but the spirit is alive because of righteousness; and the spirit that dwelleth in us shall quicken our mortal bodies." Christ dwelling in us, carries on His work beyond the grave. "In the Father's house there are many mansions," and the new creature in Christ Jesus going out from this, enters into another more glorious one. Unclothed from mortality, he is clothed upon with spiritual robes, and is ever present with the Lord. All this may be read by faith in the "enigmatic saying" of Jesus, "This sickness is not unto death." This sickness and that sleep are for the glory of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ. When? How? "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" This is our victory, even our faith.

Long Buckby.

Tales and Sketches.

POOR JENNIE; OR, HOW THE KING BUILT HIS BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

FOUNDED ON FACT. BY A PASTOR.
CHAPTER IV.

Cheerful toil, and what made it so.

“ On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer’s face ;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon Thy grace.

“ And when we taste Thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable like those above,
And heaven begins below.”

WHAT a beautiful thing is joy, Christian joy ; how it loosens the bonds of care, and gives strength for the battle of life.

It was Saturday evening, and little Miss Mayhew was stitching away as fast as her fingers could move, in her little, quiet room. It had been a trying week to her, for one of her customers had returned a costly dress, and the time which should have been expended on other work in the procurement of her necessary bread had been taken up working out the alteration of a rich lady’s captious ideal. This really meant that her little resources for the next week would be much weakened, and that she would have to live somehow upon even less than her usual earnings.

Still she was bright and cheerful, ever and anon trilling forth some passage of Scripture, or scrap of a hymn ; and the cause of this unusual buoyancy of spirits, which

lived in her heart and found its way to her lips, lay in the fact that she had seen poor Jennie, and had learnt from her lips that through her kindness, and the words she had spoken to her a few days ago, her heart had been led to seek and find the Saviour. All God’s best gifts are free, like the sunshine and the air, and are open alike to the rich and the poor ; the only condition of their possession and enjoyment being a heart large enough to seek and receive them when they come. The little dress-maker was neither great in intellect nor in acquired learning, in culture nor in wealth ; but she could reciprocate the love of Christ, and her heart was now the seat of some of that joy which lived even in the heart of Christ when He said, “ Father, I thank thee that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes ; even so, Father ; for so it seemed good in thy sight.”

A cheerful heart makes nimble fingers, and Miss Mayhew’s work being finished, she was speedily on her way with her *silk* solicitude in her arms to deposit it at the house in the square where the lady lived. This time her work seemed to give satisfaction ; the truth was that another ideal had so filled the eye and the thoughts of the lady that a measure of unconscious indifference had seized her in reference to her past ideal, so that she now scarcely cared to look at the work submitted to her inspection again ; and the wearied seamstress soon found her-

self in her little quiet home again.

On this occasion, as on many others, Miss Mayhew was tired and faint; but hope and anticipation beamed from her face; for was not to-morrow Sunday, and would she not meet her class in the morning, and her Christian friends? Would she not see her pastor, and hear again the Gospel from his lips? And, to crown all, was she not to meet dear Jennie, and were they not to have a cup of tea together, and might she not expect to hear again from her lips the simple tale of her love to Jesus?

The little room was soon put

straight, and all the scattered implements of toil soon hidden from view. A little bread-and-cheese soon passed through the lips, and a few words from the psalms contemporaneously into the heart. The knees then bent in prayer; and the weary little worker, her week's toil once more ended, was soon locked in the arms of sleep—something nearer home, and with the dew of such a peace resting upon her heart as you would have looked for in vain in the experience of the lady in the square, who now ministered to a select party, arrayed to her satisfaction in the week's toil of the sleeping seamstress.

Reviews.

The Conversion of Children. By the Rev. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND, M.A. Morgan and Scott, Paternoster Buildings.

A SUBJECT of thrilling interest. In the hands of a veteran in the work. It is almost unnecessary for us to say that Mr. Hammond has won on this field well-deserved laurels. He has proved that he possesses the valuable gift of presenting the Gospel to children and young people, and we are grateful to know he has had the blessing of the Holy Spirit largely crowning his labours with success. We are therefore right glad to have a volume on the *Conversion of Children* from so able a pen. We accept with perfect faith, not tinged even with the slightest scintilla of unbelief, that *children of the most tender years have been brought to Christ, and such are still capable of learning saving truth, and experiencing all the life-giving teachings of God the Holy Ghost.* We fear, however, that to an immense extent the labours of parents and teachers are hindered from immediate realisa-

tion by the absence of faith, and the looking for the promised blessing only in the distant future. It would almost seem as the Saviour said to them: "According to your faith so shall it be unto you." To such we earnestly commend this instructive and fervent work. The chapter on "How early may Children be led to Christ?" is a golden chapter. *We say to all parents, ministers, teachers, and also children, prayerfully read this book.*

Rev. William Cuff in Shoreditch; Realistic Sketches of East London Life and Work. By R. TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT. Clarke and Co., Fleetstreet.

THE question is frequently (*too frequently*) asked how we are to reach the masses? Well, we say, if you have a heart for the work, the best way is to go to them. Writing essays, or having drawing-room discussions, will not reach them, but *manly Christian love will.* Here we have an instance. Let any one interested in this question make a watchful, prayerful study of the

doings of William Cuff. This work gives a vivid and real description of how the masses are to be reached. It will be seen that the subject of the story is no stilted parson dealing out platitudes in the Dundreary style, but an earnest man, a man of heart, *having great love for his work, his Master, and the souls of men*—possessed of a determination to preach no new Gospel, but the faithful saying, Christ is ready to save sinners. He preaches this truth with the old, old ring. We breathe our prayers for the success of the book, and also for the New Tabernacle Fund.

Unanswerable Questions; or, The Incomprehensible Value of the Soul. A Sermon by GILES HESTER, of Sheffield. Published by request. D. T. Ingham, South-street, Sheffield.

OUR readers, by distributing copies, will be doing two good things—*helping the Organ Fund and circulating a thorough, sound, and original sermon.*

The Mildmay Conference, 1877. Report of the addresses. Shaw and Co., Paternoster-row.

MAY be read with much profit. We were considerably pleased with the afternoon on the "Second Coming of Christ:" *calm, thoughtful, Scriptural.*

PAMPHLETS, MAGAZINES, ETC.

The Baptist Magazine, 21, Castle-street, Holborn.

AN excellent number. We have read with attention the article by the Rev.

W. K. Armstrong on the question, "Do the Souls of the Departed Stay?" It is above an average paper. The chapter on "Present Day Subjects" is written with a worthy pen.

The General Baptist contains one of a series of well-written essays on "Man After Death."

We must also express our indebtedness to our worthy friend, Mr. Fletcher, for his able and logical treatment of some of the later teachings of the Rev. S. Cox. Where are the Churches to look for instruction at a time, alas! when of many of its ministers it may be said: *If the light in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!*

The Sword and Trowel has a leader by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (who, we are glad to see, is restored and back to work) on "Sad Times."

The Baptist and Freeman are of great service to ministers and people. We wish the *Baptist* could see its way to give a title-page and table of contents. We are sure it would be highly prized by its readers.

Magazines worth having:—*The Biblical Museum, The Preachers' Analyst, The Teachers' Storehouse, The British Flag, Evangelical Chistendom.* Elliot Stock.

We call the attention of our Sunday-school teachers to the announcement in our last issue that, through the liberality of a Christian gentleman, Mr. Stock is offering this year's volume of the *Teachers' Storehouse* post free for one and sixpence.

Poetry.

THE SAVIOUR'S COMMAND.

"This do in remembrance of Me."

What touching words for Christ to speak!

As if He thought we *might* forget;
So, for a memorial through all time,
This feast is to His followers set.

Such faithless hearts, indeed, are ours,
So prone to turn from Him we love;
Yet in these symbols Jesus condescends
To hold communion with us from above.

We gather round His sacred board,
By our unworthiness oppress'd;
We take the bread, we drink the out-
pour'd wine,
We feed on Jesus, and we rise refresh'd.

And so, from time to time, at His com-
mand,
We meet, to think of Jesus' dying
love;
And we are looking onward to the
time,
When we shall drink it *new* with Him
above.
Fareham. E. S.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. E. A. LAWRENCE has resigned the pastorate of the church at Daybrook, Notts.

Mr. McNab, of the Pastors' College, has settled at Great Broughton, Carlisle; Mr. Hutton at Hawick; Mr. Foster at Braintree; and Mr. Hobbs at Norwood New Town.

Rev. T. H. Martin, of Regent's-park College, has accepted the invitation of the Church assembling at Thomas-street Chapel, Wallingford.

Rev. H. W. Taylor has intimated to his church and congregation at Markyate-street, Dunstable, his intention to resign his pastorate, which has extended over seven years.

Mr. E. P. Riley, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of Hude Church, Middleton-in-Teesdale.

The Rev. T. G. Strong, of Gosport, has received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Bradninch, Devon.

The Rev. W. Sharman, of Todmorden, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Wintown-street, Leeds.

Mr. J. G. Anderson, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Dalton-in-Furness, Lancashire.

Mr. G. C. Williams, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Mill-street, Bedford.

Rev. T. G. Strong, of Gosport, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Bradninch, Devonshire.

Rev. James Smalley, of Ross, has accepted the pastorate of the Littleborough Church, near Manchester.

Rev. T. Williams, B.A., after nine years' ministry at Merthyr, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Coleford.

Rev. T. Davies, of Bristol College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Bethel Chapel, Mount Stuart-square, Cardiff.

CULLINGWORTH, BINGLEY, YORKS.—Rev. Carey B. Berry has resigned the pastorate, having been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society to take charge of the church at Spanish Town, Jamaica.

BRAMLEY, LEEDS.—Rev. A. Ashworth, after more than fourteen and a half years' labours, his ministry in connection with the old place ceases. He has accepted an invitation to become pastor of the new cause, which promises to be a flourishing church.

MILL END, RICKMANSWORTH, HERTS.—Rev. A. Powell has accepted an invitation of the Baptist church in this village to again become their pastor.

Rev. W. H. Smith, of Bethel Chapel, Allerton, having accepted the pastorate of the church in Worship-street, London, his address for the future will be 32, Myrtle-street, Dalston, N.E.

Rev. S. Pendred, of Droitwich, has accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the church at Aldeburgh, Suffolk.

RECOGNITIONS.

CHAPELFOLD, DEWSBURY, YORKSHIRE.—Interesting services in connection with the ordination of Rev. James Kendall have been held. For many years the cause has been in a declining state, and much unpleasantness has been created in consequence of the school and chapel being held by separate trusts. In the year 1872 Rev. Simon Hall withdrew, and formed a new church at Staincliffe. For several years the officers at the Yorkshire Association and a few friends have endeavoured to unite the two churches, and to secure one set of trustees for all the property belonging to the denomination there. Many difficulties, legal and otherwise, have hindered the work, and it was not until late last year that satisfactory arrangements were made. The church and committee then resolved to elect a pastor, and gave a united invitation to Mr. James Kendall, a student of Brighton Grove College. He commenced his labours in January. At the Ordination Services Rev. Mr. Hall conducted the de-

votional exercises; the charge was given to the minister by Rev. H. Dowson, and to the church by Rev. J. Haslam. The ordination prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Stock. After tea a public meeting was held, Mr. Joseph Brooke presiding, when addresses were given by Revs. Thos. Burditt, M.A., Dr. Stock, G. Atkinson, James Haworth, J. Haslam, R. Davies, N. H. Shaw, and other friends. A piece of land on which to erect a new chapel and schools has been secured near to Heckmondwike, and under the fostering care of the Baptist Association Committee there is every prospect of good work being done here.

Recognition services were held at Hay-hill, Bath, February 24th, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. W. J. Parker, of Aberdeen University and Bristol College. Rev. H. Quick preached in the morning, and the Rev. R. Glover in the evening. On the following day a tea and public meeting were held. Mr. W. Titley presided, and interesting addresses were delivered by various ministers.

Recognition services connected with the settlement of the Rev. W. G. Avery as co-pastor with the Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., LL.B., of the united churches, Praed-street and Westbourne-park, were held in the latter building on Monday, March 4th. Dr. Clemance preached in the afternoon, and in the evening a public meeting was held under the presidency of the senior pastor, who alluded to his experience during eighteen years' pastorate at Praed-street as justifying their trial of the plan of uniting two churches under a co-ministry. Rev. W. G. Lewis followed with an address; Mr. Towers spoke on behalf of the church; the Rev. T. Goadby, B.A., delivered an able charge to the minister, and the Rev. J. T. Wigner to the church.

Rev. W. W. Robinson, B.A., has been publicly recognised as co-pastor with the Rev. W. Barnes, of the church at Trowbridge. Dr. Angus preached, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Aldis, W. Page, B.A. (Hammer-smith), S. Aldridge, B.A., and others.

A collection of £17 was made on behalf of Regent's-park College.

The recognition services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. Geo. Barrans, late of Sheffield, at Bridlington, have been held. Rev. J. Dann preached, and several addresses were delivered. On leaving Sheffield, Mr. Barrans was presented with an illuminated address, together with a study clock, and purse containing £40.

Rev. James Kondall, of Brighton Grove College, Manchester, having accepted a call to the church at Chapel-fold, near Dawsbury, has been ordained to the ministry there. The Revs. H. Dowson, J. Haslam, Dr. Stock, and others, delivered addresses. A piece of land on which to erect a new chapel and schools has been secured near Heckmondwike under the auspices of the County Association, and the prospects of the new work are very encouraging.

NEW CHAPELS.

ELM-STREET HALL, OLDHAM-ROAD, MANCHESTER.—Four and a half years ago the Manchester and Salford Baptist Union commenced a mission in a room known as the "Bethel," McCormick-street, Oldham-road, in the centre of a needy district, having a population of 13,500, with accommodation in the churches and chapels within its area for only 2,300, leaving 10,700 unprovided for. On the 13th of February, 1877, the friends who had gathered round the mission, fifteen in all, were formed into a church, of which Rev. J. H. Smith (late of India) became the pastor in the following September. The McCormick-street room having become insufficient for the growing needs of the mission, the committee of the Union purchased the Elm-street hall, with its freehold site of 716 square yards, for £1,450; it consists of two stories, and accommodates about 450 persons on each floor. The lower hall having been renovated and fitted up for the purposes of the mission, opening services were held as follows: on Sunday, February 17th, Rev. R. Mitchell preached in the afternoon, and

in the evening Rev. W. S. Davis. On the Wednesday, Rev. E. K. Everett, delivered his lecture on "The Old Folks at Home," and on the Sunday the afternoon service was conducted by the pastor. Rev. F. Trotman preached in the evening. On the following Monday a tea and public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. J. Abbott. The pastor gave a statement of the commencement and progress of the mission, and the circumstances which led to his own connection with it, after which the meeting was addressed by Rev. C. A. Davis, D. R. Jenkins, R. P. Cooke, and S. Skingle. The meeting was large and enthusiastic, and not the least pleasing feature of the occasion was the presence of upwards of sixty friends from Grosvenor-street, and several representatives from other Baptist churches in Manchester. The mission has a good prospect of usefulness before it in the new home which the energetic enterprise of the Union has placed it in possession of. The amount received towards the cost of purchase and improvement up to date was £250, leaving £1,350 still to be raised.

The seventh anniversary connected with the church under the Rev. T. J. Coles' pastorate at Hatcham was celebrated on Tuesday last, when a very encouraging report was read, and it was announced that the congregation having outgrown the existing accommodation, an effort is to be made to secure a site for erecting a new chapel and schools.

The chapel built and formerly occupied by the Primitive Methodists, of Eccles, has now been opened by the Baptists of the town for public worship.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. W. McMechan, of Windsor, was, at the annual meeting connected with the church and congregation recently held, presented by the members of his Bible-class with a valuable gold watch and guard as a token of regard.

At a farewell meeting to the Rev. Watson Dyson, who is leaving the

church at Old Basford for that at North Parade, Halifax, that gentleman was presented by the congregation with an illuminated address and gold lever watch; and Mrs. Dyson received a card-plate and tea-service as a token of esteem.

At the annual meeting of the church and congregation connected with Grove-road Chapel, Victoria-park, it was mentioned that, in addition to £890 raised for general purposes, £170 had been contributed to the building fund, leaving £1,475 still due. The pastor (Rev. W. J. Inglis) was presented with a purse containing over £34.

The Rev. F. W. Gooch, of Falmouth, having accepted a call to the pastorate of the New church at Lower Norwood, preached his farewell discourse at the former place, when the children of the school presented him with a handsome serpentine inkstand. Presentations have since been made by the Christian Band, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the inmates of the Earle's Retreat. The congregation handed him a purse of sovereigns as a token of their esteem.

The anniversary services of Mint-lane Chapel, Lincoln, were held on Sunday, the 17th of February, when two sermons were preached by the pastor, the Rev. G. A. Brown. On the following Tuesday a tea and public meeting were held. The report showed an increase of 121 in the membership. The proceeds of the services amounted to £140.

The annual tea-meeting of the members and seat-holders of Lough-ton Chapel, was held on the 19th February, when the Rev. W. H. Vivian presided. The sum of £527 had been raised during the year for all purposes, but there was still a deficiency of £20, which was met by those present.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHEPSTOW.—On Jan. 21st, the choir and elder scholars gave a service of song in the chapel, entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mr. W. Williams being the reader. The chair was occupied by the pastor, Walter L. Mayo, and the

proceeds were devoted to the chapel improvement fund.

A Bazaar connected with the Union Chapel, Luton, under the pastorate of the Rev. J. Tuckwell, has realised £150 on behalf of a fund for the renovation and alteration of the building. Encouraging progress in the liquidation of the existing debt was reported.

Rev. Walter J. Mayers, of Bristol, gave a service of song at the Baptist Church, Chepstow, on Thursday, Feb. 14th, accompanying himself on the new organ. Subject—"Songs of the Sea." The chair was occupied by the pastor.

RAMSDEN ROAD CHAPEL (BALHAM) NEW ORGAN.—On Wednesday, the 6th of Feb., a tea and public meeting were held in the above place for the purpose of receiving the contributions promised and the amounts collected towards the organ-fund. About 100 sat down to tea in the schoolroom, and afterwards adjourned to the chapel for the meeting. Thomas Olney, Esq., presided. After singing and prayer, the secretary, Mr. Pontifex, read a statement of the steps that had been taken to obtain an organ. A very impressive address was delivered by the chairman on the importance of correct and devotional singing in the house of God. The Rev. B. C. Etheridge then addressed the meeting, and invited the people to come forward with their promised donations. In a short time the sum of £295 was handed to the chairman. About £75 of this was raised by the young people and children with collecting cards.

BAPTISMS.

Aberavon, Glam.—Feb. 24, at Water-street Chapel, Two, by T. Richards.

Abercarn, Mon.—Feb. 10, at the English Chapel, One, by E. C. Probert.

Aberdare.—March 3, at Carmel English Chapel, Six, by T. Jones.

Abertillery.—March 4, at Ebenezer Chapel, Five, by L. Jones.

Arnold, Notts.—Feb. 24, Three, at Broad-street, by E. A. Lawrence.

Ashley, near Lymington.—Feb. 24, Ten, by T. J. Stockley.

Attercliffe, Sheffield.—Feb. 24, Two, by R. Ensell.

Bacup.—March 5, at Zion Chapel, Two, by C. W. Gregory.

Bodford.—March 3, Five, by G. C. Williams.

Boston, Lincolnshire.—Feb. 24, Trinity-street, Five, by J. Bolton.

Bowdon, Manchester.—Feb. 24, Two, by W. S. Llewellyn.

Bradford-on-Aven.—Feb. 24, at Zion Chapel, Two, by R. H. Powell.

Briercliffe, Burnley.—March 3, Four, by J. Lloyd.

Burton-on-Trent.—Feb. 24, Four, by J. Askew.

Caeppilly.—Feb. 17, Two, by W. Barry.

Cambridge.—Jan. 30, at Zion Chapel, Nine, by J. P. Campbell.

Chadlington.—Feb. 17, Four, by G. B. Richardson.

Chesham, Bucks.—Feb. 27, at Zion Chapel, Seven, by R. Stone.

Clare, Suffolk.—Feb. 24, Three, by T. Hoddy.

Congleton.—March 10, One, by J. Walker.

Cotswold, Worcestershire.—Feb. 24, Two, by W. C. Ellis.

Ebbw Vale.—Feb. 17, at Zion Chapel, Briery-hill, Two, by T. Garnon.

Eccleshill.—Feb. 20, Two, in the Idle Chapel

Exeter.—Feb. 24, at Bartholomew-street Chapel, Five, by E. S. Neale.

Falmouth.—Feb. 27, Five, by W. F. Gooch.

Farsley, near Leeds.—March 3, Ten, by E. Parker.

Foils Cray, Kent.—Feb. 24, Four, by R. E. Sears.

Glasbury, Breconshire.—Feb. 24, Three, by D. Howell.

Great Grimsby.—Feb. 24, at Victoria-street, Seven, by E. Lauderdale.

Hay, Breconshire.—Feb. 24, Four, by J. Mathias.

Heaton, Bradford.—March 3, Four, by R. Howarth.

Hengoed.—March 3, by J. Edwards, Eighteen, and in the same baptistry, for the English Church at Maesycwimmer, by W. Morgan, five.

Heron, near Whitland.—Feb. 24, Ten, by A. Griffiths.

Highbridge.—March 3, Two, by C. Philp.

Hitchin.—Feb. 3, at Walsworth-road Chapel, Five, by G. Wright.

Horsforth, near Leeds.—Feb. 28, at Cragg Hill, Three, by W. H. Hollis.

Hucknall Tarkard, Notts.—Feb. 25, Two, by J. T. Almy.

Kidderminster.—March 3, Eight, by J. Fisk.

Kirkby, Notts.—March 3, Three, by A. Firth.

Leeds.—March 3, at York-road, Eleven, by J. Smith.

Leicester.—Feb. 27, at Dover-street Chapel, Five, by W. Evans.

Lincoln.—Nov. 25, Five; Dec. 30, Four; Jan. 27, Eight; Jan. 30, Four, at Mint-lane Chapel, by G. A. Brown.

Liverpool.—Feb. 20, at Olive Hall, West Derby, Five, by M. M. Thomson.

Liverpool.—Feb. 24, at Soho-street, Three, by E. E. Walter.

Liverpool.—Feb. 27, at the Old Swan Chapel, Two, by A. E. Seddon.

Llanhiddel.—March 3, One, by T. Morgan.

Longtown, Herefordshire.—Feb. 3, Two, by J. Howells.

Luton.—Feb. 28, Park-street, Four, by J. H. Blake.

Maesley, Glamorgan.—Feb. 24, at Bethel Chapel, Four, by T. A. Pryce.

Market Drayton.—Feb. 24, Two; Feb. 25, Two, by T. Clark.

Marlebury, Pembrokehire.—Feb. 10, One, by T. Evans.

Melton Mowbray.—Feb. 24, Five, by W. H. Simmonds.

Merthyr.—Feb. 17, at Bethel, Two, by J. Cole.

Merthyr Tydfil.—March 3, at Zion Chapel, Twenty-two, by D. Davies.

Metropolitan District:—

Artillery-street.—March 7, Three, by W. C. Thomset.

Blackheath.—Feb. 24, at Dacre Park Chapel, Three, by W. Usher.

Clapham Common.—Feb. 24, Four, by R. Webb.

Clapton.—Feb. 24, at Chatsworth-road Clapton-park, Five, by E. Langford.

Dulwich.—Feb. 27, at Lordship-lane Chapel, Five, by H. J. Trasladder.

Lambeth.—Feb. 24, at Upton Chapel, Six, by W. Williams.

Metropolitan Tabernacle.—March 4, Twenty-one; March 7, Twelve; March 11, Eleven;

March 14, Eighteen, by J. A. Spurgeon.

New Barnet, N.—Feb. 17, Three, by M. Cumming.

St. John's Wood.—Feb. 21, Six, by W. Stott.

Woolwich.—Feb. 18, at Queen-street Chapel, One, by T. Jones.

Milford Haven.—Feb. 17, Two, by D. George.

Milton, Oxon.—Feb. 11, Five, by A. H. Collins.

Monmouth.—Jan. 27, Five, by E. Davies.

Morley.—Feb. 17, Eight, by R. Davies.

Nantyglo.—Feb. 17, at the English Chapel, Five, by W. H. Stanbury.

Netherton.—Feb. 24, at Sweet Turf Chapel, Five, by E. Farnell.

New Swindon.—Feb. 27, Thirteen, by F. Pugh.

Paulton, Bristol.—March 3, Four, by J. Kenpton.

Pembroke Dock.—Feb. 18, Two, by R. C. Roberts.

Pentre, Rhondda Valley.—Feb. 17, Two, by M. H. Jones.

Penzance.—March 18, at Clarence-street Chapel, Three, by A. Bird.

Pontnewydd, Mon.—March 3, Four, by Mr. Cocker.

Pontypool.—Feb. 17, at the Tabernacle, Seven, by J. Evans.

Porth, Rhondda Valley.—Feb. 14, Four; Feb. 17, Seven; March 3, Ten, by D. Thomas.

Ropley, Derbyshire.—Feb. 10, Two, by J. Manning.

Risca.—Feb. 17, at Bothany Chapel, Twelve, by T. Thomas.

Rye ford, Herefordshire.—Feb. 26, One, by E. Watkins.

Shefford.—Feb. —, Four, by T. H. Smith.

Sholley Bridge, Durham.—Feb. 10, Two, by J. Wilson.

Southampton.—Feb. 24, at East-street, Seven, by J. H. Puttonson.

Southend-on-Sea.—Feb. 17, Two, by J. Bradford.

Spennymoor, Durham.—Feb. 24, Two, by M. Morris.

Sulgrave.—March 10, Two, by J. T. Felce.

Sussex.—Feb. 21, at Bethesda, Two; March 3, Eleven, by A. J. Parry.

Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex.—Feb. 24, Four, by G. W. Pops.

Tongwynnias.—March 3, at English Chapel, Eight, by J. Thomas.

Troorkey, Rhondda Valley.—Feb. 24, at Horeb English Chapel, Five, by D. Davies.

Upper Stratton, Swindon, Wilts.—Feb. 24, Two, by N. Rogers.

Widley, Derbyshire.—Feb. 25, Four, by H. A. Blount.

Weymouth.—March 7, Six, by J. Bailey.

Waterhampton.—Feb. 24, at Waterloo-road, Three, by D. E. Evans.

Ystrad, Rhondda Valley.—March 10, at the English Chapel, Two, by M. H. Jones.

RECENT DEATH.

IN the faith and hope of the Gospel, on Thursday, March the 7th, at Lithermer-road, Bayswater, in the 37th year of her age, Louisa, wife of William Fuller Blake. Her remains were interred at the Kensal-green Cemetery, on Wednesday the 13th. Revs. W. A. Blake and J. S. Stanton conducted the service.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from February 17th, 1878, to March 19th, 1878.

£ s. d.			£ s. d.			£ s. d.					
Bunch of keys	0	5	0	Port Augusta, S. A. ...	5	0	0	Baptist Church, Brom-	2	8	0
Collection at Beeston-				Facewall meeting at				ley and Broomhaugh	1	0	0
hill Mission Chapel,				Adelaide, per Mr.				Part of a Sailor's Tides	1	0	0
per Rev. A. Winsor	3	3	0	T. Spurgeon	10	0	0	Miss Stedall	3	0	0
Collection at Burwell,				Mrs. Fitzgerald	2	0	0	Mr. B. McDowell	1	0	0
per Rev. E. George	2	5	0	Miss Dransfield	2	2	0	Mr. Alfred Stratton...	5	0	0
Mr. Mathewson	10	0	0	Collection at Wynne-				Mr. Grant	9	0	0
East Norton	0	10	0	road, Britton	6	1	0	Church at Thaxted...	1	10	0
M. Mulligan	0	10	0	Collection at New				Call, at Christchurch,			
A Friend, per A. A. B.	20	0	0	Barford	4	10	0	per Mr. Dallaston ..	12	0	0
Mr. H. P. Wright	0	10	0	Friends at Portfield,				M.	1	0	0
Mr. G. Seivwright ...	1	0	0	per Rev. E. Barrett:				Mr. J. Dunlop	0	10	0
Miss J. Wright	1	0	0	Mr. R. A. Hall	0	10	0	Mr. W. Scott	1	0	0
A friend at Limbury,				Mrs. Hall	0	10	0	Mr. W. Badden	25	0	0
per Mr. Menlove ...	0	10	0	Mr. F. J. Yates	0	5	0	Evening class, per			
Mr. H. Pledge	2	0	0	Mr. O. Ellingworth	0	2	6	Mr. Johnson	40	0	0
Collection at Harston,				Mr. J. Amis	0	2	8	Rev. A. E. Johnson...	0	10	0
per Rev. S. H. Ake-				Mr. Sumner	0	5	0	Weekly Offerings at			
hurst	3	0	0	Collection at New				Metropolitan Taber-			
Mr. W. C. Sutherland	0	9	3	Barnet	5	0	0	nacle, Feb. 17 ...	31	0	0
Rev. W. H. Knight...	0	10	0	Mr. Bumbat	1	0	0	" " " 24 ...	30	6	1
Miss Eliza Bush	0	3	0	A Friend, per Rev. G.				" " " March 3 ...	80	9	10
Friends at Letterkeny	1	1	0	Rogers	20	0	0	" " " 10 ...	20	6	3
R. B. C.	0	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	1	0	0	" " " 17 ...	34	0	0
Mr. C. Smith	1	0	0	W. Nicholl	5	0	0				
John xvii. 20, 21	7	0	0								

£870 0 5

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

PETER WALKING ON THE SEA.*

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

"And Peter answered Him and said, Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water. And He said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus. But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me."—MATTHEW xiv. 28—31.

A FEW reflections will be sure to cross the mind of any thoughtful reader of this narrative. THE MIXED CHARACTER OF THE BELIEVER'S EXPERIENCE is here very palpably suggested to us. Peter was undoubtedly a bold believer in Jesus Christ. He addresses his Master devoutly, calling Him "Lord"—a name of reverence, the use of which evidences the change that had been wrought in his character and the obedient spirit it had produced. But the misgivings implied in that "if"—"if it be Thou"—savours rather of unbelief, and yet we find this hesitancy immediately followed by an expression of such strong confidence that we marvel at the request he uttered, "*Bid me come to Thee on the water.*" Then cheered by the Lord's prompt answer, "Come," we find him showing his courage by descending from the vessel, setting foot on the sea, and actually walking on the water. Thus did he participate in the wonder which Christ worked, and share in the miracle of subduing the elements. His valour, however, soon evaporates; for, "when he saw that the wind was boisterous, he was afraid." The faith that buoyed him up gave place to a fear that bowed him down. He who was walking the liquid wave one instant, is sinking beneath the surge the next. The gallant cry, "Bid me come to Thee on the water" is quickly exchanged for the grievous wail, "Lord, save me." So great his pluck, so dire his panic! And is this a common experience? Are all God's people thus subject to changes; alternating between calm trust and craven fear? Can they be neither one thing nor the other completely—neither altogether believing nor totally unbelieving? We think it is even so. We will not say how much frailty of the creature is mixed up with fealty to Christ in the best of men; nor how far the grace of God may protect us from the guilt of double-dealing in the conduct of our lives. But we do mournfully confess that in our own experience the good and the evil contend for the mastery, and sometimes it seems but the turning of a hair which shall vanquish. Fully assured though we are that the new life which has been implanted in us will ultimately gain the victory, not less fully conscious are we that disasters and defeats are constantly occurring on our path to triumph. Our trophies are never won without troubles. He that knows anything, it seems to me, of what it is to live by faith, will find throughout his earthly career a continual conflict. He may never fall so low as to doubt his interest in Christ; yet he may sometimes wet his couch with tears, and wonder if God has forgotten to be gracious. He may be enabled to hold on his way for

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years without a slur on his character ; yet will he often have to engage in such terrible struggles against inbred sin, and to endure such sore pressure from troubles without, that he is constrained to cry out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" One day you may be on Tabor's summit witnessing your Master's transfiguration, and another day you may be in the Valley of Humiliation, groaning in spirit, minished and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow. One day you may be as strong as a giant, and all things seem possible to you ; and another day you may be as weak as a baby, and weep for the joys that are fled. You may one day "surname yourself by the name of Israel," and another day call yourself "the worm Jacob," fearing lest you should be trodden down by the common ills of life, and utterly crushed. Our way to heaven is up hill and down dale. Our life is made of chequered materials ; it is not all of one fabric. Sometimes full of hope we bound forward with elastic step ; anon the sun ceases to shine, the big rain-drops fall, the vapours rise, and we sit down with folded arms and fixed eyes wearing a sad leaden cast. As in our experience, so in our nature, good and evil meet but cannot blend ; they are at constant variance. I mention this well-known fact because it may serve to comfort some of the younger sort who but of late have begun to go on pilgrimage. They fancied that since they were born again, and were enlisted in Christ's army, they would never afterwards have to fight with sin within ; that, though perhaps they might be tempted, their soul would never give any consent to it. They boasted when they put on the harness as though they had put it off. They sowed to-day, and they expected to reap their harvest to-morrow. They had scarce got loose from the shore, yet they expected soon to reach the port. When the vessel is a little buffeted, and heaved to and fro by contrary winds, they cannot understand it. Beloved, it is so with all of us. Those saints of God who appear to you to be favoured with perpetual sunshine could tell you quite another tale. Some whom God highly honours in public He often deeply humbles in private. He has a way of taking His children behind the door, and making them see some of the abominations within them, while at the same time He is giving them to see the beauties of Christ, and enabling them to feed on Him. Do not think that yours is an extreme case, because your spiritual life is one of much contest with sin. So far from being extreme I believe it is but a specimen of the way in which the Lord deals with all His own beloved ones.

There I leave that first observation. Peter is at one moment confident, another instant he is dismayed ; at one moment he is treading the waves like a miracle-worker, and the next instant he is sinking like an ordinary being. And so it is with us—sometimes aloft, and then cast down ; sometimes rejoicing with joy unspeakable, and anon crying out of the depths, "Lord, save me."

II. Proceeding to a second reflection, we observe that FAITH LOVES VENTURESOME SERVICE.

Peter, when full of faith, said to his Master, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee upon the water." Faith seems to have a secret instinct revealing her military and royal character. In the old wars of Troy we read of one who, being told by the prophet that the war would not be to his honour, sought to escape from the Greek ranks, and hid

himself among the daughters of the king; but he was discovered by Ulysses, who sent a pedlar, or one disguised as such, to sell various wares, and while the maidens at the gate came to buy the various trinkets in which they delighted, there was placed in the basket a trumpet, or a sword, and the young hero, disguised as he was, yet let out his taste and chose the warlike implement. It was his nature to do so, and he was discovered by the choice. Now, amidst ten thousand allurements faith is quite certain to choose that which appertains to boldness and to venturesomeness. John is full of love, he stops in the vessel; but Peter abounds in faith, and he must be doing some high action congruous to the nature of faith, and therefore he says, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water." That is the kind of thing for faith to do. Anybody can walk on the land, but faith is a water-walker. She can do and act and work where others fail. Remember it is not said in Scripture that faith will pluck up mustard-seeds, or that it will remove mole-hills. These little things are not the sphere for faith, but it is written, "Ye shall say *unto this mountain*, Be thou removed hence, or to this sycamore tree, Be plucked up by the roots." Faith loves to deal in great things; in marvellous adventures; in projects beyond human power. We are not to come to God and ask Him to do for us what we can do for ourselves. There is no room for the exercise of faith where reason and human strength will suffice. Faith is a vessel expressly built for the deep seas. She is not a coaster, to keep close to the shore, she pushes out where she can neither see the shore nor fathom the depth; for she has a compass on board, and she looks up to the stars which God has fixed for her guidance; she has, too, a blessed Pilot, so she feels herself secure, and all at home in the wild waste of waters, with no human eye to gaze upon her, and no human hand to help. "If it be Thou," said Peter, "let me come to Thee on the water." If you have faith in God, and that faith is in active exercise, I am persuaded you will feel an instinct within you prompting you to dare something more than others have ventured to attempt, eager to honour Jesus Christ more than any one else would think possible who had little faith or no faith at all. What a blessed instinct it is which impels some of our brethren, as it frequently has done, to leave their native country, and go out to preach the Gospel in regions beyond the sea! not building upon another man's foundation, but, like the bold Apostle, seeking to extend the bounds of Emanuel's kingdom. How blessed it is when some brother finds it in his heart to consecrate more of his substance than is ordinary to the Lord's work, not grudging what he can spare, but glorying over what he can sacrifice! Yea, and blessed it is when faith kindles to furnace-heat and stimulates one to undertake a work for which he alone would be incompetent. God preserve such a man! How I rejoice at every mention of our brother Muller at Bristol! What lessons of trust in God's promise and His providence has he taught to Christians and Christian churches! How graciously has Christ made him to walk on the water! How securely has he sped his course these many years as safe on the flowing current of subscriptions as if he were proceeding on the solid basis of a rich endowment! How wonderfully his orphanage has been supported! He walks on waves in very truth. This sole dependence upon the eternal providence of a faithful God is indispensable to us. I trust we are not entire strangers to it in our

measure and degree. It is no novelty to us to put our foot down on what we thought to be a cloud, and find that God had placed a rock there; to walk right on in the dark, and see the midnight turn to noon-day; to rest on the invisible and prove it to be more substantial than the visible; to depend upon the naked promise of the covenant-keeping God, and reap greater riches than all the treasures that could come from relying on an arm of flesh. Faith, then, is a venturesome thing, and if any of you have not ever yet been nerved with courage because you believed, I pray that your faith may grow till you feel compelled to attempt more than of your own unaided strength you can possibly do. Brethren, undertake something for Christ. Is there a brother here who ought to preach, but is too timid? I hope his faith will overcome his diffidence. Is there a sister here who ought to take a class in the school, but she is shy and hesitant? I hope her faith in the Saviour will get fresh impetus from her love to souls. "Such trust have we through Christ to Godward." Oh that you may all be urged by strong convictions to attempt something in His service; that you may be taught by the Holy Spirit to set about it wisely; and that you may be enabled by that sufficiency which is of God to do it effectually! Though you may often have stumbled in plain paths, you shall be able to walk on the water in safety when and where Jesus bids you. I say this advisedly, for venturesome as Peter's faith was he would not make a move without first having the Master's leave. "If it be Thou, bid me." We must not fondly imagine that we can do whatever we choose; but we may fairly expect that whenever God allots us a work He will give us grace adequate to accomplish it. Peter walking on the sea without Divine permission would be a presumption to attempt and an impossibility to perform; but Peter with Christ's assent might have walked across the Atlantic itself if his faith had not failed. So it is with you. If your Lord has called you to a work rely upon Him for the power to achieve it; He will not forsake you; but if it is merely your own whim or caprice which has thrust you into a position for which you are not qualified, you have no right to reckon upon the Divine aid to speed your false steps. Blessed is he who goes to his Father and asks His counsel, for he shall always find that where God gives us guidance He will give us grace.

III. But FAITH REALLY DOES WORK WONDERS. This is our third observation.

Peter came down from the vessel. I think I see him bounding over the bulwarks. How strange he must have felt when that water in which he had been so often swimming became as solid marble under his feet! How elated he must have felt—a man with his temperament naturally would so feel—when he began to walk, and found the water like a sea of glass beneath his tread! It was a marvellous thing to do. Others have made their way through the sea, but Peter walked over it. The laws of gravitation were suspended for his support. Picture the scene. What Jesus was doing Peter was doing. Faith made Peter to be like his Lord. There were two walking, the one by His own infinite power, the other by the power imparted to him—the power of faith.

Remember that faith will make any of us like Christ. "He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also," said the Master, "and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto My Father."

It does often seem impossible in certain conditions to act in a Christ-like spirit; but faith can make you walk the waves of the sea. Your Lord was patient in poverty; faith can make you walk that wave, and be patient and contented too. Christ was loving and gentle under the most fearful and multiplied provocations; faith can give you that same gentleness of spirit and lowliness of mind; you can walk those billows too. Our Lord in the midst of prosperity refused worldly honour; when they sought to make Him a king He hid Himself from the temptation. And you in the high places of the earth, tempted by wealth, with flattery poured into your ears, may still walk, as Jesus did, safely through it all, if you have but faith in God, faith in the blessed Spirit, faith in Him who is ever with you even to the end of the world. There is nothing Christ did, except the great atoning work, which His people shall not do, in and through Him, by the exercise of their faith. What a blessing it would be if God's people really did believe the power that lies in them by the energy of faith. So many of us give up, succumb, lie down, as if we were weak; but we are not weak. When we are weak in ourselves, then are we strong. This is no empty fiction, but a certain fact; we are strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Let not, therefore, the believer think that he can only do what another man can do. He is of a nobler race. God dwelleth in him. Oh! what a glorious thought that is—God dwelling in a man. That wonderful word "enthusiasm"—so often turned to ridicule and used as a term of reproach—what does it mean, but God in a man? Enthusiasm! When God is thoroughly in a man and the man knows it, then he is not cowed or put back by difficulties, or daunted by sneers. He is not so mindful of his feebleness as to excuse himself from effort or to imagine that he can do nothing. In the confidence of that power which inspires him, he marches boldly on, fully assured that victory awaits him, and that victory he rests not till he realises; it is given to his confidence. So doth God requite and reward the man that puts his trust in Him. May we always have enough of faith to be doing wonders. Some poor souls have enough faith to carry them to heaven, others have just enough faith to maintain a decent character; but he shall be honoured of God who hath such implicit and such heroic and such enduring faith that he can dare jeopardies, do exploits, and bear sufferings, because his Lord is with him. We must attempt some things which look like impossibilities, or we shall never keep up the *esprit* of the true soldiers of the cross.

IV. We pass on to make a fourth remark. INTO THE SOUL OF THE MOST FAITHFUL AND CONFIDENT DISCIPLE UNBELIEF GENERALLY FINDS SOME DOOR OR OTHER FOR ENTRANCE.

Peter had looked at the waves, and his faith was just strong enough to believe that Jesus could make him walk on the sea; but he had never taken the winds into his calculation. Had he thought of the winds as well as the waves, and reposed upon Jesus for the whole, I have no doubt his faith would have held out and not have so fearfully given way. The first two or three steps on the water had exhilarated him, and made him feel what wonders he was doing; but there came a rough blast which threatened to overthrow him, and as he could scarcely stand against so rude a wind upon so slippery a floor he began to be afraid. Something occurred which he had not foreseen, and in strange surprise he yielded to

blank unbelief. Thus it often comes to pass with us. We arrange our faith according to our estimate of the perils and perplexities that lie in our path ; we even plan the events that will probably happen to us, and we feel sure that we can trust God in all these circumstances ; but a fresh contingency arises upon which we had never reckoned, a wind which we had not thought of, and forthwith our courage fails ; we do not trust God for that. I wish we had a faith which was free from arithmetic and totally independent of weights and measures ; a faith that trusted God for ten thousand things as readily as for one, that would rest upon God for a century as securely as for a day, a faith that would just cast itself, sink or swim, into the sea, believing in God that whether the winds were blowing or not, whether the waves were raging or not, everything is easy to omnipotence, and nothing can compromise the faithfulness of the Most High. But alas ! my brethren, we are always being startled by some new prodigies. Perhaps we are too fond of calculating chances, predicting probabilities, and forestalling the future. Hence comes our chagrin when we are balked or disappointed. If we walked on, leaving everything to His Divine decree and watchful Providence, confiding in our heavenly Father's wisdom and His love, we need never be amazed or bewildered ; our faith would be equal to any rumour or riot that might arise. Just as unbelief introduced into Peter's mind a terror of the wind, and upset him at once, so the devil has ways of finding some point or other upon which to overthrow our faith. I have been sometimes full of joy in the Lord, and I have usually noticed that depression of spirits almost invariably follows, and that from some circumstance which at other times would not have caused me the slightest disturbance. Satan knows how to use any trivial thing to spoil the lustre of our faith and the placidity of our joy. With what subtlety he will assail you ! A difficulty you have been labouring under may have been removed by God's providence ; you may be very grateful, and ready to set up your stone of thankfulness and to praise the name of the Lord. Anon a new difficulty will be suggested. While you are blessing God for all His mercy, on a sudden some trouble like a squall occurs ; it may not be worth mentioning, but it will assume such strange proportions that it covers up all your joys and leaves you a prey to unbelief. How watchful we ought to be against unbelief, for of all sins this is one of the most heinous. Like Jeroboam, of whom we read that he sinned himself and made Israel to sin, unbelief is itself a sin, and becomes the parent of all sorts of sins. We sometimes talk to one another about our doubts and fears as if they were infirmities to be pitied rather than crimes to be loathed, but we seldom talk to each other about the delinquencies of our conduct, such as angry tempers, hasty words, harsh judgments, unbecoming levity, or lax conversation. No ; we should be ashamed to confess transgressions that are far too common among people professing godliness. Why is it that we do not blush to acknowledge our doubts that mistrust God and our fears that stagger at His promise ? Are they not quite as much sins against the commandment of the Lord and the duty of every faithful Christian as drunkenness, or dishonesty, or any offence against the moral law ? To doubt the faithfulness of God is atrocious. Who can estimate the amount of virus there is in the sin of unbelief ? It would stab at the very heart of God ; it would pluck the crown from the head of Jehovah. Let us hate unbelief

with all our hearts, and watch against it. Remember that it can attack us from any quarter of the compass unless we keep perpetual guard. Those of us who have been boldest in the Lord's battle, and foremost in His service, may yet be overtaken with this sin, succumb to its debasing influence, and be left in the rear shorn of honour and covered with shame.

V. And now for a fifth reflection. IF AT ANY TIME FAITH SEEMS TO BE OVERTURNED BY AN INVASION OF UNBELIEF IT THEN SHOWS ITS TRUE CONQUERING CHARACTER.

Peter was soon made to doubt, but with what ease did he begin to pray. I like to think of the spontaneous character of Peter's prayer. He begins to sink, and he prays in a minute. He no sooner finds himself going down than he says, "Lord, save me." This shows what a living thing his faith was. It might not walk the water always, but it could always pray, and that is the better thing of the two. Your faith may not always make you rejoice, but if your faith can always make you trust the precious blood that is all you need. Your faith may not always take you to the top of the mountain and bathe your forehead in the sunlight of God's countenance, but if your faith enables you to keep in the straight road that leads to eternal life you may bless God for that. To walk the water is not an essential characteristic of faith, but to pray when you begin to sink is. To do great wonders for Christ is not indispensable to your soul's being saved, but to have the faculty of always turning the heart to Him in time of distress is one of the sure marks of Divine grace in the soul. I am sure Peter did not intone his prayer on that occasion. I am quite certain that he did not believe in having to search for music to which to set that prayer. It just came up from his heart. And are not these the very best prayers, that well up from the soul, flowing forth from the lips freely because the heart compels the tongue to speak? The heart, knowing its own bitterness, reveals it unto the Most High. Beloved, are you prayerful in such a respect as that? I do think it is a blessed plan to set apart times for prayer, and so to take your half-hour, or your hour, as you may be able, for secret devotion, but better than the set time for prayer is the spirit of prayer. While a regular habit of prayer is a great help to piety, the spirit of prayer promotes habitual unintermitting communion with God. I once asked, down at Wootton-under-Edge, where Mr. Rowland Hill's study was, and they told me that was a question which they could not answer. "Why, how is that? Did he never study his sermons?" Oh! yes, he was always studying his sermons; it did not matter whether he was in the parlour or in the paddock, attending to his correspondence, or looking after the cows, going out into the village to buy goods, or walking in the garden amidst flowers and fruits; he was always studying his sermons, so that he was one of the readiest of preachers. That is one of the best habits that a man can cultivate. So they said it was with his prayers. He was not a man who shut himself up for prayer, but he seemed to be always praying wherever he was. He would be often heard ejaculating true prayers when others fancied his mind must be full of other thoughts. The story that is related of him at Mr. George Clayton's chapel in York-street, you will most of you remember, for I have repeated it several times. After he had been preaching he lingered about the building so long that the pew-opener

went to him and told him that it was time to close the place. The old gentleman was found tottering round the pews singing to himself—

“And when I shall die,
‘Receive me’ I’ll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why;
But this thing I find,
We two are so joined,
That He won’t be in glory and leave me behind.”

This peculiar practice of conversing, as it were, with oneself; of repeating texts of Scripture or verses of hymns; the propensity to pray with the heart and lift up the thoughts continually to God—well, it seems to me an indication of spiritual-mindedness above any common level. “Know,” says David, “that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself.” But how should the man thus set apart behave himself? The Psalmist will tell you, “Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.” O for a mind ever active, never stagnant, always tranquil! O for the wings of a dove! Take a pigeon; put it away in a cage; send it to a distance in the country; keep it there awhile; then, on a certain day, let it loose; you will soon know where its home is; for it mounts up, flies its circuit, takes its bearings, surveys its course, and then away it pursues its trip through the air till it reaches the dear old dove-cote. Does your soul make its way to the ark, and return to its rest with a like sacred instinct? All through the day you may be taken up with many cares. The shop or the warehouse, the nursery or the kitchen, may be your cage. There comes a moment when you are let loose and you get free. Where does your soul fly? Flies it off, like a dove, to its resting-place? When I see the crows on the wing, if anybody asked me what trips they were taking, I could not tell them, but if they would wait till evening I would quickly solve the riddle, for then they would be quite sure to be seeking their nests. Does your heart in the time of trouble fly away to God? Does your spirit in the hour of distress seek the rock of refuge and speed to the Great Deliverer? Then are you like Peter. You may not always walk on the waves, but you can always say, “Lord, save me.” Canst thou say that from thy very soul, resting on the Saviour’s mighty arm, then hast thou got the essence of a faith which will lead thee through growth in grace up to the perfection of glory.

VI. OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IS EQUALLY KIND BOTH TO STRONG FAITH AND TO LITTLE FAITH.

Strong faith says, “Bid me come to Thee on the water.” Now, Christ sometimes refuses to answer prayer after its own kind. The prayer of anger, in which James and John entreated that fire might come down from heaven to destroy the Samaritans, He rejected. The prayer of ambition, when the two sons of Zebedee craved a place, one on His right hand and the other on the left, in His kingdom, was denied. But the prayer of faith, though it looked bold and venturesome, our Lord received graciously, and answered speedily. “Bid me come to Thee on the water.” “Come,” said Jesus. Is strong faith represented here by any of you? If you ask a great thing of God you shall have it. If thou hast but faith in Jesus thou shalt ask what thou wilt, and it shall be done unto thee; for the

desire of the righteous shall be granted. "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." Hast thou a great plan of usefulness? Hast thou an intense anxiety for soul-winning? Hast thou a strong yearning for the evangelisation of thy district? Believe, fear not to tempt fortune, for all things are possible to him that believeth. The hands of Christ are pledged to faith. He will honour the trust thou reposest in Him. If thou wilt but repose in Him, He cannot, will not deny thee. True faith is His own work. If He has wrought the prayer in thee, He will surely answer it. Go forth, then, in this thy might of faith, and the Lord be with thee.

But perceive ye not how kind He also was to little faith? No sooner does Peter begin to sink and cry, "Save me," than there is manifest good will and quick help in the Saviour's movement. "Immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him." Our Lord did not pause to parley. He did not upbraid him, or say, "Peter, you have dishonoured Me by your unbelief." He did not accuse him harshly, rebuke him sternly, or punish him severely, leaving him to go down twice, and pulling him up the third time, thus inflicting on him the pangs of death without its extreme penalty. Ah, no; the prompt help was ready for the pressing emergency. The sinking one was made to stand. After that He said, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Christ giveth liberally and upbraideth not; or when He does upbraid it is always after His large generosity has abated the grievance. He gives the choice portion, and then chastens us for our profit. He does not make us wait till we are submerged again and again; but He listens at once to the feeble cry of His sinking servants, and not till after He has delivered them does He expostulate with them. Æsop tells a story of a man who saw a boy drowning, and sat upon the shore, and lectured him upon the imprudence of venturing beyond his depth; and there are some people who do the same with poor sinking souls. They tell them of what they ought to have done, of what they have not done, and of what they ought now to do, which they cannot do; but they do not stretch out their hand to help them. They observe the burden which is too heavy to be borne, but they lift not a finger to lighten it. Our Lord takes off the burden first, sets His servant on his feet, and then gives him a word of counsel or of rebuke. Go to Him, then, little faith; go to Him ere thou retirest to thy rest. Tell thy Saviour of the grief that distracts thee, of the woe that overwhelms thee. Confess thy sins, acknowledge thine inability to rescue thyself, and cast thyself now upon the gracious promise of the loving God. Whether thou be strong or weak, my brother, repair to the same place, for Jesus stands at the gate of mercy's house willing to receive all those that come to Him.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

TRAITS OF CHRISTIAN NOBILITY.

NOBILITY IN THE HOME.

CHAPTER V.

As already intimated in a previous chapter, for fifteen years Mr. and Mrs. Hartley were permitted in the providence of God to journey along life's pathway together, sharing each other's joys and sorrows. Then came the severance of the earthly tie. Mr. Hartley, not constitutionally very strong, never thoroughly got over his severe accident. Though enabled to resume his daily duties, he found by painful experience that his system had received a shock which left him heir to several serious physical ills that bade fair to shorten his useful life. Occasionally he was compelled to stay at home for brief periods of time, through an affection of the lungs, which at last brought on hemorrhage, that culminated in a rapid decline and death. But his end was peace. His last act was, while his wife and children were gathered around him, to give them, in a few quiet words, his loving parting counsels, and then to commit them to God in prayer, and urge them all to meet him in heaven. How hard it was to be called upon to part with such a dear partner, with whom she had spent so many happy years of her existence, and who had proved such a good Christian husband and father Mrs. Hartley fully realised none could know, save herself and her God. But for her children's sake, as well as her own, she felt she must strive to bear

up bravely. For them the hard, rough, cold world must be faced, and every effort put forth to secure their well-being. Left with four children, the eldest of whom was thirteen years of age, and the youngest three, there would be plenty of call for exertion ere they could be independent of parental aid. One thing, however, that greatly cheered her was the thought that through Christian training each child was a comfort to her rather than a cause of anxiety and trouble. Thus a few days after the interment, when sobbing, her eldest son, Charles, came and threw his arms round her neck, and, while the tears rolled down his own cheeks, said, with a voice full of emotion, "Don't cry, mother, don't cry. I know I can't make up for poor father; but you shall see how I will try and help you."

"God bless you, my dear child," was the reply, "I know you will," and then they both clung still closer together.

"Mother," said he, "I know the Lord will provide for us. Is it not said in the Bible that 'a father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation'? If He is the orphan's father and the widow's friend, He will take care that we shall not want."

"That I do not doubt, Charles. It is not that which gives me sorrow. The Lord has said that He will never leave nor forsake those who put their trust in Him, and on that promise I can rest; and besides that, I believe that He has a special care for poor widows. In my time I have seen many left, and some

with large families, too, but it has often astonished me to see how they got through. One widow that I was acquainted with was left with three children, and she knew of no means of obtaining a livelihood. Her husband earned good wages, but he was suddenly cut down by fever, and left her well-nigh penniless. This, perhaps, would not have been so great an evil if his wife had been a handy working woman. But she was quite the contrary; she could hardly turn her hand to anything. In a spirit of wildness, and almost desperation, she appealed to a minister, and said, 'What are we to do? What will become of us? Oh to think that I have been brought up so!' He calmed her by saying, 'My poor friend, do not give way so much. God always helps widows, and if you will put your trust in Him you will find that in some way or other He will help you.' Two or three years passed away, and then the minister walking through the village saw her again. She rushed out of the house to meet him, and said, 'Ah! sir, you were right. I trusted the widow's God, and He has helped me,' and then she told him how two of her children were partly earning their own living, and what comforts the Lord had given her. So I know the Lord will help us. He can send us marvellous deliverances in time of need. Did you ever, Charles, hear how He delivered a poor widow once through a butterfly?"

"No, mother."

"Then I will relate the incident. In Buckinghamshire a Christian woman was bereaved of her husband after a long illness, and was left unprovided for, the only thing remaining of value being a large chest of her husband's tools. The poor man had hardly been buried when a neighbour, who bore no

good character, called on the widow, and presented a bill for work done, which was not only beyond her power to pay, but which she believed had been already paid. But where was the receipt? That she could not find, though she searched high and low for it, and the remorseless creditor refused to take her word. What was to be done? He pressed for the payment of the bill, and said if it was not forthcoming he would take the box of tools, on which he cast a longing eye. In great distress the widow retired upstairs to pray to the Lord for help, and just as she finished a butterfly flew in at the open window in the lower room. The widow's little child chased it until it flew behind the chest of tools, and stopped there. Just then the mother came down, and the creditor came in, so the child asked his mother to move the chest, that he might get the fluttering insect. The creditor offered to do so, and while he was removing it from the wall a piece of paper fell down behind, which the widow taking up found to be the lost bill, receipted as she had said. Her joy you may imagine. She was overcome with gratitude to God, and praised Him aloud for the marvellous Providence which in answer to fervent prayer had thus, by means of an insignificant insect, made even her enemy himself the instrument of her singular deliverance."

"Well, mother, that was indeed a remarkable answer to prayer. Whoever would have thought of the Lord answering prayer through a little butterfly! I fancy now that I shall never see a butterfly flying about without thinking of that poor widow. Any way I am so glad that the cruel creditor was so nicely caught in his own trap."

"It shows, Charles, how the God who used the ravens to feed Elijah can use the humblest creatures to help His children in the time of their distress. It was not, therefore, distrust in Him and in His merciful care that made me cry; but on suddenly looking at the vacant chair in the corner, in which your dear father for years used to sit and delight to read aloud to me, the thought that I should never hear his voice any more on earth made the tears flow freely; for, my poor boy, though you and your brothers and sister are left to me—bless the Lord for that!—after all, at times I do feel so—so—lonely!"

But, mother, I will read to you, and work for you, too. You know Mr. Groves the grocer says he will take me at once into his shop, and give me half-a-crown a week to start with, and when I come home at night, instead of going out, I will do just as father used to do, sit down while you are sewing, and read to you the nice books that we bring from the Sunday-school library, and in that way we shall pass together many a pleasant hour."

"Yes, mother," broke in Henry, just three years his brother's junior, "and I will read to you sometimes as well as Charles, and go errands on a Saturday for Mrs. Cox at the shop, and bring home sixpence, which she says she'll give me, and that will be something every week, won't it, mother?"

"It will, my dear; every little helps; and I have no doubt that when, with the little capital we have in the savings bank, I stock the small shop I intend to take with millinery, and a connection is secured, that, clubbing together, we shall, with the Divine assistance, have sufficient food to eat and

raiment to wear. God has said that 'no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly,' and if we, my dear children, seek thus to walk, all the good needful things will certainly come in their turn."

It was not long after this conversation before Mrs. Hartley was settled down in the new house and shop, and engaged in the contemplated business. Her eldest son was also in due time apprenticed to Mr. Groves, but boarded at home. Instead, however, of reading to his mother at nights as he had generously anticipated, his time was mostly taken up in the pursuit of knowledge at an evening-school, his mother feeling extremely anxious that he should receive as far as practicable the benefits of a good education. To do this, and also secure an education for her other two boys and little girl, taxed Mrs. Hartley's efforts to the utmost. It was no uncommon thing for her to work sixteen and occasionally eighteen hours per day, in order to make all ends meet and keep out of debt; and well would it have been for her if all those with whom she had to deal had been actuated by the same honourable principle. Instead of this, however, she found that too many who were eager to get into her debt were by no means as eager to get out of it. In vain were messengers sent to them, and appeals made; the only response was lying promises, and the end of the matter partial or dead losses. This dead kind of robbery with which, unfortunately, so many poor shopkeepers are acquainted, at times threatened to ruin her, and it was only by much prayer, and well-nigh superhuman exertion, that such rognery was got over. Often those whom in her charity she thought she could trust most turned out to

be the greatest deceivers, and landed her in her most trying difficulties. When pounds had been entered against them in the ledger, they were unexpectedly found either to have become bankrupt or to have effected a removal to some distant quarter, where they were hard to get at, or to some other town without leaving their address behind them. But what grieved Mrs. Hartley most was to find that some of these unscrupulous debtors were not professed worldlings, but professed Christians, who only used their profession to get a great name, and wrong good people out of their hard earnings. Had it not been that the Lord in answer to prayer often in time of need gave her providential deliverances, and turned her up real friends, she used to say she could not tell what she must have done, she and her children must have been turned out of house and home! But such a catastrophe the Lord graciously prevented. The struggle was great for the first two or three years, and then it gradually lessened. As the children grew older they grew more useful, and an increasing business called for additional helpers, and created larger profits. And thus it came to pass that this hard-working Christian widow lived to see her children well settled in life; and, as the reward of her struggles on their behalf, to find them gladly uniting in effort to free her in her old age from want and care, and make her last days, so far as circumstances permitted, her happiest and her best. But more than this, it was her joy to know that, as the result of Christian training, they had all been brought to know the Lord, and to walk in His ways. He who had said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from

it," had verified the promise in the case of her whole household. One was made useful as a local preacher, another was elected as a deacon of a church, the third as a Sabbath-school teacher was made useful in winning the young for Christ, and the remaining daughter lived to cheer up her mother's declining years, and shortly before her decease took her mother with her to a new home, where, as the wife of an influential Christian merchant, she had many opportunities afforded her of doing good to all around.

It is possible that on reading this sketch some may think that the picture is too highly coloured, or overdrawn. Suffice it to say that it has been taken from facts that have come within our own acquaintance, and that if space had permitted we could have related much more of the same kind. When men and women in all kinds of ways, and by the use of all sorts of means, are seeking for happiness, it is a secret well worth knowing that—

"Better than gold is a Christian home,
Where all the fire-side charities come;
The shrine of love and the heaven of
life,
Hallow'd by mother or sister or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrows by Heaven's
decees,
The blessings that never were bought
or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold."

H. W.

THE LEAST COMMANDMENT.

BY REV. T. R. STEVENSON.

"If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: But thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, and take the young to thee; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days."—DEUT. xxii. 6, 7.

THE old Hebrew rabbis called this "the least commandment." Which the greatest is everybody knows: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and mind, and strength; this is the first and great commandment." Put the two together; different in detail they are, nevertheless alike in spirit. Both have to do with the emotions, each enjoins love; the one to the highest of beings, the other to certain of the lowest. So true is it that the law of God is homogeneous—a sublime unity pervades it. Every injunction is a link in the golden chain of duty.

Kindness to animals is, of course, the most obvious teaching here. Nor was it, in the case of the Jews, superfluous. Extremes meet. Some Eastern nations, while professing an extravagant regard for the inferior creatures, practically deny their creed, and err in the opposite direction. The writer can testify to this from personal observation. The land in Asia which he now inhabits affords frequent and notorious illustrations of it. Few Englishmen fail to notice the want of humanity on the part of many Singhalese towards "the beasts that perish." Oxen are commonly over-driven and belaboured unmercifully, birds and reptiles are tortured by being only half killed. Sir Emerson Tennant's book on Ceylon

gives startling instances of the vice in question; but it does not require long residence in the island to render the reader quite credible. Things that would raise a loud and long outcry in England hardly awaken the surprise, not to say compassion, of the heathen population.

Tendencies of this kind might exist among the people who had, when the law was given, lately left the land of bondage. Indeed, even supposing that they had witnessed no barbarity of such an order in Egypt, they were still in danger of being inhuman. Had they not been cruelly treated by Pharaoh and his people? and does not cruelty too often beget cruelty? Unquestionably. We might, antecedently, have argued that the reverse would be the case, and that none would be less disposed to maltreat than those who, by bitter experience, knew what maltreatment was. But as a simple matter of fact it is not so. In one of his works Sterne says, "She had suffered persecution, and had learned mercy;" but, as Archbishop Whately remarks, there never was a more untrue representation. Like begets like. The severest persecutors are those who have been persecuted. We revere the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers who were driven from England before they could find "freedom to worship God." By all means let us continue to do so; but, while we love them, we ought to love truth more, and history compels us mournfully to admit that the liberty which they claimed for themselves they were not always zealous in extending to others. A most eloquent and generous tribute to the nobility of Puritan character was paid by Lord Macaulay, albeit he has an awkward story to tell concerning the inconsistent bigotry of his heroes. The men who were familiar with

thumb-screwing and nose-splitting in England were guilty of fining, imprisoning, and even putting to death some whom they esteemed heretics in America.

On these grounds we cannot be at a loss to understand why such an apparently trivial command as the text found its way into the Mosaic code. Cruelties but recently endured at the hands of heathen oppressors might harden the hearts of the Israelites. But no, this was not to be. Humane instincts are not to be blunted; on the contrary, every play is to be allowed them. Even a wild fowl comes within the scope of legal protection. There is to be nothing like wholesale and reckless destruction of birds. You may take the eggs or the young, but the mother is to be left unmolested. The same spirit of kindly regard for the comfort and welfare of animals is manifested in the fourth and the tenth verses of this chapter.

Let us not be slow to learn the lesson which we are here taught. Animals have a claim on our protection and goodwill. God has made man to "have dominion over all sheep and oxen, the fowls of the air, and whatsoever passeth in the depths of the sea;" but dominion is not despotism. They are committed to our care, and we shall justly be held accountable for any neglect toward them. The very fact that they are mute is an appeal to our clemency and justice. Who but a base-minded man would ill-treat a creature which has no articulate mode of bespeaking pity? "Articulate" we say, for in other ways the inferior tribes do most unmistakably seek to move our affection. That is a dull, ignorant vision which cannot discern in the uplifted face of a faithful dog, or the gentle eye of a noble horse, a

very clear exhibition both of intelligence and emotion. As Thomas Fuller characteristically observes, their "dumbness is oratory to a conscientious man; and he that will not be merciful to his beast is a beast himself." Has the reader ever noticed the last three words in the Book of Jonah? They are well worthy of attention. "And much cattle." God tells His selfish petulant servant that He spared Nineveh, "that great city," not only because it contained thousands of helpless, innocent children, but "much cattle." Ah, the poor dumb brutes were not forgotten by their beneficent Maker. Neither should they be by us, their superior but not seldom vain and scornful fellow-creatures.

Do not sacrifice the higher to the lower.

Such is another of the voices from the verse before us. Mark how evenly the balances are held. What a just, accurate regard is paid to the respective claims of man and beast! Neither is neglected; albeit, the one is not put on the same plane as the other; far from it. Here is no mawkish, hysterical sentimentalism. The Jew is not commanded to spare both dam and young; he is not forbidden appropriating them. On the contrary, he may, for his own needs, take eggs or young. Why? Because the life of a man is of more consequence than that of a bird.

What a contrast is this to other systems. Buddhism, for instance, is palpably faulty as regards the relative value of human and animal existences. It puts them on a par. It is like Chinese pictures—they have no perspective. Form, colour, shape, are often good, but distance is almost ignored. A mountain meant to be miles from a mandarin looks as if it rested on his shoulders.

A pedestrian is well-nigh as large as the house which he is supposed to be passing. In the same way, while there is unquestionable beauty in many of Buddha's precepts, they are defective in what may be styled moral perspective. Human and animal life are rated at about an equal value. To wit, in one of the sacred books mention is made of a poor woman who was dangerously ill, and for whose recovery the doctor prescribed boiled hare. Her son succeeded in capturing one; but, when he heard its cries, he let it escape, asking, "Why should one life be saved at the expense of another?" The sentiment of the text will bear favourable comparison with such blundering and misplaced humanity as this. To the Buddhist all life is sacred; strict adherents to the system will not even destroy loathsome vermin. But ours is a "reasonable service," and while the great Master bids us treat the brute creation with kindness, He also asks, "How much better is a man than a sheep?"

The principle of which we speak admits of another application. When we forfeit godliness for gain, or risk the loss of salvation on account of secular success, we indeed sacrifice the higher to the lower. Yet who is free from all peril about this? What man is he that never feels the bondage of mammon in one or other of its Protean forms? We met with two incidents in the course of our reading lately which are impressive illustrations of the earthward tendencies of ourselves and our fellows. After a superb reference to St. Mark's in Venice, Mr. Ruskin says, "And what effect has this splendour on those who pass beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset to and fro before the gateway and you will not see an eye lifted to it nor a countenance brightened by it." Mr.

Ticknor, the accomplished American publisher and author, tells us in his diary that he spent a long time in the apartment at Hampton Court Palace, which contains the world-renowned cartoons of Raffaele. While he was there about two hundred people passed through the room but few gave much heed to the paintings of Christ and His Apostles, while many were wonderfully pleased with a paltry fountain and some gold fish, which could be seen from a window, in the courtyard below. This is human nature all over. Leaving for the nonce the lack of æsthetic taste which was thus displayed, is it not an apt parable of spiritual experience? The sublime form of a sinless, suffering, saving Redeemer is ignored, while the artificial sparkle and ripple of worldly pleasure fascinate the gaze of thousands.

Right action in reference to the lower will aid in right action to the higher.

If the considerations already advanced may not adequately "justify the ways of God to men" in the esteem of some, the fact to which we now advert will surely fill the hiatus. After all, a prohibition about a bird's nest may not be as trivial a matter as it seems. You think it a bagatelle: not so, if it cultures and develops a spirit of beneficence which may be shown to other creatures, inferior and superior alike. To quote from a living preacher: "The principle of this prohibition admits of wide application to human life. For example, he who can wantonly destroy a bird's nest may one day cruelly break up a child's home. We cannot always stop our wantonness just when we please. We are all apt scholars in a bad school, and learn more in one lesson there than we can learn through much discipline in the

school of God. The little tyrannies of childhood often explain the great despotisms of mature life. Is not kindness an influence that penetrates the whole life, having manifold expression, alike upward and laterally, touching all human beings, all inferiors and dependents, and every harmless and defenceless life?"

Assertions like the above are borne out by experience. Members of the Society of Friends are proverbial for their kindness to animals. In them the lower orders of creatures have rarely failed to find protectors. Do you charge your memory with the case of a "Quaker" who has been otherwise? The question may be asked with a large degree of confidence. And do we not see that pity towards man, suffering and oppressed man especially, has also been a characteristic of that sect? Peaceful arbitration instead of war; the destruction of slavery; the limitation and final abolition of capital punishment; the adoption of gentle and righteous treatment towards the insane—these are but samples of reforms for which the worthy men and women of whom we speak have long laboured and not seldom suffered.

The fact in question has a bearing upon us which we shall be wise to remark. Each Sunday we are occupied with high privileges. What nobler than public worship? It is the joyous pursuit of spotless, un-fallen cherubim and seraphim. What greater than united prayer? To commune together with the Father of spirits is both exalted and exalting. But when are we best able to discharge these exalted duties? When? There can be little room for debate touching the answer: it is when we have tried vigorously to act conscientiously on the lower plane of life. Brother, if you would

have the "Sabbath a delight" and wish to relish the "portion of meat in due season" which your pastor has provided for you, mind that you obey the command, "not slothful in business." Fidelity in shop or study, schoolroom or scullery, will infallibly aid enjoyment in the sanctuary. Away, then, with the fallacious and disheartening notion that all time is spiritually lost time which is not spent in the pew or before the open Bible. Nothing of the kind: it is our own fault if it is not time redeemed and time gained. "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord." "Do all to the glory of God." The same bits of coloured glass which make one set of figures in a kaleidoscope will, by a turn of the tube, form many others; and the affection to God manifested in devotional pursuits may also be displayed and increased through the medium of secular occupations. Mrs. Gaskell puts these words into the mouth of one of her heroines: "Making a bed may be done after a Christian fashion." When John Brown of Haddington was applied to by a pious youth for admission to the ministry, he soon discovered that the necessary mental qualifications were not forthcoming, and he refused to encourage his young friend in his proposed course. "But," said the would-be preacher, "I want to glorify God." "Very good," replied the other, "you may glorify God by making brooms and besoms."

Obedience brings a large blessing.

A twofold advantage is held out in the verse under consideration, one physical, the other moral. *Physical*: "That thou mayest prolong thy days." This is not arbitrary. It seems to be, but a little thought will remove such an impression. What is the connection between kindness to birds and longevity?

The following: man's main food is grain, grain is attacked by vermin, birds consume the vermin, and thus by "letting the dam go" you are "working together with God" to fulfil the promise, "that thou mayest prolong thy days." Some years ago, angry on account of the corn which they stole (a poor tithe indeed compared with the vast amount which they saved from insects), the farmers of a certain district in France entered on a fierce and wholesale crusade against them. The result was a fearful failure in their next harvest; worse foes than the feathered ones had devoured it. A short but very interesting article appeared in the *Sunday Magazine* in the course of the year 1876 entitled, "Is it worth the cost?" The title arose from the subjoined incident. A French farmer found a nest which a pair of small birds had built among some loose hay in a cart. His first impulse was to remove the nest but he paused and asked himself, "Is it worth the cost?" He came to the conclusion that it was.

But more remains than merely physical benediction. "That it may be well with thee" is no mere tautology. "Well with thee"—*thee*, not only the life but "thee," the moral ego, the inner man. Of itself length of days is not necessarily a boon. Whether longevity is a good

or not depends upon whether *we* are good or not. A cobweb might stretch for a mile but that would give it no importance or worth; one yard of ribbon or gold cord would outvalue it. As much may be said of time.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay,"

exclaims Tennyson, and all wise men endorse his words. Or as Dr. George Macdonald puts it:

"Life is measured by intensity,
And not by dial, dropping sand, or
watch,"

A wicked old man is, of all sights, one of the most mournful and pitiable. He loses two worlds, this and the next. The channel of enjoyment is no longer filled by the stream of earthly pleasure nor is it replenished by the river of the water of life. But let each of us cultivate the obedience to God and kindness to our fellows inculcated by the "least commandment" and "it shall be well with thee." We shall grow in all that is dignified, noble, divine. Our characters will develop in every species of excellence. Heaven will begin below and eternity will cast its pure light athwart the confines of time. "Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him."

Colombo.

Quiet Thoughts for Quiet Hours.

By WALTER J. MATHAMS.

PROSPERITY FORGETS.

A kind action done in the time of poverty is like a footprint left upon snow, clear and distinct till the sun comes out; then, alas, too

often all traces are obliterated. Be careful that thy gratitude for kindness shown to thee in adversity remain with thee in prosperity. If it does not remain, it is folly to call it gratitude.

DEATH A RECOGNITION.

Death is one of the ways in which God visits us ; it differs from many other visitations in this—it always ends in recognition. God is no longer veiled. If death meets the saint, the saint immediately meets his God, and knows Him. On the other hand, the sinner at death will also recognise his God—the God of justice and righteousness. What a fearful recognition will this be ; not one full of joy and gladness, as in the first case, but overflowing with the indignation and wrath of the Holy Being who abhors all sin. “Every eye shall see Him,” some through tears of joy, others through tears of bitterness.

HOME-KEEPING.

A little dove went out from the nest one quiet sunny morning ; but at evening time returned with its wing drooping, and its white purity stained with blood—a pointed shaft from the earth had hindered and harmed it in its flight. A child of a thousand prayers, haste not from thy mother's side in the dear old home to the distant land of trouble, go not away in haste to the great city with the fond imagination that there thou wilt be happier. Eyes in the caverns and dens of the earth are watching thee, hands are busy fitting arrows to the bow to stop thee on thy way—temptations will surround thee everywhere, and straight at thy heart will be aimed. Rest at home in the circle of love, and thou shalt find those who can protect thee. But when the time comes for thee to go, then go under the convoy of Him whose infinite kindness will be an impenetrable shield.

THE ATTRACTION OF SIN.

The affection of the soul, like the compass needle, should always point in the same direction—Christ must be its Pole Star. But as the compass is liable to be affected by exterior objects, such as iron, which attracts the needle, so is the love of the soul in danger of being drawn from the Lord Jesus Christ by the attraction of sin. Sometimes a ship's compass gets out of order, and no one can tell where the attraction lies, so the ship goes on in a wrong course, and lucky is it for the captain and crew if they reach their destination in safety. A little sin in the hidden recesses of the heart may throw your whole life out of the ways of truth. You may not even know of its existence till the black rocks of destruction are just before you. How kind and how necessary then is our Saviour's injunction, “Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.” Watch every moment of the day, lest the awful attractive power of sin destroy you. Let Christ ever be the counter-attraction ; let His beauty enrapture your soul, and His love call forth your noblest service in honour of His name. May this be the motive power of your life : “The love of Christ constraineth me.”

WAR, GLORY.

War is the grandest mistake into which the nations fall, and in which they see least their folly. Red Ruin is a poor king ; but many seek to win his favour, all in the vain hope that they are searching for glory. The way to glory is not across the battle-field, but in the streets and alleys, and dens of shame and misery, where poverty cries out for help, and where the famine-stricken faces of the in-

habitants make mute appeals for bread. Glory! tread in the foot-prints of the Perfect Life, and thou shalt surely obtain it. Do as Christ did, feed the hungry, comfort the troubled, and steal away as much anguish and sin as thou canst from the lives of those around thee. There was more true glory in one day (nay, in one hour) of the life of the Son of God, than in all the years which Bonaparte spent in trying to make his power equal to his ambition. Be good and do good, then shalt thou be more than a conqueror.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

Make repeated searches for truth in the Word of God, and you will always find something beautiful and good. You can never thoroughly clear the ground as you go. Like one who searches for violets in a dell, and finds them where he had looked before, so will you in this perpetual Paradise, where God's most precious flowers are unfolding to the light, come upon many

strange and sweet surprises. In astonishment very often you will say, "The Lord is in this place and I knew it not."

THE WORLD OUR SCHOOL.

If this world is the place of our probation for a better, why should we murmur at the surroundings? We shall soon leave it, and blessed is he who is ready to start. Our school-house in the years gone by was a very rough building, with pictureless walls and hard benches. The master was stern, the scholars gloomy, yet was not all this an incentive to study more earnestly the lesson which seemed so difficult? Depend upon it many of the harsh experiences of life are God's messengers, sent to frown upon us, and remind us that our highest interest consists in concentrating our thoughts upon the things of heaven, and to teach us the lesson that we must conquer the hard surroundings of our existence here if we would win and worthily wear the crown of glory in eternity.

Tales and Sketches.

POOR JENNIE; OR, HOW THE KING BUILT HIS BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

FOUNDED ON FACT. BY A PASTOR.

CHAPTER V.

The Fellowship of Hearts.

"Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait."

"Is there such a thing in this world?" said cynical Fred, a

poor but thoughtful sceptic. He had just looked in to see his sister before she started for her class on the Sunday morning, as was his usual custom, for although he did not believe in religion in general, he certainly believed in her. "Is there such a thing as the fellowship of hearts you are so fond of singing about, and if so, where are we to find it? Look at the different sects and parties of the religious world, as it is termed; it would be hardly fair to compare them with the happy family we

saw in the cage the other day, for the animals were certainly at peace with each other, which is more than can be said of many Christians in the present day at all events."

"Well Fred," said Miss Mayhew smiling, "you know what I have always said about such matters; the best way to know whether there is a good thing or not is to *have it* and enjoy it for yourself."

"Rather important to know *how* to get it too, is it not?" said Fred.

"And much more to be *willing* to get it in your case, I think, Fred."

And so they parted, the brother to his books and dreams, the sister to her class and the worship of God.

Miss Mayhew's room was a very bright and happy place on that Sunday afternoon, for Jennie came to tea with her and it was something to see the radiant face of the simple girl and to hear her talk. The fountain of her inner being was unlocked both towards heaven and earth, and it seemed as though she must talk from very joy. Her heart had opened like a flower towards Christ, and His love gave a peculiar grace and fragrance to all she said.

"How different," she said, "everything appears now to what it did; the very flowers seem more beautiful and the sun itself brighter, and even my work easier."

"Yes," said her friend, "the Sun of Righteousness has risen upon you, and its light makes everything appear beautiful to the eye of faith, and your work now has become a part of Christ's yoke, and His love makes it light to you."

"And do you think," said Jennie, "that it will always be so?"

Miss Mayhew was silent for some time; she knew something of the feelings and the fear of first love, and was unwilling to cloud so bright

a sky, so she merely replied, "If it should not, you know He says, 'I will see you again.'" And so these two friends continued their communion, mutually rejoicing in the presence of Christ as He unfolded the Scriptures to their understandings and made their hearts to glow with love to each other and to Himself.

To their surprise, however, in the midst of their feast of faith and flow of soul there came a gentle tap at the door, and before they could recover themselves from their surprise and the unwelcome intrusion, in stepped Miss Mayhew's brother. He seemed taken aback to find a stranger with his sister, and stammered out a brief apology; he had come to take a cup of tea with his sister, discovering which, she pressed him to stay.

His presence was like a cloud drawn for a time over the presence of the sun of that sweet fellowship which the friends were mutually enjoying, though some stray lights and flashes would escape in spite of themselves; in fact the Master could not entirely be hid; some rays of His beauty would escape.

Something was said about God. "Who knows Him, or who has or can reach Him?" said Fred.

"Christ says, 'I am the way, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me,'" replied his sister.

"And who knows whether His words are true?" said Fred.

"All who believe realise their truth, Fred, and have the witness in themselves.

"How can I have faith?"

"Christ gives it, and the joy and peace which it brings shows whence it came."

"Simple enough to you, no doubt," said Fred.

"None the worse for that Fred ;

it makes it all the more suitable to many of us, and if it is Christ's way why should we object?"

"The Bible, however, has a good many things which are *not* simple; with which of them should I begin first?"

Jennie had remained quiet during this little good-natured cross-fire between the brother and his sister; but now her face brightened up as, remembering her own experience, she said, "Does not Christ say, 'Come unto *Me*, and I will give you rest'?"

There was something so artless, sincere, and touching in the manner and spirit in which these words were uttered, that Fred only smiled but made no reply. Shortly afterwards he left, and on reaching his lodgings sat for a time buried in thought; at last he took down a

number of books from the shelves, and after listlessly turning them over one after the other seemed to fix on one, *Evidences of the Truth of the Christian Religion*. He turned over page after page, his mind evidently wandering, until at last he shut the book, muttering to himself as he did so, "More in the faith of those two simple women than in this book, with all its logical acumen and verbal opulence, I've no doubt;" and as he closed his eyes and for some time vainly sought for rest, he found himself repeating Jennie's words, "Come unto *Me*." "Unto *ME*—a person it seems then after all; not books, not principles, not men, but *ME*, the Teacher Himself! Strange that I should never have thought of this before." And so thinking he at last fell asleep.

Reviews.

Light in the Jungles; or, The Torn Gospel, and what came of it. A Narrative of Facts by an Indian Missionary. With an Introduction by General Sir Arthur Cotton. Elliot Stock.

SIR ARTHUR, in his Introduction, speaking of the power of the Word in tracts and Bibles distributed among the heathen, says, "In one tract of country on the confines of the native state of Hyderabad, there are now more than twenty-five villages in which there are well-established native churches, the commencement of which movement was entirely from tracts and Scriptures. . . ." The story in the book is one which cannot fail to be read with good results. It is well told, and contains the account of how a young man, driving a bullock cart during the rainy season, was seen holding in his hand the fragments of a printed book (part of Mark's Gospel),

which had been given to him about 70 miles from where he then was. Unable to read, he gave it to another, to whom the record of our Saviour's life, sufferings, and death became the power of God to his salvation. The history carries you through the religious life, struggles, crosses, losses, labours, and deaths of two heroic converts, brought to the Saviour by a leaf torn from one of the Gospels. The work will do good to all who read it, and will promote the cause and stimulate zeal for Christian missions.

The Victor's Sevenfold Reward. Being Discourses on the Promises of Our Lord to the Seven Churches. By WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D. James Nisbet, Berners-street.

DR. LANDELS never wearies the attention of his readers, and the present volume has all the charms, chasteness, and excellences of his former works.

The opening chapter gives a synopsis of the character of the Apostle, the circumstances and nature of the messages to the Seven Churches; then follow the expositions,—The Tree of Life, Immunity from the Second Death, the Hidden Manna and the White Stone, the Morning Star, White Raiment, the Monumental Pillar, Sitting down with Christ on His Throne,—each subject being treated with considerable power. There may be some difference among readers in the doctrinal views here and there, but all will acknowledge in the book a good, practical, and useful volume.

Baptism, the Christian Privilege; or, The Place of Baptism in the Life and Teaching of the Church of Christ during the First Ten Years of its History. By JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A. Marlborough and Co., Old Bailey.

EVERY one writing on baptism at this period of the Church's history ought to feel sure he has something new to say. There is nothing here which has not been said before; but Mr. Clifford succeeds in saying it in so comprehensive and pointed a manner, that he has succeeded in producing one of the best tracts on the subject. The Church will do well to circulate it by hundreds of thousands.

Sowing the Seed. A Revival Sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. F. Davis, Chapter House Court.

A REPRINT from our March number. Worthy of the preacher. It will serve to promote a revival in the churches, and is published at one penny.

CROOK AND WATERHOUSES BAPTIST CHURCH, DURHAM.—An interesting baptismal service was held on Sunday morning April 7th at the chapel Hamsterley. Rev. T. Durant, pastor, conducted the services, Rev. W. Fletcher of Crook then addressed a large assembly, referring to and answering objections raised concerning

The Church Congress of 1877 from a Nonconformist's Point of View; or, Notes on Church and State, Church and Dissent, Popery within the Church, &c., &c. By Rev. PETER PUREFAITH. Elliot Stock.

THE book will serve for reference on the questions treated of at the Congress, and also serve as a discloser of the narrowness, bigotry, and miserable failure of the Parliamentary Church.

MAGAZINES, &c.

Truth and Progress. A South Australian monthly. January number. Full of good news and evangelical articles. Also the Index to Vol. X., 1877.

No. 5 of *Biblical Things Not Generally Known.* Elliot Stock. Equal to the four preceding numbers.

The Preacher's Analyst contains a sermon by Henry Ward Beecher, and twenty-one outlines of Sermons.

The Baptist Magazine. Castle-street, Holborn. The well-written Notes on Mr. Cox's *Salvator-Mundi* are very worthy, and should have a thoughtful reading from all.

The Sword and Trowel contains "Periodical War and Madness," by C. H. Spurgeon, in every line of which we sympathise. May its burning words do good, specially to those who seem to have been bitten by a Russian bear and are suffering from Russiaphobia or war fever.

The General Baptist manifests its usual fervour.

The British Flag, Evangelical Christendom, The Appeal, and The Divine Life are to hand.

our Scriptural practices, and particularly speaking to the candidates. Then one of them, a local preacher from among the Primitive Methodists, followed, and stated with considerable effect his reasons for being baptised. Mr. Fletcher then baptised four believers from Crook and Waterhouses.

Poetry.

LYRICS FOR THE HEART.

SECRET OF POWER.

"Speaking the truth in love."—EPIH.
iv. 15.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."
—2 COR. v. 14.

"God is love; and he that dwelleth
in love, dwelleth in God and He in
Him."—1 JOHN iv. 16.

O to be love as God is love!
From this world's spirit free;
To live in love as God is love,
What glory would fill me!

O to be love as God is love!
Full, full as I could be!
To speak in love like those above,
What fruit my eyes would see!

O to be love as God is love!
How darkness then would flee!
To think in love like those above,
What truth I then should see!

O to be love as God is love!
How gentle I should be!
To act in love like those above,
How would the weak bless me!

O to be love as God is love!
How patient I should be!
The peace of love like that above
Would then indeed fill me.

O to be love as God is love!
How loyal I should be!
The truth of love around, above—
How strong I then should be!

O to be love as God is love!
What strife and war would flee!
The earth through love like heaven
above,

How soon our eyes would see!

O to be love, to breathe in love!
Thus triumph over sin;
This life of love like that above
Is heaven itself within.

O to be love as Christ is love!
To feel Him all in all;
How should I sing a reigning King
And Victor over all!

O to be swathed and bathed in love!
Pride, envy, self—all lost!
This is the love they live above,
Nor dear at any cost.

Brighton. W. POOLE BALFERN.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. CAREY B. BERRY having accepted the offer of the Missionary Society to proceed to Spanish Town, Jamaica, in charge of the work there, has resigned the pastorate of the church at Cullingworth, Bingley.

Rev. D. Gee has, after a nine years' ministry, resigned the pastorate of the church at Disborough, Norfolk.

Rev. Thos. Davies, of the Bristol College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Mount Stuart-square, Cardiff.

Rev. W. Hetherington, of West Hartlepool, having received a very cordial invitation from the Baptist Church,

Sudbury, Suffolk, commenced his labours there on March 24.

Mr. R. Latimer, of the Metropolitan College, has accepted a call from the church and congregation worshipping at the New Tabernacle, Willingham, to become their pastor.

Mr. Walter Hockney, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of Commercial road Church, Oxford.

Rev. E. George has resigned the pastorate of the church at Burwell, Cambs, and accepted a very cordial invitation to the church at Faringdon, Berkshire.

Rev. Henry L. Lapham, of Regent's-park College, has accepted a call to be

co-pastor with the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of the church at Myrtle-street, Liverpool.

Rev. Alex. Grant, of Anstruther, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at John-street, Glasgow.

Rev. W. E. Davis has resigned his pastorate at Winksworth, Derby, and closes his ministry there the last Sunday in April.

Rev. Z. T. Downen has received a cordial invitation to succeed the Rev. W. H. Perkins, M.A., in the pastorate of Derby-road Church, Bootle, Liverpool.

Rev. E. Evans, of Caersalem, Dowlais, has, after twenty-eight years' ministry, resigned the pastorate of the church there, and Rev. T. Morgan, of Pontypool Colloge, has accepted a call to succeed him.

Rev. E. Anderson has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Cupar, Fife.

Rev. E. M. Le Riche, of Bexley-heath, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Crayford.

Rev. W. H. Burton has resigned the pastorate of the church at Kingsgate-street, Holborn, and accepted a call from the church at Dalston Junction.

Rev. R. C. Evans, of Llanfihangel, Crucorney, Abergavenny, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the English church at Ferndale, Glamorganshire.

Rev. A. Seddon has resigned the pastorate of the church at Town Malling, Kent.

Rev. F. A. Jones, of the Pastors' Colloge, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church at Cross-street, Islington.

Rev. R. Woolley, recently of Bristol Colloge, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church in Bideford to become their pastor.

Rev. H. L. Overbury has, after seven years' ministry, resigned the pastorate of the church at West Garton, near Manchester.

CARMARTHEN.—Rev. W. M. Lewis preached his farewell sermon at the English chapel in this town Sunday evening April the 7th.

CHATHAM.—Mr. J. W. Norton, after

having occupied the pulpit of Enon Chapel for some months past, has accepted the call of the church to the pastorate.

SLEAFORD.—Mr. Edward Carr (late of Brighton) has accepted an invitation of the church and congregation at Providence Chapel to the pastorate.

RECOGNITION.

REV. E. HILTON has been publicly recognised as pastor of the church at Willenhall. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. M. Fuller, G. Farman, and others.

Recognition services connected with the settlement of the Rev. Philip Griffiths, late of Biggleswade, to the pastorate of the church at Shirley, Hants, have been held under the presidency of Mr. A. Pegler, J.P. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. F. Trestrail, G. Short, H. O. Mackey, and others.

Recognition services in connection with the resettlement of the Rev. A. Powell at Mill-end, Rickmansworth, was held on Wednesday March 20th. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. Dr. Hurdall, J. Davies, S. Couling, and others.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. Jas. Stephens, M.A., late Presbyterian minister at Berwick-on-Tweed, to the pastorate of the New Association Church at Highgate, were held on Tuesday evening, March 26th, when several interesting addresses were delivered.

MIDDLESBOROUGH.—Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. W. Whale at the Newport-road Chapel were held on Tuesday April 2nd. Rev. J. M. Stephens B.A., preached in the afternoon. There was a public tea, of which 350 persons partook, and a public meeting followed in the chapel, Mr. T. H. Richardson presiding. Revs. J. M. Stephens, W. Hanson, F. Riley, and the various ministers of the town and district gave addresses, and many tender references were made to the exemplary life and good work of the late Mr. Priter. Mr. H. G. Reid made a statement of

reasons which led the church to give the call to Mr. Whale, and Mr. Whale replied, giving his reasons for accepting.

PRESENTATIONS.

A FAREWELL tea-meeting was held at Broad-street Chapel, Ross, on February 27th, when Rev. J. Smalley, who is about to remove to Littleborough, was presented with a purse of gold, and Mrs. Smalley with a china tea-service.

Rev. Francis Wills, having resigned the pastorate of the English Church at Llandudno, was, at farewell services held on Monday last, presented with a purse of gold as a token of esteem.

Rev. F. G. Buckingham was recently presented with a purse containing £110 10s. by the members and friends of the church at Woodborough-road, Nottingham. Several ministers of the town contributed to the presentation.

Rev. H. A. James, on his removing from Minchinhampton to Stratford-on-Avon, was, by the church at the former place, presented with a purse of gold, a silver pencil-case, and a tea-and-coffee service, in appreciation of his thirteen years' ministry.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE foundation-stone of schoolrooms connected with an intended new chapel to be erected at Bromley-by-Bow, under the pastorate of Rev. W. Lambourne, has been laid. The cost of the school and buildings will be nearly £5,000, towards which about £1,100 has already been obtained. Mr. George Williams presided over the proceedings, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. A. G. Brown, W. Cuff, and others.

On Tuesday, March 19th, the new schools and lecture-hall connected with the Peckham-park-road Church were opened. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by Rev. J. P. Chown. Tea was provided in the hall, of which about four hundred partook. The public meeting which followed was presided over by G. H. Frean, Esq. Addresses were delivered by Rev.

T. G. Tarn, the pastor, and other ministers. A considerable sum was added to the building fund.

The ninety-third anniversary of the Bow Church was held March 17th and 20th. On the Sunday Rev. W. Cuff preached in the morning, and Rev. V. J. Charlesworth in the evening. On the Wednesday the anniversary tea took place. Afterwards a public meeting, presided over by the pastor, G. T. Edgley, who stated that the last year had been to him one of encouragement. There were signs of progress in all the societies of the church. The following ministers took part in the meeting:—J. S. Morris, F. M. Smith, J. Edwards, E. R. Erskine, J. Fletcher, W. G. Inglis, and W. Stevens.

IVER, BUCKS.—On April 5th Rev. W. Mayo visited this village and gave a lecture on "A Trip to Jerusalem," illustrated by lime-light views. The girls' schoolrooms were granted for the occasion by the vicar, Rev. W. S. Ward, and the chair was taken by Rev. Mr. Hunt. The profits were to be devoted to temperance work in Iver.

The friends at Enfield, with Rev. G. W. White for their pastor, are making an effort—which, with the help of outside friends, they hope will prove successful—to totally extinguish their debt of £600 during the present year. If the amount is collected, four gentlemen will each give £25, and Mr. White is to collect £100. The chapel cost £2,517, and drew forth encomiums from Mr. Spurgeon when he visited the people, 1876. Considering that the church was founded no longer ago than 1867, the progress made is most satisfactory.

On Tuesday evening, April 9th, a special valedictory service was held at Bloomsbury Chapel, under the presidency of Rev. J. P. Chown, for the purpose of taking leave of Rev. S. V. Robinson, of Regent's-park College, who has been appointed by the Missionary Society as pastor of the United Churches of Port Maria and Oracabessa, Jamaica. There was a good attendance. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Dr. Angus, C.

Bailhache (who explained the circumstances of the call), W. Page, J. H. Cooke, J. Teall, J. Martin, and J. Bowsen took part.

BAPTISMS.

Abercarn.—April 7, at the English Chapel, Five, by E. C. Probert.
Accrington.—April 7, at Barnes-street, Four, by W. Hughes.
Allea.—March 24, One, by J. Scott.
Ashley, near Lymington.—March 31, Four, by T. J. Stockley.
Bacup.—April 7, at Irewell-terrace, Four, by J. S. Hughes. April 7, at Zion, Three, by C. W. Gregory.
Bangor.—March 31, Five, by W. T. Price.
Barrow-in-Furness.—March 31, in the Abbey-road Chapel, Nine, by J. Hughes.
Beckington.—April 4, Six, by G. Hider.
Blaencontn, Whitland.—March 6, Two, by O. Griffiths.
Bourton, Shrivensham.—April 4, Three, by R. W. Mansfield.
Bradford.—April 7, at Teiley-street, Three, by B. Wood.
Briercliffe, Burnley.—March 16, Three, by J. Lloyd.
Brighton.—March 6, in Sussex-street Chapel, Ten, by J. Grover.
Burton-on-Trent.—March 24, at Guild-street Chapel, Nine, by J. Askew.
Caerleon, Mon.—April 7, Two, by D. B. Jones.
Chadlington.—March 31, Four, by G. B. Richardson.
Chapel-fild.—March 31, Four, by J. Kendall.
Christchurch and Parley, Hants.—March 17, Four, by J. Thompson.
Cowbridge.—March 31, English Chapel, Five, by D. Lewis.
Creckkerne.—April 3, Ten, by J. Orm'shank.
Cullingworth.—March 31, Three, by Carey B. Berry.
Cuen, near Ebbw Vale.—March 10, Eight, by D. V. Pritchard.
Downham Market.—April 1, One, by S. Howard.
Dunfriess.—April 10, at Westpark, Three, by Wm. Milligan, jun.
Dunfermline.—March 13, Five, by J. T. Hagen.
Eccleshill.—April 2, Four, by Joseph Stead.
Ezeer.—March 31, at Bartholomew-street, Nine, by E. S. Neale.
Eye, Suffolk.—March 31, at Church-street Chapel, Three, by W. W. Haines.
Farsley, near Leeds.—April 7, Eleven, by E. Parker.
Forge Side, Blaenavon.—Feb. 21, Four, by J. Edwards.
Glascoed, Pontypool.—March 31, Three, by W. Thomas.
Griffiths Town, near Pontypool.—March 31, Five, by J. Tucker.
Hayle, Cornwall.—March 24, Three, by A. E. Spicer.

Hemel Hempstead.—April 4, Six, by W. Owen.
Horsforth.—March 31, Cragg-hill, Seven, by W. H. Rollis.
Jarrow-on-Tyne.—March 17, Grange-road, One; March 24, One, by W. Satchwell.
Kimbolton, Hants.—April 4, Three, by J. G. Raws.
Leicester.—March 13, Five, by J. Baxandall.
Leighfield, Witney.—March 24, Six, by W. H. Tubb.
Leeds.—March 30, York-road, Thirteen, by James Smith.
Lincoln.—March 31, at Mint-lane Chapel, Seven, by the Pastor.
Liverpool.—March 31, at Soho-street Chapel Seven, by Eli E. Walter. April 7, at Derby-road, Bootle, One, by Z. L. Downen.
Llantwit Major, Glam.—March 24, Five, by J. Hier.
Luton.—March 23, Park-street, Three, by J. H. Blake.
Maesteg, Glamorgan.—March 24, at Bethel Chapel, Eleven, by T. A. Pryce.
Maeserhelem, Radnorshire.—Dec. 23, Two; Jan. 20, One; Feb. 14, One, by D. Davies.
Merthyr Tydfil.—March 31, at Zion Chapel, Six, by D. Davies.

Metropolitan District:—

Chiswick.—March 31, One, by W. E. Lynn.
Commercial-road Chapel.—March 31, Ten, by J. Fletcher.
Lambeth.—March 24, at Upton Chapel, Eight, by W. Williams.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—March 25, Seven; April 4, Twenty, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon.
New Barnet, N.—March 10, Four, by M. Cumming.
New Cross Road.—March 20, at Zion Chapel, One, by J. S. Anderson.
Trinity Chapel, John-street, Edgware-road.—Jan. 3, Three; Dec. 31, Three; Feb. 28, Three, by J. O. Fellowes.
Waltham Abbey.—March 11, One, by W. Jackson.
Walthamstow, Markhouse Common.—March 17, Eight, by T. Breewood.
Watford.—March 17, at Alfred-place Chapel, Four, by J. Downing.
Woolwich.—March 17, at Charles-street, Eleven, by J. Wilson. March 31, at Queen street Chapel, Twelve, by T. Jones.
Middlesbro'.—April 7, at Boundary-road, One, by J. W. Wilkinson.
Molleston, Pom.—March 24, Two, by T. Baker.
Mountain Ash.—March 3, at Nazareth, Nine; 14, Four; 24, Nine; 31, Four, by J. Howell.
Nottingham.—March —, at Circus-street Chapel, Three, by S. C. Smalley.
Newport, Mon.—March 31, in Stow-hill Chapel, Three, by J. Douglas.
Oldham.—March 31, at Manchester-street, Five, by E. Balmford.
Pattishall, Northamptonshire.—April 7, Five, by J. E. Jones.
Penbrooke Dock.—Feb. 13, Two, by R. C. Roberts.
Pinchebeck, near Spalding.—March 20, One, by J. Robinson.

Porth. Rhondda Valley.—March 31, Seven, by D. Thomas.

Portsmouth.—April 2, at Clarence-street, Three, by R. Y. Roberts, April 3, at Lake-road, Eight, by T. W. Medhurst.

Redwick.—March 31, Seven; April 7, Nine, by W. Waters.

Reford, Notts.—March 24, Four, by R. Silby.

Rhondda, Hopkiustown.—March 31, Four, by G. L. Williams.

Ridings, Derbyshire.—April 7, Two, by C. F. Jamieson.

Ringstead.—April 7, Two, by J. Rankine.

Roomfield, Todmorden.—April 7, Two, by H. Briggs.

Ruthin.—March 24, Three, by J. James.

Sheffield, Attercliffe.—March 31, Five, by R. Ensell.

Shoreham, Sussex.—March 17, One, by J. W. Harrauld.

Snethick.—March 31, Cross-street, Four, by G. T. Bailey.

Southern-on-Sea.—March 31, Seven, by J. G. Wilson.

Southampton.—March 31, at Carlton Chapel, Four, by E. Osborn, March 31, East-street, Eight, by J. H. Patterson.

Spennymoor, Durham.—March 31, Six, by M. Morris.

St. Helen's, Lancashire.—March 14, Park-road, One, by W. C. Taylor.

Sway, near Lynnington.—March 10, Three, by T. A. Pearce.

Taunton.—March 24, at Albemarle Chapel, Four, by Levi Palmer.

Tonbridge.—March 27, Three, by T. Hancock.

Tondu, Glam., S.W.—March 17, at the English Chapel, Eleven, by F. Schaffer; March 18, Three, for the English Church, Tynnewydd Vale.

Tredgar.—April 14, at Bethel, George Town, Five, by E. Lewis.

Treforest.—March 31, at English Chapel, Two, by W. H. Stanbury.

Treorkey, Rhondda Valley.—March 24, at Horeb English Chapel, Three, by D. Davies.

Troscbridge.—April 3, at Back-street, Fourteen, by W. Baroes.

Uckfield.—May 31, at Rock Hall Chapel, Two, by Mr. Horton.

Warrington.—March 31, at Golborne-street Chapel, Two, by A. Harrison.

Watchet and Williton, Somerset.—March 19, Seven, by R. J. Middleton.

Westgate, Rotherham.—April 3, Six, by J. Harper.

White Mill, near Carmarthen.—March 10, Five, by J. Lloyd.

Wolverhampton.—April 7, at Waterloo-road, Four, by D. E. Evans.

Wymondham.—March 11, Two, by W. Robinson.

RECENT DEATH.

DEPARTED in peace, at Boston-park-road, Brentford, on Monday, April 8th, SAMUEL TOWERS, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He had for many years been connected with the church meeting in Park Chapel, Brentford, and long held the office of deacon. By his removal from earth, the church at Brentford has lost a most attached friend and liberal supporter of the cause. His remains were interred in Brompton Cemetery on the 17th of April, and on the following Sunday evening his death was improved by the Rev. W. A. Blake (1 Thess. iv. 14).

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th, 1878, to April 7th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Tabernacle Alms-house Sunday-school	1	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. D. Stir-ling	1	0	0	Mr. W. C. Parkinton	5	5	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0	J. and E. C.	1	0	0	Mr. Raine	0	10	0
Mr. W. Fowler	59	0	0	C. D. E.	25	0	0	Mr. Turner	1	0	0
Mr. W. Barber	1	1	0	Legacy, late Miss Chilton	96	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Garland	3	3	0
Alfred Laversha	0	2	6	Mrs. J. Robertson	3	0	0	Mr. W. Williams	5	0	0
Mr. E. Finlayson	0	10	0	C. S. F.	0	5	0	Mr. F. Stone	10	0	0
Mrs. J. T. Potter	0	10	0	J. B. E.	0	7	6	Mr. W. C. Price	5	0	0
Mr. E. Bithray	5	6	0	A wake	1	1	0	Mr. B. Venables	1	1	0
Ebenezer	0	2	6	Mr. Winter's Bible-class, Richmond-street, Walworth	1	10	0	Mr. J. E. Tressider	1	1	0
Thank-offering, per Rev. A. A. Rees	2	0	0	B. T. King	18	0	0	Mr. H. Keen	1	1	0
Miss Couch	0	5	0	Mr. H. McKay	2	0	0	Mr. H. Burgess	2	2	0
Mrs. Ellwood	1	1	0	Mr. G. Gastrell	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Startin	5	5	0
Mr. H. P. Wright	0	7	6	R. M. H.	1	0	0	Mr. W. Payne	2	2	0
Mr. John Lewis	1	1	0	Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0	Mrs. T.	100	0	0
Mr. J. C. Cumming	0	10	0	Mrs. Harriet Elias	10	0	0	Dr. Angus	5	0	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Jeph.	1	12	0	L. C. W. and J. W.	1	1	0	Mr. W. R. Selway	2	2	0
Mr. R. S. Faulconer	21	0	0	Mr. Dowsett	1	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Metropolitan Tabernacle, March 24	39	3	11
Miss Steedman	10	0	0	Mrs. Berry	0	10	0	" " 31	33	0	3
A. T.	0	10	0	Miss Dransfield	5	5	0	" " April 7	33	0	3
Readers of Christian Herald	20	0	0	Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0		£550	9	5

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

A GLIMPSE OF THE GLORIFIED.*

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

"And His servants shall serve Him; and they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads."—REVELATION xxii. 3, 4.

CONCERNING the joys of heaven we do not know much, nor is it needful that we should, as we shall so soon reach the place, and mingle with all its happy associations. If we are really on our way to heaven there cannot be betwixt us and the gate of pearls any great distance. To the youngest pilgrim the end of his journey is not far off; to those who bow beneath the weight of years it is very close indeed; while to such of us as are in middle life the span of time that may possibly fall to our lot is brief enough for all the care and labour we must expend on more practical matters without speculating on scenes beyond our present sphere. It is quite as well, therefore, that our knowledge is thus limited, and that the bright pictures admit of no certain detail. This much, however, we do know, there are some joys of heaven which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have they entered into the heart of man. Only by the Spirit of God can they be revealed to us. There is no language by which these joys could be described. What, though eye-witnesses should go there and come back here, they would not be able to tell us in terms that we could understand of the happiness that is realised in the realm of the blessed. Paul, when caught up into the third heaven, gives but a meagre account of what he saw and heard, simply because human speech could not express the meaning. No words familiar to mortal lips could by their sound convey any adequate sense of the city that God hath builded; of the garden that God hath planted; or of the atmosphere radiant with the glory of the Lamb. How should finite minds apprehend an intelligence that is infinite? Still there are joys of heaven about which we may and do know something. Taught by the Spirit of God we have already such an insight as may be compared to the elementary books of a great science. We are instructed already in the A B C of heaven. We have had sips from that ocean of sweet waters in which we hope for ever to swim; we have had glimpses of that Divine light in which we are to bask for ever and ever. Those sips and glimpses are pleasing and profitable to us because of their being the index and the auspice of that paradise which shall be revealed to us by-and-by. The description given in my text has this charm, that, while it carries our minds up to that heaven where the throne of God and of the Lamb is situated, it paints the scenes in such transparent language as we who are here below may, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, in our measure understand. Thank God we do know what service means, while we aspire to a higher ministry—"His servants shall serve Him." Thank God we do know what fellowship means, and having walked in the light of His countenance we can appreciate the greater privilege—"They shall see His face." And, thank God, we do

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know what it is to bear the name of Christ, and share His reproach before the sons of men, we can therefore hail the brighter promise—"His name shall be in their foreheads." These three points, then, being such as we can in some degree realise, let us consider them in detail.

I. The first great joy in heaven is service. As His servants we shall serve Him. This is a joy indeed. I do not think any Christian man wishes to be idle. Here below our sweetest pastimes are those spent in the service of our God. How many there are of you who greet the hour when you are released from the business of the day that you may give yourselves up of an evening to some more congenial work in the church, the school, or the mission. Work for Christ is to us a labour of love and fond delight. A heaven in which we should have nothing to do and no sphere for spiritual activities would by no means reach up to our ideal of consummate happiness. I have heard of a general who was shut up in prison, and when some friend commiserated his hard fate, he said, "It is not the confinement, but the irksomeness of having nothing to do, that is my chief grievance." "Ah," said the other, "that is like a lingering death to any one who has a vigorous mind and a diligent or an enterprising spirit." The indolent may think there is a heaven in sluggishness, but their own experience might dispel the foolish dream—

"Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd."

They are uneasy upon the bed which once they thought so soft and downy that it would insure their comfort and contentment. The garden of the sluggard always brings forth thorns and thistles. He expects to be regaled with roses, but briars and brambles grow there instead of sweet-smelling flowers. To an intelligent creature the exercise of his faculties, the employment of his energies, and I may say the profitable use of his mental endowments are essential to happiness; therefore are we glad that in heaven there will be something to do, a service to be rendered.

This joy will be common to all the saints. All of you who here on earth are servants of God, when you are translated to heaven will have a part in the sacred offices. It is not the coveted privilege of a favoured few, but it is the alienable right of the countless multitude on high that all "His servants shall serve Him." Every one shall have some part in the ministry whereby he may praise the Divine Father. Are you not pleased with the prospect? I think I have seen some of you look over your little stock of abilities, and it has seemed so slender that you have said, "I do not quite know into what market I can carry such a small handful of goods as I have so as to make anything of it for my Lord and Master. The temptation has come strongly upon you at times to seek as clean a napkin as you could to wrap up your one talent, and to bury it in the earth as decently as possible. Beloved, that temptation will never occur to you in heaven. There His servants of one talent shall serve Him quite as acceptably as those who are more largely endowed; and if there should be degrees of ability or diversities of gifts there (whereof I cannot speak, for I do not know), there will doubtless be varieties of occupation corresponding with the capacities of all who do His commandments and obey His sovereign behests; for there hard by the throne of God and of the Lamb every servant of the Lord Jesus shall serve Him. Be of good

cheer, my aged sister, though you have been long unable to do much more than come up to the house of the Lord, here to sit among the worshippers, and feed and feast with Christ. Take heart, my toil-worn brother, though your daily labour consumes all your time and strength, and makes you delight in the repose you find in the sanctuary. Nor let a sigh escape the lips of the little child lately converted, and scarcely able to talk of the faith he has found, or tell of the love to Jesus that he feels. From the least and most obscure to the chief and most renowned of all my Lord's redeemed regenerated family, you shall each and every one have a part in this grand service. If you cannot beat the big drum, you shall touch the triangle. If you cannot pour out the loftier notes of apostles and prophets, of martyrs and virgins, you shall at least be accessories indispensable to the completeness of that choir whose music shall glorify God and gladden every grateful spirit with its strains of grace resonant with glory. Does it not make you happy to think of it? It is a common joy of heaven, this joy of servants, alert and eager with all the vivacity of service; and how honourable their occupation is! honourable, indeed, beyond conception. Have you not felt here on earth that it is a high honour to do anything for Jesus, "The latchet of whose shoes," said John the Baptist, "I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose." Oh, to be a scullion in Christ's kitchen; to sweep the floor of the house in which His saints assemble; to nurse His sick disciples; to teach His babes; to feed His lambs; to wash the feet of the brethren—such ministries of love—humble as they may sound, and wearisome as they might otherwise seem, can kindle a sacred enthusiasm when we do them for His sake. So have we felt the pleasure and esteemed the privilege of serving the Lord. Well, beloved, such honour have all the saints of heaven. They are servants not of princes, kings, or emperors; but they are servants of God. With all their powers they pay Him allegiance; with infinite pleasure they do His bidding. What an honour doth the Lord confer upon them when He appoints them to do service to Him! When God gave us His son we received Him, and He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, the grace was unspeakable; but when He puts us in a position of trust wherein we can offer fealty, show our gratitude, and render service, the privilege seems to me so elating that language fails me to express my emotions. It always appears to me so wonderful that He who says, "I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices or thy burnt offerings, for every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, and if I were hungry I would not tell thee: for the world is mine and the fulness thereof," should nevertheless commend the poor widow woman who cast in two mites unto the offerings of God; because in so doing she cast in all the living that she had, and what she gave was unto Him. Oh, to think that my Lord, who speaks in thunder and with His mighty voice splits the mountains, and shivers the cedars upon their lofty brows, yet deigns to speak by me to the hearts of men, and to bring them as suppliants to the feet of His dear Son. Well might He have sent some swift-winged angel to appeal to this vast assembly, and bid "the listening throng dwell on the melting music of his tongue;" but in His infinite condescension He is pleased to take a poor son of Adam, and say, "My child, I have put My words in thy mouth, arise, and tell those people about the heaven I have prepared for all that are redeemed from among men, and command them

to believe in My dear Son, that they may enter into My rest." I do not know how to bless God for the great grace he has granted me in giving me this commission, and permitting me to be His servant. Is it not an honour to any of you that the Lord God should need you and use you? I count the ass upon which Christ rode into Jerusalem to have been singularly honoured by His riding upon it. Might I be like some poor pigeon, that could carry a message for Christ upon its wings, methinks I would ply my task with pleasure, grateful that I had such work as this to do. So in heaven they shall all be honoured in this fashion without exception; "they shall serve Him."

And in heaven the service will have this sacred charm that it will bring us directly into communion with the Lord. His servants shall serve *Him*. To himself shall their service be rendered. In discharging your duties here below you do not always feel that you are yielding devout homage to your Master in heaven. And yet it is in this spirit we are admonished to fulfil all the relations that we bear to one another according to the flesh. You will easily remember the precepts, or, at least, you can turn to the epistles to the Ephesians and the Colossians and refresh your memory of them, in which Paul addresses wives and husbands, children and fathers, servants and masters; showing us how all our conduct in every condition of life should be connected with the service of Christ. This connection may be less palpable to you because of the intervening links. The scullery maid at Windsor Castle may be as much her Majesty's servant as the lady in waiting who receives orders from her lips. But it is not easy to realise that all our lowly offices can be done for Christ. Up in heaven, however, His servants shall serve *Him*. It will be to Him distinctly, without any medium to distract their thoughts, that their service will be rendered. To Him their songs shall be addressed; and to Him their worship shall be offered; before His feet they will cast their crowns; to His behests they will attend, and at His command will they fly all eager to do His bidding. His servants shall serve Him. Your temper may be sorely tried by the harshness or the fretfulness of those to whom you are subject. Well, you shall serve a blessed Master hereafter. Have you tried to serve the world? Doubtless you have found it very ungrateful. You may lay your life low for the world, and get nothing but its cold shoulder. Serve your God, and you shall have pleasure in the action, and pleasure afterwards in the reflection, and pleasure for ever in the consummation; nothing can be more delightful or satisfactory than to serve Him. To put many thoughts into few words, "His servants shall serve Him" with perfect service; they shall not be half-hearted or lukewarm; but, with an emphasis, they *shall* serve Him! Such the zeal, the ardour, the completeness of the service without any breaches or omission to fulfil every bounden obligation. Oh, to be rid of sin, and to serve our Lord and Master with an unimpeachable fidelity! Do you not want to soar away to that dear land where the atmosphere is so clear and the associations so pure that sin can never enter? Such instinctive obedience is akin to immaculate boldness? I have heard some of my brethren profess to be quite perfect, or within easy reach of absolute perfection. Their strange conceit makes my heart shudder, and yet it makes my mouth water. For my own part, I have struggled hard and striven much, but I have never yet come to this high estate, nor do I think I ever shall this

side heaven. Here below I 'must be content to look up to Christ, my Lord; to trust in Him for all I need; and to find in Him all I want. But, oh, to be with Him, and to be like Him! Is not this heaven, indeed? His servants shall serve Him perfectly, and not only so; but they shall serve Him untiringly. There will be no need there to suspend one's service because the brain is weary, or because though the spirit is willing the flesh is weak. At first, stripped of our house of clay, we shall serve God as pure spirits, and then after the day of resurrection, when our souls shall re-enter our bodies, they will not be such cumbrous things as they now are—bodies fit only for our animal nature; but they will be bodies fit for our spirits swift, and light, and ethereal. We shall be made meet with our whole spirit, soul, and body, to worship our Lord Jesus Christ, and serve Him without any sense of weariness day without night for ever and for evermore.

There, too, dear friends, the service in which we are engaged will be suitable to the capacities with which we are endowed. Down here a man sometimes gets out of his proper place. I do not know a more unhappy brother than one who has to fill a post he is not fit for, to conduct a business that he is not conversant with, or to perform some office that he is not skilled in. If you had asked Mary to undertake Martha's work, she would probably have found it rather irksome. It was fortunate for Martha that she was a good manager, and so she could be very happy over her housekeeping. There are teachers in the Sunday-schools whose task is always troublesome to themselves, because the particular class they take is unsuited to their disposition. One may be too sedate for the infants, and another too lively to succeed with the seniors. Each in his sphere might diffuse good, and inhale a world of pleasure. Many a pastor might remove to another charge, and feed another flock with a full play of mutual sympathies to which he is now unhappily a stranger. And there are not a few ministers who have very palpably made a mistake in their vocation. It would be well if they saw it for themselves. Their preaching is not profitable. In some other department than the pulpit they might serve God successfully; but to all eyes than their own they fail now for lack of fitness. Up in heaven His servants do serve Him as they should, and they can serve Him as they ought; they drop into their niches there; harmony prevails; the tenor is not allotted to one who can only sing bass; they shall know their parts in heaven—the parts for which they are prepared. They shall have functions for which they are qualified, and duty will be an incessant delight. Oh, to have something to do that you can do, and that you love to do—this is happiness; enough to employ every faculty without fatigue, your whole heart in vigorous health—this is to be happy. Such the heaven we sigh to reach. They shall serve God; feeling the will and finding the way. No tax gatherers behind them exacting more than they can give, no Pharaoh's whip demanding of them to make bricks without straw; but gratitude constraining them to be cheerful. Their very existence shall be devoted to the service of God. Oh, how happy they must be, these servants of His, who serve Him!

And yet amongst the vast throng of people I now address how many individuals there are who would not be happy if they could be taken to heaven at once. Nay, friends, you would be out of your element.

Methinks I see you looking sad and dejected in the midst of all the delights of the heavenly host, and longing to leave the place and the people with whom you have nothing in common. They serve God; you do not want to do that. They sing His praises; you have no relish for that. Psalm-singing was never to your taste, you always sneered at it. Or, perhaps, some of you put up with a little of it on Sundays; but what they call the Sabbath is to you the dreariest of days—you never learned to call it a delight. Were you received up into heaven as you are, unconverted hearer, you would say, "Let me out of this, it does not suit my taste at all." Not, alas, that you need fear that a fellowship so uncongenial will ever be forced on you. Unless you have a new heart and a right spirit you cannot enter the kingdom. When God has made new creatures of you, and endowed you with new tastes and new likings, you will be capable of enjoying the inheritance that is prepared for His redeemed people. Meanwhile, there are not a few beloved ones here whom I can heartily congratulate, because your present diligence in His service and delight in His worship have already become the antepast and foretaste of the destiny that is reserved for you. We find thus sweet solace in the fact that "His servants shall serve Him."

11. Another joy of heaven is this: "They shall see His face." This indicates communion infinitely more privileged than we hitherto have proved. Here we have heard about God; there they behold His face. Here we believe; there they see. Here we humbly enquire; there they positively know. Here the utmost we can ever see is through a glass darkly; there, face to face. "They shall see His face." Oh, beloved, if faith in God be sweet, if spiritual apprehensions of God be heaven below, what must that clear vision be in which we shall literally see Him? Our eyes shall see the King in His beauty; we shall fix our ravished gaze upon Jesus, the very Christ that died upon the cross for us. Oh, what joy, what ineffable joy, to be able to see God as the pure in heart shall! Well may we long with ardour for that beatific vision. In the East, a monarch was thought to be very condescending when his peculiar favourites were allowed to look upon his face. The ordinary people stood at a distance. To see one of his servants they thought an honour; but to look on his face was reserved for nobles of the highest rank. In heaven every child of God shall see God's face; this is more than Moses was permitted to do. Peerless among prophets as he was till the Messiah came, he was only permitted to see the back part of God's train, and even then he had to sit in the cleft of the rock, and God's hand was put before him to screen him from the exceeding brightness of the august presence; yet Moses did not see God's face. To other prophets the Lord made Himself known in visions, and spake to them in dreams. With His servant Moses He spoke mouth to mouth, even apparently, and not in dark speeches; the similitude of the Lord did he behold, yet even Moses saw not His face. It could not be. "Thou canst not see My face and live." St. Augustine used to say, "Then, Lord, if I cannot see Thy face and live, let me see it and die, so that I do but see it." It is in fact the beatitude of life in heaven to look into the face of their Father, into the face of Jesus Christ their brother, and to see as in a clear vision all the attributes of God in their full splendour. "They shall see His face." Oh, to drop this earthly clay, which clogs and cramps us now, to get a

sight of the face of God! And does it not seem to be intimated that the sight, like the service, will be continuous. "They shall see His face." This sounds not like a transient glance as when a pageant passeth by, but it is descriptive of a constant privilege. Oh, for a sight of Christ! If my soul could once see Him, she might well be content never more to look upon the fair landscape of this earth, and never again to turn her gaze upon the sun. What art thou, O earth? what are all thy beauties but baubles? What art thou, O sun? how black, dull, dim, thy blazing light when once compared with Him. The pleasing lustre of His eyes outshines the wonders of the skies. The glory of earth and heaven pale before His presence. A sight of Christ, beloved, were it only just a glimpse through the lattices of the windows, would ravish our hearts. Well, we are to see Him for ever and for evermore. The thought of Him has often entranced us. In His Godhead, with the Father One; in His manhood, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. We shall peer into those dear eyes which once wept over Jerusalem, eyes that looked from eternity upon us with love; and we shall gaze upon those hands, the nail prints of which are all resplendent, hands eternally uplifted to scatter blessings upon us. Oh, to see Jesus! It is the highest heaven one can sigh for. But to see Him for ever and for ever! Words fail us; we must leave the lively hope with you, and urge you to press forward to the land where you shall realise it all. Ere long you will be there and see your Lord.

This fellowship, it seems, will excite no terror. They shall see His face. Why panic might well seize every soul of you at the thought of seeing the face of God to-night. How startled you would be. Can mortal man endure the sight of his Maker? The best of men have been abashed and sunk to the earth at the presence of the Almighty. Job, perfect in his generation, Gideon, good if not great, and others favoured even with angelic visions, were appalled. Even John, distinguished as the divine, says, "When I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead." But up there we shall see His face. The children of God will be at home with their Father. They will be gratified, not terrified. Perfect love will cast out fear, because fear hath torment. There can be no disquietude in heaven. It must be unmingled bliss, which, with the absence of everything like fright, will enable us to see the face of the King. Oh, joy! Oh boundless felicity; to find consummate pleasure in the company, not only of saints made perfect, but of the sovereign whose universal sway constrains our deepest awe. So blessed a thing is it to see His face.

This joy you have already known in a measure. Jesus is no stranger to you. Have you not looked Him in the face in the times of your trouble, and discerned His sympathy? The secret of your soul you have told Him, and the secret of His soul He has told you. There is no one on earth that some of us are so familiar with, as with our Lord. I can plainly tell you there is many a thing I could not trust to any one on earth that I know. There are yearnings of soul and perplexities of mind which to my dearest other self I could not divulge, nor yet to my most trusty friend, or my beloved brother. They could not help me if I did. But there are no secrets between me and my Lord and Master. He understands me; and He reads my soul. I delight to tell Him what I feel. It is a relief to confess my faults into His ear. Any aspiration after good I sigh out to

Him that He may hear it and may help me in it. Now I doubt not there are many of you who can join me in that utterance. The Man of Nazareth comes to your house, does He not? In the spirit He communes with you. Earth has ne'er so dear a spot as where He speaks with you,—an old arm-chair, perhaps, where you are accustomed to kneel at night. There is some favourite spot to which you are accustomed to repair for the quarter of an hour you may have to spare. There is a Bible, well thumbed, and some blessed psalms or passages of holy writ that always seem to bring you near to Jesus as you turn to them. What fond associations cluster round those places. You have gone there in times of bereavement or in seasons of fearful anxiety, and you have come away from a vision of His face, and you have been so strengthened and comforted that your countenance has been no more sad. Ah, well, that has been like the gate of heaven to you, but what must heaven itself be where you shall for ever behold his face? Lord, let us get there as soon as may be. Keep us not out too long in the vestibule, we pray thee, for we would enter into Thy courts there to serve Thee and to see Thy face.

III. A third joy of heaven is this. "And his name shall be in their foreheads." We have meditated on the service, and fellowship; let us now ponder the consecration. God's name upon their foreheads signifies that they are really His people, devoted, acknowledged, attested. We are His now. Many of us rejoice to know that we are His. Paul said, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." This was as much as though he should say, "He has branded me, He has burnt His name into my flesh; I cannot be otherwise than His servant as long as I live. I am tattooed with the cross; I belong to Jesus Christ. The symbol is expressive. His name shall be in their foreheads." This means that they are God's own unquestionably; so apparent is it; they know it themselves; it is on their foreheads. Sometimes you and I are half afraid we do not belong to God. Do not you ever question whether you are His, or whether you are not? Some people parody the poetry and ridicule the reflections of that hymn in which their own sensitiveness was never shadowed—

"'Tis a point I long to know;
 Oft it causes anxious thought:
 Do I love the Lord or no?
 Am I His, or am I not?"

Such scruples are never satisfactory to us: yet into such a state of mind we do get sometimes. A tender conscience and a scrupulous anxiety to be right often causes us much pain. Now, beloved, we shall not have any of these questionings in heaven. His name will be in our foreheads; we shall know with an absolute assurance that we are the servants of God. And other people will know it too. Here below, dear brethren, we cannot always discern the brotherhood with positive certainty, and therefore we are unable to love them all as we could fondly wish to do, simply because they belong to Christ. There are snakes in the grass: and wolves in sheep's clothing—Christians by profession, who are worse than heathens, for they are hypocrites. You may begin to talk confidentially to them of your experience, and they will presently betray your confidence and make fun of your frankness. You dare not communicate your secret joys and

sorrows to them because they wilfully misunderstand, wickedly misrepresent, and wantonly mimic your conversation, turning your honest confessions into humiliating accusations against you. But there will be no fear of your being deceived by a Judas up in heaven, for they will all wear their Father's name in their foreheads. We shall know each other there. We shall talk cheerfully. We shall enjoy heart-to-heart fellowship without fear or apprehension. Here below we may have to complain that the friend with whom we took sweet counsel and went to the house of God in company hath turned conspirator, and he that ate bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me; but we shall not have to sigh over such a sorrow up there. Blessed companionship of a thrice blessed people! With His name in their foreheads, the consecration of the saints of heaven must be indelible? Once and for ever engraved on their foreheads, it cannot be erased. It is not on the hand which might be removed, or on the foot which might be unobserved; but it is on their foreheads. They cannot lose their heads unless they lose their lives. His name is immutably set upon them. They are the Lord's, the Lord's servants they always shall be. Probably there is an allusion here to the peculiar mitre worn by the Jewish high-priests. He put on a mitre with a golden plate upon it, inscribed "Holiness unto the Lord;" having thus as a priest Jehovah's name in his forehead. So will all the saints in heaven wear the name of Jehovah. It will be their emblem. Glory be to God for this; we shall all be kings and priests unto God if once we reach that happy shore, to serve, to reign, to offer the lowliest homage while we receive the loftiest honour.

There is a yet deeper meaning. "His Name shall be in their foreheads." You know the word "name" means character in the Bible. The *name* of God stands for His character, His nature, His essential Being. Well; what less then can be intended than that the glorified in heaven shall bear in their foreheads that which is implied by His name? Though here the nature of God is in every believer, it is hidden, concealed; it doth not yet appear what we shall be.

"The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son."

But as in heaven the deity of Christ is conspicuous, so in heaven the nature of God in every Christian will shine forth from his forehead. You will see that he is like Christ. We shall be like Him, when we shall see Him as He is. Oh, what must it be to wear the image of Christ, to be ourselves reproductions of the perfect character of the God-man, to be sanctified entirely, to be full of the divine ardour, to be quickened with the sacred virtues of the Lord Jesus. Surely this is heaven indeed.

I shall leave these thoughts with you. We are now going to receive a considerable number of fresh members into the fellowship of this church. I trust they are, as they profess to be, believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. This then ought to be a season of great joy, an ante-past of heaven to us. I often hear some of our friends singing in one or other of the class rooms connected with the Tabernacle. And I am told they are going through rehearsals that they may learn to sing more perfectly in the larger assembly. After such a manner let us this evening have a rehearsal of heaven. Let those of you who are about to join the Church remember

that you now declare yourselves to be His servants, and engage all your lives to serve Him. That will be a rehearsal of heaven. You are to come forward and vow that you are the Lord's, and I trust at the Lord's table you will have a sight of Christ. Brothers and sisters, I hope we shall all of us by precious faith have a vision of Jesus Christ, discerning at this ordinance the Lord's body. That is a rehearsal of heaven: for there they see His face. And now you are about to profess Jesus Christ. You have had His name in your heart; you have had His name on your hand; but now you are going to have it on your foreheads. You come forward, and say, "Yes, we are Christ's." You will be ridiculed for it. You must expect to bear some reproach for the Master's sake. Never mind! You are rehearsing what they do in heaven. There they visibly wear the mark of the eternal God, and you are about to declare before men and angels, by joining the church, that you are the Lord's people. I feel very happy; I only hope it is a happiness that will be repeated month after month. If God gives a hundred this month, why should He not give us a hundred another month, not staying His hand but multiplying us as a flock? I feel happy, because I know the angels are happy, and Christ is happy; they rejoice over one sinner that repenteth, and surely they rejoice a hundred times as much over a hundred converts. Then we all rejoice when the Lord adds to the number of the Church militant below because we anticipate the time when they shall be taken up to the Church triumphant above. Oh, may it be my joy to welcome by and by in heaven in a closer fellowship all those to whom I now cordially give the right hand receiving them into communion here. Oh, brothers and sisters, as the Lord our God continues to increase and multiply the congregation of His saints here, may these hallowed festivals help us to anticipate the time when we shall meet the general assembly of His Redeemed; called chosen and faithful: the elect of God gathered from every land, recruited from every fold of His visible Church, who shall all be convened on the plains of heaven to worship Him and to see His face, and to wear His name in their foreheads. Oh blissful prospect! but ah me! that I should still be addressing some of you who are still unconverted, aliens or enemies to the cross of Christ. Except you believe in Jesus, you cannot be there. If you postpone and procrastinate, you may seek to enter in and not be able. "Too late, too late," will be the cry; and you will die in your sins. Oh, believe in Jesus while it is called to-day. Come now and cast your guilty souls at His feet. So shalt thou be pardoned and reconciled: and we shall meet thee and greet thee in the land where God's servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH
OUR CHARLEY?

Yes, that is the question! The fact is, there seems to be no place

in heaven above or earth beneath that is exactly safe and suitable, except the bed. While he is asleep, then our souls have rest; we know

where he is and what he is about, and sleep is a gracious state; but then he wakes up bright and early, and begins tooting, pounding, hammering, singing, meddling, asking questions, and, in short, overturning the peace of society generally, for about thirteen hours out of the twenty-four.

Everybody wants to know what to do with him—everybody is quite sure that he can't stay where they are. The cook can't have him in the kitchen, where he infests the pantry to get flour to make paste for his kites, or melts lead in the new saucepan. If he goes into the wood shed, he is sure to pull the wood pile down upon his head. If he be sent to the garret, you think for a while that you have settled the problem, till you find what a boundless field of activity is opened amid all the packages, boxes, bags, barrels, and cast-off rubbish there. Old letters, newspapers, trunks of miscellaneous contents, are all rummaged, and the very reign of Chaos and old Night is instituted. He sees endless capabilities in all things, and is always hammering something, or knocking something apart, or sawing, or planing, or dragging boxes or barrels in all directions to build cities, or laying rails for railways, till everybody's head aches, quite down to the lower floor, and everybody declares that Charley must be kept out of the garret.

Then you send Charley to school, and hope you are fairly rid of him, for a few hours at least. But he comes home noisier and busier than ever, having learned of some twenty other Charleys every separate resource for keeping up a commotion that the superabundant vitality of each can originate. He can dance like Jem Smith; he has learned to smack his lips like Joe Brown;

Will Briggs has shown him how to mew like a cat; and he enters the house with a new war-whoop learned from Tom Evans. He feels large and valorous; he has learned that he is a boy, and has a general impression that he is growing immensely strong and knowing, and despises more than ever the conventionalities of parlour-life—in fact he is more than ever an interruption in the way of decent folks, who want to be quiet.

It is true that, if entertaining persons will devote themselves to him exclusively, reading and telling stories, he may be kept in a state of quiescence; but then this is discouraging work, for he swallows a story as a dog does a piece of meat, and looks at you for another, and another, without the slightest consideration, so that this resource is of short duration; and then the old question comes up, What is to be done with him?

But, after all, Charley is not to be wholly shirked, for he is an institution, a solemn and awful *fact*; and on the answer of the question, What is to be done with him? depends a future. Many a hard, morose, and bitter man has come from a Charley turned off and neglected—many a parental heart-ache has come from a Charley left to run the streets, that mamma and sisters might play on the piano, and write letters in peace. It is easy to get rid of him—there are fifty ways of doing that—he is a spirit that can be promptly laid for a season, but if not laid aright, will come back by-and-by a strong man armed, when you cannot send him off at pleasure.

Mamma and sisters had better pay a little tax to Charley now, than a terrible one by-and-by. There is something significant in the old English phrase, with which

the Scriptures make us familiar—a MAN child! A *man* child!—there you have the word that should make you think more than twice before you answer the question, What shall we do with Charley?

For to-day he is at your feet—to-day you can make him laugh, you can make him cry, you can persuade and coax, and turn him to your pleasure; you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble deeds; in short, you can mould him, if you will take the trouble.

But look ahead some years, when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones; when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little round chin, and all the strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds to have the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide him to your will; but if you lose that key now he is little, you may search for it carefully with tears some other day, and not find it. Old housekeepers have a proverb, that one hour lost in the morning is never found all day; it has a significance in this case.

One thing is to be noticed about Charley—that rude, and busy, and noisy, as he inclines to be, and irksome as carpet rules and parlour ways are to him, he is still a social little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household are. A room ever so well adapted for a play-room cannot charm him at the hour when the family is in reunion; he hears the voices in the parlour, and his play-room seems cold and desolate. It may be warmed by a fire and lighted with gas, but it is *human* light and warmth he shivers for—he longs to take his things down and play by you; he yearns to hear the talk of

the family, which he so imperfectly comprehends, and is incessantly promising that of the fifty improper things which he is liable to do in the parlour, he will not commit one if you will let him stay there.

This instinct of the little one is Nature's warning plea—God's admonition. O how many a mother who has neglected it, because it was irksome to have the child about, has longed, when her son was a man, to keep him by her side, and he would not! Shut out as a little Arab—constantly told that he is noisy, that he is awkward and meddlesome, and a plague in general—the boy has at last found his own company in the streets, in the high-ways and hedges where he runs, till the day comes when the parents want their son, the sisters their brother; and then they are scared at the face he brings back to them, as he comes all foul and smutty from the companionship to which they have doomed him. Depend upon it, mothers and elder sisters, if it is too much trouble to keep Charley in your society, there will be places found for him, warmed and lighted with no friendly fires, where he who “finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,” will care for him if you do not. You may put out a tree, and it will grow while you sleep; but a *son* you cannot. You must take trouble for him, either a little now, or a good deal by-and-by.

Let him stay with you at least some portion of every day. Put aside your book or work to tell him a story, or read to him from some book. Devise still parlour plays for him, for he gains nothing if he be allowed to spoil the comfort of the whole circle. A pencil and a sheet of paper, and a few patterns, will often keep him quiet for an

hour by your side ; or in a corner he may build a block house, annoying nobody ; and if occasionally he does disturb you now, balance in your own mind which is the greatest evil, to be disturbed by him now, or when he is a man.

Of all that you can give your Charley, if you are a good man or woman, *your presence* is the best and safest thing. God never meant him to do without you, any more than chickens were meant to grow without being brooded.

Then let him have some place in the house where it shall be no sin to hammer, and pound, and saw, and make all the litter that his various schemes of business require. Even if you can ill afford the room, weigh well which is best, to spare him that safe asylum, or take the chance of one which he may find for himself in the street.

Of all devices for Charley which we have tried, a few shelves, which he may dignify with the name of a cabinet, is one of the best. He

picks up shells, and pebbles, and stones—all odds and ends ; nothing comes amiss ; and if you give him a pair of scissors and a little gum, there is no end of the labels he will paste on, and the hours that he may innocently spend in sorting and arranging. A bottle of liquid gum is an invaluable resource for various purposes ; nor must you mind though he varnish his nose, and fingers, and clothes, so that he do nothing worse. A cheap paint box, and some engravings to colour, is another ; and if you will give him some real paint and putty, to paint and putty his boats and cars, he is a made man. All these things make trouble—to be sure they do, and will—but Charley *is* to make trouble ; that is the nature of the institution. You are only to choose between safe and wholesome trouble, and the trouble that comes at last like a whirlwind.

God bless the little fellow, and send us all grace to know what to do with him !

Tales and Sketches.

POOR JENNIE; OR, HOW THE KING BUILT HIS BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

FOUNDED ON FACT. BY A PASTOR.

CHAPTER VI.

How the sun went down and all the beasts of the forest crept out.

"And if before His sovereign will,
Our sweetest comforts fall,
'Tis but the teachings of His love,
To make Himself our all."

THE bright light of beauty in the face of the Saviour which had

ravished the heart of Jennie continued to shine upon her for many months, and she thought that her mountain stood so strong that her peace would never be removed. Among the sweet flowers of faith, however, which the hand of Divine love had planted in the garden of her soul, there had all unconsciously sprang up the subtle weed of *self-trust* ; the bridegroom of her soul she had found, and He was her true glory and joy, but without knowing it, she was often resting more upon the joy of His presence than upon

Himself, and hence the change which followed.

Jennie was sitting in her usual place of worship one Sunday morning, listening, as was her custom, to the Gospel in which she so much delighted. On this occasion, however, her heart was preoccupied and hard, her attention wandered, and when she tried to pray and praise as she had done, she found she could not; a cloud seemed to have come between her heart and the beloved of her soul. He was indeed, as it seemed to her, *gone*, and with the loss of His conscious presence her love seemed to have perished—and this was not all; new, strange, and dreadful thoughts came into her mind so terrible, so wicked, that they made her tremble, and she felt afraid even to look at God; indeed, she almost felt that in such a state of mind it was a sin to be in the house of God, and among His people. She returned home greatly distressed and depressed, and had but little heart or appetite to partake of the frugal meal provided—not knowing what to do she threw herself down upon her knees before God, as with a bursting heart, and all but choked utterance, she exclaimed:—

“O Lord,” she said, addressing the Saviour, “Where art Thou? O what have I done, and why, O why hast Thou forsaken me? Have my sinfulness, my hard heart, my wanderings, my dreadful thoughts, driven Thee away? O Lord, I deserve Thy anger, but O forgive me and forsake me not! O pardon my ingratitude and forgetfulness of all Thy love, and restore to me the joy of Thy salvation. O tell me, O Lord, have I been deceiving myself? —is my past joy all a delusion? O let me not be deceived! O Lord Jesus, Thou knowest I desire to be right in Thy sight, O make me

sincere! Thou knowest I would rather die than sin against Thee! O if indeed I have been deceiving myself, O make me real and honest. O correct me in mercy and not in anger—I am a poor, weak, sinful, and ignorant creature, but Thou knowest all things, and that I desire to love Thee. O make me right in Thy sight! O take away this hard heart! O save me from these dreadful unbelieving thoughts! O make me Thy child! O keep me from hypocrisy. Thou hast said, ‘Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give thee rest.’ O Lord, I am weary and heavy laden. O do give me rest!—rest from the burden of guilt, rest from this burden of fear, rest from these dreadful thoughts. O speak peace again to my troubled heart! O lift upon me the light of Thy countenance. I am poor and needy, O forsake me not utterly; but let me again see Thee and rejoice in Thy love and salvation!”

Having thus prayed Jennie felt her heart a little comforted; her burden was lightened though not quite gone; still she was able to hide her sorrow from her dear friend Miss Mayhew, with whom she had tea in the afternoon. At the evening service she was able to pay more attention, but still a cloud was upon her spirit, as she feared the same feelings which had so disturbed her in the morning would return again. And to some extent they did, making her very sad and fearful, so that she was grateful when in answer to prayer the Saviour once more sent sleep to close her eyes and hush her worn spirit to rest.

All the following week Jennie's heart was very sad under the influence of this cloud. O how she mourned after the sunshine of her Saviour's love, which she now feared

was gone, and gone for ever. O how bright the past seemed to be in contrast with the present, and how she wondered that she should not have appreciated it more. She walked up and down the same lane, and the mornings were bright, and nature was as beautiful as ever, but she seemed to have lost her charms. It was autumn, and the dying flowers seemed but to symbolise the sad fact that her hope had perished from the Lord. The birds sang, but their songs were no longer half so sweet, for the joy of her heart had flown. The old lane, which in the spring seemed to her young faith like a walk through the Paradise of God, now appeared cold and repulsive. The light of other days indeed had faded. How different to her work now seemed to her;—her home how cold; and how hard it was to bear the petulance and impatience of her aged mother. She sought the same quiet walk, hoping that the same secret dew, the same quiet, soft, subdued, spirit of light and love would descend upon her spirit again; that the same fragrant breath of the everlasting hills would come, and once more fill her heart with the same strange but divinely sweet and unearthly joy and peace; that the same brightness and beauty of her Saviour's face would again glide into and fill as heretofore the secret chambers of her soul; but these bright days for a time had passed, and still she had to mourn the absence of her beloved.

This state of mind continued many weeks, and although Jennie kept her sorrows locked up in her own breast, her old friend Miss Mayhew at last noticing her depression drew from her the secret of distress. This once known many and wise and loving were the attempts made by the little scam-

stress to dispel the darkness of her friend's mind and to bring her again to the enjoyment of the joy, light, and liberty she had lost.

At last, however, the time of Jennie's deliverance drew near;—one evening, sitting with her friend in much depression of spirit and pondering over the Word of God, they came to those beautiful passages in Isaiah:—

“He is despised and rejected of men: a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised, and we esteemed Him not. Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.”

“What do these words mean?” inquired Jennie.

“They mean, I believe,” replied her friend, “what our dear pastor told us some few Sabbaths ago, that our sins, the sins of all who believe in Christ, were imputed to the Saviour as our substitute and surety, and that He standing in our place and stead, bore their punishment, and by thus making satisfaction to the justice of God, made an end of sin, for ever putting it away; and by believing this, guilt is removed from the conscience; and this is what is meant when it is said that by His stripes we are healed, and the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. It is the consciousness of sin which wounds us, but when we see how Jesus by bearing its penalty re-

moved it, so that it cannot condemn us,—we by faith receiving and believing this, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God—our fear is removed, and resting on Christ only as the ground of our acceptance with God we rejoice in His love.”

Light again flashed in upon the mind of the sorrowing girl as she listened to these words. O how suitable to her condition, how sweet they seemed! Now she could understand her past experience, her heart had been won by the beauty of Christ, and she had been resting upon the joy of the great sight more than upon Himself; she had rested upon Him as the Saviour without knowing much of Him as the Man of Sorrows, or the true meaning of those words which had just been explained—“by His stripes ye are healed,” but now that their full meaning broke upon her like the morning, O how gladly and with what joy she flung the

arms of her faith around the cross of her Lord, rejoicing in His great atoning sacrifice; and as she entered into the full meaning of those vicarious sorrows which He had endured for her, and again embraced Him as her everlasting substitute and kinsman Redeemer in whom she stood perfect and complete, while her heart rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory, a love such as she had never felt before sprang up in her heart, and she realised the fulfilment of the old declaration and gracious purpose of God in her own experience, “They shall look upon Him whom they have pierced, and mourn.” And while thus weeping over her sins as she had never wept before, the King came and laid another stone of His beautiful house in the temple of her spirit,—even the stone of all stones the most precious—the ever beautiful and ever enduring stone of LOVE. Love produced not only by His moral beauty but by His DEATH.

Reviews.

John whom Jesus Loved. By JAMES GULROSS, A.M., D.D. Morgan and Scott, Paternoster-buildings.

THIS beautiful book from a truly talented, as well as earnest and devout writer, has been read by us with peculiar pleasure and profit. Our spiritual and mental life is considerably strengthened by the perusal. And we cannot conceive of a Christian to whom this volume would not bring good. It is worthy of a place in the sick chamber and the library. It should be in the hands of our Sunday-school teachers, as well as our ministers. The illiterate, as well as the scholastic, may come here and be refreshed. *It is a comprehensive and exhaustive commentary on the life and character of him whom Jesus loved.*

The Pilgrim's Progress, as originally published, by JOHN BUNYAN, being a Facsimile Reproduction of the first Edition in 1678. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

It is intended by this issue to commemorate the two hundredth birthday of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The only copy of the original, now known to exist, is in the possession of Mr. Holford, of Park-lane, by whose courtesy the present facsimile is before us. We are grateful to Mr. Stock for this very valuable work, the facsimile in *printing, binding, paper, spelling, notes, &c.*, of the first issue of the greatest religious allegory ever written. We seem, as we look and read, as though we were in actual possession of a real volume of the immortal dreamer's first issue.

The author's own notes are specially refreshing, and we believe this new addition to our religious literature will have an immense circulation. From all Baptists it will receive a hearty welcome. But from none more than the Baptists of Bedfordshire and of the Bedfordshire churches, to whom this work will be particularly welcome; we suppose that to the churches at Bunyan Meeting, Bedford, and the Bunyan Chapel, Park-street, Luton, it will have a very special interest. These two churches were two hundred years ago presided over, the one by John Bunyan, the other by Samuel Marson, the latter of whom was mentioned by Sir Charles Reed on the occasion of the opening of the Bunyan statue, at Bedford, *as the fellow prisoner of Bunyan*, and to whose memory Sir Charles hoped at some future day the Christian people would give some well-deserved tribute. We have reason to know that the church at Park-street, Luton, presided over by the Rev. J. H. Blake, and of which Samuel Marson was the founder and first minister, whose remains and those of his sons lie buried in the Park-street grave-yard, are about raising a memorial to the memory of this most excellent man. *Something worthy of the church and worthy of the man.* It will increase the interest in this volume (the very edition the manuscript of which John showed to his fellow-prisoner Marson while they were in prison), and also the Marson Memorial Fund, if the bicentenary of the book and the Marson Memorial should date from the same year of grace, 1878.

Short Sketches on Important Subjects.

By Rev. JAMES HAWKINGS, Author of "Family Religion," "Lessons worth Learning," &c. Elliot Stock.

THIS book is true to its title. Short sketches on important subjects. They are all short, but not scanty nor superficial. They are important, for we have among others three chapters on "God's Method of Salvation," two on "Salvation," *difficult* but *possible*, and one on "True Religion." What is It?

Its lines are evangelical, its reasoning logical, and its illustrations apt. We are sure its circulation and reading will do good.

The Biblical Museum. A Collection of Notes—Explanatory, Homiletical, and Illustrative—on the Holy Scripture. Third Volume of the Old Testament, from Joshua to the 2nd Book of Samuel. Elliot Stock.

WE are thoroughly in heart with this work. What can we more say than we have said of former volumes, and every note applies to this. It is the best and most portable commentary ever issued. A monument to the industry and intelligence of its compiler, and a marvel of cheapness. We suppose its fame is world-wide. But if we speak to any who have recently been called to the Christian life and Christian work, *we say invest in the whole of the volumes.*

Theodosia Ernest; or, The Heroine of Faith, a Story, Illustrated with full-page Engravings, is now issuing. Elliot Stock.

THIS is an exceptionally good story book, for while it chains the reader's attention, it permeates the mind with truth. It is also very convincing as a Baptist work. We remember some years since a lady who was a real descendant from the first Archbishop of Canterbury, came to witness a Baptist, and was pleasingly surprised. She had been informed that we let the candidates down by a rope and winch into the water, and then wound them up again. We lent her *Theodosia Ernest*, and it made a Baptist of her. We thank Mr. Stock for this issue in penny numbers.

Christianity in Rome, Past and Present. By JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A., LL.B.

A SERMON worthy of the *theme*, the *place*, and the *preacher*. It was delivered at the opening of the second evangelical hall in the city of Rome, the building being erected on the foundation of the palace of Pridens, the Roman senator, a friend of the Apostle Paul.

A Sermon preached at Ipswich. By the Rev. Mr. MORRIS, occasioned by the death of the Rev. John Cox, former minister of Burlington Chapel.

A GOOD and appropriate discourse; but we believe we are right when we say thousands would welcome something more comprehensive of this hand-toiling, Bible-loving, earnest teacher and true Christian pastor, than is possible to find in a sermon.

The Quarterly Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society.

THE quarterly of one of the best Bible societies in existence.

Quarterly Reporter of the German Baptist Mission. Edited by J. G. ONCKEN.

WE are sorry to learn from a letter that the health and memory of our dear old friend are failing, but rejoice to find our brother *securely resting in the arms of everlasting love.*

Notes on Isaac's Blessing his Sons. By J. E. SMITH. Also by the same Author, *An Effusion of Devilism.* Saffron Walden: Hart and Son.

THE Notes, &c., are very good in their object, but we fail to see types where the author does. Would it not be better oftentimes to say illustration, instead of type? *We think so.* The *Effusion of Devilism* we have no sympathy with whatever; neither with the spirit of the writer, nor our good brother in helping to circulate such unprofitable and personal venom. Why circulate that which he believes to be devilish?

Quarterly Register of the Baptist Tract Society. With specimen tracts. "Jack the Sinner, and Jones the Good Man" is a capital narrative tract, and the "Gospel Minister no Priest," a first class doctrinal tract.

Works which have our benediction—*The Appeal, The Preacher's Analyst, The Teachers' Storehouse.* Elliot Stock.

Evangelical Christendom. W. J. Johnston, Fleet-street.

The British Flag. By Rev. W. A. Blake, Trafalgar-square. The only magazine newspaper for our soldiers.

Our Baptist Newspapers and Magazine Literature. While the Congregational Union are trying to purge their ranks from heresy, and a new weekly has been published specially to counteract the vital and startling things put forth in some professedly religious newspapers, it is a joy to us to be able to call attention to the following Baptist literature:—

The Baptist Magazine, 21, Castle-street, Holborn.

The Sword and Trowel. Passmore and Alabaster.

The General Baptist. Marlboro' and Co.

The Freeman newspaper.

The Baptist. Elliot Stock.

And our own valuable *Messenger.* Also *The Truth and Progress,* our *South Australian,* monthly. We say of all these, if you would circulate sound information and evangelical principles, circulate these.

Denominational Meetings.

THE thirtieth annual meeting of the Young Men's Missionary Association was held at the Mission House, Castle-street, Holborn, on Tuesday evening, April 16th. Mr. H. M. Bompas, Q.C., presided. The report, which was read by Mr. H.

Capern, made special reference to the increasing interest in missionary work manifested in the Sunday-schools connected with the association. The meeting was addressed by several members of the association.

BUILDING FUND.—On Thursday, April 28th, this organisation celebrated its anniversary, Mr. Edward Mounsey presiding. The attendance was larger than usual. The report (submitted by Mr. A. Bowser) stated that the fifty-third year of the society's operations has now closed, and the new year's work has been without equal in the previous existence of the fund. The means of this extended usefulness have been considerably augmented by legacies, amounting to £2,305 7s. 4d., making, with the usual annual subscriptions, a capital of nearly £25,000. There are no less than twenty-eight now under consideration, whose united debts amount to about £24,000. During the past year the loans and grants voted have amounted to £7,098. The establishment of local auxiliaries to the fund was strongly urged in addresses delivered by the Revs. F. Trestrail, J. Bloomfield, J. T. Brown, J. H. Millard, B.A., and others.

THE WELSH MEETING.—Our Welsh friends had their meeting on behalf of our foreign missions on Friday evening, April 26th. The chair was occupied by Mr. Llewelyn Jenkins, who opened the meeting with an appropriate address. Prayer was offered by Rev. Thomas Jones. Dr. Price gave an account of the present position of the Missionary Society, as to finance; and Revs. Mr. Thomas and Nathaniel Thomas delivered addresses that were evidently appreciated by the none too crowded but enthusiastic audience. A resolution on the Eastern Question was carried with acclamation before the meeting closed.

The annual meeting of the Bible Translation Society was held at Bloomsbury Chapel, on Monday evening, April 29th, under the presidency of Mr. G. F. Muutz. The chairman, in a brief address, said

that the work of translation was at the very foundation of missionary enterprise. The Rev. A. Powell submitted the report, which stated that 28,470 copies of the Scriptures have been issued from the society's Indian depositories alone during the past year; the only Bible available for 7,000,000 of people being that issued therefrom. The sales have been equal to those of former years. The total income of the year has been £1,734 18s. 1d., which is £138 14s. 8d. less than last year; but this deficiency is reduced by legacies to £60 5s. 1d. The expenditure has been £2,165 13s. 5d. Dr. Underhill alluded hopefully to the Japanese translation of St. Paul's Epistles, by Dr. Brown, of Yokohama, remarking that it was more correct than our present English version. Rev. E. C. Pike, of Birmingham, spoke of the value of the society's work. Rev. C. Bailhache quoted some interesting statistics, showing that Baptists had, within sixty-two years up to 1853, translated the Scriptures into forty languages and dialects spoken by 650 millions of people. Addresses were also delivered by the Revs. H. C. Leonard, A. Saker, and H. Dowson.

BAPTIST HOME AND IRISH MISSION SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this society was held at Bloomsbury Chapel, April 30th, Mr. G. H. Leonard, of Bristol, in the chair. After prayer by the Rev. Dr. Stock, the chairman referred to the operations of the society, and trusted that as Baptists they would be ready to take their share of Evangelistic effort, especially in the Black country. The report, which was then read by the secretary, the Rev. Mr. Millard, referred to the losses sustained by the death of friends and to operations in Ireland. At Belfast colporteurs were employed, and it was expected a new place of wor-

ship would be opened next year. Much good had also been done there by the visit of the deputation from England. They had 17 principal stations, 211 sub-stations, with 21 missionaries and other persons, and with an average of 6,000 hearers. In England they supported 25 churches; then they indirectly supported 28 churches. The average number of hearers was 7,500, 3,038 Sunday scholars, 2,856 members, of whom 206 have been added during the year. The cost attending operations in England and Ireland amounted to £5,215. Resolutions in favour of the objects of the society were moved and supported by the Revs. Mr. Bloomfield, Charles Williams, and W. Cuff.

BAPTIST UNION.—The annual session of the Baptist Union opened on April 29th, in Bloomsbury Chapel, where half an hour was spent in devotional services, under the retiring president, Rev. Mr. Brown, of Northampton, who then expressed his pleasure in welcoming the Rev. H. Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, to the chair. On the motion of the Rev. Charles Williams, of Accrington, a vote of thanks was carried to the retiring president, who having acknowledged the vote, a deputation, consisting of Mr. J. McIlvaine, president, and Mr. Howard Bonser, treasurer, attended from the Scotch Baptist Union, and were cordially welcomed. The new secretary, the Rev. Samuel Booth, read a report, which was received with much cheering, especially when it referred to the danger of war, and the protest they had raised against it as inimical to the progress of Free Churches and the spread of the Gospel, as well as fatal to British interests. The report stated the actual outlay of the year, which had been £813 5s. 10d. There was a small balance in hand, but more

was still required. It was a good sign that while last year 667 churches subscribed, this year 774 had sent in their contributions. These statistics, though not as accurate as they could wish, showed signs of progress. 20,000 sittings had been provided at a cost of £200,000 in new chapels, and in the enlargement of old chapels. Two new associations had been formed, one in Surrey and Middlesex, the other in Cambridgeshire. They had a membership of 270,000, with 1,825 pastors, 3,381 evangelists, and 370,000 Sunday scholars. The report ended with invoking the denomination to put forward all their strength in home mission work. The report having been adopted, the Rev. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool, the new president, then delivered his inaugural address, after which the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon moved that the Rev. George Gould, of Norwich, be vice-president for the year. Mr. Sands was re-elected treasurer. A vote of thanks having been moved by the Rev. Dr. Landels to the Rev. Samuel Booth for his able services. The adjourned sitting was held at Walworth-road Chapel, on May 2nd, under the presidency of the Rev. Stowell Brown. After the devotional services had been concluded, a motion was moved by the Rev. Dr. Underhill, and seconded by the Rev. Mr. Gould, of Norwich, on the Eastern Question; the resolution was carried with slight modification. The Rev. John Aldis, of Bratton, Wilts, then read a paper on "Local Evangelists in their Churches." It seemed that of such there were 3,381, and the suggestion was that they should be recognised and set apart by the churches. A paper was also read by the Rev. J. R. Wood, of Upper Holloway, on "Unpaid Local Evangelists." The discussion on the papers read

was initiated by the Rev. Mr. Dowson, who moved a vote of thanks to the speakers. The Rev. Archibald Brown, of Stepney, spoke of the rank sensationalism of some of the local preachers in the East of London, and recommended twelve of the chief London pastors going forth for a month to preach in all parts of the country. The Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon referred to the need of more places of worship. He did not believe the little churches hurt the big ones, and if people did go and preach foolish sermons, they must let them, as they would be sure to find their level in time. A resolution in favour of Mr. Archibald Brown's proposition was put and carried, and donations were announced for the purpose.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The anniversary meeting of this society was held at Exeter Hall, the large room of which was well filled. The chairman, Mr. Gurney Barclay, in his opening speech, said the Protestant Churches of England were largely indebted to the Baptists. It was admitted that they had done very much for the civil liberties of the country; and the Baptist Missionary Society, as they were all aware, was the first on record of all those now happily existing. He would content himself with expressing his sincere sympathy with the work of the society, and he trusted that in all the great gatherings of the month the true missionary spirit would be found prompting to fresh efforts. The chairman concluded with calling on the secretary, the Rev. Mr. Bailhache, to read the report. It appeared that the operations of the society were on a very extended scale. In France the work was decidedly progressing. In Italy their success was advancing at a rate almost sufficient to excite their fears. In Norway the clumsy

but successful expedient of persecution was helping them. In Jamaica the churches, on the whole, had been prosperous. From Camerons they had reports of persecution, and there had been some backsliding in consequence. In China, the year just closed would long be remembered as one of famine and suffering. As regards India, the most satisfactory news was that from Dinapore, where there had been a good work among the Europeans, and especially the soldiery. At Ceylon, the labours of the year, though not rich in results, had been encouraging. Amongst the difficulties of the society were the action of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in stations where that society worked side by side with their own. The revival of energy in Roman Catholic missions also had proved an hindrance. Amongst the encouragements of the work were the broad facts that there had been an increase of converts, and that the converts led better lives in consequence. It was stated also that Bible-translation work had been carried on with unflinching activity. The total receipts for the year had been £50,068, being £7,540 more than the previous year. The meeting was subsequently addressed by the Rev. J. Kilner, secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society; the Rev. James Owen, of Swansea; the Rev. John G. Page, of India; and Dr. Manning, of the Religious Tract Society.

THE ZENANA MISSION.—The annual breakfast given in connection with this association, for the promotion of Zenana work and Bible women in India, was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on May 3rd. The work in India is under the superintendence in each place of the wives of missionaries. There are agents labouring in Calcutta, Bara-

selin, Delhi, Benares, Allahabad, Scorie, Serampore, Dacca, Barisani, Agra, and Monghyr. The staff consists of about 25 lady visitors, and about 36 native teachers and Bible women. About 700 women are visited in the zenanas, and receive Bible instruction, as well as in reading and writing, whilst many hundreds more in the zenanas and villages regularly hear the Bible read and explained. The receipts, with a balance of £239, were—for general purposes, £2,772; and for homes, £1,205. The expenditure had been £2,247, and besides £1,074 had been spent in providing homes. In the course of the morning addresses were delivered in favour of the objects of the society by the chairman, Sir W. Hill, K.C.S.I., an old Indian officer; the Rev. E. Medley, the Rev. L. Hetherington, Rev. J. P. Chown, and the Rev. Dr. Landels. The chairman, in conclusion, said that there was great encouragement for them to persevere. The men of India had refused a secular education for their wives, but they asked the Government to give them a moral education, and they were glad to have their wives visited in the zenana. As to the widows, the law allowed them to remarry, but the custom of the country was against it. The chairman gave remarkable illustrations of the way in which widows felt themselves degraded, and of the growing dislike of the young men to marry child wives without education. It was needed that young ladies should go out to India to work in the schools and homes; none were too young, and their power and influence over the men was very great. A vote of thanks to the chairman having been acknowledged, and subscriptions and donations to the amount of £250 having been announced, the meeting terminated.

CENTRAL AFRICAN MISSION BREAKFAST.—A public breakfast in the interest of this movement, undertaken by the Baptist Missionary Society, was held at Cannon-street Hotel, on Wednesday morning, May 1, under the presidency of Mr. Joseph Tritton. There was a very large and influential attendance. The Chairman delivered a very practical address; Mr. A. H. Baynes read a statement setting forth the objects and value of the work in connection and harmony with that of other missionary societies, for the evangelisation of Central Africa; Messrs. F. G. Muntz, W. McArthur, and E. Rawlings spoke hopefully of the prospects of the work; Mr. J. McGregor (Rob Roy) narrated some personal experience in Central Africa in proof of the need and importance of the mission; and the Rev. A. Saker, of Cameroons, gave an interesting address upon past progress, explaining the already apparent civilising influences of Christianity, and mentioning that he had reduced the language to writing and translated the Scriptures for the people. About £400 was subscribed in the room.

BAPTIST TRACT SOCIETY.—The annual meeting was held in Exeter Hall, on Thursday evening, May 2, under the presidency of Mr. J. S. Macmaster. After singing and prayer, the Chairman, in a few introductory remarks, after expressing his pleasure in presiding, said: "The work has been carried on with the usual energy and with the usual success. The publication of our tracts certainly meet a want that is very much felt throughout this country, and we have such testimony coming to us from time to time of the good that is being effected by these publications circulating broadcast throughout the land that we are greatly encouraged." *Secre-*

tary's and Treasurer's Reports:—Rev. J. T. Briscoe submitted the report, and mentioned the fact that a resolution had been passed whereby the society would be enabled to publish larger works from special donations; any temporary loss being met by a guarantee fund, for which subscriptions were earnestly requested. The year's work had been most encouraging, the sphere of operations having been much extended. Negotiations were now pending with the American Baptist Publication Society, by means of which it was hoped the Baptist Tract Society would become the English agency for the sale of the American issues. The grants for the year amounted to £570 6s. 11d., consisting of 1,211,585 tracts and hand-bills, exclusive of votes of money to brethren abroad; 1,426 Christian labourers had by the society's means received help in their work. Mr. J. C. Woollacott presented the financial statement, from which it appeared that the total income from donations and subscriptions for the year, together with balance from the previous year, amounted to £1,272 5s. 5d. Grants had been made to Spezia, Norway, Rome, Spain, France, and Germany,

as also to Scotland and Ireland; and brethren in America and India had been assisted by many grants for printing in their own localities.

BAPTIST TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.—The fourth annual meeting of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association was held on Wednesday, May 1, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, under the presidency of Mr. J. P. Bacon. There was a large attendance, much larger than at any previous anniversary. Prayer having been offered by the Rev. F. W. Goadby, M.A., of Watford, the Chairman congratulated the members upon the society's progress, and especially upon recent influential adhesions, naming the Rev. Charles Stanford, Rev. Richard Glover, Rev. J. R. Wood, Rev. John Collins, and Rev. William Cuff, as important additions to their ministerial strength. Mr. James T. Sears, one of the honorary secretaries, read the annual report, which stated that the society now consisted of 462 ministers, 275 deacons and elders, and 121 college students. The treasurer, Mr. Bacon, read the balance sheet, showing that the total income had been £48 12s. 9½d., and that there was a balance in hand of £3 17s. 8½d.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. J. D. CROUCH, having resigned his pastoral charge at Bulwell, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Shoreham, Sussex.

Mr. J. F. Foster, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Wick, in Scotland.

Rev. W. S. Davis has resigned the pastorate of Union Chapel, Queen's-park, Manchester, and accepted a call

to that of the church at Huntingdon, as successor to the Rev. J. Millard, B.A.

Rev. H. V. Hobbs, of Great Missenden, Bucks, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church worshipping at Cross-street, Tenbury.

Rev. J. E. Perrin, of Esher, Surrey, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Broad-street, Ross.

Rev. J. B. Meyers, of Leicester, has

resigned the pastorate of the Victoria-road Church, and commenced a new cause in the town.

Rev. J. W. Norton has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Enon Chapel, Chatham.

Rev. J. Mostyn, recently of Philadelphia and Troy, New York, has received and accepted a warm and cordial invitation to the pastorate of the Stoke Church, Ipswich.

Rev. S. Sale is resigning the pastorate of the church at York Town, Blackwater, Surrey.

Mr. C. A. Fellowes, of the Pastors' College, entered upon the duties connected with the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Keynsham, near Bristol, on the 5th of May. Mr. Fellowes is a son of Rev. J. O. Fellowes, minister of the church in John-street Chapel, Edgware-road.

Mr. T. H. Dineen, late of Regent's Park College, has commenced his labours as assistant pastor to the church at Gildersome (near Leeds), in connection with the ministry of Rev. T. Haslam.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Luton.—On Good Friday last, 1877, a new organ was opened and certain improvements inaugurated at Park-street Chapel, of which the Rev. James H. Blake is the pastor. A bazaar has just been held, and at its close a meeting of friends took place, when the chapel was announced clear of debt. The amount raised from the opening to the evening of the meeting—exactly twelve months since—reached nearly £700 for this object alone.

EBENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL, BATH.—The 29th anniversary of the Sunday-schools (in connection with the above) was celebrated on Sunday, April 14, and following Monday sermons were preached morning and evening by the pastor, Mr. J. Huntley. In the afternoon R. O. Heywood, Esq., delivered an address to the children, after which the usual rewards were distributed. On Monday a public tea was held at the chapel, after which the annual meeting took place, when the report was read, showing the school to be in

a prosperous condition. Addresses were given by Rev. S. A. Walker, Mr. J. R. Huntley, and other friends.

BAPTISMS.

- Abercarne*, Mon.—May 5, at the English Chapel, One, by E. E. Probert.
- Aberdare*.—April 28, at Carmel English Chapel, Five, by T. Jones.
- Abersychan*.—April 14, at Noddfa, Nine, by E. P. Williams.
- Abertillery*.—April 28, at Ebenezer Chapel, Twelve, by Ll. Jones.
- Ashley*, near Lymington.—April 28, Two, by J. T. Stookley.
- Attercliffe*, Sheffield.—April 30, Two, by R. Ensoll.
- Ashton-under-Lyne*.—May 4, One, by A. Bowdler.
- Bacup*.—April 7, at Zion Chapel, Three, by C. W. Gregory; May 5, at Zion Chapel, Four, by C. W. Gregory.
- Barrow-in-Furness*.—April 21, Four, by J. Hughes.
- Bedford*.—May 5, Three, by G. C. Williams.
- Billingboro'*.—April 28, One, by C. Horne.
- Blackley*, Yorks.—May 10, Seven, by R. Biggs.
- Blackmore*, Essex.—April 28, Eight, by H. Waroley.
- Blackwood*, Mon.—April 28, Three, by K. Williams.
- Bristol*.—April 30, at Thrissell-street, Seven, by W. Osborne.
- Brockhurst*, Hants.—May 19, Three, by B. French.
- Bourton*, Dorset.—April 19, Fourteen, by T. Hayden.
- Burnley*.—April 24, at Ebenezer Chapel, Four, by W. Reynolds.
- Burton-on-Trent*.—April 28, at Guild-street, Four, by J. Askew.
- Burton-on-Trent*.—May 2, at Salem Chapel, Nine, by J. T. Owers.
- Bury*.—April 28, Knowsley-street, Three, by W. Bury.
- Calstock*, Cornwall.—April 19, Fifteen, by D. Cork.
- Carmarthen*.—April —, at the Tabernacle, Thirty-one, by J. Thomas.
- Chapel-ford*.—April 28, Two, by J. Kendall.
- Christchurch and Parley*, Hants.—April 21, Three, by J. Thompson.
- Clara*, Suffolk.—May 5, One, by T. Hoddy.
- Combe Martin*.—April 28, Four, by J. Glover.
- Crook*.—April 7, Four, by W. Fletcher.
- Cutsdan*.—April 28, Two, by W. C. Ellis.
- Dunfries* Wesleyan.—May 2, Three, by Wm. Miligan, jun.
- Dunoon*, N.B.—May 12, One, by T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth.
- Earls Cotner*.—January, Eleven; March, Fifteen; May, Seventeen.
- East Havtrepool*.—April 28, Three, by H. Dunnington.
- Ebbw Vale*.—May 5, at Zion English Chapel, Briery-hill, Three, by T. Garnon.
- Ebbw Vale*.—April 21, at Neto, Two, by W. Jones.

Ferndale.—April 21, at the English Church, Two, by E. G. Evans.

Foots Cray, Kent.—April 23, Seven, by R. E. Sears.

Gellijær.—April 21, Four, by T. Thomas.

Gillingham, Dorset.—April 10, Five, by T. Hayden.

Glascod, Pontypool.—April 28, Four, by W. Thomas.

Glodwick, Oldham.—April 28, Six, by N. Richards.

Glodwick, Oldham.—April —, Two, by N. Richards.

Haitfaz.—April 21, at North Parade Chapel, Ten, by W. Dyson.

Heaton, Bradford.—May 2, One, by R. Howarth.

Hereford.—April 16, One, by J. Williams.

Hereford.—April 28, Four, by J. Witham, B.A.

Hitchin.—May 1, at Walsworth-road Chapel, Three, by G. Wright.

Horning, Norfolk.—May 5, Two, by J. Bane.

Hose.—April 7, One, by W. Thomas.

Ibstock.—May 5, Nine, by F. Joseph.

Jarrow-on-Tyne.—April 21, in Grange-road Chapel, Two, by W. Satchwell.

Kenninghall, Norfolk.—April 21, Two, by T. J. Ewing.

Kennington, Brecon.—April 18, Ten, by J. Meredith.

Knighton.—April 28, Four, by S. Watkins.

Leeds, Beeston Hill.—May 2, Twelve, by H. Winsor.

Leominster.—April 14, Two, by J. Williams, B.A.

Liverpool.—April 10, at the Old Swan Chapel, Three, by A. E. Seidon.

Liverpool, Soho-street.—April 14, Four, by Eli E. Walter; April 28, Seven.

Lwypnia.—April 23, at Jerusalem Chapel, Seven, by J. E. Jones.

Longton, Herefordshire.—April 7, Two, by J. Howells.

Lovestoft.—April 25, at London-road, Two, by E. Mason.

Maesteg, Glamorgan.—April 21, at Bethel Chapel, Ten, by T. A. Pryce.

Metropolitan District:—

Abbey-road, St. John's-wood.—April 18, Sixteen, by W. Stott.

Acton.—April 14, Five, by M. Longhurst.

Atred-place.—April 21, Three, by J. Downing.

Brentford.—May 5, at Albany Chapel, Three, by W. Sumner.

Harington.—May 2, Two, by Wm. Crick.

John-street, Bedford-row.—April 30, Eight, by J. Collins.

Metropolitan Tabernacle.—April 29, Nineteen; May 2, Nineteen, by V. J. Charlesworth.

Woolwich.—May 1, at Queen-street, Seven, by T. Jones.

Middlesboro'.—April 28, at Boundary-road, Two, by G. W. Wilkinson.

Middleton, Lancashire.—April 28, Four, by Mr. Jenkins; May 2, Three, by W. Judge.

Milton.—April 25, Five, by A. H. Collins.

Mirfield.—April 14, Thirteen, by R. D. Morley.

Molleston, Penn.—April 21, Three, by T. Baker.

Morley, Leeds.—May 5, Five, by R. Davies.

Nenth, Glamorganshire.—April 7, at the English Chapel, Six, by G. Hawker.

Newbold, Yorks.—April 14, One, by U. G. Watkins.

Oakengates.—April 23, Five, by D. C. Chapman.

Ogmore Valley.—March 18, at Tondy, Three, by E. Schaffer.

Oer Darwin.—April 21, Seven, by J. Blako.

Paulton, near Bristol.—May 5, Six, by J. Kempton.

Penre, Rhondda Valley.—April 14, at the English Chapel, Two, by M. H. Jones.

Pole Moor, near Huddersfield.—April 7, One, by J. Evans; May 5, One, by J. Evans.

Ponther, Mon.—April 30, Two, by D. D. Jones.

Pontnewydd, Mon.—April 7, Six, by T. Crocker.

Pontyclun, near Llantrissant.—April 7, at the English Chapel, One, by D. Lewis.

Pontypool.—April 14, at the Tabernacle, Five, by J. Evans.

Shooley Bridge, Durham.—April 9, One, by J. Wilson.

Southampton.—April 28, at Carlton Chapel, Five, by E. Osborne.

Southampton.—May 5, at East-street, Five, by J. H. Patterson.

Swansea.—May 5, at Bethesda Chapel, Nine, by A. J. Parry.

St. Helen's, Lancashire.—April 18, at Park-road, One, by W. C. Tavior.

Sneydlynon.—April 7, Three, by H. Robinson.

Tenbury.—April 14, Six, by A. T. Head.

Thaxted, Essex.—April 30, at Park-street, Six, by G. H. Hook.

Treorcken, Rhondda Valley.—April 21, at Horeb English Chapel, Four, by D. Davies.

Watchet and Willton, Somerset.—April 30, Thirteen, by R. J. Middleton.

Weston Turville.—April 18, Four, by W. Goucher.

Weymouth.—April 29, Five, by J. Bailey, B.A.

Ystrad, Rhondda.—April 14, at the English Chapel, One, by M. H. Jones.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—O. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from April 8th, 1878, to May 15th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Edwards.....	5	0	0	Mr. Padgott	5	0	0	Mr. B. Colls	2	2	0
Mr. R. A. James	2	0	0	Mr. Stone	0	9	0	Mr. J. R. Poole.....	2	2	0
Mr. J. Finch.....	5	0	0	Mr. Whitaker.....	5	5	0	Mrs. Poole.....	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Gold- sion	2	2	0	A Friend	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Cook	2	2	0
L. H.	0	10	0	Mr. H. Phileox.	1	1	0	Mr. T. H. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. B. Ford	5	0	0	Mr. D. F. Wyatt	0	10	6	Mrs. Rogers	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Mace	2	2	0	Mr. W. Olney, jun.	1	1	0	Miss Humphrey	1	1	0
Mr. G. W. Petter	10	0	0	Miss Payne	1	1	0	Mr. E. H. Barrett	1	1	0
Mr. H. Lee	0	10	0	Mr. W. S. Payne	1	1	0	Mr. A. W. Barrett	1	1	0
Mr. W. B. Fisher	3	3	0	Mr. J. Payne	1	1	0	Mr. W. J. Mills	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Big- wood	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Payne	3	3	0	Mr. G. W. Redman	1	1	0
Mr. J. W. Sorrel	1	1	0	Mr. G. H. Payne	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ford	5	0	0	Mr. E. Heritage	5	5	0	Mr. B. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. W. Vinson	5	0	0	Mr. H. N. Prentice	0	10	6	Mr. Tubby	5	0	0
Mrs. Vinson	1	1	0	Mr. Hellier	2	2	0	Mr. S. Colman	1	0	0
P. R. T.	1	1	0	Mrs. Hellier	1	1	0	Mr. T. Williams	5	5	0
H. D.	1	1	0	Mr. W. Mills	1	1	0	Mr. T. H. Olney	20	0	0
Miss Parnell	0	10	6	Mrs. H. Olney	5	0	0	Mr. D. Hartley	5	0	0
Mr. J. Oxley	2	2	0	Miss Ellen Olney	1	1	0	Mr. C. Ball	5	5	0
Mr. E. May, jun.	5	5	0	Mr. J. Garner Mar- shall	10	10	0	Mr.	1	1	0
Editor of <i>Christian</i> <i>World</i>	10	10	0	Mr. F. W. Amsden	3	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Aldis	3	3	0
Mr. J. Colman	50	0	0	Mr. Cleeve Hooper	4	4	0	Mr. A. J. Brown	1	1	0
Mrs. Joynson	1	1	0	G. H. P.	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. E. Falk- ner	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. John- son	3	3	0	Mr. W. H. Hale	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. S. Falk- ner	4	4	0
Mrs. James Green	2	2	0	Mr. John Taylor	2	0	0	Mr. S. Walker	5	5	0
Mr. W. A. Straker	10	0	0	Mr. Llewellyn	5	5	0	Mr. C. Russell	3	0	0
Mr. W. Glass	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. James Withers	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Greenop	2	2	0
Mr. Joseph Barrett	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dean	10	0	0	Mr. A. Gurney Smith	2	2	0
Miss Marianne Cor- nish	2	0	0	Mrs. M. A. Wood	0	10	6	Miss Olney	1	1	0
Mr. Charles Davies	5	0	0	R. G.	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Romang	5	0	0
Mr. J. T. Daintree	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. Mansell	5	0	0	Mr. T. P. Coe	5	0	0
Mr. Charles Rutley	2	2	0	Mr. S. Thompson	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Purvis	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Horni- man	5	5	0	Miss Thompson	1	0	0	H. K. J.	7	10	0
Miss Horniman	2	2	0	Mr. G. Pedley	5	0	0	Dr. Eugene Cronin	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott, jun.	3	2	0	Mr. J. Davies	2	2	0	Mrs. Cronin	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Bowes	1	1	0	D. B. J.	0	10	0	Mrs. Ellwood	5	15	0
Miss Butcher	1	1	0	P. H. R.	0	10	0	Mrs. Thorne	1	1	0
Mr. J. Pullin	3	2	0	Mr. H. Evans	2	2	0	Mr. J. Lobb	2	2	0
N. B. G.	0	10	0	Mr. W. Evans	5	5	0	Mr. L. Evans	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hammer	5	0	0	Mrs. Dahn	0	10	0	Mr. A. Brown	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	3	3	0	Mr. T. Whitford, M.A.	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Henderson	1	1	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	21	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Sexton	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Scott	5	0	0
New Cross	1	1	0	Mr. T. D. Galpin	10	0	0	Miss Scott	1	0	0
Mr. C. Spurgeon	1	1	0	Mr. A. Alham	20	0	0	Mr. W. H. Haines	1	0	0
Mr. S. Osmold	2	2	0	Mr. D. Duckworth	5	0	0	Mr. T. Wood	1	0	0
Mr. W. Bridge	0	10	6	Mr. and Mrs. Narra- way	2	2	0	Mr. Webb	10	0	0
Mr. F. McTier	1	1	0	Mr. Malham	1	1	0	Mr. E. J. Preston	5	0	0
Mr. E. Edgley	5	5	0	Mr. R. Evans	10	10	0	Mr. H. J. Wigner	1	1	0
Mr. W. F. Moaden	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. T. Greenwood	50	0	0	Mr. H. Hadand	1	1	0
Mr. G. Jenkins	2	2	0	Miss C. E. Greenwood	5	0	0	Mr. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Mrs. Martin	0	10	0	Miss A. K. Greenwood	5	0	0	Mr. W. C. Downing	1	1	0
V. J. C.	1	1	0	Mr. B. J. Greenwood	5	0	0	Mr. Fox	1	1	0
Messrs. Smith and Clark	0	10	0	Mr. H. M. Greenwood	5	0	0	Mr. G. Redman	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	50	0	0	Rev. A. G. Browe	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Boot	5	5	0
The Misses Higgs	20	0	0	Mr. W. W. Baynes	2	2	0	Mr. G. F. Bailey	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs, jun.	5	0	0	Friends	0	10	0	Mrs. Watson	5	0	0
Mr. C. Wonters	1	1	0	Mr. John Edwards	25	0	0	Mr. J. Holder	2	2	0
Mr. W. Harrison	10	10	0	Mr. Mark Whitlock	2	2	0	Mr. T. Banson	1	1	0
C. W.	2	2	0	Mr. B. B.	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, junior	2	2	0
Mr. A. Fishwick	1	1	0	Mr. W. B.	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Chilvers	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Part- ridge	3	0	0	Mr. B. Vickery and Friend	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Everett	5	5	0
				Mr. J. Butt	1	1	0	Mrs. Jenkins	5	0	0
				A Friend	1	0	0	A Friend	0	5	0
				M. H.	1	0	0	Mr. Cockrell	1	1	0
				Dr. J. L. Potter	10	0	6	Mr. and Mrs. Marsh	10	0	0
				Mrs. Cook	2	2	0				

A NOTABLE CONFIDENCE.*

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

"My God will hear me."—MICAH vii. 7.

HE found his friends fail him. His relatives, to whom he naturally looked for comfort, forsook him in the hour of his trial. After proving how ruinous it was to rely upon fellow-creatures, though they be kinsfolk according to the flesh, and how fatal to confide in them as if there were no danger of their betraying him, the Prophet returns to his rest and goes back to his God, with a confident assurance that when all earthly friends fail him there is one above who will listen to his cry and relieve his wants. "*My God will hear me.*" Your kindest well-wisher would be little flattered if you only applied to him for help after you had sought in vain to everybody else you knew. If because nobody else will serve your turn, you prefer your request at length to him, it is probable he will give you rather a cold reception. I know one who greatly needing an article in trade went round to some dozen houses in quest of it, and when at last he called on the only man that really had it, he was met with this reply, "Ah, you are a sort of customer I don't care to serve. You only apply to me because you cannot get what you want elsewhere; you have taken a circuit of the town, so where you went at first you may go again; I am too wide awake to appreciate your patronage." Not thus, however, does our merciful God retort upon us. It is ill behaviour on our part full often that we run hither and thither for succour before we fly to the Lord Himself, in whom only is our salvation. 'Twere better to begin with Him, and seek Him before we look for secondary agents. But to exhaust all other resources, and then repair to God, is ungenerous behaviour to our best friend. Yet how wonderful is His condescension, that He "giveth liberally and upbraideth not." After we have pumped in vain at dry wells and tried to draw water from broken cisterns, he permits us to return to himself without reproaching us, and he becomes to us a flowing fountain to supply all our needs. I suppose we may trace it to His infinite pity. Some desperate malady from which you suffer may have baffled the skill of many physicians to discover the cause or the cure. At last you think of a relative whom it might well seem you ought to have thought of first. Will he therefore decline to treat with you as a patient? I trow not. He will probably require you to put yourself entirely in his hands and follow exclusively his prescriptions. But the ill results of other treatment will make him more ready to undertake your case; peradventure his better treatment may prove his superior knowledge and judgment; so with a gentle tenderness he would at once put forth all his power. And thus is it when the Lord looks upon us, who are like the woman that spent all her living upon physicians, and was nothing better, but rather grew worse. Prince of all physicians, true healer of all diseases and infirmities,

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He does not resent the folly or the wilfulness that has wasted so much money upon the doltish doctors with their pitiful pretexts, but He bends Himself down to search out the symptoms, grapple with the disease, and restore the tide of health with all the skilfulness of His mind and the kindness of His Spirit.

Come to Jesus, then, even though you should have gone to other counsellors and consulted those who could not comfort you. Come to Him without misgiving; you are promised a kindly welcome. He is willing, though you have slighted Him so long. What though thy conscience be troubled and thy countenance sad, if only thy heart be true and thy soul sincere, doubt not that He will hear you.

Our text is short, but every word seems to me emphatic. If, therefore, we dwell upon each word, it will not be so much by way of exposition as by way of consolation, in order that we may be encouraged to repose in God by the happy assurance, "My God will hear me." Strong emotions are naturally expressed in terse sentences. That little pronoun "my" is suggestive of covenant relationship. "*My* God." The little possessive pronoun carries an argument. To have said "God will hear me," would have conveyed far less order and vehemence, though it were equally true. But repeat the words with this double emphasis—"My God **WILL** hear me," and you will observe that the force of the "*will*" lies in the "*My*." Were he another man's God I might not be so certain, but being sure that He is my God, my confidence admits of no doubt. There is such an intimate connection between Him and me that I can speak without misgiving. "*My* God *will* hear me." Oh, my friends, that we could each one of us join in saying, "This God is our God for ever and ever!" If it be so, He chose you for His own; you are His; and for that cause you have chosen Him, and He is yours. Other lords have had dominion over you whom you freely served, but now your will is changed because your judgment is enlightened, and with all your heart you chose the God of righteousness and true holiness to be your God. You did not avouch Jehovah to be your God because your parents happened to worship Him, but deliberately, personally, conscientiously, you say to yourself, "This God is my God, and I do prefer Him above all earthly loves, and rejoice in Him beyond all the things in which men delight. Let it not be said of me, 'His God is his belly,' neither let gold be my tutelary deity. Not the pride of this vain life, nor the depraved lusts of the flesh, nay, nor yet ambition—dropsy of the soul, whose thirst we must not yield to but control—shall be my bright ideal. Jehovah is the true God. He is the living God and an everlasting King. To Him my spirit clings." He is evidently your God, because, in consequence of His choosing you, you have chosen Him. He is your God; you obey His laws; you honour His precepts; you revel in His promises; and you really worship Him. You do not stand in His courts or sit in His house merely as a matter of form, but you offer fealty to Him as your God by really prostrating your spirit before Him, by yielding to His government, by confessing your sins to Him, by seeking pardon at His hands, by endeavouring to advance His honour, by speaking well of His name, and by seeking communion with Him at His mercy-seat. You do sincerely serve Him and obey Him as your Lord and Master. If God be your God, then you are His people. He says, "If I be a Father, where is Mine honour? If I be a Master,

where is My fear?" So, if He be your God, you prove that He is such by seeking with all your soul to reverence Him, and to do Him homage. Be it so; then what force there is in the appeal, "My God." Let others worship what God they will, as for me, my knee boweth to the living Jehovah alone; let others spend their substance to get what they please, as for me, all that I am and all that I have shall be dedicated unto the Lord, and unto the Lord alone. "My God." If such be the case, "my God will hear me."

He is *our* God because He has given Himself to us in the covenant. "I will be their God, and they shall be My people." That covenant being signed and sealed and ratified, according to the order of the courts of heaven, when we put in a claim and call God ours, we are not presuming or venturing a claim which has no pretext. It is an everlasting covenant which God Himself has drawn up, conveying to us the sum total of all blessings. The triune Jehovah, Father Son and Holy Spirit, declares Himself to be our God. "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I trust in Him." He is ours by covenant. He is ours in Christ by the Divine charter. When our blessed Redeemer came into the world He gave Himself fully to us; then He gave Himself a sacrifice for our sins. Moreover, He loved the church, and gave Himself for it. Our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, has thus become our eternal heritage. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," and so the Godhead was brought down to our humanity. But, beloved, to us God becomes our God when by conversion and regeneration we are led to accept Him to be ours by the simple act of trusting in Him. I therefore put it to you, Have you ever reposed your soul upon God entirely? Is Jesus Christ alone your Saviour? Are you looking to Him for everything? To the God of Providence do you take your troubles and submit your cares, and to the Holy Spirit do you take your inward conflicts, doubts, and fears, and ask for strength from Him? Happy is that man who hath the Almighty to be a tower of defence, his confidence, and his repose! When he hath the Lord to be his rock he shall stand fast in every day of trouble, and shall never be confounded. Come, brethren and sisters, pass the word round, and as you meditate upon it examine yourselves carefully. Can we say, "My God! My God!" with an unflinching tone?

Pass on to the next word—"My God will hear me." Here we have a glorious friend. "My God." "My brother," he says, "is false to me. My mother has proved a monster. My dearest relative has been unkind, but my God will hear me. My child is ungrateful, and has broken my heart, but my God is faithful and has bound it up. My friend has been a Judas, my counsellor an Ahithophel, my darling an Absalom; but my God is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." How beautifully it comes in by way of contrast to the rest of the chapter—"My God will hear me."

And, here, please to notice that he appeals to God in all the attributes of his Being, with confidence in all the great qualities of His Godhead. "My God who is immutable, and has heard me in times gone by, will hear me still. He was good to me—oh, how good!—in a thousand times of danger. He is good still. That same unchangeable God—who was with me when I passed through rivers, and prevented my being drowned, and who when I went through fires rescued me from burning—is still with me.

By all that I have proved of His goodness and faithfulness in the past, I can rely upon Him for the present, and for days to come. My God, who cannot change, will hear me, if these men will not. Perhaps if they did hearken to my complaint they could not give me any wise counsel; but my God will hear me, and He can direct my steps, bring me out of all difficulties, and solve all the hard questions that distract me. With such infinite wisdom to hear me, it need not worry me if impotent folly turns a deaf ear to me. And my God is so faithful He has never failed me yet. No promise of His has ever fallen to the ground. He has been prompt and punctual in every time of need. He has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and up to this moment His presence has been my constant cheer. I have played him falsely full often; my frequent provocations might have justified His indignation a thousand times. But His word is so true, His promise is so sure, and He Himself is so steadfast that to trust Him has become a strong and habitual inclination. His friendship is an element of my life. With such a counsellor, why should I yield to fear? For when He hears me He will help me. "My God will hear me," and He can succour me. Nor will He merely say, "I pity your case," and then withhold His aid. His is not the empty kindness of flattering words, "Be thou warmed or be thou filled," but He hath grace to supply all my needs. My God will hear me, with sympathy the most tender, with an eye quick to perceive my dilemma, with a hand outstretched to rescue me from every peril.

Child of God, if all doors are shut but the door of mercy, and all means are exhausted but the fiat of the omnipotent God, you need not shed a tear, but you may delight yourself in the Lord, and He shall give you the desires of your heart.

And oh! how cheering it is to know that our God always does hear us, because He is always near us. We live in Him. He is near not merely by a kind of mystic presence which is as rare, impalpable, and unreal as it is mysterious, but He is here by an active presence. The mind, the soul, the life of God is here, everywhere, sentient to every sorrow and sympathetic with every woe of his saints. "A very present help in time of trouble" is our God. Our God has not to fetch his helps from afar, or send His navies to some distant port. Nor have we to wait whilst a strong-winged messenger shall bring blessings from above; but Jehovah speaks, and the consolation comes. Yea, before we call He answers, and while we are yet speaking He hears. "My God will hear me."

I wish I had power to enlarge, although it is infinitely better to catch the sense than to multiply words. Let the thought penetrate your mind. My God will hear me. I am afraid you do not think much of it. I am jealous of myself lest I do not count upon it as I ought. Suppose we have some enterprise on hand, some work to do for God. If anybody says, "I'll find you the money," we feel a great relief; it lifts a load of anxiety off our minds. Perhaps we had already professed to commit our cause to the Lord, but we certainly did not feel quite so comfortable when we were exercising a simple faith in God as we do now that we have found a creature friend with a long purse to vouch for the payment. When involved in some trouble from which we cannot extricate ourselves, we may bravely say, "I am sure God will help me through this." But there is often a deal of reserve in the secrecy of our breasts, which

would quickly become palpable by our altered countenance were some comrade to say, "Don't fret over that matter any more: I'll see you through it." In such a generous friend we are apt to repose a confidence that we do not put in the Divine Promiser. It is a sad pity it should ever be so. The faith we try to exercise has so much unbelief mixed with it that it seems spurious. We treat as unreal that which is the profoundest reality. The only real Helper in the world is God. The creature on whom you lean has not any power but what God imparts to him. And when you are satisfied that he has the material power, the will to serve you is precarious. It is not in the man of wealth to help you, or in the man of strength to succour you, except as God enables and inclines him. Therefore when you repair to God you have the substance, while here below you encounter only a shadow. Alas! that we should be so silly! that we should choose our own delusions, vex our lives with trifling cares, and doubt our only trustworthy resource. "My God will hear me."

With God on my side, I have all my soul can need, or my circumstances require. If God will hear and God will help, then would I cast myself on him alone. That arm has no sinew in it that can crack. That eye has no eyeball that can grow dim or weary. That mighty mind has no flaw that can risk an error in judgment. And that gracious heart has no chords that are mute or insensitive to the appeal of prayer—no emotions that are restrained from succouring the man it loves. "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah there is everlasting strength." It is a grand thing to be able to say, "My God will hear me."

Now take the next word as indicative of a firm and unwavering assurance. "My God will hear me." I like that. It does not say hesitantly, "I hope he will," or "I trust he will." No, no. "My God will hear me." The prophet Micah was not troubled with those modern doubts which raise curious questions as to whether God does hear prayer, nor does anybody else doubt it that ever really prayed. The only persons that doubt the efficacy of prayer are those who at best have never passed beyond the dull routine of the formalist. They have never lifted up their souls to God, felt His presence, and poured out their hearts before Him. Ye must try it to prove it. Pray habitually; pray as ye breathe, incessantly, as some of us are forced to do, because we have so many anxieties and difficulties and cares that we cannot carry them unless we are always at the mercy seat; then ye might discover that the answer comes as regularly as the necessities that compel our prayers arise and recur. It is not a phenomenon that occurs at remote intervals, as the appearance of a comet; but, like the stars familiar to our view, the day is dark indeed when we see not the heavenly lights at early morn, and then again when night comes over the drowsy earth. Pooh, pooh! ye sceptics; we care not to answer the man who doubteth whether God hears prayer. A contemptuous smile is the only answer that is worthy of a Christian to such a pretentious folly. I don't know how to reply to a man who denies that I see a certain object, or hear a certain sound, that is just then palpable to my senses. His blindness or his deafness are a poor apology for his rudeness. Nor can I tell with what argument to meet the man who says, "God does not hear prayer." I look at him with pity, though I fail to disabuse him of his conceit. I cannot make

him believe, for if I rehearse my "*evidences*," he reflects on them as "*coincidences*," and there it is; the *accidents* which he affects to slight are the very incidents in which, day by day, I revel and delight. As for the taunts of infidelity, be they clothed in the refinement of science, or in the rude bluster of slang, I account them no more than the neighing of horses or the braying of asses.

Surely we are as honest as these "*philosophers*," and nearly as sane. We get distinct answers to our prayers by the hundred and the thousand. Foul scorn do we count any attempt to prove what is clear to us as the nose on our face or the sun in the heavens. The prophet was not bewildered with any of that "*philosophy*." "*My God will hear me*," he said, for he had tried his God, and knew he would both hear and answer. He had received so many answers. He had lived so near his God that he did not doubt that he had a free pass that would admit him to the sacred presence. He knew the mercy seat was open to him at all times, and he was not afraid to come. "*My God will hear me*."

Do you ask me how believers know that God will hear them? Well, it is the memorial which the God of Israel has set. He does hear prayer, and there is no other God that does. The gods of the heathen are prayed to, but they never give distinct answers to their worshippers. The Lord our God does answer prayer; if He does not, He is not to be worshipped as the living and true God. He has put this forward as a sign by which He will be constantly known—that He does answer the prayer of His children. It is a general rule—"He that asketh receiveth; he that seeketh findeth; to him that knocketh it shall be opened." We know that it is God's habit to answer prayer, and therefore we are sure he will do so. In fact, it is He Himself who teaches us to pray. We do not instruct a man to wait upon us and to ask us for a thing which we do not intend to give. As we are commanded always to pray, surely God intends always to hear. When we are told to continue in prayer, it implies that God continues to answer prayer. Surely He does not mean to tantalize us? Can it be His design to mock His creatures, or to say, "Come to Me, and I will not receive you; cry unto Me, and I will not hearken to you?" How has He put it Himself? "I have not spoken secretly in a dark place of the earth. I said not unto the seed of Jacob, 'Seek ye My face in vain.'" Such silence or secrecy He has never practised, therefore we may rest certain, on the faith of His own declaration for it, that His promise stands good. "Ask and it shall be given you: seek and ye shall find."

Moreover, our desires, when according to His will, are an inspiration of His Spirit. Every good desire in a righteous man's heart is excited by the Spirit of God. We should not hunger and thirst after righteousness had He not controlled and directed our appetite. The fact is that before we offer the prayer of faith, the Spirit of God indites the prayer in us. He prompts the petition, and instructs us what we shall pray for. We know not what we should pray for as we ought, but He helps our infirmities, and He makes intercession for the saints according to the will of God. The Spirit of God knows what the will of God is. He inscribes that will in the form of desires upon our hearts, so that the prayers of Christians come to be the transcript of the decrees of God. Strong desires in a believer are foreshadows of the blessing they are about to

receive. What God means to give He inclines us to ask. So we have learned by habit and experience to interpret united and fervent supplications, when we are met to pray to God in the fellowship of the saints, as a safe augury of the showers of refreshing He is prepared to pour down on us.

Moreover, we are sure he will hear us, for we do not pray merely as men, with the natural plea of creatures appealing to their Creator. But when we are led out by the Spirit, we pray in the name of Jesus. Although I think it very proper to finish up our prayers "for Jesus Christ's sake," there is more involved in the use of His blessed name than the form of a petition would seem to imply. Jesus said to his disciples, "Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My name." And I am afraid He might say the like to many now. Were you to call on a person and ask him to give you something for your mother's sake, that might furnish a motive for sympathy; but suppose your mother had a right to request something, and you called *in her name* to receive it, how your claim would be enhanced when girt with her authority! So, when Jesus bids us use His name, and pray in His name, it gives wonderful force and cogency to the petition. If I go to the bank with a cheque signed by some wealthy man who has a deposit there, then I am sure I shall get the money, because I ask in his name, not in my own. I may be a dirty little urchin, covered with rags, but the banker will pay me if I have got a good name on the cheque, for he is not concerned with the person drawing, but with the name that stands upon the draft. And when I come before God in prayer, the question is not who I may be—for I may be very poor and insignificant—it is the name in which I am privileged to apply. That name God will not dishonour. Oh, the power of that name of Jesus! A name dearest of all names to the heart of God. It is very precious to us, but nothing like so precious to us as it is to Him. When God the Father remembers what His Son did and suffered, and the obedience unto death which He rendered, He puts no limit on the authority vested in His hands. He is omnipotent in the courts above. Oh, when you can go in the name of Jesus, the Spirit of God goes with you: all heaven lies open to you. Ask what you will, and it shall be done unto you. Then doth the Lord open all His treasures, and say to His servants, "The desire of the righteous shall be granted. Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart." So, then, dear friends, the confidence is well warranted. "My God will hear me."

The next word insures an audience. How large and wide the blessing! "My God will HEAR me." Yea, doubtless He will listen to what I have to say. That is a great thing. When we are in great trouble, and want to speak to some one who has no sympathy, we soon weary him. He is anxious to get away. The "Ancient Mariner" had to hold fast the wedding guest when he told him that strange story of the sea; the merry hearts were loth to listen to the dolorous ditty of misery. If we are hastening to some holiday festival we don't want to stand and listen to any beggar's story at the street corner, so we pass on. I warrant you there are many here who fight shy of some too familiar faces when you see them looming in the distance. You turn aside, or you look another way, because you reckon on that old story of all their griefs and

grievances, half afraid some help will be asked, so you move a little out of your track to obviate the appeal to your charity. But how sweet this is—"My God will hear me." My tale is sorry enough, and silly it may hap; still more, I tell it badly, and break down in the recital, making many a mistake, and some of it I cannot express at all. Mine are broken sentences, the interstices of its words filled up with groanings that cannot be uttered; my kindest friend is tired of me; my dearest relative says, "I shall be glad when I have heard that story for the last time." My God will hear me. Oh, is not it sweet and consolatory to think that there is no story so sorrowful, no utterance so broken, but my God will hear me.

Nor will he barely give my tale a patient hearing, but his tender sympathies will be kindly accorded to me. Sometimes you can get a man's attention, but when he has listened it does not touch him: he evidently does not care much about it. He says he pities you, but he seems to pity himself more for the little tax laid on his patience. He does not enter into it; he cannot. Some men have not an aptness for sympathy; they have no bowels of mercy. But "my God will hear me." He will interpret what I mean, He will take the meaning of my tears and sighs, He will make my mutes into liquids, my dumb signs into vocal sentences, my poor stammer into His glowing eloquence. Yea, my strange language in a realm of desolation which my fellow man cannot comprehend He will understand and interpret. "My God will hear me." Oh! it is so blessed to feel that God can sympathise with our sorrows. "In all their afflictions he was afflicted." Was not our Redeemer "tempted in all points like as we are, though without sin? Is He not a merciful and faithful High Priest who can have compassion on the ignorant, and such as are out of the way?" "My God will hear me."

To a listening ear and a sympathetic heart he adds a helping hand. When His attention is bestowed His assistance will not be withheld. With God, hearing means answering. How sure the prophet is about it. "My God will hear me." He surely will. He may not now, but He will hear me and help me before long. He may wait, but tarry His leisure, in the time appointed it will come. He may postpone, but He cannot deny my suit. In due season He will show that what I have asked for He understood, and what He inclined me to crave he is ready to grant. Yea, He will show me that He comprehended my necessities better than I did myself, for wherein I erred through lack of wisdom and foresight He mended my petition, and gave me that which was best for my soul. "My God will hear me."

Broken-hearted Christian, I urge you not to procrastinate for a moment; go at once to Jesus, and open up your trouble to him. Want of sympathy is very wearying to the soul. Silence is like the damming-up of a stream; it causes a great gathering of the water-floods, and is often the precursor of a terrible catastrophe. Pull up the sluices of thy soul, and let thy sorrows float at the foot of the cross. Pour out your hearts before Him, ye people! God is a refuge for us, and if you do this He will in the most comprehensive sense of the expression be sure to hear you.

And am I the favoured individual whom God will hear! So, indeed, it is written, "My God will hear me." To my idea this word "me" is most consolatory. Micah felt that he was left alone like the last bunch o

grapes when they had gathered all that was good for anything, and there remained one last shrivelled cluster, or only a piece of a cluster, hanging on the vine. Is it not so, brethren, that when many of us pray together we feel confident that we shall be heard? When we meet on Monday evenings and hold a grand concert of prayer our hearts are often lifted up till we quite anticipate the Lord's answer to the many cries that go up from you. But suppose you are quite alone, living in a country village where no prayer-meetings are held, where you appear to be shut out altogether from communion with any other child of God, where you have to pray in a secret corner, where your tears flow without a kindly friend to commiserate your sadness. This may be your solace—"My God will hear me." One companion could cheer me, two could be still more refreshing, three would gladden my heart, but oh! how the company that keep holiday would rejoice my heart; but, failing such enchantments, there is infinite satisfaction in this, "My God will hear me. Though the meanest of all His people, and the most undeserving, yet the effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much." The singular prayer brings down a plural blessing. By one man's prayer heaven was once shut up for three years and six months, and afterwards, at one man's prayer, a deluge of rain was brought down upon the desolate land. Who knows the power that a single praying man or woman can exert? "My God will hear me."

Bitterly does the prophet complain that those of his own household were his enemies; they had all turned against him. Peradventure I may be speaking to one who is following the Lord in a family where all oppose him. Brother or sister, whoever you may be, you are greatly persecuted and troubled. With sharp words and cutting reflections you are greeted. They have a way of speaking that aggravates. You are sorely vexed, and nobody takes your part. If you attempt to speak of Jesus you are met with ribald jest or derisive laughter. Well, try to face it pleasantly, or at least endure it patiently. Your light may really shine when you fancy you are quite in the shade. Bear, as your Lord would have borne, the bitter contumely, and remember that however despised you may be in your little circle you are esteemed by your Lord and Master. My God will hear you. Were you a gentleman at court, high in favour with Her Majesty, and some of the ragged boys or boisterous roughs laughed at you as you passed through any of the low streets in Windsor, you would say to yourself, "It matters little what they think of me so long as I am well received at court." In like manner you may say, "Poor ignorant fellows, I cherish the kindest feelings towards you, while I pity you for your infatuations; but your prejudice shall have no influence on my conscience or my conduct, for my God will hear me. In exercising a little Christian liberty I have besought you not to tantalise me or treat me cruelly. Let me alone, my husband, for I must go to heaven." Then if the answer be only some stinging word, get thee to thy secret chamber and tell thy Lord about it, for thy God will hear thee. Is it not delightful to roll under your tongue a sweetmeat made of heavenly confectionery, spices of the rarest perfume, with which you may sweeten your palate? "My God will hear me."

Or it may happen, dear friends, that your own infirmities are quite as troublesome as the asperities of other people. When thou art weary

because of the way, and thy heart is dreary because there is much to depress and little to encourage thee, the Tempter will suggest that the Lord hath forsaken thee and thy God will be gracious to thee no more. But it is not so. The suggestions of Satan are false, and the apprehensions of your own heart are fallacious. The devil always was a liar, and your own heart always was treacherous. "Blind unbelief is sure to err." Your God will hear you. Whenever you doubt it, repair to the mercy-seat; pray again, pray without ceasing. If you are not in the spirit of prayer, however dispirited you may be, persevere and keep on and on, trying by God's help to grip the promise, to plead the promise, and to wait till the promise is realised. If when we are not in the spirit of prayer we should forbear, that would be unwise, uncomely, and unsafe. What, refuse the medicine when most you need it? Forbear to eat because you are faint with hunger; refuse a draught from the bubbling fountain because you are parched with thirst? Full often when you think you cannot pray you do really pray the most effectually. Those fluent prayers we listen to now and again are far too frequently mere wind-bags; they give out an empty sound, and are sadly lacking in sober sense. Groans and sighs, longings and yearnings, are frequently the most sincere and potent prayers. "My God will hear me." Then the fidelity of my covenant God appeals to the fealty of his grateful servant. To Thee, to Thee, O Lord I turn. Thou, O my God, shalt hear me. Early in the morning will I lift up my voice in prayer and praise to Thee, and ere I close my eyes at night my secret prayer shall go up into Thy presence; yea, and all day long my heart, like a furnace, shall send out its sparks. They shall fly up to Heaven in ejaculations or in expressive desires, for if Thou wilt hear, why should I refrain to speak?

And let me entreat you, beloved, to be much in prayer, because God will hear. If some of you have never prayed before I wish you would begin at once. Do any of you say you cannot pray? lend us a book—a manual of prayer. No, I cannot; neither would I if I could. "Oh!" say you, "but I cannot put the words together." This need not hinder you. Have you never heard of Mr. Rowland Hill's way of getting the innkeeper to pray. When he stopped at the hotel he said to the landlord, "We must have family prayer this evening." "Nay, but I never have family prayer." "Oh," said Mr. Hill, "that will not do for me. I could not think of stopping a night at a house where there is no family prayer, so I must have the horses put in." Not wishing, however, to lose his customer both from the house and the hostelry, he ordered a Bible to be brought in. So the family was gathered together, the Scriptures read, and as they were dropping on their knees for prayer Mr. Hill said, "Now, go on landlord, every man should pray in his own house." "Oh! sir, I never prayed in my life," said the man. "It is time to begin then." "But I never did pray, and I really cannot pray; I wish I could." "Then tell the Lord that," said Rowland. The innkeeper managed to stammer out, "Lord, I wish I could pray." "That will do," said Mr. Hill; "you have begun to-night; may you go on from this day forward to pray continually." In like manner I would entreat any prayerless soul here to begin, even if it be with the confession that you cannot pray. Go and tell Him that you have neglected prayer, and you know not how to pray or what to pray for as you ought, and when you have once begun never leave off; for he

that asketh receiveth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. The Lord give you the spirit of grace and supplication. Look unto the Lord and you shall be lightened. Wait upon the Lord and you shall renew your strength. Call upon the Lord and He will hear you. To His name be the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

TRAITS OF CHRISTIAN NOBILITY.

NOBILITY IN THE WORKSHOP.

CHAPTER I.

It is one thing to be the Christian in the house of the Lord on Sunday, and another thing to sustain the Christian character in the ungodly workshop from Monday to Saturday. In the house of the Lord the believer meets with his own company: he joins in their songs of praise, and unites with them in the voice of prayer. He sits with delight to hear the Word preached, and, feeling the refreshing and invigorating effect arising from every devotional exercise, he comes home singing—

“I have been there, and still would go;
’Tis like a little heaven below;”

and indeed he often wishes, on account of his joyfulness, that there were two Sundays in the week instead of one. But very different is the state of feeling produced by mixing with his shopmates on the following day. Not that he dislikes work: far from it. To him honest work is not only a necessity, but a constant source of enjoyment. Idleness he abhors as a gross vice hurtful alike to mind, body, and estate; and therefore he cordially endorses the apostolic verdict “that if any would not work neither

should he eat.” It is not the work then that troubles him, hard though at times it may prove to be; it is rather being compelled in doing it to mix up with ungodly fellow workmates, whose thoughts, words, and deeds are in general opposed to every instinct of his holy nature. As with Israel of old so he finds it to be in his case, the Lord hath put a difference between himself and the Egyptians. Their master is not his master; their pleasures are not his pleasures; their pursuits are not his pursuits. While he is for God, they are for Satan; while he seeks for the joys of religion, they are for seeking the joys of the world; and while they eagerly pursue sin and folly, he desires as eagerly to follow after holiness and eternal realities. This amazing difference they feel as well as himself, and therefore in many ways—and ways too that are often far from pleasing to flesh and blood—they show their antagonism to him personally, and their hatred of his principles. Now, not only to bear this patiently, but to act under it as every Christian should act, and so defeat Satan and glorify God, requires much wisdom from above, constant watchfulness and prayer, and at times an amount of grace that few except those who are in the same position are aware of. To make this plain we will specify a few of the cases in which this kind

of Christian nobility is called for and exhibited.

To start with, we not unfrequently find that its exercise is demanded in the case of *children* who work in mills and factories, as well as other large industrial hives, and who are known therein to have given their youthful hearts to the Lord. One of the most pleasing signs of the times in Christian churches, we believe to be the growing desire manifested on the part of pastors and people to win the young for the Saviour, and then to draw them into church fellowship. The time was—and not so very far back either—when in certain strict and orthodox circles such a thing was hardly thought of. The idea of proposing children of eight, ten, or twelve years of age for church membership was considered a shocking innovation! When baptism was spoken of it was almost invariably referred to as “adult baptism;” the phraseology implying that the baptism of children was held to be as unscriptural and unwarrantable as “infant baptism” itself. But happily the tide has turned. It is now seen and felt in the church generally, that there may be *believing children* as well as believing men and women; and that therefore having the capacity to apprehend religious truth, they have as great a right to church privileges as the grey-headed seniors themselves. So far then so good; but ought not the church to go even farther? To gather them into church fellowship is both wise and expedient; but is it not equally as needful and commendable to look well after them after their admission in their daily lives? Where do they most need help? In the Sabbath-school? in the Lord’s house? in Christian assemblies? No; but in the world, when they are surrounded by worldly influ-

ences, by depraved company, by strong temptations, and by evil snares of every kind. It is sad to think that often in the workshop these lambs of the fold are encircled by Satanic wolves who seek by all the means in their power to destroy their happiness and peace, and lead them to vice and ruin. Sometimes these young Christians have for relief opened their minds to us, and have told us tales of persecution and temptation which have made our heart bleed. The following case taken from life may serve as a sample of many.

Edward Cooke works in a cloth mill. He has been for some years a scholar in the Sunday-school. For a time he was so careless, mischievous, and unruly, that the superintendent and teachers entertained serious thoughts of “turning him out.” But, happily, through the kind personal conversation of his teacher, he gave such evidence of a Divine change as warranted his reception into the church as a youthful member. This, of course, soon became known at the mill. It was observed that he would no longer keep the company of rough lads; he would not break the Sabbath, fight, or gamble; he refused when tempted to tell falsehoods, or to give vent to his anger in foul language. When they sung their worldly songs he ceased to join in the choruses, and would not, even for a reward, accompany them to questionable places of amusement. Finding him, therefore, thus stanch, they treated him as “a speckled bird.” If they could say anything calculated to rouse his naturally hasty temper, they neglected no opportunity of giving it utterance; and manifested great glee if in this way they managed to trip him up. Derisively dubbing him “the little saint,” with mock gravity they would ask him various

questions relating to the Sunday-school, the church, and religious meetings, the answers to which were certain to furnish them with fresh food for ridicule. If he was moved to tears they called him a baby; if he refused to answer them they accused him of being sulky; and if he threatened, when greatly provoked, to tell the foreman of their cowardly conduct, they contrived secretly to do some private damage to his tools or his work that speedily made him feel the uselessness of that kind of retaliation. The first three months after he joined the church was perhaps the hottest time he had of it; and if he had not made his Sunday-school teacher his private confidant, he hardly knows how he could have passed safely through the trying ordeal. But his teacher living near him visited him and frequently invited him to his house; gave him suitable counsel, and lent him from time to time books recording the biographies of good men, from the perusal of whose conflicts and victories the Christian had received much help and comfort. Thus encouraged, he was kept from falling, and after steadfastly enduring more or less of this sort of treatment for twelve months, he was provisionally removed to another department in the mill where there are two or three Christian workmen, who, having taken him under their kind protection, not only save him from the repetition of such habitual assaults, but do all that lies in their power to promote his spiritual well-being.

This representative case will serve to show the great necessity of using some measures on the part of the church to aid the young converts when, after making a profession, they have to face the world. It is to be feared that not a few Christian people suppose that the church's work is done when by successful efforts

the young have been at last gathered into the fold. But the fact is, the work is only just begun. How is the stability of the young converts to be secured if they are to be left to struggle against such persecution and temptation as that of Edward Cooke, all alone? Is it to be wondered at that when left with the weakness and inexperience of children to bear their burdens alone they should succumb to the tempter and fall away? The wonder is that so many have stood, under such circumstances. Bravely, however, have not a few displayed, in spite of all their disadvantages, true Christian nobility. Mr. Butler, an American pastor, states that in a revival in which he took part above a quarter of a century ago, many children from six to ten years of age professed to have found Christ, and wished to join the church. But great fear was entertained by some that they would not hold out. They were, however, admitted, and with what result? "The fear," says Mr. Butler, "proved groundless, and now, when more than five-and-twenty years have passed away, they are pillars in the church." Similar to this is the testimony of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. He tells us that "in one year he received forty or fifty children into church fellowship, and that among those he had at any time to exclude from church fellowship out of a church of 2,700 members, he had never had to exclude a single one who was received while yet a child." These honoured brethren are not, we are happy to say, at all alone in giving such a favourable verdict on behalf of the stability of young converts; and this should encourage the Church to put forth every effort, when admitting more of the young to its fellowship than ever, to preserve them from falling a prey to

workshop contamination. Such preservation, we feel persuaded, can best be secured by making it a rule whenever a youth becomes an inquirer, or is received in as a member, to appoint one or more of the senior members to look after him occasionally on the week day, and, like Edward Cooke's teacher, give him loving Christian help and counsel in his time of need. What young converts specially require is not so much to be gathered into classes—though in many cases that mode

may prove very useful—as to place them one by one under *good personal supervision*; and not the least favourable result of adopting such a system would, we think, be the finding of useful and profitable employment for a great number of comparatively idle members, who not being at present engaged in any particular good work, are themselves declining in the spiritual life, because the church has not as yet found anything for them to do.

(To be continued.)

Tales and Sketches.

POOR JENNIE: OR, HOW THE KING BUILT HIS BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

FOUNDED ON FACT. BY A PASTOR.

CHAPTER VII.

The night's grief, the morning's flower.

"He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek,
May ours the blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart
A temple meet for Thee!"

JENNIE'S experience for a few weeks was a beautiful illustration of the old words, "And the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion: and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away." And as with the eye of faith she read out from day to day the full meaning of the love of God as written in the wounds

of a crucified Saviour, she saw the true character of sin, and her heart touched by the sufferings and sorrows of her bleeding Saviour, she often watered His feet with her tears. Her heart was not only happy, but contrite; her joy deepened but mellowed by godly sorrow, was divinely sweet unto life and not unto death. And thus she realised for herself the truth of the divine promise, "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." In this sorrow Jennie found the hidden power of God's love, and a Divine sweetness and satisfaction which no words could describe. By faith she had overcome another form of *self*, and beneath the cross of Christ the spirit of adoption had sprung up in her heart, crying Father! All fear and doubt were now gone, for perfect love cast it out, and thus she realised the meaning of the Divine

words, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

This new name was hers, the spirit of adoption; she was among those who were the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty—her faith was now fed with the hidden manna of her Saviour's love; she rejoiced in the Lord, and could understand how, being made comely in His beauty, the Lord could "rejoice over her even with joy and singing." The latent powers of her moral being were unlocked by the hand of God's spirit; her heart, like the box of ointment which one of old poured upon the feet of Christ, was now broken open by the love of God, and O how sweet was the fragrance of joy and peace which filled every faculty of the soul! It seemed as though she had but just awoke to the hidden wealth and power of her spirit, as she often half unconsciously exclaimed, "How dreadful is this place—this is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven!" Her soul was no longer in the city of the dead, but a temple of life in which the Great High Priest Himself constantly unveiled to her astonished view the dignity and grandeur of His character and work, and regaled her faith again and again with the incense of His adorable merits and prevalent intercession. The parable of the prodigal son found a living echo in her soul, as she heard the Father say, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it; and let us eat and be merry: for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found;" and sitting in the light of the Father's

face and at the Saviour's feet, she often sang with the poet—

"My Saviour and my Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power, behold I sit
In willing bonds at Thy dear feet."

And now her little room became bright again, the old lane pleasant, nature sweet and joyful, and full of the music of a Divine meaning; her work easy, while even her mother's fretfulness only developed the sweet graces of prayer and patience.

How sweet now, too, was the love and communion of the two friends when they met. With this resurrection of the new hope and joy seemed to come the fragrance of a new life and friendship, and greatly did the little seamstress rejoice as she witnessed the cloud depart from the face of her friend, and the sunshine of Divine joy clothe her with its beauty and cheerfulness again. And this is the glory of true Christian friendship, however humble, that having its root in Divine life, though it may have its winter in which for a time it seems to droop, its spring-time is sure to return again, when it will lift up its head and rejoice in the fresh blossoms of fruitfulness, hope, and praise.

But while rejoicing in the mercy and merits of Christ; and exulting in the hidden love of God as her faith found it in the open wounds of Christ; while seeing clearly that His finished work was the rock of her hope, and that whatever changes and sorrows might overtake her, it would ever remain the same, a sure foundation which could never be removed; while deeply conscious now of her own weakness—that all her springs of spiritual life were in God, and that without the help of His Spirit she could do nothing—she saw also by contrast her own ruin,

guilt, depravity, and helplessness, so that while rejoicing in the Lord with joy unspeakable and full of glory, she also bowed before Him with deep prostration of spirit, ex-

claiming, Unclean! unclean! And thus the King set up another stone in the temple of her spirit, and His own work, even the costly stone of a genuine and deep HUMILITY.

Quiet Thoughts for Quiet Hours.

By WALTER J. MATHAMS.

THE NEAREST DUTY.

It is not wise to suspend our efforts until we find some great thing to do. Great service does not come to us until we have done all that we can in our first immediate circle. Let us do well our duty in our present sphere, then shall we attain fitness for another of wider dominion and greater importance. Dissatisfaction with our present duties, coupled with a longing for far off glory, will end in moral paralysis.

NOBILITY OF CHARACTER.

NOBILITY of character is not of mushroom growth—springing up in the night when we are asleep—it is a growth, but the growth of bone, muscle, and sinew, which comes from wrestling day and night with the powers of evil.

FAME.

ALONG the ocean shore we often see names written in the sand, which the very next tide will wash out for ever, but high upon the rocky cliffs, are other names which the angry waters cannot touch. Climb high and write thy name where it cannot be washed away; not down here in the shifting, sinking sands of circumstance, but on that Rock which never can be reached by the destroying waves of death. Deep

in the Rock of Ages let thy name be seen now, then when eternity comes, God will see it, and bless thee with life.

ROUGHLY BOUND.

SOME books have mean, dingy bindings, but open them—and priceless treasures will lie before you. Many men are like them; rough, uncouth, and almost repulsive in their manners—but if you can open their hearts you will find you have entered the jewel house of virtue.

ADAPTATION.

It is necessary for us to adapt ourselves to the circumstances in which we are placed. If we are among the poor we must not behave ourselves as lords over all, but with conciliation and kindness. We must stoop down to their level if we would lift them up to ours. This is the Divine method of conferring benefit and blessing. God in the person of His Son, stooped to earth, became man, suffered our sorrows, lived our life in order that He might lift us up to Himself, to perfection and immortality. It is the adaptiveness of our Lord's character to our necessities which makes Him so truly our Saviour. We are not repelled from Him by a feeling that He cannot sympathise with us,

but drawn close to Him by the knowledge that He understands our difficulties from actual experience. So if we would sympathise with our fellows, we must let them see that our experience is parallel with their own; and in thus adapting ourselves to them, there is no necessity for contradicting our principles, nor for being mean; we can still be Christ-like, and do Christ-like work, though our duty may lead us into scenes of wretchedness and sin. We can still let our light shine, though gross darkness is all around us.

WHAT KINDNESS WILL DO.

SPEND your life in deeds of kindness. These will not give you an entrance into light, but they will smooth your pathway in the homeward journey to God.

DO WHAT YOU CAN.

It is an iron nail on which the painter hangs his master-piece. The value of the picture is enormous, yet it is supported by what is almost worthless. Your influence in life may be so small that you can only support others who are greater in the grand work of their lives. Do not despise yourself because of this, without you it is possible they may fail. A little sympathy, oftener than we think, is the secret of success.

TIME—TRUTH.

TIME takes a child and makes it a man. Truth takes a man and makes him a child—a child of God.

WORK.

HARDEN thy hand with honest labour and not thy heart with indolence. There is no room in heaven for the lazy.

BETHEL.

Do not reserve the education of your souls to the services of the sanctuary which human hands have made. Go out into the broad world and learn all the lessons that God is wishing to teach you of His infinite wisdom and love. He speaks to you in every bush, shines on you from every star, sings to you in the melodies of the birds, warns you in roaring waves and winds—yea, everywhere He is speaking—even in the grass blade crushed beneath your feet. There is nothing too great, and nothing too small, to bring His message to you, and remember everything has its message. The whole universe is God's House, every spot of earth is sacred ground, and wherever we are there God is. Therefore should we worship Him in all our thoughts and actions, and endeavour to understand His will in all His works.

LOWLINESS.

A DAISY lifts its head not far from the ground, yet is it beautiful in its lowliness, and the more closely it is examined the more does it increase our admiration. May my life be like it—meek, lowly, beautiful—and the more I am known the more may I be loved.

Reviews.

The Faithful Saying. A Series of Addresses. By D. L. MOODY. Revised. Morgan and Scott, Paternoster-buildings.

THESE addresses were delivered by Mr. Moody at the New York meetings, and are to be followed by another volume, under the title of the *Unspeakable Gift*. Mr. Moody was in his usual pithy and spirit-stirring vein, and quite up to his usual style of address when these discourses were delivered. We can almost realise as we read, that we are listening to his soul-thrilling deliverances at the Agricultural Hall in England. Not that there is either repetition or sameness of expression. But we perceive the same flowing of a warm heart in the Master's cause; the same yearning for souls breathing in nearly every line. We find the same homely force manifested in his reasoning and appeals to sinners, as with true Christian emotion he urges them to fly to the Saviour, and make sure of heaven. By God's grace he was equal to the occasion of speaking to the many thousands who listened to the truth from his lips. To all who love profitable reading we commend these Gospel addresses.

The Romish Mass and its Kindred Doctrines. By THOMAS MILL. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

THE production of a well-informed and intelligent mind, recently removed from our midst by death, and who, by this unanswerable essay, he being dead, yet speaketh. The use and worth of the work may be gathered from the list of subjects treated of in its pages. We give two or three:—*The Mass Not Instituted by Christ; The Mass Not Known to the Apostles; The Real Presence; The Papacy founded on Fiction; Sacrificing Priests, Unchristian; Romanism Many Faced; The Papacy and its Doom, &c., &c.* The writer grasps his subject with no gloved hand, but proceeds to his work of exposing the childish

fooleries and poisonous errors of the Church of Rome with a determined will. His logic is stern and convincing; and the castigation the system and its precepts receive, well merited by all teachers and abettors of this master-piece of Satan.

Ecce Spiritus Opus. The Church of Christ a Broad Church; or, The Unity of Christendom. By a PHYSICIAN. Longman, Dyer, and Co., London.

THE writer is sincere and earnest. The first chapters are written from a scientific outlook, and the subject treated physiologically, philosophically, and theologially, and are handled with considerable skill. The author has no mean amount of reasoning powers, which, in some parts, are concentrated to expose the soul-destroying delusions of the Church of Rome, and the sham Protestantism of men in a profoundly Protestant Church, who, while accepting office and stipends to teach the doctrines of the Reformation, are endeavouring stealthily and craftily to lead the people into the errors of Romanism. His language is unsparring and severe. We sympathise with the author in much he has written, and in the object he has in view, though we are obliged to say that object is unattainable in the author's way of attempting to reach it. The evils he complains of are of necessity bound up with the Establishment principle. It is nearly impossible to make them see that while a Church derives its powers from the State, and its revenues from the nation's purse, that all shades of religious belief held by the nation should not, in some measure, be represented by the National Church. It is a matter that our author should not overlook, that Christians outside cannot unite with the Romanising party in the Church, and that the teachers of the Evangelical party are harsh and un-

charitable when dealing with questions which affect the conscience of their nonconforming brethren—as, for instance, the Burials Bill, &c.—and will give the hand to the Ritualistic priest (whom on other questions they scorn) to thwart and fetter the aspirations of the nation for true religious liberty. We wish God-speed to all sincere Christian Churchmen in their desire to expunge the Romanising germs of the Prayer-Book, and who long for a broad, united Church, but while they are members of a Parliamentary Church, and accept the patronage of the State, we are fully convinced they lead a forlorn hope.

Beacons and Patterns; or, Lessons for Young Men. By Rev. W. LANDELS, D.D. Fifth Thousand. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE retain the interest felt by us when we read a copy of the first thousand, and are right glad to see it has reached a fifth thousand. The writer is well known by the young men of our metropolis and country, and is appreciated for the grace and beauty of his language, as well as for the great, grand principles he inculcates. This work is a treasure for the young. We believe it will be nearly impossible for a young man to read without profiting considerably. Its lights are real, some flashing from the harbour of the eternal city, and others on the rocks of time, alluring to the good or warning of the bad. Let the youth starting in life read it, and parents and guardians of the young present this work to their charge.

MAGAZINES, &c.

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VERY chaste, and suitable for their object. A good accompaniment to visits made to chambers of sorrow and bereavement.

The British Flag, The Rock of Ages, The Wreck of the Eurydice. W. A. Blake, Trafalgar-square, Charing-cross.

THE former of these is the soldiers' religious paper. The latter are reprints from it, and are suitable for all, and deserve a wide circulation.

The Biblical Museum and The Teachers' Storehouse (Elliot Stock) have more than our esteem.

The Voice of Warning. (E. West, Paternoster-row.) A cheap magazine for Protestants.

Common Faults of Lay Preachers. (Elliot Stock.) Lay preachers and preachers of the other class will do well to lay every word of this tract to heart.

The Open Door; or, Come and Welcome. By Adolph Saphir, D.D. (Shaw and Co.) Always good.

The Divine Life. No. 13. (Haughton and Co.) Contains an index to the previous numbers.

The Baptist Magazine has a very able article on the Baptist denomination. It presents state and future prospects; it brings some statistics from the *Handbook*, and does good service with them.

The Sword and Trowel has a second paper of undoubted merit and power

on Canon Farrar's sermons on the Future State.

The *General Baptist* has a sixth chapter by the editor on Man after Death. These papers are very timely, and will profit the close and thoughtful reader.

In our last month's review of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, read "Thomas" Marson, instead of "Samuel." The Rev. Samuel Marson, we find, was the son of the Rev. Thomas Marson, the first pastor at Park-street Chapel.

Poetry.

WHEN WE GET YONDER.

BY THE REV. J. CLARK.

DEAR are the friends we love,
Yet they must leave us;
But in our Home above
Ne'er shall they grieve us.
Few are the friendships here,
Lasting and real;
And, though we try, we ne'er
Reach our ideal;
There, freed from sin and pain,
Hearts will grow fonder;
Ne'er shall we part again
When we get yonder.

Here in the wilderness,
Desolate, dreary,
Onward we daily press
Lonely and weary;
Still we enjoy within
Heliest pleasures;

And we ere long shall win
Heaven's true treasures;
On our dear Father's word
Often we ponder;
We shall be like our Lord
When we get yonder.

What though the seasons fly
Faster and faster,
Still let us glorify
Jesus, our Master.
He is our Guide to bliss,
He is still near us;
And His sweet promises
Strengthen and cheer us.
Soon from His loving side
Ne'er shall we wander;
We shall be satisfied
When we get yonder.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. JAMES DOUGLAS, M.A., of Blackburn, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Falmouth Church, Cornwall.

Rev. R. Holmes has resigned the pastorate of the church in Regent-street, Belfast; and Rev. S. A. Swaine has resigned the church in Great Victoria-street in the same town.

Rev. W. H. Tetley, of Scarborough,

has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Osmaston-road Church, Derby.

Rev. J. Alcorn, of Loughborough, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Old Basford, Nottingham.

Rev. R. Kerr is resigning the pastorate of the church at Nailsworth.

The congregation of Adelaide-place Church, Glasgow, has given a unanimous call to the Rev. James Culross,

M.A., D.D., London. Dr. Culross was formerly of Stirling.

Rev. Thos. Thomas has resigned the pastorate at Caerphilly, and accepted a call to the church at Denbigh.

Rev. J. W. Edwards, of Haverford-west College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Neyland, Pembroke-shire.

Rev. D. Davies has resigned the pastorate of the church at Lindley, Huddersfield.

Rev. W. B. Bliss has resigned the pastorate of the Union Church, Belgrave, Leicester.

Mr. James Hollinshead, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Rattlesden, Suffolk.

Rev. W. Macintosh, of Rawdon College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Anstruther.

Rev. J. Compston, of Leeds, has accepted an invitation of the United churches at Fivehead and Isle Abbotts, near Taunton.

Rev. R. Foster Jeffrey, of Southsea, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Kingsgate-st., Holborn.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. H. T. SPUFFORTH, late of Bovingdon, has been publicly recognised as pastor of the church at Bushey New Town, Watford. Special sermons were preached by the Revs. G. W. Thomas and T. Peters, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. F. W. Goadby, M.A., D. McCullam, and T. Watts. £20 was contributed towards chapel improvements.

The recognition of Rev. T. Turner as pastor of the church at Attleborough, Norfolk, took place on the 22nd of April. Mr. Z. Long presided. Rev. J. S. Wyard delivered the charge to the pastor. Rev. G. Monk addressed the church, and was followed by Revs. W. Robinson, W. Parry, J. T. Ewing, R. Taylor, and Rev. P. Davis.

Rev. W. Owen, late of Keynsham, near Bristol, has been publicly recognised as pastor of the church at Marlowes Chapel, Hemel Hempstead. Addresses were delivered by Revs. A.

T. Powell, T. Davies, F. W. Goadby, and others.

On Sunday last, Mr. A. Grant, late of Anstruther, was publicly set apart to the pastorate of the church at John-street, Glasgow.

Rev. Thomas George Strong was publicly recognised on the 22nd April as pastor of the church at Bradninch. Rev. J. Cruickshank delivered the charge to the new minister, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. E. Edwards. It is intended to enlarge the schoolroom in connection with the church during the year.

A tea meeting has been held at Park-road Chapel, Esher, to take leave of Rev. J. E. Perrin, who, after being pastor for twelve years, has resigned, having accepted the pastorate of the church at Ross, Herefordshire. This meeting was made the occasion for the presentation by Mr. Hine, on behalf of the church and congregation, to Mr. Perrin of a handsome gold watch, after which Mr. H. J. Hine, in the name of the members of the Young Women's Bible Class, presented Mrs. Perrin with an electro-silvered biscuit-box. The removal of Mr. Perrin from the neighbourhood is generally regretted.

BROCKHURST, HANTS.—At their annual meeting, on Good Friday, April 19, the members and friends of Brockhurst Baptist Church, presented their pastor with "The Interpreter," 4 vols., "Treasury of David," "Watson's Body of Divinity," and "Evening by Evening," with an inscription on the cover of each. The chapel was crowded, and the meeting was a very interesting one: among the speakers were Dr. G. Colborne, pastor, C. H. Harcourt, of Alverstoke, and pastor H. H. Dove, of Hardway.

A recognition meeting was held on Wednesday evening, the 29th of May, at Mount Vernon-street Welsh Baptist Chapel, Liverpool, in connection with the settlement of Rev. Reece Evans, late of Middlesbro'-on-Tees, as pastor of the congregation meeting there. The meeting was well attended, the Rev. Charles Davies, Everton Village,

being in the chair, and was addressed in English and Welsh by the pastors of the Welsh Baptists in Liverpool and neighbourhood, and also by the Rev. Spinther James, of Glamoydden, near Llandudno. The newly-chosen pastor spoke in feeling terms. He was pastor for some years of the congregation worshipping at Stanhope-street (now Windsor-street) previous to the call to Middlesbro'.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. C. DOUGLAS CROUCH, having resigned the pastorate of the church at Bulwell-road, Nottingham, and accepted that of the church at Shoreham, Sussex, preached his farewell sermons at the former place on Sunday, the 14th of April. At a public meeting on the following Friday, Mr. Crouch was presented with a handsome timepiece and a purse of gold.

An interesting valedictory meeting was held at Desborough, Northamptonshire, April the 1st, in connection with the retirement of Mr. Gee from the pastorate of the church in that village, after a ministry extending over some nine years. Mr. Gee, who has been hitherto partly engaged in business, intends to devote himself in future entirely to the ministry. A silver teapot was presented to Mr. Gee, and a vase to Mrs. Gee.

Rev. F. W. Bruce has resigned the pastorate of the church at Borough-bridge, Yorkshire. At a valedictory service he received from the church and congregation a purse of gold, as a mark of love and esteem.

NEW CHAPELS.

A NEW chapel was opened at Huddersfield on Tuesday, April the 16th. Rev. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool, preached morning and evening. A luncheon was subsequently held. On Friday, sermons were preached by Rev. W. H. Ibberson, and Rev. Paxton Hood. The Rev. J. G. Green, D.D., preached on Easter Sunday, morning and evening,

and held a children's service in the afternoon. The collections amounted to about £200.

Wycliffe Union Tabernacle, Herries-street, Queen's-park, Kilburn, was opened for public worship April the 28th. The services were continued May the 5th and 12th, when sermons were preached by the Revs. Dr. Angus, R. H. Roberts, B.A., and other ministers. A public meeting was held on Thursday the 9th inst. In the absence of Sir T. Chambers, Q.C., M.P., the chair was taken by J. Finch, Esq., F.R.G.S., and addresses were delivered by the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Freemantle, the Revs. D. Burns, M.A., W. Luke, and others. The report read by the pastor, the Rev. T. Hall, stated that the total outlay will be £3,500, including the chapel, school-rooms, and pastor's house. The cost of the structure at present erected will be about £1,150, of which £250 is now needed.

The memorial stone of the new chapel, to which the London Baptist Association has to contribute the usual £1,000 for the present year, was laid at Brondesbury on Tuesday, May the 14th, in the presence of a large and influential gathering, by Rev. J. P. Chown, as Association President, who rejoiced that they were thus able to set up the standard of British Nonconformity as well as of denominational polity, and wished the movement every spiritual success. Rev. W. Stott explained that the movement originated with Abbey-road Chapel, St. John's-wood, which had contributed £500 to the building fund. Revs. W. Brock and W. P. Cope also took part in the ceremony. The new structure will be of Gothic design, and is intended to accommodate nearly 750 persons, to be capable of enlargement to seat 1,000. The cost will be £4,573, bringing the total cost, including land, to about £6,000. The site is freehold, and is situated in the main (Edgware) road. A public meeting followed in the evening at Abbey-road Chapel, at which several addresses were delivered.

NEW CHAPELS.

WESTMANCOTE, WORCESTERSHIRE.—The new chapel was opened for divine worship on Monday, the 20th of May. Rev. E. Gange, of Broadmead, Bristol, preached in the morning and afternoon, the Scriptures being read and the devotional services conducted by Revs. M. Philpin, W. Julian, J. Dunckley, and T. Webster. A public meeting was held in the evening, under the presidency of W. Creese, Esq., when, in addition to the gentlemen named, Rev. H. Wilkins, J. H. Feek, J. Roberts, R. Morley, S. Dunn, T. Wilkinson, and W. J. Smith, pastor, addressed the people. Although the day was wet, the people flocked from all quarters, both on foot and in vehicles of sundry kinds, so that at the chief services the chapel was crowded to excess. The building is a neat Gothic structure, designed by Capel N. Tripp, Esq., of Gloucester, and built by Messrs. Emms and Martin, of Cheltenham, and contains within its area the chapel proper and vestries separated from it by a partition and a partly movable screen. The cost is about £800, towards which Messrs. Robinson, of Bristol, who spent their early days in the neighbourhood, are very generous contributors. The collections, &c., at the opening, amounted to upwards of £30, and this sum, it was stated, with other contributions, is to be spent on the "minister's house." About £40 are still needed to clear the cost of the chapel. The church at Westmancote is an ancient one. It originated probably in the labours of Robert Browne, who was ejected in 1662 from Aston White Ladies, near Worcester. He is reputed to have been a "fifth-monarchy man." He was the author of a scholarly treatise called "Jerubbaal," of which both Calamy and Stillingfleet speak. While living at Worcester, he refused a "call" to Broadmead, Bristol, because "the church at Westmancote would not spare him." He ultimately went to Plymouth, in succession to the martyred Abraham Chene, where he died

in a few months, "through excessive preaching." In these early, troublous times, the church at Westmancote was dispersed, or became extinct; yet periodical visits were made to the place by neighbouring ministers, of whom the apostolic Benjamin Francis was one. The place of meeting, however, fell into the hands of "disaffected persons," and in 1771 the building just demolished was erected at the instance of the Rev. John Haydon, then pastor at Tewkesbury. In 1779 a new church was formed, with Mr. Haydon as minister. He died in 1782. In 1802 the meeting house, now superseded, was enlarged in the pastorate of Rev. John Miller. Since then, the office has been filled by a regular succession of ministers, by none more worthy than by its present occupant, under whose auspices and mainly by whose efforts the new chapel has been built.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GLASGOW.—On Tuesday, April 30, the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, delivered a lecture on "George Whitefield, the Zealous Preacher," on behalf of the South-side Baptist Church, at present meeting in the Standard Halls. Wm. Bowser, Esq., presided.

LUTON BAPTIST CHAPEL, PARK-STREET.—The anniversary of the Sabbath schools in connection with this place of worship was held on Sunday, May 12, when sermons were preached morning and evening by the Rev. J. H. Blake, the pastor of the chapel, and in the afternoon by the Rev. Robert Berry, of the Congregational Church. There was a crowded attendance at each of the services, many persons being unable to gain admission. At the evening service Mr. Blake departed from the accustomed order of conducting public service by presenting illustrations of the subject—"A word spoken in season how good is it, it is like apples of gold in baskets of silver." An ornamental basket was shown containing some specimens of apples and other fruit. Remarking upon the apple the preacher said there was as-

sociated with it the forbidden fruit; but the apple tree referred to was grateful for shade, for many sat under its shadow with great delight, and its fruits were luscious. This was compared to the Tree of Life. He further referred to the apples of Sodom as being beautiful to look upon (exhibiting one in his hand), but as soon as touched are found to contain nothing but dust. Reference was then made to the fig tree, the date, and palm tree, the pomegranate, and the olive tree. The palm tree was the straightest tree that grew, arriving at its maturity at thirty years, and retaining its fruitfulness up to seventy, being a fit emblem of the man that would grow upright whatever weights were put upon him. He urged young men and women present to be upright in their character and conduct towards each other and towards all with whom they had to do, and in closing a very interesting day's services he remarked that the Scriptures spoke words which were suitable to every season and to every circumstance in life. The collections, which were the largest that have been known in the history of the school, amounted to £52 6s. 2d.

PORTSEA.—On the morning of May 7 a bazaar was opened at St. George's Hall, Portsea, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the repairing of Kent-street Chapel. Rev. J. W. Genders, the pastor, having opened the proceedings with prayer, Mr. Jabez Warn (one of the general secretaries) said that between ten and eleven years ago the friends at Kent-street Chapel, under the care of Rev. J. G. Gregson, thought it desirable to improve the chapel, at a cost of £900. £200 was borrowed from the Baptist Building Society, which was repaid by the payment of £20 per annum, and they were glad to say that the last £10 had now been paid. It was then suggested that at a future period the gallery should be re-pewed and altered to correspond with the downstairs, and they felt that the time had now come. On the first Sunday in May, two years since, Rev. J. W. Genders, of Luton, commenced his

ministry as the pastor. They were pleased to say that his ministry had been blessed, and it was, therefore, a case of necessity to improve the gallery, the cost of which, with repairing the windows and the outside of the building, would be about £700. Other addresses followed, and the chairman declared the bazaar open. The proceeds were £271 11s. 8d.

On behalf of the Commercial-road Chapel Building Fund, Hereford, a tea and public meeting was held at the Corn Exchange on Friday, May 10, under the presidency of Mr. Jos. Pulley. It was reported that during the year £1,230 had been contributed, and £570 more promised. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Williams, B.A., pastor; E. Ball, T. Harris, J. Lewitt, and others. The sum of £164 was afterwards promised. It is not proposed to commence building until the contributions have reached £2,500.

The new organ, built by Eustace Ingram, of Camden-town, for Ramsden-road Chapel, Balham, has been opened by a grand organ recital given by Marcellus Higgs, organist of St. Gabriel's, Pimlico. The organ, which cost £300, is paid for, and gives great satisfaction. During the evening the Revs. B. C. Etheridge, pastor, and D. Jones, B.A., Buxton, delivered addresses. The collection amounted to £13.

BAPTISMS.

- Abertillery.*—May 26, at Ebenezer Chapel, Six, by L. Jones.
Accrington.—June 2, at Bethel Chapel, Three, by W. Hughes.
Addestone.—May 26, Six, by E. W. Tarbox.
Anon, Anglesey.—May 31, One, by J. C. Jenkins.
Appledore.—May 19, Ten; May 23, Four, by R. B. Clare.
Ashford.—May 27, Norwood-street, Five, by E. Roberts.
Ashton-under-Lyne.—May 26, Three, by A. Bowdon.
Bacup.—June 2, at Irwell-terrace, Four, by J. S. Hughes. June 2, at Ebenezer Chapel, Two, by W. Gay.
Barnsley.—May 13, Seven, by B. W. Osler.
Bedford.—June 2, at Mill-street, Two, by G. C. Williams.

- Bilston*.—May 26, One, by A. B. Hall.
Birmingham.—May 8, in Circus Chapel, Five, by J. W. Kirton; May 29, at Aston Park, Three, by G. J. Bailey.
Bishops Stortford.—May 8, Three, by R. Hodgkins.
Blackley, Yorks.—June 2, One, by R. Briggs.
Blackwood, Mon.—June 9, Three, by W. Morgan.
Boole, Liverpool.—May 27, Two, by T. Downen.
Bourton.—May 23, Two, by T. Hayden.
Brough.—May 8, Six, by D. Thomas.
Burford.—May 9, Three, by H. D. Brown.
Burton-on-Trent.—May 26, at Guild-street, Three, by J. Askew.
Calstock, Cornwall.—May 8, Three; May 22, Four, by D. Cork.
Cambridge.—May 1, Zion Chapel, Six, by J. P. Campbell.
Chatham.—May 29, at Zion Chapel, Seventeen, by J. Smith.
Cheddar.—June 2, Seven, by T. Hanger.
Chepstow.—May 29, Three, by W. L. Mayo.
Chester.—May 19, Five, by W. Durban, B.A.
Chippierfield.—May 29, Three, by S. Couling.
Christchurch and Parley, Hants.—May 26, Two, by J. Thompson.
Cinderford.—June 2, Five, by C. Griffiths.
Coleford.—May 29, Four, by T. Williams.
Combe Martin.—May 19, Eight, by J. Glover.
Corsham, Wilts.—May 30, Four, by J. Knolstone.
Countesthorpe.—May 26, Three, by H. Hughes.
Deal.—May 8, Eleven, by N. Dobson.
Drefach.—May 19, Two, by G. H. Griffiths.
Dowlais.—May 24, at English Chapel, Six, by J. Williams.
Eckington, Worcestershire.—May 2, Thirteen, by W. E. Whee'er.
Eythorne.—May 19, Seven, by J. Stubbs.
Farsley.—May 19, Ten; June 2, Seven, by E. Parker.
Ferndale.—May 19, at the English Church, Seven; June 9, Eleven, by R. G. Evans.
Gasbury.—May, 5, Four; May 8, One, by D. Howell.
Glyn Heath.—June 2, Two, by L. Thomas, D.D.
Great Staughton.—June 2, Nine, by W. G. Coote.
Grundsburgh.—June 2, Six, by W. K. Dexter.
Halifax.—May 19, at North Parade Chapel, Six, by W. Dyson.
Hanwell.—June 11, at Union Chapel, Five, by J. R. Lowden.
Harrow-on-the-Hill.—May 20, Four, by A. J. Grant.
Harston.—May 16, Twelve, by S. H. Akehurst.
Hayle, Cornwall.—May 10, Four, by A. E. Spicer.
Helston.—May 26, Two, by J. H. Sobey.
Horsforth, near Leeds.—May 2, Eight; May 30, Twelve, by W. H. Rollis.
Hunslet, Leeds.—May 26, Two, by D. Jenkins.
Ifford.—June 6, for Chadwell Heath, Six, by D. Taylor.
Leeds, Beeston-hill.—May 30, Four, by H. Winsor.
Leeds.—May 15, at Burley-road, Five, by W. T. Adey. May 26, at York-road, Eight, by J. Smith.
Leominster.—May 19, Two, by D. Howell.
Llanvansant.—May 26, Eight, by J. Edwards.
Loughwood.—May 19, Three, by R. Bastable.
Luton.—May 30, Park-street, Two, by J. H. Blake.
Marionnes.—June 10, Seven, by W. Owen.
Metropolitan District.—
Barking.—April 27, Three, by W. J. Tomkins.
Battersea.—May 27, Ten, by T. Iardner.
Greenwich, S.E.—May 26, Eleven, by W. L. Giles.
Lever-street.—May 26, Two, by J. Rankine.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—May 23, Nineteen; May 27, Thirteen; May 30, Sixteen, by J. A. Spurgeon.
St. John's Wood.—May 16, in Abbey-road, Twelve, by W. Stott.
Walthamstow.—June 9, at Markhouse-common, Five, by T. Brewood.
Middlesboro.—May 19, Boundary-road, One, by J. W. Wilkinson.
Milnsbridge.—May 4, Two, by E. Speed.
Molleston, Pem.—May 19, One, by T. Baker.
Netherton.—May 26, at Ebenezer Chapel, Three, by W. Millington.
Newcastle.—May 12, Five, by G. H. Griffiths.
North Curry.—May 26, Four, by W. Fry.
Ogden.—May 26, One, by A. E. Greening.
Pains Hill, Limsfield.—May 26, Two, by F. M. Cockerton.
Pembroke.—June 2, Four, by E. Thomas.
Pengryth.—May 5, Four, by D. Howell.
Pole Moor.—May 26, One, by J. Evans.
Presteign.—June 9, One, by S. Watkins.
Ramoth.—May 30, Three, by E. Evans.
Ripley.—May 5, One; May 8, Ten, by J. Manning.
Risca, Mon.—May 19, at the English Chapel, Four, by T. Thomas.
Sevenoaks.—May 26, Four, by J. Field.
Southport.—May 26, Seven, by L. Nuttall.
St. Peter's, Ramsgate.—May 1, Three, by J. Crofts.
Swyddfynnon.—May 5, Two, by H. Robinson.
Talgarth.—June 2, Two, by D. B. Richards.
Taunton.—June 2, at Albemarle Chapel, Four, by I. Palmer.
Tisbury.—May 12, Five, by R. Bray.
Thorpe-le-Soken.—May 19, Five, by G. W. Pope.
Tiverton-on-Avon.—June 2, Five, by D. Sharp.
Toddington, Bedfordshire.—May 22, Two, by J. H. Blake, of Luton.
Todmorden.—May 19, at Shore Chapel, One, by J. K. Chappelle.
Tongwynnos.—May 2, at English Chapel, Seven, by J. Thomas.
Treforest.—May 12, at Calvary Chapel, One, by P. Jones.
Truro.—May 7, Three; May 8, Three; May 19, One; May 21, Five, by J. S. Paige.
Warrington.—May 1, Ten, by J. Bigby.
Watchet and Wiltton.—May 14, Fifteen; June 6, Two, by R. J. Middleton.
Waterford, Ireland.—May 23, One, by J. Douglas.
Wedmore.—May 12, Four, by T. J. Hazzard.
Wem.—May 29, Three, by R. Richards.

Westbury Leigh.—May 19, Three, by W. Thomas.

West Cowes, Isle of Wight.—May 22, Nine, by G. Sparks.

Weston Turville.—May 30, One, by W. Goacher.

Willenhall.—May 19, at Lichfield-street, Ten, by E. Hilton.

Wolverhampton.—May 2, at Waterloo-road Chapel, Twenty; May 30, Fifteen, by D. E. Evans.

Wootton, Beds.—May 29, Nine; June 2, Four, by J. H. Readman.

Wyken.—June 2, Two, by B. Morris.

RECENT DEATHS.

MR. HENRY CHARLES FREEMAN has gone to his reward at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight years. Until about the twenty-first year of the life of our friend he "lived according to the course of this world;" but at that time, passing, one Sunday afternoon, along Robert-street, Grosvenor-square, the singing in the Independent chapel Sunday school there, attracted his attention, and he went down into the room. A friend of his, who had a class in the school, asked him to come again, which he did, and Mr. Hanks, of blessed memory to many a young man throughout the world, invited him to take a class. He consented, and began by teaching the boys the alphabet. Our friend soon discovered that something more was wanted for himself than he then possessed, and this led him to think upon his own condition in the sight of God. Under the spiritual teaching of the Rev. Mr. Leach, then the pastor of Robert-street Chapel, he was brought to join the church, the sermon which led to this issue being based upon Prov. xvi. 9, "A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps." Mr. Freeman continued in fellowship with this people for some years; but the subject of baptism was introduced to his notice by a friend; and, in consequence of letters received and discussions held, his mind was fully made up, and he was baptised by the late Rev. Mr. Bowes, at Blandford-street. Here Mr. Freeman soon became an active member; for he conducted the singing in the public worship, and formed a class for

the young people who rallied around him for the practice of oratorical music, which class became the largest oratorical and sacred musical society then in existence. After the decease of Mr. Bowes, our friend became the secretary of the church, and the superintendent of the Sunday-school. At this time the church at Blandford-street was brought into a very unsettled condition, and the Rev. J. Bloomfield, then the pastor of Salem Chapel, Meard's-court, Dean-street, Soho, meeting with Mr. Freeman, invited him to attend that place of worship, and, together with his wife—now, alas, his widow!—he was added to the church January 6th, 1861. Here, again, his active mind soon found ample employment, for he shortly became the leader of the singing, which he greatly improved; and undertook the duties of superintendent of the Sunday school, which office he held till very recently, depriving himself of many home comforts to be at his post. One leading characteristic in Mr. Freeman was his marvellous order and punctuality. He was never known to be late at any engagement; and, not long before the illness which terminated fatally commenced, one Sunday morning, as the time for worship drew near, his pastor ventured to say to one of the deacons, "Where is friend Freeman?" The answer showed the man, "Never fear about Freeman; he will be sure to be in time." As for his order and system, one incident will elucidate this. Once, in church-meeting, a member happened to express an opinion that the same tunes were used too frequently, and that the selections of their leader were not sufficiently varied. To the amusement of all present except the person who had made the remark, Mr. Freeman quietly drew from his side pocket a little book, in which every tune had been most carefully entered, and this at once satisfactorily settled that matter. The same tune had been used at long intervals only. It would be difficult, in a short sketch like this, to give even an outline of the various societies and associations with which

our departed brother was connected. Every Good Friday morning for many years past all the schools in the West of London Sunday-School Union have held an aggregate meeting, in which our friend always led the singing. At the time of his decease he was one of the visitors to, and a member of the various committees associated with, the Sunday schools in the western division of the metropolis; and here his presence and assistance were always highly valued. The musical ability of Mr. Freeman must not be overlooked. He was the compiler of one of our most successful *Services of Song*, viz., "The Prodigal Son." He also composed the one entitled, "The Holy War;" and not long before he died he passed through the press another *Service*, which he called "Jessica's First Prayer;" but this he did not live long enough to hear sung. His pen also produced a little work about *The Evils of Theatres*, and in many other ways did he thus help forward what was good. In a word, Mr. Freeman was devoted to the teaching of the young in every part and branch of the Sunday-school work, and was never more happy than when engaged in some way for the benefit of his youthful friends. Two or three Sunday schools he founded himself, and was, too, a most successful ragged-school teacher. No one of Mr. Freeman's many friends was looking for his decease. True, as 1877 was dying out he complained of loss of appetite and general lassitude; still he kept his daily appointment in the City, and was always in his desk at public worship. The first Sabbath in the new year found him there, and so did the following Thursday; but that was the last visit he paid to his beloved Salem. From that time he was confined to the house, and nothing that the most eminent medical men could do was of the least avail. Very painful and trying was his last illness; but it was borne with great patience and Christian submission. Yes; the brilliance of the Sun of Righteousness illumined the chamber of death. His

closing words were those of heart-felt praise, while his last act was to clasp his hands in prayer, as the word "Father" closed the scene. Mr. Freeman died on the morning of February 27th, and was buried at Paddington Cemetery the following Tuesday, his pastor, the Rev. J. Teall, conducting the service. And, oh, such a funeral! Hundreds of those who loved our brother were there, and, with scarcely an exception, they were clad in mourning. So, too, at Salem Chapel the following Sunday evening, when Mr. Teall preached the funeral sermon, a very large congregation assembled, all more or less clothed in black. The text was Rev. xv. 3, "They sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints," and this service was attended by deputations from the Sunday-School Union, and the many other public bodies with which the deceased was associated. Farewell, my brother! Thy attached friend, thy sorrowing pastor, bids thee farewell! I am distressed for thee, my brother! Very pleasant hast thou been unto me; for thy love to me was wonderful. Methinks I would have detained thee below, for I seem to want thy sympathy and thy prayers. But, no—no! Rest on, beloved one, and—

"Forgive, ble't shade, the tributary tear
That mourns thy exit from a world like
this;

Forgive the wish that would have kept thee
here.

And stay'd thy progress to the seats of bliss.
No more confin'd to grow'ling scenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay;
Now shall we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of
day."

JOHN TEALL.

Salem Chapel, Soho, W.

We regret to record the decease of the Rev. James Staddon, of Pinchbeck, on April the 29th, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. Mr. Staddon was for several years a travelling preacher amongst the Bible Christians, but being led to see the unscripturalness of

THE VERY BLESSING WE CRAVE.*

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

“They were all filled with the Holy Spirit.”—ACTS iv. 31.

THE Holy Spirit is in the Church of God a mysterious, real, Divine Person. This is most certain. We believed this once as an article of our creed: we know it now as a matter of fact. By long acquaintance with Him we can discern whether He is present or absent from our meetings when we are avowedly gathered together in the name of Jesus. We have attended some such assemblies where there has been no lack of vivacity, of oratory, or of enthusiasm, but the child of God has been grievously conscious that there was no demonstration of the Holy Spirit. At other times, though we have scarcely known why; yet almost before a hymn has been sung or a word spoken, a remarkable power has been felt. It pervaded not our own soul only, but the souls of others likewise. An influence has been diffused such as music or rhetoric could not produce. The heart of the child of God has been stirred by contact with a mysterious Being whom he cannot see or hear. He is certain that that Spirit is working upon him; he feels it. Like a sentient harp he feels a secret hand sweeping over all the strings of his nature. Although it is only the regenerate who prove this to the full, yet even the ungodly must bear witness to signs which excite their wonder and baffle their senses to account for; for the Holy Ghost is there, and if they have not the spiritual apprehension which can recognise His distinct and full power, the saints know and perceive His presence with joy, even as at other times they miss it with sorrow. The main force for preserving the Christian Church, maintaining it in order, and equipping it for the conquest of the world, is the Holy Spirit. We have the force of truth with us in its stability; we have the force of earnestness in its aggressiveness; and we have the force of example in its sacred purity. Or to say the least, we ought to have all these in full vigour. But the conversion of sinners is accomplished by another power which co-operates with these, but yet is far above them in efficacy. When any church has not the Spirit of God, her efforts are always unavailing; her disasters are often terrible. There are churches, with a rigid organisation, which manage to keep up an appearance of vitality. The same individuals perhaps abide in nominal fellowship, although the ranks thin and the members gradually get fewer. The same outward services are conducted, although they become more cold and formal. But the thing is much the same to common observation. It is a mere human ceremony, nor does it want the Holy Spirit, for it goes on tolerably well, and in some respects better without His agency. Human appliances suffice to work human organisations. An ordinary vessel has not strength to bear the strain of a steam-engine; it would go to pieces if you were to insert a boiler; you must have a vessel fit to carry the excess of power. So God's Church is the only instrument that will work well with the Spirit of God in it, and when the Spirit of God deserts such

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a Church it generally becomes involved in all sorts of tangles and troubles. God has left great gaps in the organisation of the Church of Christ—the prepared organisation. Nobody anxious to have a system would ever have constructed the system of Church government revealed in the New Testament. The system of Ignatius Loyola is far easier to work. The system of a hierarchical episcopacy is more gorgeous and attractive. But the system of the New Testament—the system of “One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren,” by its very simplicity frustrates the wisdom of this world; it requires personal government; for it has breaks which can only be filled up and it has functions which can only be performed by the Holy Ghost. The ministry of the blessed Paraclete is essential to its welfare. It is so obviously supposed that without it the entire plan would be inoperative. Here is such untrammelled liberty that everybody might take leave to follow his own wayward inclination if the hearts of all were not guided by one holy instinct. Here, too, is a law of love so inflexible that nobody could conform to its demands were there not a heavenly disposition imparted. The rigid precept to do this or that is dispensed with because each believer is guided by an inward monitor. The diversities of offices are distributed according to the measure of gifts until every man cheerfully humbles himself and honours his fellow for the endowments that are specially bestowed on each by the Holy Spirit. It is by the Holy Spirit the body of the Church is kept in health. Does He withdraw, it becomes the prey of a thousand diseases. It is by the Holy Spirit that unity is preserved; in His absence heresies are propagated and schisms abound. This is the throwing out of the great internal mischief that proceeds from trying to act without His Divine agency to direct all the operations. If the Holy Spirit be not in our midst, there is no power over sinners to convince them of sin, or to quicken them into life. The world never feels any respect for a Church that has not the Holy Spirit in its midst. It is tolerated; people subscribe to it for fashion sake, and they honour its leading men who are distinguished among their fellows! But after all it is looked upon as a sort of hollow tradition which policy rather than propriety prompts them to support. The philosopher says, “Well, there is a natural tendency in man towards this kind of religion, and we had better wink at it than sneer at it.” The sceptic and the free-thinker say, “Let it alone, and allow everybody to think as he likes,” but they hold creeds and convocations in utter contempt. But when the Spirit of God comes upon the Church, the world opposes but reveres her,—abhors her in her inmost soul, but trembles at her testimony. For to the Holy Ghost we must ascribe it that the Church is a fact, palpable, not to be denied; His indwelling is the miracle of her existence. He is her incessant witness. Where the Holy Spirit is, signs and wonders in the moral world, grander than any signs and wonders wrought by Christ in the physical world, abound and multiply. Sinners are impressed and awakened, wounded and healed, killed and made alive; convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; converted to God, and constrained to fall down at His dear feet to whom the Spirit of the Lord gives the witness. Brethren, whatever some churches may do without the Holy Ghost, we cannot; for in preaching and praying, in all our works and ways, we find Him indispensable. We languish and we perish, we are defeated and destroyed, our ranks are broken and we are scattered to the

winds. This would soon be our complaint, or should we remain together how powerless, how useless, how dead we must be! A mere carcase, instead of a mighty corporation we should become, did not the Spirit of God, who is the life of man, come and abide with us as a host. To us, therefore, this is more than interesting; it is the vital question. We have to consider the working and the power of the Spirit. My great anxiety is that His influences may be obtained, or, I might better say, retained among us. This is my subject. *How can we hope to have the power of the Holy Spirit displayed among us in all its fulness?* Nay, says one, but remember He is a sovereign, who moves as He pleases, and fulfils the immutable decrees of the eternal purpose. Nobody believes that more firmly than I do. He is and He ever will be the free Spirit. Like the wind that bloweth where it listeth, and like the dew which tarrieth not for man and waiteth not for the sons of men, so does He descend and work in His own sweet way amongst our poor fallen race. And yet while we believe this, we are equally confident that there are powers which by God's grace we can exercise and promises which by that same grace we can appropriate, whereby we may make sure of the blessing of the Holy Spirit. Water will flow where God pleases to make it flow, but give us a Moses with his rod in his hand, and he will fetch it out of the flinty rock. The dew and the rain will fall as God bids them fall, but give us an Elijah and he will shut the windows of heaven for three years. Then let him go up to the top of Carmel again, and pray one of his wonderful prayers, forthwith the sluices of the Divine blessing will be thrown up, and dews and rains will descend copiously. The wind blows where it wills, 'tis granted; but find us an Ezekiel, and hearken to him as he cries, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live;" and the winds come and exert their quickening influence. Are these forces of nature then under the control of man? We would not like to say so. Oh! Spirit of God! Thou art Divine; Thou rulest us; we cannot regulate Thy operations. Yet as Thy sweet comforts are vouchsafed according to a Divine covenant, it is certain that where there is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, prayer in His name, and patient watching for His presence and power, Thou wilt come and reveal Thyself in all Thy gracious energy.

Beloved friends, I want you to notice the circumstances under which the Spirit of God does work. Look wistfully at them. I would for ourselves and for the whole Church of God that we might be like trees so planted that we should get the full benefit of sunshine and shower and every largess of heaven.

We may be quite sure that the Spirit of God will not ordinarily work where He is not recognised. Doubt His Deity, or question the necessity for His presence, how then can you expect Him to work? Set up a pulpit, call it Unitarian if you like, or Socinian, if so it pleases you; you may see gathered round it some few specious symptoms of vitality—spiders to wit—but you certainly will not see the witness of the Spirit of God. In such a place the Spirit of God, if He did come, would be like the ark in the temple of Dagon. Down must Dagon fall. There could not be any fervour in prayer, any sacred emotion in the psalmody, or any holy unction in the preaching. His kindling fire would be unsuitable to their chill reasoning, their dull logic, or their vain efforts to awaken a living interest in matters that do not affect our eternal welfare. We must

believe Him to be Divine, and believe in His person and His presence, and it must be real belief; a deep conviction far in advance of a formal creed. As for your creeds they are mere prescribed recitations at the end of which it is orthodox for people to say "Amen." "Oh yes," they will say, "I suppose we are bound to acknowledge that it is true." Little as they may understand or assent to the meaning, they tie a piece of red tape round it, wrap it in a sheet of brown paper, and put it on the shelf, and there is an end of the matter. When we put a statement into a creed we never think of challenging or questioning its truth any more. It is passed with common consent, it is sealed with a certain authority, it is canonised. And yet what a different thing it is to say in your heart, "We cannot do anything without the Holy Spirit; we have felt our own impotence, and we have proved His Omnipotent power. Our prayers—whether we read them out of a book, or utter them extemporaneously—have no pretext on earth, and no prevalence in heaven, unless the Spirit of God indites them in our hearts. Our preaching is alike worthless; however correct the matter, however logical the argument, however fervent the manner, it cannot do much good to anybody. It may instruct the intellect, charm the imagination, or possibly it may arrest the conscience, but most certainly it cannot convert the heart, unless the Spirit of God prompt the preacher and hallow the message to the hearers. Does not every pious teacher in our Sunday schools, as he tells the boys, or as she talks to the girls, about Jesus, yearn for the Holy Spirit to bless every word? The minister wants to feel the Spirit of God brooding over his mind awhile he is preparing for his public exercises. When sitting down to think over the Word of God, he had need to cry, "Lord, direct me to the proper subject; unfold it to me, and teach me how to handle it, so as to adapt my words to the capacity of my hearers. Let me have an audience of Thee, before they gather to furnish me with an audience; and let me sound forth openly to them what Thou hast spoken to me in secret." Oh! were we to get our sermons from the Fountain-head, how sparkling would the living water be. Were we bedewed with the Holy Spirit, there would be no lack of freshness and fertility in our congregations. That unction is better than eloquence, better than pathos or poetry, better than lively images or choice expressions. The Holy Ghost supplies the power which sends the truth home. That is what people need. Nothing else will satisfy their cravings. They want the truth itself, not our garnishings;—they want "the present truth," which it is precious to receive and perilous to resist; the prevailing truth which commends itself to every man's conscience.

In vain, dear friends, you expect God the Holy Spirit to be in any church that does not practically, loyally, heartily, perpetually, acknowledge its dependence upon Him; but we may hope that where He is truly acknowledged and His presence earnestly entreated as essential to the good speed of every service and every effort, there He will surely come and manifest His vitalising and sanctifying influence. We must, however, have faith in His power, faith in His promise, faith that He will be present, and faith in His living agency. "According to thy faith be it done unto thee." Depend upon it this is one of the invariable canons of the Gospel. It is a rule of the Master's house, that He will honour your faith up to the measure you exercise it. He will insist on your

believing Him if you are to obtain a great blessing from Him. It is still as it used to be when Jesus could not do many mighty works in certain cities because of their unbelief. Do we, then, really believe in the power of the Holy Spirit? Suppose we were to hear it to-night that the sermon had resulted in the conversion of one or two thousand persons, should we look incredulous, shake our heads and express a hope which, being interpreted, meant a doubt, or more than a thousand doubts, of its possibility? How would you think, or how would you talk of such a statement? Let it be imagined that the probabilities are all thrown into the opposite scale: be it known that the people gathered are violently antagonistic, that the preacher is illiterate, that the discourse is a simple assertion of facts, the moral of which is debated with the most bitter prejudice; while, on the other hand, the statement of the death and resurrection of Jesus is alleged to be a fulfilment of Scripture, and the appeal to the conscience of the hearers is based on the gift of the Holy Spirit, and on the convictions wrought by this Divine Being whose Presence can be felt but whose Person can never be seen—how think you? Would you range yourselves on the side of the sceptics and the scorers; or would you rally round the standard of the Cross, consort with the feeble followers of the Crucified, and find yourselves less staggered by the conversion of a few thousand souls than you are by the smallness of the number that adhere to a triumphant though an unostentatious victory that ought to have captivated not one nation only but also the whole world. Alas! alas! you Christian people seem to be enchanted or bewitched by the spirit of the age, by the reasoning of the world. A pure faith in God—in God Himself, apart from all incidents and accidents, sounds to you very empirical. You take a heavy discount off our narrative in deference to what you call our enthusiasm. The Word of God needs to be verified by the look of things in His providence before we can heartily credit it. To our puny reason and petty imagination the Lord is a little God. We reduce revelation to the scale of our own senses before we assent to the testimony of conversion! We are prepared to expect that the Gospel may convert one and another here and there, as if by accident, but we do not count upon God's taking His great scythe, and sweeping down fields of sinners, laying them low at His feet. We do not believe in the Divinity of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ as we ought to believe it. If we did, we should expect genuine conversions to follow Gospel sermons as naturally as we expect harvests after we have sown our fields. You would then have rooms open, after every sermon, for the people to come in and avow their faith, as commonly as the farmer has barns ready to house his crops. You would expect them to come. If they did not come you would seek out the cause. How is it, you would anxiously inquire, that the sermon did not immediately bring sinners to Christ? When this faith is lively in your own souls, and you believe in the power of the Holy Spirit, the effect will be palpable in your classes; among your girls and boys, your young men and young women, conversions will be common. According to your faith shall it be done unto you. "He that believeth in Christ shall never be ashamed nor confounded, world without end." Other things being equal, the fruit you gather shall be adequate to the faith you exercise. Of course you must not make faith a substitute for effort and industry, or for

prayer to God and pleading with men. With such accessories you must not think to dispense. These are the weapons which your faith must wield. The Holy Ghost loves faith. It is His own operation, it is His own creation, He looks upon it and pronounces it good. By men of faith He likes to work signs and wonders. To be "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," is to be fully equipped for evangelical service. May God restore to us all an implicit belief in the presence and the power of the Holy Spirit. So shall the Gospel of Jesus run a glorious course; and so shall the Church that He has redeemed with His precious blood arise and shine as a luminary in the world.

As a matter of fact, the presence of the Holy Spirit is for the most part richly enjoyed where there is united prayer. Our text may be cited as evidence. "When they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together, and they were all filled with the Holy Spirit." It was not prayer exclusively, for in the previous verses there is a record of their having offered a song of praise, adoring Him who had helped the Apostles to bear such bold witness in the presence of the Lord's adversaries. Well, let praise and prayer be mingled; and never let the tide of worship be low or sluggish.

I am told that there are numbers of churches in London that have almost given up prayer-meetings; churches I mean of our own faith and order, congregational churches. I speak from current report, not from any personal knowledge. The position that their members hold in the world of fashion becomes a miserable plea for their neglecting the assembly of the saints. They dine late, and evening entertainments supersede week-day services. When a church grows exceedingly respectable, the money-power brings a blight rather than a blessing.

This is certain to be the case. Wealthy people cannot be expected to have such love for the Lord Jesus Christ, or such zeal for the welfare of the Church, that they should come out of evenings to pray. As a rule, they do nothing of the kind. So the minister and deacons resolve upon a compromise. They jumble together on one week-day evening a lecture and a prayer-meeting; nor is the attendance then of much account. Though the edifice be large, and the congregation on the Sabbath-day numerous, the prayer meetings might be held in a small class-room; so few of the members are wont to gather for worship. I hear the same complaint from so many places, that the little vestry affords ample space for all who desire to join in the fellowship of prayer that I am not afraid you will any of you think I am pointing the finger at any particular church. But this much I protest that I shall feel myself dishonoured as God's servant, should it ever come to pass that any vestry connected with the Tabernacle is big enough to hold our assembly at the weekly prayer-meetings. I thank God you do pray, my brethren, and that you do come out in goodly numbers. Some there are who do not come at all; you need not take any share of the praise, for I speak it to your shame. You ought to be here. Still, Monday evening after Monday evening, the sacred influence of the Holy Spirit is felt within these walls, as some of us can bear most joyful witness. Oh, how evidently present the Lord was with us in prayer last Monday. I am not so excitable as to be carried away with your enthusiasm; but I am familiar enough with the certain result of unanimity in our intercessions to be fully assured of their

prevalence. We know that we have the petitions which we asked of Him. A revival is coming; the conversions will be numerous; a considerable addition to this church is in prospect. I am sure of it. I felt the Spirit of God go through the assembly last Monday night. More inquirers came on the following Wednesday to see our elders, with a view to joining the church, than we have had for some time. God is at work. The proof is found in the prayers of the brotherhood. The prayers of the saints, like a thermometer, test the health of the church. When prayer is warm the heart is warm, and when prayer languishes or grows cold and formal, there is a dropsy chilling the very heart of the fellowship. Only tell me that a church does not pray; you have said enough; I know all the rest. But let her pray importunately, vehemently, mightily, and take no denial, then beyond a doubt God the Holy Spirit loves to bless her. If you do not honour Him sufficiently; if you are negligent in your devotions and indifferent of His presence, in vain do you expect that His presence will be vouchsafed? Every revival has been commenced, carried on and consummated by abundant prayers. Though revivals have occurred at sundry times and in divers manners, one uniform fact is palpable concerning them all. No revival has come without an outflow of importunate prayer. We may gather therefore from experience, as well as from Scripture, that the Holy Spirit loves to work where the saints love to pray. And especially is this the case when, accompanying prayer, there is an inward agony in the souls of believers. Without being able to account for it, a believer feels constrained to rise at times by night, and pour out his soul before God, instead of taking his accustomed sleep. The next day as he walks about his business he seems very absent. If others do not notice it he observes it himself. He has a burden upon his spirit. The church to which he belongs, the neighbourhood in which he lives, or his own family in which his affections centre, weigh him down. Such anxiety will take different forms. Not long ago a dear brother in the church, an old and venerable man, came to see me, and he said, "Dear pastor, can I have five minutes' interview with you? I am burdened in my soul about sinners. I seem to have lost even my appetite through the intense hold that this thought has got upon my mind; there are hundreds and thousands around us that are sinking down to hell. I cannot bear to contemplate it. I thought I must come and tell you how bitterly I lament their destruction." Well, I was glad to hear of his concern, and the little interview ended with our praying together. But my pleasure was greatly enhanced when another person—quite unknown to the friend of whom I have spoken—came to me, and said, "Oh, pastor, I am so troubled about poor souls." Ay, I knew God would bless us. I was sure of it. When you all get troubled about poor souls, you will all rejoice over their salvation before long. Give us only half a dozen Christians that travail in birth for sinners, and we shall witness their new birth. The blessing then must come. A thousand cold-hearted professors will only be so much baggage for the army of the Lord. But two or three true men that in their inmost souls groan and sigh and pray for conversions, will lead the forlorn hope of the camp of the Lord, and the Lord Himself being with them, as He surely will be, they will smite the Philistines hip and thigh. May God the Holy Spirit, who is the author of that anguish, own it as His own inspiration by giving

the desires of their hearts to those within whom it has been excited. Oh, ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give Him no rest, until He establish and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth. Oh, that the set time to favour Zion were come. Doubtless it has come, when "thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof."

We can only expect the Holy Ghost to work in a church where they are all harmonious and at one. "The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul." He is a dove, and the dove loves quiet. The Holy dove will never rest in a church full of envies, jealousies, bickerings, and divisions. If there is a Diotrefes wanting the pre-eminence, the Holy Ghost is grieved and soon departs. Let every one be willing to fill his own place; let each be glad to see another fill his place in a higher sphere. Be pleased to see your fellows work better than yourself; let nobody wish to be first, and let everybody be eager to be anything for Christ—think and speak lovingly one of another—avoid stiffness, sink your rank, and shelve your fashion; realise true Christian fraternity, and I believe the Spirit of God will rejoice to dwell in your midst. If any of you are making a breach in the Spirit of love, the mischief you do will recoil in misery to yourselves; be anxious to change your manners, and be very sorry for it, and mend your ways. We brethren have loved each other well, and that for many years now, and we mean to maintain our affection by God's grace. The contributions that many of you have personally given me towards the college for educating men whom the Lord has owned in the conversion of sinners to go forth and preach the Gospel, has been accompanied with so much heartiness that it has greatly cheered me. You grudged nothing, but you wished each mite were a hundred times multiplied. I knew you did it to the Lord. Your love to the pastor was pleasantly shown. I was indeed glad to see that our affection to one another led us to serve the Master together. We may expect to have God's blessing while we abide in such sweet accord. Are any members of other churches here that are in the habit of indulging in a spiritual squabble every now and then? I would recommend you to give up that dainty discord, for it is an expensive luxury. Some of our Baptist churches seem to think they cannot have the Holy Spirit among them unless they have sharp dissensions, and quarrel bitterly about every six months. How unseemly this is! What scandals it occasions! Can we reasonably hope to win souls from the world, or to spread the Gospel at home and abroad while we waste our energy upon conflicts with one another? Swords are for our foes, but let love abound in our little circles. Amongst Christ's brethren there must be Christ's spirit. The Spirit of God is the author of concord. Peace and purity, love and like-mindedness prevail, where His sacred influence is paramount. This is a most practical matter, to which, my dear friends, I pray you to give heed. And it appears from the immediate context that an unsparing generosity "which grew the more by reaping," attested the presence of the Spirit of God in their midst, for this church exemplified such a community of possessions as proved the fellowship of heart among its members. No age has ever come near, much less rivalled it. They brought their possessions, and laid them down at the Apostles' feet. We are too apt to speak about this with bated breath, and to reflect upon it as a passing incident rather than as a sacred

precedent. Herein I fear we greatly err. I am persuaded that the Holy Spirit is driven away from many a church by that niggard parsimony and that idolatrous covetousness which, while it dares to sing,—

“I love my God with zeal so great,
That I would give Him all,”

withholds from God the tithes of its holdings, and the firstfruits of its increase. The agencies of the church languish because the kind wishes you express are not sustained by the liberal help you ought to contribute. I cannot estimate how much mischief may accrue to a church from any one member who, like Ananias and Sapphira, says that he consecrates himself to God, and yet defrauds the treasury of his offerings. Lip-love is poor homage; it becomes the hypocrite; but the child of God shows his love in deeds, and so proves his sincerity. If ever we are to see missions doing their salutary work through the nations, the Christian Church must be aroused to give by millions instead of by a few thousand pounds a year. To send forth across the sea the brethren who have consecrated their lives to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, there ought to be no need of special appeals. The liberality of those who abide at home should be spontaneous and constant. Were the hearts of God's people right, God's exchequer would be always full. In vain you expect God's Spirit to bless a stingy people. Our Heavenly Father who scatters his bounties freely over the wide earth is not the God of misers, who heap up riches not knowing who shall inherit them, who starve themselves amidst their stores, and cling closer and closer to the object of their idolatry, while every tender passion of their hearts withers and dies.

The Spirit of God will not bless that church with heavenly endowments which aims to hoard up its temporalities instead of laying out all its substance in the cause of the Master. I am not saying this with a view to censure any of you in particular; yet to some of you individually the rebuke might be profitable; you are stingy enough. But it is not so with the mass of this congregation, for you excel in generosity. I can give you praise out of an honest heart. Yet I do say of the Christian Church at large, that we cannot look for another Pentecost unless there be once again an Apostolic consecration of substance, and a sacred distribution of possessions in the service of our great Lord and Master.

Moreover, the church that seeks the presence and power of the Holy Ghost must be holy in character and obedient to the heavenly counsels. When first the Holy Spirit came, He was given to an obedient company. They had been commanded to go to Jerusalem, and there to wait for the promise of the Father; for, said Jesus, ye shall be baptised with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. This waiting was, methinks, a severe trial of patience to the Apostles. You know the ardour of zealous spirits. They had seen Jesus Christ after His resurrection from the dead; they had seen Him go up into Heaven. How their hearts must have burned to spread the tidings. Surely the impulse of their souls would be to go and tell everybody; to publish at Jerusalem that Jesus had risen from the dead, had gone to His throne; and had assured them just before His departure of a blessing, a great blessing, about to descend from Him. But no; they must tarry at Jerusalem. Such is the command to which they must implicitly attend. It was not for them to send messengers to

Damascus or to Samaria. They tarry all of them at Jerusalem. There they continue with one accord in prayer and supplication. *Not* to do may often be a truer obedience than to do. There may be virtue in patience, when activity would be presumptuous. *Then* the promise was suddenly fulfilled—the Holy Spirit was graciously given. Let us follow their example if we would be partakers with them of the same blessing. Do we keep the testimonies of the Lord according to His Word? Is Jesus Christ our lawgiver? Does our private personal obedience avouch the consistency of our faith? Are we seeking to do the Lord's will in all things? The Holy Ghost will not revive an unholy church. If we are any of us living in known sin of any kind—especially if some members should be living in gross immorality—and yet more flagrant if the Church tolerate the offender when his guilt has been exposed—then there is need of repentance and contrition, but there is no warrant to intercede for the Spirit of holiness. His purity cannot work through the agency of a polluted church. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." Those whom the Lord appoints He sanctifies for His service. He will purge them as with fire to make them fit for the Master's use.

Beloved, if ye have learned the way of holiness abide in it. Be it your daily prayer, "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults." Every one of us has much cause for heart-searching. Should every man apart and his wife apart, each sire and each child apart, consider his ways, and humble himself before God, it would be well. Oh that, while we humble ourselves, we may receive new cleansing by the water which flowed from Jesu's side! Oh that, as a pure people, we may become a fit temple for the inhabitation of God through the Spirit! In order that the Holy Spirit work with a church, prayer must be accompanied with distinct effort for the conversion of souls, and for their confirmation in the truth of the Gospel, and their edification in faith to the glory of God. To pray and not bestir oneself is a mockery. "Lord, convert my child," you may say, while yet you never speak to that child of the Saviour. Ridiculous! Might I not as well ask the Lord to turn a barren plot of ground into a fruitful garden, though I neither use the spade to loose the soil, nor cast the seed into the ground to await the sunshine and the shower? To pray and not to act seems to me to separate two things which God hath joined together.

What means then shall we take? What agencies shall we employ? We know of a surety that the Holy Spirit does bless the preaching of the Gospel. Were you to inquire what sermons have been most useful to the conversion of sinners, you would be surprised at the evidence that would be forthcoming. Some have been very illiterate and ungrammatical, but none the less simple and sincere; others have been highly polished in diction; some of them were half true, in which the preacher had need to learn the way of the Lord more perfectly; while others were thoughtful, intelligent, and strictly Scriptural. Some of them were coarse, and others refined in their illustrations. Some full of dry reasoning, others sparkling with lively analogies. Here the heavy thuds of wrath to come, like "Sinners in the hand of an angry God," by Jonathan Edwards! and there the tender pathos of appeals dripping with tears and overflowing with emotion! But there was this about them all, that Jesus Christ was evidently set forth as the only Saviour. In spite of any

misapprehension as to the meaning of a word, or any clumsiness as to the style of diction, the truth was displayed according to the light of the preacher, and the Gospel was proclaimed as it had laid hold on his own conscience. There was the essential element of evangelism present, for to that the Holy Ghost bears witness. I do not doubt that the ministry of Apollos was wonderfully owned when he spake and taught diligently the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John; I cannot question that thousands were converted by the preaching of John Wesley, though I cannot commend him as a sound expositor of all the doctrines of the Gospel. Nor can I refuse to admit that multitudes were brought to Christ by the preaching of William Huntington, quaint and extravagant though many of his sentiments were. I believe that thousands have been brought to Christ by the earnest discourses of colliers, cobblers, weavers, and such like untutored men. Not, indeed, that we would despise or discourage education among those who preach the Gospel of Christ. It is our duty to ourselves and to others to acquire all the knowledge that is within our reach. Yet the power of God is so infinitely preferable to the wisdom of words that multitudes have been brought to Jesus by men who after being trained in schools of oratory have disdained to use its subtle arts, and flung to the winds the empty charms of rhetoric that they might preach Jesus Christ simply, without a taint of guile. The Gospel, however, there must be, for there is no consistency without it. The name of Jesus there must be, for there is salvation in none other. The Holy Ghost will not convert people by the propagation of a lie. He will not bring men to Jesus by false doctrines. There is but one Gospel—"Jesus, and Him crucified." As a rule, Jesus Christ must be very simply preached to those by whom He is effectually received. Oh, if you hang the cross with wreaths you hide the Saviour's life-giving wounds, and you soon spoil your preaching if you attempt to adorn it. The cross—the naked cross with all its ignominy; the dreadful cross with its terrible legal tortures; the melting, loving, conquering cross, with its trophies of infinite grace; it is that cross which must be lifted up, for where there is a clear testimony to the sacrifice of the Divine Substitute, we may expect the Holy Ghost to take of the things of Christ and show them to the people, as it is written, "He shall glorify Me."

The faithful preaching of Christ always demands the earnestness of intense conviction. Whether it be with cogent arguments or with thrilling passion, the heart must beat high, the fire within must burn vehemently. To stand like a statue and mumble out your discourse like an automaton, till your words freeze into icicles about your lips is a sorry profanation of the Christian pulpit. Let thine eye meet thy hearer's eye with the gleam of a friend; let thy words break on his ears as the counsel of a brother; let thy heart disclose its yearnings with a confidence that cannot be counterfeited; let thy soul come into intimate communion with his soul; cling closely to him with persuasives that he cannot resist or shake off—this is the secret sacred force that God is sure to bless. Oh, dear brothers and sisters, rely upon it if you tell poor sinners the Gospel affectionately and earnestly, God will bless it to the conversion of some if not of all whose souls you seek. Do try. Do make the experiment. Perhaps you lack the courage to say to an intimate friend, "I have often prayed for you; give me leave to pray with you"

You are apt to say—"What good can such an one as I do?" Can you not yet understand that it is not your puny selves but the Almighty Spirit of God you have received who must effect the success? We who minister to you do not arrogate to ourselves any priesthood. If you love the Lord, you need not ask to be installed in any holy office. Go straightway to your own companions and friends, and tell them what you know of Jesus. Or if you are too nervous and bashful to speak with them face to face, let your pen take the place of your tongue. Write to them; put your heart into a letter, but do the best you can. The living voice is of course the best because it is more natural and less mechanical. Do you fear that you shall break down? Break down, dear sister; break down, dear brother; but break down in the effort. Your abortive attempt may not be unfruitful after all. Your tears may tell far more than your tales. The choking that checks your words may clench the rivet in a brother's heart. Only do speak, and do believe that this telling one another is the method God owns and blesses to the saving of sinners. I would not have you rely exclusively upon any one man who like myself talks to the crowd. Thank God He does honour our services with a gratifying measure of success. Still it is for you who know the Saviour to show a tender interest in the welfare of your kindred and your companions. Let the wife appeal affectionately to her husband. Say to him, "Oh, my dear, I fear you are not converted; I am so anxious that you should give your heart to Jesus; I cannot endure the thought of your being unsaved; it seems so sad to think of our being parted for ever." You mothers, likewise; suppose you were to stop at home next Sunday evening and gather all your children round the table as my mother used to do every Sunday evening, and talk with them all, and with each of them one by one. And you fathers, it is a grand thing for any of you to get your boy upstairs alone, tell him your own experience, and then kneel down, put your arms round his neck, and pray with him. The Holy Ghost loves to work by such means. Speak about Jesus simply and affectionately. I believe that without any sort of excitement, or any necessity to ask Mr. Somebody from Scotland, or from the States of America, or from the Fiji Islands, to come and stir us up, and help to promote a revival, we should get the blessing if we all did our part in faithfully telling out the Gospel of Jesus. From heart to heart the savour of the Redeemer's name would then assuredly be spread.

Well, put all these suggestions together. Keep up a constant anxiety and unintermitting prayer. With diligent labour and judicious adventure visit the lodging-houses and the back slums of our cities and townships. With missionary zeal go forth to seek the lost sheep. Be indefatigable in your endeavours to get hold of the working people where they are to be met with, and talk to them so as to win their attention, and rouse them from their apathy. Try to reach that large section of the community which never frequents our public services. Were such efforts maintained in humble dependence upon the Holy Spirit with firm unwavering confidence in His power to bless, there would be little cause to apprehend any disappointment; for the precious fruits would soon be ripe for the reaping, and the joy of harvest would soon requite your patience. We are indebted, if I rightly recollect, to a worthy Irish brother for the sage remark that he had noticed that whenever it rained

there were clouds about. A wonderful discovery to make! But in truth it is well that the clouds should overcast the earth when the showers fall. I know a farmer who a few years ago watered his fields during a drought with anything but good results. For want of the clouds, notwithstanding the copious supply of water, when the sun shone on the grass there was almost as much hurt done as good by the process; because the artificial means did not fulfil all the natural conditions of cultivation. When a plant drinks the rain of heaven, it is not merely the moisture it derives from the root in the earth, but the state of the atmosphere and the circumstances that accompany the shower which conduce to the nourishment and succour of that poor fainting flower. So, too, when the Spirit of God comes down like rain upon the mown grass and as showers that water the earth, there are certain phases accompany His descent which prove that it is seasonable, suitable, and fructifying. A great religious excitement may prove as unprofitable as an artificial irrigation of the thirsty land. There is order in God's government of the spiritual as well as of the natural sphere of things which cannot be infringed with impunity. I am rather at a loss to convey my meaning exactly, but I want the Lord to produce in this church, and in all our churches, such a season of prayer and patience, of work and watchfulness, of faith and fellowship; such a strain of anxiety, such a tension of hope, that we may feel the oppressiveness of those clouds which hover over us with an augury of abundance of rain till we shall be ready to receive it, till every dry plant is saturated through and through, till every root shall suck up the sacred flood, and the whole church shall be overwhelmed with the fulness of the grace, and the streams shall flow over the outside world, and all mankind shall feel the blessing. You must not look for the mercies you long for as the outcome of any particular incident, whether it be a glowing zeal at the prayer-meetings; a wider interest in Christian agencies; a higher temperature in the pulpit; or a larger attendance at the ordinary services of the sanctuary; but you must combine them all, and realise the importance of every department of worship and service as tributary to the fulness of blessing which when the time has fully come will surely be bestowed.

Oh, that the Holy Spirit may come upon us speedily, and fulfil to us graciously these heavenly gifts! It has been said that we have so many laws, that we only want one more law, and that is a law that all the other laws should be kept. So, too, we have a great deal of teaching about truth, but the one other thing we need is that these wholesome lessons should all be carried out. The presence and power of the Holy Spirit may be had in the church, and must be had if we are to prove the vitality of our influence. Let us, therefore, never be content till we have received the high privilege to which we aspire, and in this place many may be born to God.

You, unconverted people, how glad I am to see you here, particularly on a week-evening. It looks well, especially for working-men, weary with a day's toil, to seek their recreation in the assembly of the saints. God grant you may understand what you hear, profit by what you are taught, and partake of all the grace that we preach. To hear a lawyer read a will in which one has no beneficial interest is about the dullest thing I have ever known. But if you happen to be a son, or a daughter, or a cousin,

you may listen listlessly till he comes to that part in which he mentions your name. Then it becomes especially interesting because it personally concerns you. Now, in hearing the Gospel I want you to be always on the alert for that which reproves or encourages you. Salvation is a prize that you may well be eager to obtain. To read your title clear is a privilege to be desired. Do you ask, How can I be saved? how can I enjoy the blessings of Divine grace? Know then that the fountain is open. Drink, thirsty traveller, drink. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." That is, trust: trust in the merits of the atoning sacrifice of Jesus, who died upon the cross. "He that believeth, and is baptised, shall be saved." Such is the Gospel we are sent to preach. We do preach it, we never omit it, for we know that it is your life. Oh, that you may accept it. "May I?" does any one inquire. Well, we are commanded to preach it to every creature under heaven, so we have no warrant to exclude you, if you have any desire to yield your heart to Jesus. My fond wish is that you may all and every one of you be enrolled in the roll of life to the glory of our dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

TRAITS OF CHRISTIAN NOBILITY.

NOBILITY IN THE WORKSHOP.

CHAPTER II.

ON few occasions is Christian nobility in the workshop displayed more courageously than by new converts who have dared *publicly* to avow their allegiance and love to Christ by being baptised in the presence of a crowded congregation. It has sometimes been observed with much force, that it requires far more nerve and courage for young converts to connect themselves with the Baptist denomination than with that of almost any other religious communion. The reason for this is not far to seek. In nearly all other religious communions fresh converts can obtain access privately, may, in fact, become members for a time without their act being extensively known; but in the Baptist denomination the necessity that exists for public im-

mersion proves an insuperable barrier to such secrecy. Unless for special reasons—and these we are happy to say are very rare—a convert now and then is immersed privately; the youthful professor is expected, as a condition of membership, first of all to appear before men, as one who is not ashamed to follow his Lord and Saviour through the baptismal pool. Now, no doubt to many this is at the outset rather a trying occasion. Quiet, nervous, and sensitive natures naturally shrink from the trial, and often have to seek special grace in order to face it, and get through it. It is not uncharitable even to suppose that rather than submit to it, goodly numbers of weak Christians escape the trial by seeking refuge in the other communions where no such test of discipleship is demanded. But if this were all; if the new converts had only a congregation to face in fulfilling the ordinance, the trial would soon be got over.

Many who have dreaded it, have through prayer, and grace given them at the time, found it to be such a precious season, that not only was every fear removed, but they realised such joy of soul, as caused them subsequently to declare that to have the enjoyment renewed they would be willing to be baptised again and again if it were necessary. Numbers with whom we have been acquainted, and specially modest and retiring females, have made this joyous confession. To all those who are made willing in the day of God's power thus publicly to own their Lord, and follow His despised ordinance, strength will be given according to their day. Then, as at all other times, God will fulfil His promise, "Them that honour Me I will honour;" and in the light of His blessed countenance His obedient children like the Eunuch of old shall, as the result of such obedience, "go on their way rejoicing." It is not then on the Lord's-day when thus openly confessing Christ that the trial is so much felt: the trial in the majority of cases really comes afterwards. The working-man, baptised in the presence of a large congregation on the Sunday evening, knows that on the morrow he will have to face a number of scoffing, sceptical, worldly fellow-workmen, to whom the "dipping," as they term it, has been a matter of derision and sport. Possibly some of them, unaccustomed to attend the Lord's house, have told him that on that occasion they intended to be present for no good object: and how they go on afterwards the following representative case will show.

Jonathan Porter was, with five other candidates, baptised on the previous Lord's-day evening. As he sat with them in the pew, his

thoughts were so taken up with the sermon, and the solemn engagements into which he had entered, that he did not even look up once at two of his fellow-workmen who sat eying him with the avowed object of taking mental notes of all that passed, to afford matter for ridicule and chaff on the following day. But now the morning has come, and they are all in a hilarious mood. It is some time since any one was baptised out of their shop, and the occasion must be made the most of. With sundry nods and winks one to the other, they commence the attack by making grave inquiries relative to his health, and they express an anxious hope that he has not caught cold through his "ducking." The temperature of the baptismal water—it being the month of January, and the snow outside six inches deep—is made much of, and his practical opinion is solicited on the propriety at such seasons of the year of making it warmer for the poor starving candidates by the admixture of fifty gallons of water boiling hot. He is asked if he did not fear that the parson was going to drown him when he pushed him so far under, and if he did not feel extremely thankful when he once more found himself at the top instead of the bottom? The watery theme having been exhausted, he is next treated to sundry remarks on his own personal appearance when wearing the baptismal gown, some of them not being at all flattering, or calculated to increase his vanity. To vary the procedure, it is proposed to sing a psalm in which they devoutly hope the "newly-made dipper" will join! The psalm, however, turns out to be a mock song on "dipping" with a ludicrous chorus which an amateur poet in the establishment has been at the

pains to concoct for this special occasion, and in which all but the unfortunate victim join with great gusto. Scarcely is this wretched song finished, when another workman makes a series of derisive comments on the appearance of the other candidates, both male and female, two of whom are dubbed as hypocrites, and a hope is expressed by him that now their fellow-workman's "sins are washed away" and he has become "Saint Jonathan," that he will not act like them. This remark naturally enough leads to a string of recitals on the part of several relative to the hypocritical acts of a number of professors of religion with whom from time to time they profess to have been acquainted: and some of the tales told are of such a barefaced lying character, that the new convert can with difficulty keep his burning indignation from giving vent while being thus compelled to listen to them. Thus amid mockery, belching oaths, falsehoods, and blasphemy, the poor fellow passes away at his work a good part of the day, and only gets relief when providentially the foreman enables him to leave the ungodly crew by sending him to do some needful job wanted at once in a more peaceful quarter.

We crave the reader's kind indulgence for recording all this ribaldry, but we have done it for the purpose of calling special attention to the treatment that hundreds and thousands of new converts have to endure upon professing Christ, and to the Christian nobility which they display in dealing with it. It will be admitted that for Jonathan Porter or for any other Christian man to bear all these trying assaults with patience and meekness, not answering again, or if answering, doing so with kindness and good temper, is in itself a display of true

nobility that proves its possessor to be pre-eminently gifted with the grace of God and a Christ-like spirit. It is an indisputable fact that men who would not shrink from risking their lives on the battle-field, in the mine, or on the sea, who would boldly face the sword and cannon, the fiery gas and threatened explosion, or the most furious waves or fearful hurricane in order to save human life, would shrink like fearful cowards from the trying ordeal of having for Christ's sake to face even for one day the scurrilous and game making attacks of a shop full of ungodly workmen, who, not satisfied with going to hell themselves, try likewise to drag down others with them also into perdition. Yet, blessed be God, in the various workshops of the land, there are not a few Christians who daily face this ordeal, and through help given them from on high come off victorious. Amid ignorant scepticism which can only scoff at what it does not understand, and reeking blasphemy which pollutes alike both mind and tongue, and senseless ridicule that is poured out like vitriol to scorch and burn up everything that is good, these noble converts hold on their way, happy even to think that they are reproached for the name of Christ, and realising by the strength continually imparted to them that the spirit of glory and of God rests upon them, and that "Unto them it is given in the behalf of Christ not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for his sake."

But not only is this Christian nobility displayed in the workshop passively, by patient endurance, but in thousands of cases it is manifested in the shape of *earnest effort* put forth actively by believers for the salvation of their

fellow-men. A true Christian workman really imbued with the home-missionary spirit will look upon an ungodly workshop as a fine field for Christian labour. He will look upon each scoffing or ungodly workman as possessing a soul that needs saving, and will strive by all lawful means to secure its salvation. By the exhibition of a Christian temper, by being patient under provocation, by returning good for evil, by performing some act of kindness whenever it is necessary, by dropping a word in season, by lending good books, by giving one and another an invitation to come to the house of God, by tender persuasion and faithful warning, by adhering to principle at all risks and costs, and by doing anything and everything which would prove that Christianity within him is a power that makes him happy and useful here, as well as securing for him immortal glory hereafter, he will be a living witness for God to all around, and a burning and shining light in his day and generation. Of such witnesses for Christ in the workshop we have been privileged to know not a few: and if space permitted, we could show how by their earnest, warmhearted, and indefatigable labours, they have not only won single souls for the Saviour, but have even transformed workshops that were "little hells" into "Christian Bethels" for the Lord. The profane oath has been supplanted by the word of kindness, the lewd song has given place to the songs of Zion, scamping idleness has been banished for honest industry, drunkenness has been superseded by sobriety: and by the upright conduct of the employed, both in the master's sight and out of it, the employer has learnt the great truth that Christianity practically carried out is the best, the

truest, and noblest friend of capital and labour. Then to all Christian workmen we would say in the words of the poet—

Work, for time is flying,
Work with hearts sincere;
Work, for souls are dying,
Work, for night is near.
In the Master's vineyard,
Go and work to-day;
Be no useless sluggard
Standing in the way.

In this glorious calling,
Work till day is o'er;
Work till, evening falling,
You can work no more.
Then your labour bringing,
To the King of kings;
Borne with joy and singing,
Home on angels' wings.

There where saints adore Him,
Where the ransom'd meet;
Lay thy sheaves before Him,
Lay them at His feet.
Hear thy Master saying
From His heavenly throne,
When thy wages paying,
"Labourer, well done!"

H. W.

THE LORD GOD A SUN AND A SHIELD.

BY T. W. MEDHURST.

"For the LORD God is a sun and a shield;

The LORD will give grace and glory;
No good will He withhold

From them that walk uprightly."

Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

THE psalm from which this verse is taken is pervaded by a high spiritual tone. It seems to flow forth from David's soul. It is the language of one whose soul is stirred from its deepest depths; of one whose soul is longing for communion with God. Our text is a sparkling gem of

truth; happy is the man who can wear it on his heart. He is a saint, who needs to fear no darkness, seeing he has such a SUN to guide him; who needs to dread no dangers, seeing he has such a SHIELD to guard him.

Our God is infinite. All that He is we can never fully know. He is the Eternal I Am; the Being who is the Self-existing One, who sits on no precarious throne, nor borrows leave to be. He is in all *time*, He dwells in all *space*. If we go back in the past, He is. If we go forward to the end of time, He is. If we look forward into the boundless infinitude of eternity, He is. He is always where we are. He always will be while we are, watching, ruling, controlling, and causing all events and things to work together for the good of all who love Him. This fills our soul with awe, and inspires us with confidence. The text comes to us, telling us what the great God is to us, and what He is willing to be to us in all the future. Let us meditate, and reverently adore.

I. WHAT GOD IS.

"For the LORD God is a Sun." He is like unto the sun. In what respects may God be said to be like unto the sun? The sun is the fountain of light.

"Rising as if from his bed of rest He rushes on
Right through the yielding skies a massive flood
Of multitudinous beams!"

Moonlight is but borrowed sunlight. God manifested in the Lord Jesus Christ is "the Sun of Righteousness." All outside God is darkness. It is only in His light that we can see light. When he reveals Himself to us, He shows us that we are guilty sinners needing pardon. He shows us how and where forgiveness can be obtained. He

shows us how, by and through the substitutionary sacrifice of Christ, He can as the just God, justly justify the ungodly sinner. He shows us how the lost and ruined sons of men can reach heaven and eternal happiness. He is "the Light of the world." May we evermore walk in His light, and know that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses us from all sin."

The sun is unchangeable. Nations tremble, fall, and pass away. Men are born, then live and die. Seasons come and go. Moons wax and wane. Flowers bloom and fade. "Change and decay in all around I see." But the glorious sun shines on.

"The thing you love may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile,
The kindly beaming eye grow dim."

God never changes. His power and grace know no change. The strongest arm may fail you. God's arm is ever strong. The throbbing bosom of love may be cold to-morrow. God's heart ever lives and ever loves. He "is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." He is the Jehovah, who changes not, therefore, we, the sons of men, are not consumed. Blessed be God, His Gospel is like unto Himself, it never fails.

The sun is the source of joy. How cheerless is the day when the sun seems to be hidden! How full of joy all nature seems to be when the sun shines forth!

"Sunshine is ever joyous,
Its birthplace is in yon bright orb
which flings
O'er cliff and vale its wreath of rosy
smiles,
Each sunbeam seems the very soul
of joy.
No sadness soils it; scattering glad-
someness

Like a bright angel, onward still it moves.

The very churchyard brightens as the ray
Alights upon its tombstones."

God is joy and the fountain of joy. He alone can make the soul happy. He alone can cause the heart to rejoice. He alone can make our frames to exult. He alone can cause our way to be pleasant. There is no joy without God. Go, ask the man of pleasure, the lover of sin, the aspirant after fame, the greedy grasper of riches, and they, with united voice, will tell you they have not discovered the fount of joy. Listen to the experience of one who sought for joy out of God, and apart from godliness. He tells us that he

"Drank every cup of joy; heard every trump
Of fame; drank early, drank deeply,
Drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched, then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink."

The man who lives in the light of God "has joy in the Holy Ghost," and this is a joy capable of analysis. We can get at the elements of which it is composed; we can explain, vindicate, and rely upon this joy. It is, in most cases, a cruel thing to *analyse one's joys*, because many of our joys will not bear analysis. But Christian joy has in it truth, reason, music, argument, consistency. This joy begins with a sense of pardon; this is preceded by a knowledge of the bitterness of sin; but to the pardoned sinner the bitterness of sin is past, and gone for ever. He knows that his sins have all been atoned for by the substitutional sacrifice of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To

the joy of forgiveness is added the blessedness of adoption; this heightens and increases the joy. The joy of a *pardoned rebel* is one thing; the music of *Divine sonship* is another, and a higher thing. Now the sunlight of Divine joy streams within the man's soul. This is not a joy that depends upon external influences. It is a living spring within. This joy is not a question of temperament; it flows from a newness of life, the life of God within the soul. Have you this joy? Be ye assured of this, wickedness never brings joy, it can only be the parent of sorrow.

The sun is purifying. See yonder a woman washing clothes. She rubs and toils, but with all her labour the linen is not so white and pure as she desires it to be. Let her lay it on the green sward, keep it wet with water, and in time the sun will bleach it until it becomes almost as white as snow. In like manner, if the sinner toils to wash out the blot of sin, he will find all his efforts to be vain. He may succeed in making his future life better than the past, but all his efforts are futile to *eradicate the past*. What can he do? Let him trust in Jesus, and the beams of the Sun of Righteousness will take out sin's foulest stains. The purifying power of Christ has never failed. Remain at a distance from God, and your soul will get more and more impure; but draw near to God, through Christ, and every dark spot shall disappear.

The sun is necessary for health. It is the only hope for the poor consumptive patient. God is spiritual health. They upon whom He shines have no fear of "the second death." In the sunlight of His presence, the inhabitants of the heavenly world know no sickness.

The sun is the source of life. Take

away the sun, and all vegetable, animal, and human life would become extinct. There is no spiritual life apart from God. By nature man is separated from God, and in consequence of that separation, he is "dead in trespasses and sins;" but when made nigh to God by the blood of Christ, he is quickened and made alive by the Holy Spirit. Christ is the life of the believer. That we might have life, and that we might have life more abundantly, Christ Jesus both died and rose again. The life Jesus gives, He by His spirit will sustain, therefore the Christian has no cause to anticipate any gloomy future. Has not Christ himself said, "because I live, ye shall live also?"

The sun is for all. None can claim a monopoly of his rays. He shines for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain top, the little violet in the meadow, and the rustling grain in the field, can alike say, "Thou art my sun." So God is for all. The Thracian emblem of God was a sun with three beams, one *melting a sea of ice*, one *dissolving a rock*, and one *putting life into a dead man*. This emblem is both beautiful and suggestive.

There is but one sun. There are many trees, a host of stars, an innumerable company of angels, many seas and numberless flowers; there is but one God, the Creator and Preserver of all. He has no compeer, no rival, no helper. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord, thy Jehovah, is one God."

"THE LORD GOD IS A SHIELD." The shield was a military weapon used to defend the exposed parts of the body from the shafts of the archer. God is the defence of His people. He is the defence of their substance, of their persons, of their souls, and of their graces. He is

Omnipotent, all-powerful, therefore is He an all-sufficient shield. He is, at all times, in all places, in all ages, in all seasons, therefore is He a perpetual shield. He is for each one, and for the whole of His people, a universal shield. He is the only shield, the only defence of the righteous against the world, the flesh, and the devil. How awful is the condition of the unsaved sinner! He is not only exposed to wrath without a shield, but God is against him. His case is hopeless if he flee not to Christ for help.

II. WHAT GOD GIVES.

"The LORD will give grace and glory; No good will He withhold."

Grace, glory, and every good thing, will God bestow on them that love Him, and who prove their love by walking uprightly before Him. Grace is God's good will, His free favour, towards sinners. Grace originated the plan of redemption, and grace is the work of God within the believer. These two aspects of grace always go together. The work of grace for us, and the work of grace in us. Grace gave Christ to redeem us from sin, and that same grace gave the Spirit to renew us unto God and holiness. The grace that God gives is grace upon grace. It is *pardonning, regenerating, sanctifying, assuring, and preserving* grace. To whomsoever God gives grace, He also gives glory. Glory is the completion of grace. Grace is the bud, glory is the flower. "Man is the glory of this lower world, the soul is the glory of man, grace is the glory of the soul, and heaven is the glory of grace." God gives heaven to all to whom He gives grace. Those who will not have salvation as the gift of grace, shall have hell as the wages of sin. "The wages of sin is death; but the free gift of

God is everlasting life in Jesus Christ our Lord."

Between the gift of grace, and the gift of glory, God will give every *good thing* to His people that is necessary to their well-being. On their way to glory He will cause all things to work together for good to them that love Him, to them that are called according to His purpose. God's people, those to whom God has given grace, and to whom He will give glory, are known by THEIR CHARACTERS. They are "*them that walk uprightly.*" They are persons who are honest with their own souls. They are watchful not to deceive themselves. Not only will they be careful to abstain from every act that would injure their neighbours, but they will be on the look out for opportunities to do them good. They will be jealously on their guard lest in any way they should grieve the Holy Spirit who dwells within them, or that they should wound their Saviour afresh. The Christian has nothing to fear besides himself, therefore will he constantly endeavour to crucify the flesh, and to keep it under subjection.

Dear reader, "BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST," and so make sure of "grace and glory," and all other good things shall be added unto you. "But seek ye first the

kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation." Whatever the child of God needs, or desires, or thinks he needs, he may be sure that infinite wisdom sees it is not good for him to have, or the infinite goodness of his loving Father will give it to him in His own good time. Only let it be our care to "*walk uprightly,*" and then we may confidently trust God to care for us, so as to supply us with all that is necessary for our bodily and spiritual, for our temporal and eternal welfare.

"God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are fill'd;
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too,

"The Lord His people loves:
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From pure and pious souls;
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee."

Portsmouth.

Reviews.

The Mourners' Comforter: Being Seven Discourses upon Isaiah lxi. 1-3.
By C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore and Alabaster.

ANOTHER volume of Mr. Spurgeon's shilling series. The three preceding volumes have been so well received

and so highly appreciated, that we need only mention this set of new discourses recently delivered on Thursday evenings to secure an eager demand. Such books as these, which, however excellent, we may be excused for referring to as the lighter productions of

the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, are brought out freely and frequently. But his more ponderous works, the fruits of much intense thought and diligent research, and, moreover, the outcome of hours of retirement, when a kind of inspiration falls upon him, must be patiently waited for. Years have elapsed since the fourth volume of *The Treasury of David* appeared. "When shall we see volume five?" is a question that has been so often put to us by ministers and students, that we feel a positive relief to our minds in being able to state that it is now in the printer's hands, and will shortly be issued. As it ranges over Psalms the most profound and the most perplexing we must confess that we ourselves are anxious to inspect it. And we rather long for the opportunity to review it in our columns.

The Psalmist. A Collection of Hymns, Tunes, Chants, and Anthems, for Congregational Worship and Family Use. Under the editorial superintendence of EBENEZER PROUT, B.A. J. Haddon and Co., Bouverie-street.

THE *Psalmist* was admitted some years since to have done real service for our churches and congregations in taking the lead in improved congregational psalmody, and we are right glad that the proprietors are keeping pace with the musical advance of our times. The work has proceeded under the talented oversight of Ebenezer Prout, B.A., and contains about 150 tunes from the original *Psalmist*, the rest of the work consisting of new and carefully arranged music.

Flowers and Fruits of Sacred Song and Evangelistic Hymns. Edited by Messrs. J. CHARLESWORTH and J. MANTON SMITH. With Prefatory Note by C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. The musical editions are published in old as well as Tonic Sol-fa notations, and the words, in paper covers, cloth, and large type.

WE have of late had a host of sacred melodies, tunes, solos, &c., sent forth

among us as suitable songs for the people. We have not met with a better collection than are presented here. Some of them are well known, others are new and original. The selection affords words and harmonies suitable for the evangelistic meeting, the usual prayer meeting, the Sunday school and social home gathering, and will meet the loves of the old as well as the young. *We understand that it has become a great favourite, and we think deservedly so.*

Man's Immortality Argued from Reason. A Sermon. By Rev. R. P. DOWNES.

AN able, concise, and eloquent defence of the old orthodox view of man's immortality, well adapted to the young, and for general reading.

The Principle which Regulates Greatness or Rank in Heaven. By JOHN PULSFORD. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

THE object of the writer is to place Christian service and servants in their true dignity, and this he does by showing that *God is ever serving His universe. Christ became the sin-bearer and the servant of all; and the highest order of creatures, the angels, are ministering spirits.* And so ought every Christian embody this principle of real greatness. The writer has devoutly put before us an old subject in a new light.

The Homiletic Quarterly. Dickenson, Farringdon-street.

THIS number is laden with precious treasure. Articles of rare excellence on Biblical science, commentaries exegetical on James and expository on Judges, and an immense quantity of most valuable materials, besides many good sermonic outlines. The leader on the method of preaching most calculated to render Divine truth effective in this age is wise, evangelical, and written with devout force and power. We think the following deserves to be printed in large golden type:—"To sum up our views of the preaching adapted to the age. It must, as its leading feature, bring to bear on men the redemption of Christ as the basis of reconciliation, and of the re-establish-

ment of that relation between man and his Maker, on which the healthy exercise and development of his nature depends. *On this basis* it must enter the realm of the spiritual, and likewise that of the ethical, expounding the true conditions of spiritual prosperity and progress, and enforcing a thorough conformity to the will of God as the universal rule for the whole life of man. In the delivery of his message the preacher must have his soul steeped in the truths he utters, his own manifest belief in them being one of the great factors for impressing his audience. Moreover, he must have skill to adapt his message to the needs of his hearers. Still further, he must use the Bible as his authority and his textbook, appealing to it as the expression of a higher wisdom than his own, and using it as the foundation of the whole scope of his preaching. And in order to

use it efficiently, he must seek to have it digested into the substance of his own soul, and at the same time bring it to bear on the needs of the people. In his whole work he must deal with the people rather than with topics; *his great business being to fill hearts with Divine truth, and bring lives into conformity with the Divine will.*" We endorse every word of this, and would distribute it far and near.

MAGAZINES, &c.

Our Magazine literature is specially good this month. We have received *The Baptist and General Baptist Magazines; Sword and Trowel; Evangelical Christendom; Truth and Progress; The Appeal; The Preacher's Analyst;* and the always welcome papers, *The Baptist and Freeman.*

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. Mr. Javan is removing from Hamilton-road, Lower Norwood, to the church at Warksworth, Northumberland.

Rev. J. Wilson has resigned the pastorate of the Rowley and Shotley-bridge churches, Durham.

Rev. H. Angus, of Chureh, near Accrington, Lancashire, has resigned his pastorate in that place, after a ministry of five and a half years.

Mr. Stead, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a call to the church at Worthing; and Mr. Mead to Eccles.

Mr. A. F. Cotton, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church, Ponder's End.

Rev. W. Evans has announced his intention of resigning the pastorate of the church at Langley, near Bishop's Stortford.

Mr. Walter J. Mathams, of Regent's

Park College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Pole-street Church, and will commence his ministry in September. In the meantime the chapel will undergo complete renovation.

GREAT BERKHAMPTSTEAD.—After a pastorate of five years, Rev. James Harcourt has returned to London, having accepted the pastorate of the church at Wandsworth.

RECOGNITIONS.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. J. Mostyn, as pastor of the old chapel, Stoke-green, Ipswich, were held on Tuesday, July 9. Rev. Arthur Mursell preached in the afternoon, and a public meeting was held in the evening, at which R. L. Everett, Esq., presided. Addresses were given by Revs. A. Mursell and W. Scott, E. Grimwade, Esq., and others. Mr. Mostyn formerly laboured in

Essex, and afterwards in Philadelphia and Troy, U.S.A.

Recognition services were held on Wednesday, July 3, in the Tabernacle, Southend, in connection with the settlement of Mr. John G. Wilson (of the Pastors' College) as pastor of the church. A public service was held in the afternoon, presided over by C. W. Meiler, Esq., of London. The ordination prayer was offered by Rev. J. Hayward. The charge to the pastor was delivered by Rev. G. Rogers, and that to the church by Rev. G. Gracey. In the evening a public meeting was held in the Tabernacle, when the chair was taken by the Rev. G. Rogers, and addresses delivered by the chairman, and the Revs. J. Williams, G. Hayward, and others.

PRESENTATIONS.

A meeting has been held at Masham, Yorkshire, in connection with the retirement of Rev. J. R. Beecliffe from the pastorate of the churches at Bedale and Masham. Rev. J. H. Dineen presented to Mr. Beecliffe, in the name of the church and congregation, a valuable gift of books. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Dineen, Mr. E. Fearnside, and Mr. Beecliffe. The meeting throughout was marked by thorough earnestness and deep sympathy, all heartily desiring Mr. and Mrs. Beecliffe abiding happiness and truest prosperity in their future sphere of labour.

Rev. John Alcorn, having accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church at Basford, Nottingham, was presented on Monday evening, July 1, at a farewell meeting, by the members of the church and congregation of Woodgate, Loughborough, with a purse of gold. The deacons, on behalf of the church, spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Alcorn, and expressed their deep regret at losing his valuable services. The ministers of the town also spoke of the great esteem in which Mr. Alcorn was held, and wished him every success in his new sphere of labour.

A silver tea and coffee service, with

an illuminated address, was presented to Mr. S. Sale, of Wokingham, on June 26, by friends of the churches of Blackwater and Wokingham, on the occasion of his retirement from a pastorate that has extended in all over forty-five years. The presentation was made by Rev. J. Matthews, in presence of a large and enthusiastic meeting.

NEW CHAPELS.

The memorial stones of a new chapel to be erected at Erdington, Birmingham, have been laid by Mr. J. S. Wright, of Birmingham, and Mr. Solomon Jevons, of Erdington. The building—which will be of Gothic architecture, and is intended to accommodate 320 persons—will cost £1,200, towards which £389 has already been contributed. The site affords sufficient space for schoolrooms, to be afterwards erected. A meeting was held in the public hall, Mr. A. Wright presiding, and addresses being delivered by the Revs. G. E. Thomas, J. Taylor, and others. The proceeds of the day reached £47 7s. 6d. The Rev. W. Donald, of Marlborough, Devon, has been chosen as pastor of the church.

On Wednesday, 26th June, a church was formed at the Mission House, Tue Brook, near Liverpool, where religious services and a large amount of Christian work have been carried on for eight and a half years past, during which period several extensions have from time to time been found necessary. The church commences with a roll of between 40 and 50 members, and has selected as pastor Rev. E. E. Fisk, late of Truro, who has been labouring at the Mission House for some months past. The friends have secured an eligible piece of land for the erection of a commodious chapel, and hope it may soon become necessary for them to commence operations on the new site.

The new school chapel near the Ashton Old-road, Openshaw, erected by the Rev. R. Stanion's church and congregation, was opened on Sunday, May 19th. The pastor preached in the morning, and the Rev. J. Piwell, of

Stockport, in the evening. On the following Wednesday evening a sermon was delivered by the Rev. E. Purtiler. Protracted services were also held on Sunday, May 26th, when Rev. R. Chenery was the preacher. On the following evening a tea and public meeting was held. After tea the Rev. C. A. Davies occupied the chair; addresses appropriate to the occasion were delivered by Revs. R. Chenery, C. Boden, the neighbouring ministers of the various denominations, the pastor, and other friends. By the strenuous efforts of pastor and people, and the generosity of a friend, this place is opened free from debt.

TRINITY CHURCH, GUNNESBURY, MIDDLESEX.—The above was opened on Wednesday, May 22nd; Rev. W. Stott preached in the morning; in the afternoon a public meeting was held, presided over by the Earl of Shaftesbury; in the evening Rev. Dr. White preached. On the following Sunday Rev. W. Frith, the minister, preached in the morning, and in the evening Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford, preached. The attendance at all the services was most encouraging.

PONDER'S END.—On Monday, the 17th June, the new Baptist Chapel was opened for public worship. At the tea, provided in the old chapel, about 200 persons sat down, after which Rev. W. Cuff preached in the new building an eloquent sermon from Acts xxviii. 31. The congregation was large and the collection good. The opening meetings were continued to the end of the month, and amongst the preachers were the Revs. J. T. Wigner, W. Jackson, J. Ney, W. Townsend, G. W. White, and A. F. Cotton, who has just accepted the invitation to the pastorate of the church. The old chapel will, we learn, henceforth be used for Sunday-school and temperance work.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PORTSMOUTH LAKE ROAD CHAPEL.—The anniversary of the Sunday schools was held on June 16th. Sermons were preached morning and evening, and an address given to the children in

the afternoon by the pastor, T. W. Medhurst. There are 1,100 scholars on the roll, and 60 teachers.

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION OF BAPTIST CHURCHES.—The annual meetings were held at Poole, Dorset, on June 3rd, 4th, and 5th. The preachers were Revs. T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth, and G. Short, B.A., of Salisbury. The Circular Letter was read by Rev. F. Trestrail, F.R.G.S., of Newport, Isle of Wight. Rev. J. T. Collier, of Downton, moderator.

BATTERSEA.—The bazaar for the liquidation of the debt on Battersea Chapel, recently held in the grounds of Mr. H. M. Soule, has been brought to a most successful termination. The bazaar has yielded a clear profit of more than £500. Within the last two years or so we understand the chapel debt has been reduced by upwards of £1,100.

HERTS AND BEDS ASSOCIATION.—The annual gathering of this association was held the second week in June at Park-street Chapel, Luton. Rev. J. H. Blake presided, and there was a fair attendance. During the whole of Tuesday and part of Wednesday the pastors and delegates were engaged in the association business, and at noon on the Wednesday a public gathering was held in the chapel, when the annual sermon was preached by Rev. W. Cuff. A dinner followed, served in the school-room, and at three o'clock a meeting was held for the purpose of hearing the reports from the different churches. Rev. J. H. Blake presided, and the secretary (Rev. J. W. Thomas) read most of the letters and reports. On the whole an increase in members, Sunday-school teachers, and scholars was observable throughout the association's district. At the conclusion of the business Mr. Blake addressed the assembly. He said he was sure all present would sympathise with him in the feeling that the reports which had been presented and read were not merely dry statistics, but that they contained a vast amount of matter for thought. They had listened to some reports of a very pleasing nature, whilst others had been a trifle gloomy,

and they had noticed how many had been claimed by death, and how many new members had been added, and he was sure that on the whole they had much reason to be thankful. As a Church he did not think they exerted themselves sufficiently to reclaim the "wanderers" who strayed from the path of faith to the path of sin again, and he thought it would be a grand thing if they could organise some plan of action in this matter. They had an increase in the number of members certainly, but was that increase as much as it should have been? They should ask themselves that question, and in the future let them work harder and they would receive a double blessing. Rev. T. Watts proposed the following resolution:—"That this association rejoices in the growth of the feeling of antagonism to the use of war as a means of settling international disputes, and notices with great satisfaction the unity of opinion that has been expressed by the Nonconformist bodies of this country in opposition to war, and which, notwithstanding the action of the Government and the influence of a portion of the press, has largely contributed to the maintenance of peace." The resolution was seconded by Mr. Cole, and carried unanimously. The other more important resolution referred to the eminent services rendered by Earl Russell in respect of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. The services were closed with a public meeting in the evening.

LUTON, BEDFORDSHIRE.—On Monday, July 8, Luton was visited by Revs. J. Charlesworth and Manton Smith, accompanied by the choir of orphan lads from Mr. Spurgeon's College. A delightful evening was spent in the Platt Hall; the mayor presided. Several pieces of music were rendered, addresses delivered, and there was a large attendance. Mr. Charlesworth and Mr. Smith, as well as the boys, look well, and seem to say we are very happy in our work. In seconding a vote of thanks to the mayor, proposed by the Rev. N. Berry, Rev. J. H. Blake said a member of his congregation had

volunteered a Luton hat to each of the lads present, with one for Messrs. Charlesworth and Smith. We believe this offer will be enlarged to a gift of a Luton hat to each lad in the Orphanage.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.—Lord's Day, 14th July, Rev. J. H. Blake, of Luton, preached three sermons to crowded congregations at Marlowes Chapel, Hemel Hempstead. The children sang special pieces; the collections were good. In the evening Mr. Blake used his gold and silver fruit basket to illustrate the word in season; like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

THE UNVEILING OF A BUST TO THE LATE DR. BURNS

Took place on Monday, June 24th, at Paddington Cemetery. There was a large gathering of friends, the weather being very favourable for the occasion. Rev. Dawson Burns presided, and after singing and prayer,

Rev. J. P. Chown, as President of the London Baptist Association, unveiled the bust, which was greatly admired by all present as a very faithful representation of the deceased doctor. They came very devoutly and lovingly to thank God in the memory of their departed friend, of whom that bust afforded such a striking representation. For they unveiled that bust in no self-pride or vainglory, but in acknowledgment of the grace of God and love of the Saviour which rested on him, and in order that it might inspire others with his motives. The memorial reminded him of what the departed was as a man, and afforded a striking representation of his character. He thought he saw reality there, and courage too. He espoused many good works when it required courage to do it. He was known by unflinching fidelity to what he believed to be the truth, from which no danger could daunt, and no allurements call him aside. As a Christian minister he was well-known, preaching the Gospel with the Cross as its centre, and the Holy Spirit as its inspiration. He preached with his pen as well as his voice, and his words are thus perpetuated in print

for coming generations. In every part of our land he was welcome, and his mission was gratefully received. He prayed that the mantle of the father might fall upon his son, who was now in the ministry, and that God would abundantly bless him. At a time when it needed more courage than it needs to-day, he stood alone as the advocate of the temperance movement, working with an energy that never failed, and a zeal that never flagged. His annual temperance sermon was unique, so far as he knew, in the history of the pulpit. That service would be touching in its memories, and hallowed in its inspirations, in years yet to come.

Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A., as an old friend of the deceased, bore testimony to his many virtues and great usefulness, and exhorted his hearers to follow in his footsteps.

Mr. B. Whitworth, M.P., spoke of the deceased as one of the noblest men he ever knew, especially alluding to his service in the cause of temperance, through which means he knew he was adding to the Church of Christ.

Mr. J. Spencer Balfour spoke of the social qualities of the deceased.

Rev. Dawson Burns submitted a statement in regard to the memorial, explaining that he originally suggested, in view of his father's utilitarian preferences, the erection of a drinking fountain, but it was decided that the bust would best serve the purpose desired. The artist had, he considered, been most successful in the work.

The bust was executed by Mr. R. Belt, and bears the following inscription:—"The monumental bust of Jabez Burns, D.D., LL.D., erected in grateful memory of his remarkable energy and usefulness as preacher, author, philanthropist, and temperance reformer, and as the beloved minister for upwards of forty years of Church-street General Baptist Chapel, Edgware-road. Born at Oldham, December 18, 1805. Died in London, January 31, 1876. 'He reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and of judgment to come.'"

BAPTISMS.

- Abertillery*.—June 23, at Ebenezer Chapel, Four, by L. Jones.
Bacup.—July 7, Zion Chapel, Two, by C. W. Gregory.
Barking.—June 26, Three, by W. J. Tomkins.
Beccles.—June 23, One, by W. Edgerton.
Bedminster.—June 30, Philip-street, Five, by W. Norris.
Birmingham.—July 8, at Christ Church, Seven, by T. Churchyard.
Bootle, Liverpool.—June 30, Derby-road, Three, by Z. T. Downen.
Brain-tree.—July 4, Four, by J. C. Foster.
Bramston, Rugby.—July 14, One, by A. Green.
Bridgwater.—May 26, Seven, by H. Moore.
Burnley, Lancashire.—May 26, at Ebenezer, Four, by W. Reynolds.
Burton-on-Trent.—June 30, Guild-street, Two, by J. Askew.
Cardiff.—July 7, at Bothany Chapel, Two, by W. E. Winks.
Cardiff.—June 30, Bethel English Chapel, Three, by T. Davies.
Chatteris, Cambs.—June 23, Four, by F. J. Bird.
Cheddar.—June 30, Two, by T. Hanger.
Clare, Suffolk.—June 2, One, by T. Hoddy.
Consett, Durham.—June —, Four, by R. Herries.
Dalton-in-Furness.—July 3, Two, by J. G. Anderson.
Deunbigh.—June 30, Five, by T. Thomas.
Derby.—July 7, St. Mary's Gate, Seven, by J. W. Williams.
Dunfermline.—June 19, Three, by J. T. Hagen.
Earl's Colne.—June 21, Ten, by J. Bradford.
Fairford, Gloucestershire.—July 7, Five, by J. Frise.
Ferndale.—June 30, English Baptist Church, One; July 14, Seven, by R. C. Evans.
Foot's Cray, Kent.—June 30, Six, by R. E. Sears.
Great Brought, Cumberland.—June 30, Four, by J. McNab.
Great Grimby.—July 4, Victoria-street, Six, by E. Lauder.
Great Sampford.—July 7, Two, by J. Robinson.
Griffiths Town, near Pontypool.—June 30, Six, by J. Tucker.
Hanley.—June 30, Eastwood Vale Chapel, Two, by J. Johnson.
Haverigg.—July 7, One, by W. Hambly.
Hengoed, Glamorganshire.—June 9, Four, by R. Evans.
Hillcliffe.—June 30, Four, by W. Pilling.
Holbeck.—July 10, Six, by M. Mather.
Horning, Norfolk.—July 7, One, by J. Bane.
Horsforth.—July 4, Cragg Hill, Sixteen, by W. H. Rolls.
Hucknall Torkard.—July 10, Three, by J. T. Almy.
Hull.—July 4, George-street, Seven, by J. Odell.
Hunlet.—June 30, Eight, by J. Smith.
Keynsham.—June 30, Four, by C. A. Fel-lows.

Leeds.—June 23, York-road, Four; and on the 27th. One, by J. Smith.
Langollen.—June 2, Castle-street, Four, by G. Davies.
Loughwood, Devon.—June 9, Three, by B. Bastable.
Luton.—July 11, Park-street, Four, by J. H. Blake.
Maesteg, Glamorgan.—July 14, at Bethel Chapel, Fifteen, by T. A. Pryce.
Maidenhead.—June 13, Five, by J. Wilkins.
Manchester.—July 4, Grosvenor-street, Four, by E. Moore.
Merthyr Tydfil.—June 23, Zion Chapel, One; June 30, Five, by D. Davies.
Metropolitan District:—
Bermondsey.—June 30, Drummond-road Chapel, Ten, by J. A. Brown.
Brentford.—June 30, Albany Chapel, Two, by W. Sumner.
Brentford.—June 30, Park Chapel, One, by W. A. Blake.
Chiswick.—June 23, Two, by W. E. Lynn.
Clayton Park.—June 30, Chatsworth-road, Four, by E. Langford.
Child's Hill.—July 2, Seven, by C. Cook.
Dacre Park, Lee.—June 23, Four, by W. Usher.
Penge.—June 30, Seven, by G. Samuel.
Ponder's End.—June 23, Five, by A. F. Cotton.
Woolwich.—July 4, at Charles-street, Eight, by John Wilson.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—June 20, Nine; June 27, Twenty; July 4, Ten, by J. A. Spurgeon.
Shepherd's Bush.—July 10, Avenue Church, Twelve, by W. Frith.
Milton, Oxon.—June 17, Six, by A. H. Collins.
Neathorpe.—July 7, Two, by T. Watkinson.

New Whittington.—June 30, Six, by R. T. Lewis.
North Curry.—July 7, Six, by W. Fry.
Odiham.—July 12, Five, by D. Lyall.
Ogden.—June 30, One, by A. E. Greening.
Pevarth.—June 16, Two, by W. Farry.
Pendleton, Manchester.—July 14, Seven, by F. Trotman.
Pole Moor.—July 7, One, by J. Evans.
Portsea.—May 28, Kent-street, Four; June 30, Three, by J. W. Genders.
Portsmouth.—July 1, at Lake-road, Two, by T. W. Medhurst.
Rhayader.—May 21, Four; May 24, Two, in the river Wye; May 26, Two, at Dolau, by T. D. Jones.
Southampton.—June 30, Carlton Chapel, Five, by E. Osborne.
Southampton.—June 30, East-street, Four, by J. H. Patterson.
Southwell, Notts.—June 9, Six, by J. H. Plumbridge.
Surrey, New Malden.—June 30, Five, by G. Simmons.
Swansea.—June 16, Bethesda Chapel, Eight, by A. J. Parry.
Swansea.—June 11, York-place, Eight, by B. D. John.
Tharfed, Essex.—June 19, Two, by G. H. Hook.
Tisbury.—June 9, One, by W. Maurice.
Toddington.—June 5, Two, by C. Hewitt.
Tondu.—June 16, One, by E. Schaffer.
Treorkey, Rhondda Valley.—July 14, at Horeb, Two, by D. Davies.
Truro.—June 30, Three, by J. S. Paige.
Upper Stratton, Swindon.—June 24, Two, by N. Rogers.
Watchet and Williton.—June 25, Two, by R. J. Middleton.
West Gorton.—June 18, Four, by F. J. Ryan.
Winchester.—July 7, Two, by E. Gough.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from June 19th, 1878, to July 17th, 1878.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
R. P.	10 0 0	Mr. and Miss Mills...	1 0 0	A Well-Wisher ...	0 1 0
Mr. Douglas	0 10 0	One Hundred Three-		Friends in Crathie ...	0 13 6
Readers of the <i>Chris-</i>		penny Pieces.....	1 5 0	Southport	0 2 6
<i>tian Herald</i>	14 1 4	A Reader of the		Mr. E. Gammon	3 3 0
Mr. Edward Mounsey	2 10 0	<i>Sword and Trowel</i> ...	0 5 0	C. E. F.	25 0 0
Mrs. Salmon	0 2 6	Mr. George Lewis ...	1 1 0	Mrs. Mackenzie	1 0 0
W. W.	1 1 0	E. D.	0 10 0	Dr. Beilby	3 0 0
Mr. Edwin Wicks ...	2 2 0	Mrs. Reddock	50 0 0	Mr. J. G. Hall	1 1 0
Miss E. Jane Bowley	0 10 0	Students of the Even-		Mr. Balne	0 13 0
Miss Nay	0 6 0	ing Classes	42 0 0	Mrs. Perry	0 5 0
Mrs. Spurgeon's		Mr. J. Samuel	1 0 0	Mr. Rooksby	1 0 0
Texts	5 0 0	Mr. J. Clark	0 10 0	Weekly Offerings at	
Rev. Alex. and Mrs.		Mr. Bowker's Class...	17 0 0	Metropolitan Taber-	
Macdougall	1 0 0			nacle, June 23.....	33 0 3
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2 10 0	Per Rev. John Spur-		" " 30.....	12 3 3
Miss Dransfield	2 2 0	geon:—		" July 7.....	30 6 1
Mr. Jas. Wright, jun.	0 10 0	Mr. A.	0 5 6	" " 14.....	41 16 7
Readers of the <i>Chris-</i>		J. L.	0 5 0		
<i>tian</i> , per Messrs.		Mrs. M.	0 5 0		
Morgan and Scott	1 0 0				
					£311 16 11

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

SINNING AGAINST THE LIGHT.

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

"They are of those that rebel against the light."—JOB xxiv. 13.

THIS is a terrible indictment. We are conscious, brethren, of a light that illuminates our understanding, cheers our hearts, guides our steps and promotes our fellowship with one another: This is a peculiar privilege. There are multitudes upon whom this heavenly light has never shone; they grope in darkness; they live in ignorance of the things that belong to their peace, and pertain to their welfare. But, alas! that there should be any who are favoured with light, and yet they rebel against it. Of all the classes this is the most blameworthy. We cannot pity their plight, but we must fear and tremble for their fate. We sometimes marvel that God, in His sovereignty, should permit so vast a number of our fellow-creatures to be living in the gross darkness; that such populous empires, for instance, as China or Hindostan, should be lying in the valley of the shadow of death. Their case, however, we need not consider, for it will not fall within our plan to discuss their responsibilities this evening. Our present concern is with persons nearer home, with those who have the light shining round them, who inherit the privilege as a birthright, who are gladdened by the liberties it entails, but instead of making proper use of the grand endowment pervert it, and distort it into an occasion for sin by rebelling against its patent evidences and its secret intuitions.

The light which God gives us is of three kinds, distributing its rays over the faculty of conscience, the faculty of reason, and all the faculties of the heart. By the light of nature men can discern right from wrong in the common affairs of life, if they will only exercise the ordinary astuteness which enables the least tutored races to detect the instincts of beasts, birds, and fishes. These they cleverly observe; while they wantonly violate the obvious laws that should regulate their own actions. Such arrant wilfulness leaves even the heathen without excuse. This, I admit, is mere candle-light in comparison with the moonlight of revelation. For what is this Book but the reflection of the sun itself of God's eternal light. Wherever this Bible comes it is no mean supplement to the light of nature. Compared with it the light of reason is very dim. But what shall I say of the sun-light? Jesus Christ Himself is the light of the world. The illumination of the Holy Ghost who testifies of Christ is so bright that reason seems benighted and Scripture itself is dark in comparison. Happy they who receive this light, unless they rebel against it, and grieve the Holy Spirit—an alternative that involves swift destruction.

You will perceive that the light is here invested with the attribute of sovereignty. How could any one rebel against a power which has not

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authority? The light is royal. It claims the obedience of men. Those who refuse allegiance to its dictates are contumacious and refractory, and therefore adjudged guilty of sedition and mutiny against the majesty of God Himself. Whether I repel the light of my natural conscience, or revolt against the light of the Bible, or resist the Holy Spirit, I become a rebel. In each case the light is a sovereign and ruling power, and I cannot withstand it without incurring a high degree of criminality.

It shall then be my first endeavour to DETECT THE REBELS who are chargeable with this grave offence. That they are largely represented in so vast an assembly as this there can be no reasonable doubt. Alas! how many of you habitually rebel against the light. I want so to describe your case, and to bring forward such evidence, that if you will but be honest with yourselves you shall surely discover the justice of the accusation laid against you.

Some of you who rebel against the light were trained up as *children after a godly sort by parents or guardians who cared for their souls. Notwithstanding however the pious culture you received, you have cast off the fear of God*, and given the reins to evil passions, hurtful lusts, and immoral actions. Many a young man counts it "a brave thing," as he says, "to cut himself loose from his mother's apron strings," to assert the independence of his own will, and to play the prodigal, trifling with the proprieties he has been taught, trampling under foot the laws of virtue, till he is clothed with honour, and degraded by shameful sins. When they wallow in vice who have been reared in the midst of its black currents and dismal swamps, we may look on them with pity, and upbraid ourselves if we do nothing to extricate them from their hapless plight; but when any of you turn away from the family altar, close your ears to a father's earnest admonitions, shut your eyes to a gracious mother's tears, and deliberately plunge into vice, your wilfulness will aggravate your woe. As you float down to destruction you may account yourselves among those that sin against the light. Many of you cannot forget how solemn were some of those Sunday evenings when your mother pleaded with you to give your heart to God. Ah! young man, in that quiet country village you once bade fair to become a follower of Christ; but now your Sundays are spent anywhere but where they should be, and you have dishonoured the name you bear by many a sin. You cannot quite forget what you learned in those better days. Bow your head down, cover your face, blush for very shame, and in the silence of your soul confess into the ear of Jesus that you have rebelled against the light.

Others who are constant hearers and attendants on a Gospel ministry rebel against the light by continuing in unbelief. I can truly say, the Lord my God being my witness, that what I know of His truth I have never shunned to declare unto you. In the simplest, plainest, and most affectionate language I could find, I have set before you the way of salvation. And till this tongue is cold in death by God's grace I will not cease to warn you to escape from the results of sin, and fly to that dear bosom that is ready to receive every repenting sinner. I am persuaded that if some of you perish from that seat at the Tabernacle which you have occupied so long it will go hard, very hard, with you. You shall have no excuse; you will not be able to say that you did not know the evil of sin,

or the way of life. I protest before the Lord that I must bear witness against you in that last great day were you to bring forward such a plea. It is against the light that you sin. Why; some of you recollect thirty or forty years ago hearing some good old preacher who touched your hearts; and you have gone on hearing sermons ever since. Wagon loads of sermons have been wasted on you. Like the barren fig-tree, you have been digged about full many a time, and yet you have brought forth no fruit. The edge of the axe is sharp, and the husbandman will not always tarry. He will ere long say to the woodman, "Cut down that tree; why cumbereth it the ground?" and the more fearful will be your fall, because you have sinned against the light.

There are a few persons in the world—perhaps more than we suppose—who, even apart from a godly training, and from listening to the Gospel, have a *tender, delicate, moral sensibility*. We meet sometimes with those who are honest amiable and generous and appear by their good sense and good nature to be largely endowed with what I must call the natural light of conscience. Into gross immoralities they never plunge: their business is conducted with a high sense of commercial integrity; they have so fine a sense of justice that it seems to be the fundamental virtue of their life. Yet to their God they pay no allegiance. To Him whom their conscience must tell them is worthy of their first thought they show no decent respect, much less any reverent obedience. They do not yield their hearts to him. If they attend to the outward decencies of religion, they feel content. That it is their paramount duty to love the Lord their God with all their heart and soul and strength, seems never to have occurred to them. By habitually neglecting the Gospel and despising the Redeemer, they also sin against the light. With intense earnestness I would charge such of you as take a decent pride in maintaining an unspotted character among men that you bethink yourselves of the peril you are exposed to when you trifle with the sovereign claims of your Almighty Creator. What virtue as a citizen will atone for treason against the throne, or even for disaffection towards the Monarch. May the Father of all mercies grant that you may see the inequality, or what I might rightly call the iniquity, of your ways in the true light.

Amongst those that sin against the light most fearfully I must mention, as the chief of all, *lewd ungodly professors of religion*. Never was a barn floor full of wheat so clean that no chaff could be found there. Vain were the attempt to sunder the tares from the wheat in this life with any degree of accuracy. That must be left for the Reaper at the last great day. But ah! how heartbreaking it is to find that men and women can make a profession of godliness, can go into the church, and eat and drink at the Master's table, can talk loudly to others about divine truth, and yet, after all, suddenly turn aside to the very vilest of sins! Oh! my dear hearer, my fellow church member, if indeed you be not in Christ, I charge you by the living God give up your profession. It were better far that you should make no pretence whatever to religion than that you should think to film over a rotten heart with a little decency of outward religion. Alas for your profession! What will it avail you unless vital godliness is underneath it? How it will burn and blaze in that fire which shall try every man's work of what sort it is! With what dismay you will see the fine pavilion of your self-righteousness

and your boasted godliness consumed in the conflagration, and you yourself become a houseless, friendless castaway, for ever banished from God! I sometimes feel sick at heart when I think how some of you professors can act—can go from the House of God, even on the Sabbath, to the gin-palace; can go from worshipping the Most High to join in the songs and dances of the profane; can find yourselves as much at home with the goddesses with the godly! Ah! think not that my Lord will long bear with your hypocrisy. Flatter not yourselves that He will wink at such levities and licentiousness. If I speak sharply and roughly in rebuking your cant and duplicity, recollect it is not one tithe as sharply and as roughly as He shall speak when, with voice of thunder and words of flame, He shall come and separate the goats who are in the same flock with the sheep, and put them on the left hand. Not a particle of comfort shall they glean from the memory of a time when they were numbered with His visible flock. He shall say to them, "Depart ye cursed; cursed though ye assembled with the blessed; and cursed, though ye fed in the same pastures with the righteous; cursed all the more, and with an awful emphasis, because ye professed to follow the Good Shepherd when ye were not His sheep, and because ye said amen to the prayers of the saints though ye had not put your confidence in the Saviour." Search yourselves, my brethren and sisters; search yourselves! Preacher, let self-searching begin at home, and round this place let the resolution and the prayer go up—"I will search myself; search me, O God, and try me, and know my ways, lest after having beheld the light I should be found amongst those who sin against it."

Having thus singled three or four classes out of the many that rebel, let us proceed in a few words to describe some of the FORMS WHICH THIS REBELLION takes. Various and diverse are the shapes it may assume. Some there are who refuse the light, and give no heed to its resplendent beams. Many people in this world are conveniently deaf to that they do not wish to hear, and blind to that which they have no desire to see. Prejudice, yea, and a host of prejudices, the offspring of vanity and self-conceit, of bigotry and self-deception, resist the very sound of the Gospel, and keep men from hearing its joyful tidings.

If we could but disabuse the minds of men of their fatal misapprehensions—oh how speedily would the Gospel be received, how heartily would it be welcomed! This is one of the devices of Satan. He instils into them the subtle infatuation that because they have been born and cradled in a certain caste, and nourished and trained up in some particular religious profession, they are relieved of all moral responsibility while they cling to it as a natural birthright. Therefore they will not go and hear the Gospel, lest they should be converted, and forfeit the reputation of their class, be it Buddhist or Mahometan, Jew or Papist. They prefer to follow in the footsteps of their forefathers, like that brave old Saxon who, when he was about to be baptised, asked where his fathers had all gone; and on being told that it was to be feared they had gone to hell if they died in infidelity, he replied, "Well, then, I'll go there too, for I don't like parting company with them." So he started back. Not a few of our countrymen in the present day seem to be of the same mind; yet their folly is too palpable to need much serious refutation. If you cling so tenaciously to the fallacies of your ancestors,

you may be jealous likewise of impropriating their infirmities. Was your mother blind, you might wish to be blind likewise. Or was your father a pauper, you might refrain from aspiring any higher than that yourself. On that theory you might cherish any superstition into which your family may have fallen. But a wise man, who does not rebel against the light, stands on his own prerogative to prove all things, and to hold fast only that which is good. With the Bible in his hand he is not content to take his belief at second hand. In his boyhood he deferred to his parents as a dutiful son; but in the bloom of his manhood he deports himself as a sire, with a zeal to acquire and transmit to his descendants more knowledge and riper experience than he inherited from his own immediate progenitors. On his bended knees, with heart uplifted to heaven, he beseeches his God to lead him into all truth, and to guide him with unerring counsel. When he does this he is seeking light, and following its intuitions; but he will neither search nor look when the light challenges his attention to the gospel as it is revealed in Scripture, he is rebelling against the light that dawns on his path.

Others go farther in hostility, for when they know the truth in the theory, so far from welcoming it, they grow angry and revile it. There are tongues that are never more glib than when they are railing against the Cross of Christ. Peradventure I may be addressing some who are wont to say exceeding bitter things against the faith of the crucified Saviour. Well, you need not that I should tell you that to cavil at the revelation of God, and much more to impugn it, is indeed to sin against the light with a vengeance.

More outrageously still you sin against the light, *by running contrary to it*. When a man knows that which is right, and deliberately chooses that which is wrong, what excuse can he have? If when his conscience prick him, and will not suffer him to be easy in the way of mischief, he doth, as it were, seize his conscience by the throat and stifle it; if he say to himself "Though I know this to be evil, I do it because I delight in it"—this pandering to the passions is the very essence of rebellion against God; it is full of virus and venom. When men deliberately and presumptuously choose to do that which He forbids—call it wanton or wilful—their wickedness has no cloak. At many a moment in the course of a thoughtful man's life he is brought to a stand; solemnities overshadow him, and reflections overpower him. A sound of alarm thrills through his soul—"Repent! Reform! Choose the way of righteousness." Then Satan whispers—"Sin is sweet; it may be naughty, but it is nice; there is secret pleasure in stealthy vices; one must indulge the flesh if he would be fat and flourishing." The man waits a minute, bites his lip, and at length yields, swallows the tempter's bait, because it suits his treacherous taste. So he returns like the dog to his vomit, and like the sow that was washed to his wallowing in the mire. This is openly and overtly sinning against the light!

I think I could point to pews here, and I know I could conjure up the countenances of some who once occupied them, while I told a tale of transient convictions of sin which have come to a terrible pass. They have said—"Well, I must give up going to that tavern, and keeping that company, or cease to listen to that preacher; for the man makes me so miserable; I must either give up hearing him, or else I must give up my

old haunts." They have resolved or yielded to an irresolute inclination to forsake the better part, and to choose the way that leads to destruction. God forgive you! Albeit this is sinning against the light with a high hand and a brazen forehead, I pray the Lord that He would redeem you yet from the present evil world.

Some I know sin against the light in quite another fashion. They presume upon what they account their peculiar privilege. When they do things which are not comely, they vaunt a full liberty, and say, "It is all right with me." Having acquired a tolerably sound doctrinal creed, and a good theoretical knowledge of the truths of the Gospel, they say, "I am one of God's elect; I may live as I like." Oh! this is high treason against the light. God never meant His Son to be a messenger of sin. The gospel of His grace was never intended to be made a pillow upon which sinners might sleep the sleep of sloth. I am afraid, brethren and sisters, that we all rebel against the light in a measure. Whenever a good thought comes across your mind, and you do not follow out its teaching, you have rebelled against its light. When God reveals a truth to you, and you keep it back because you would be opposed if you were to speak it out, you rebel against the light. There have doubtless been many in this world who might have been great reformers, and helped to purify the Church, but they have said—"I will be a man of peace; I will not speak;" so they have thus sinned against the light. "Go to thy cell," said the good old priest, "go to thy cell, Luther, and mind thy praying and see to thyself; why canst thou not let the world alone?" Many say the same. "Preach what you believe, and let other people alone." That is a suggestion of Satan, flattering to the flesh; but it is high rebellion against the light. If you are called to be the light of the world, it behoves you to "let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." When you have learned a truth, and have got it burned into your soul, light a torch at it, and go through the world with this flambeau in your hand till you have set all the world on a blaze with the light that has come into your own soul. If you abstain from doing this you will sin grievously, and the consequences may be serious to you.

And now, with brevity, let me PRONOUNCE THE JUDGMENT WHICH WILL CERTAINLY COME UPON REBELLION AGAINST THE LIGHT.

That judgment *sometimes consists in the light being removed altogether.* If you will not repent under the Gospel ministry it shall be taken from you. Peradventure, you will be removed to another place where there is a famine of the Word of the Lord; or else it may be that the tongue which once warned you shall be silenced in death. Many a town where the candle once shone brightly has been left in darkness because they did not value the light while they had it; God therefore took it, and gave it to a people who would better appreciate it than they. It is a serious thing to sin the Gospel out of any district. There are towns in New England where Mr. Whitfield was driven away, stoned, and pelted when he went there to preach, and shaking off the dust from his feet against them he declared that until the last man then living in the village had died the Gospel would never flourish there; and it was remarkable that on such places there did fall a spiritual blight until the last of that generation had passed away, and no Christian churches ever flourished. Then God

seemed to return in mercy, and the dew of his grace fell upon the spot. Take heed, thou who hast despised the Gospel, lest the Gospel be taken from thee!

A worse judgment still is this—*God may let you keep the light and yet suffer your eyes to become so blind that you cannot see it.* A man never does rebel against the light without losing a little of the power which the light would have over him. Every sin, as it were, hardens the skin of his conscience. It becomes less delicate, less sensitive. If you rebel against the light, the first time it will cost you dear; the next time it will be easy; the next time child's play; after a while it will be difficult to see the light at all. There are some persons who have undergone such a process of self-deception that if the angels of God were to tell them the truth they would not believe it, nor be able to comprehend it. Ah! my dear hearers, this is indeed a fearful judgment, to have ears that cannot hear, and eyes that cannot see, and hearts that cannot feel, God having given you up to hardness of heart!

The last judgment of all is this—when a man sins against the light, and at length comes to rebel against the Holy Ghost Himself. Then comes that awful sentence—“He that speaketh a word against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in that which is to come.” “There is a sin which is unto death; I do not say that ye shall pray for it.” There are some sins that men commit for which you cannot pray that they may be forgiven. You would fain intercede for them; humanity would prompt you; but the Holy Spirit seems to restrain you as you bow your knees and say, “I will not hear you for him; he has gone beyond the day of My mercy, and I cannot look at him again.” “All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the sin against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven.” Sinning against the light reaches its highest point when a man struggles against conscience, and afterwards against the Holy Ghost Himself. He is then given up, with the reins flung upon his neck, to work out his own damnation; and he generally works it out very quickly, with a great intensity of purpose, and brings himself down headlong to the pit, as though all his heart and soul were bent on his own destruction. Take heed, then, I beseech you, of trifling with the light of God. Young men, any of you who have just begun to harden yourselves, I would specially warn against sinning away your only hope. Oh! you who have gone very far in vice, blunting your affections and searing your conscience—stop! In the name of the merciful God, I bid you stop. A little farther it will be impossible for you to pull up. Each step increases the velocity of your progress, the vehemence of your passions, and the violence with which your destruction will be precipitated. Your impetus has already become terrible. Oh! may mercy stay you ere you pass that blood-red line which, once crossed, you have left the region of hope, and entered the gloomy realm of despair. Never from this hour, as God's Holy Spirit may help you, trifle with conscience; never slight a text of Scripture; never make light of a loving admonition from God's messenger; above all, never vex the Holy Spirit of God, lest He should say, “I swear in My wrath that ye shall not enter into My rest.”

And now, lastly, I have to DECLARE THE FOLLY OF REBELLING AGAINST THE LIGHT.

Of course it is arrant stupidity to begin with, for no one ever yet derived any advantage from such a wayward course. God's light will shine though all the bats and owls in the world should be disturbed by it and indulge their hooting. Not one atom less of Gospel-light is there in the world after all the efforts of Voltaire and Tom Paine to put it out. Theirs was a vain, miserable, unsuccessful task. In fact, the more men strive against it the more the Gospel spreads. As they used to say in the old herbals, that the more you tread on the camonile the more it grows, so is it with the Gospel of Christ. You had better give it up, man. Give up your bootless resistance. You are kicking with naked feet against the pricks, wounding yourself, not hurting the Almighty. To no purpose you dash against the bosses of His buckler. You are tilting yourself on to the very point of His spear. Oh! give it up—the raid is futile. How foolish! you are striving to quench the force that might quicken you. The light, were it but looked after lovingly, and happily hailed, would lead to more light. Whenever God enables a man to deal honestly with conviction, He gives him deeper insight. The guidance of the Spirit of God becomes more and more distinct when men confidently and consistently obey His inspiration. Humbly acknowledge the sin of which He reproves you, and He will presently reveal to you a full salvation. Prize the candle-light, and God will give thee moonlight. Walk awhile in its pale beams, and He will surely give thee sunlight, resplendent with glory, for "He giveth more grace."

How highly we ought to value the light we have, when we recollect that there are some who never had it. If it is given to us while it is denied to far-off nations, let us not think lightly of the privilege. Ye will better understand its worth another day. When you cannot have it you will know its preciousness. What would they give who are now shut up in Tophet if they might have another Gospel invitation. Ah, sirs! with what ears would they listen if a preacher could be sent into the streets of hell! If, as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, Christ could be lifted up before the eyes of the damned, with what eagerness would they lean forward and drink in every word! How would they long to escape from that place of torment! As you then will prize mercy's hour when it is over, may God's Spirit make you prize it now! But, brethren, this light is given to you on purpose that it may lead you to the light of heaven. Where God sends the Gospel to a people He has designs of grace towards them. One feels encouraged in preaching such a Gospel, for it cannot be sent in vain. I am sure it will not be preached to-night unsuccessfully. Some will be saved. If you reject it others will receive it. May you be inclined to receive it, for, accepting it through God's grace, you will have the power to become a child of God.

Let me just make the light shine upon you for one minute, and I will not detain you longer. The whole Gospel lies in this. God is bound to punish sin. In accordance with His justice He cannot forgive sin without punishment. Jesus Christ was punished in the room, place, and stead of all those who trust Him. If you trust Jesus, then the hell you ought to have suffered Christ has already suffered in effect for you. Your sins are forgiven the moment you trust. Your debts were paid by Jesus on the tree of Calvary. God took Jesus as the substitute for you, and you go free. All the Gospel asks of you, and this it gives you, is to trust

Jesus, to depend upon Him; and if you do this your sins are blotted out; you are accepted, and shall be saved. Will you reject the message? Can you? Will you? Oh! may God's Spirit give you a better mind, and may you say—"Great God, to such a Gospel we give willing heed; we open wide our hearts to-night, and accept the grace Thou dost so freely give." Dear young people, accept Jesus now. Aged people, accept Him now, for *you must soon* be where you cannot accept Him—in another world. This is the message which I deliver to you all—"While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light." And this, again, is the special address to the saints—"Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord. Walk as children of light, proving what is acceptable unto the Lord." May every covenant blessing abound unto you, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

TRAITS OF CHRISTIAN NOBILITY.

NOBILITY IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

CHAPTER I.

Few persons not practically connected with Sunday-school work have any adequate idea of the large amount of self-denying labour that it involves. Going regularly, as tens of thousands of good Christian people do, each Lord's-day morning and evening to their respective places of worship, and enjoying an agreeable rest while they "sit under the sound of the Gospel," it stands to reason that their acquaintance with the difficulties, sacrifices, and toils of Sabbath-school teachers must necessarily be superficial. True, some of their number may now and then kindly pay the school a patronising visit, and the majority may afford pecuniary aid at the anniversaries, attend the annual tea and hear the Report read, and so think that they know a deal: but any hard-working Sabbath-school teacher will be able to inform them that as much as they may

know, six months' practical experience of the work would serve to completely revolutionise their ideas. Like every other system, to be understood the Sabbath-school system must be well studied and put to practical tests. Our counsel to all who would know what Sabbath-school work really means is this—*go into the Sunday school and try it.* Unless persons are willing to try it, and do their best for it, they will only be mere theorists, and their knowledge will be about as valuable as that of a professed swimmer whose acquaintance with the art consists merely in what he has learned from books, but who as yet has never had the courage to venture a trial of his skill by plunging into the water.

As, however, in spite of their inefficient knowledge and feeble support, these worthy people look upon the Sunday school as a deservedly popular institution, and even at times go so far as to speak warmly in its praise as "the glory of the land," it may possibly increase their interest in it and induce them to come to its aid if we refer briefly

to some traits of Christian nobility which we have for years past witnessed in many Sabbath-school teachers—traits, that have often gladdened and refreshed our own spirit, and caused us to glorify God for raising up such a useful band of Christian labourers in all parts of the globe.

We begin by observing that Sabbath-school teachers display true Christian nobility *by voluntarily surrendering the best part of the day of rest in order that it may be given up to hard work on behalf of the young.* There can be no doubt whatever that it was the intention of the Lord from the beginning that the Sabbath should be to man a day of rest. He foresaw that man would need it, and therefore He graciously provided it. Founded at the period of the Creation, ordained strictly by the Jewish law, and kept by Christians on the first day of the week chiefly in commemoration of the resurrection of their Lord; it is incorporated in our national institutions, and proves itself a great blessing to all who are permitted to enjoy its observance. To the working classes specially it is a great boon. Wearied with a week's labours and care, through it they get a good and needful rest, recruit their wasted energies, and fit themselves for entering with renewed vigour on their next six days' toil. Now none know this better than Sunday-school teachers themselves. It is computed that the aggregate number of scholars in the Sunday-schools throughout the world amounts to nearly ten millions, and that to instruct them there is an army of teachers about one million strong. Of these million teachers we may fairly estimate at least three-fourths as belonging to the working classes. Here then we have about 750,000

of the sons and daughters of toil, most of whom stand in as much need of rest as those who merely spend the day in some kind of self-indulgence, voluntarily resigning most of that rest to labour for the spiritual good of the rising generation. They leave their homes early in the morning, either to teach all the morning, or as in this country is generally the case, to give an hour or more to preparatory teaching, and then proceed with their scholars to their assigned benches in their respective places of worship, where, instead of being able to listen comfortably to the sermon, they have the unenviable task of keeping the children quiet in order that the congregation may enjoy the privilege. That this is not generally a very easy task to perform we have had plenty of proof. Not to speak of our own personal experience, teachers in many places have frequently informed us that in the constant endeavour to prevent the sober and attentive part of the congregation from "being annoyed" by the children's restlessness and bad behaviour, they themselves have scarcely been able to listen to half a dozen connected sentences, while their more fortunate brethren and sisters, comfortably ensconced perhaps in their crimson-coloured cushions and easy seats, have been carried away in spirit up to "the third heaven" while listening to the preacher's burning eloquence! This trying task over, there is just time it may be to walk home, snatch a bit of dinner, and then march back to school again. If, the preacher however in his well-meant but unwise zeal has given his congregation "long metre" in the shape of preaching a quarter of an hour longer than usual, even this slight interval of rest is curtailed. The

unfortunate teacher who has a long distance to go has to hurry home, eat his dinner quickly, and then to avoid setting the example of being late, has to hurry back at such a rate that he enters the school just in time in a state of perspiration, which on a hot day in July gives him the appearance of having just emerged from a Turkish bath, and feeling, for the first half-hour at least, usually totally unfit for the performance of his professional duties. As a rule, from one hour and a half to two hours are given in the afternoon to the various exercises; and then, with the dismissal of the school, teachers wend their way home to tea, often so weary as to be in a poor state of mind or body for the enjoyment of a quiet evening service.

Thus Sabbath-school teachers then give their Sabbaths up to work—and work that often wearies more than a hard day's manual labour—not merely once or twice a month, but more frequently on most of the Sabbaths of the year, and that for ten, twenty, or even thirty years or more in succession. For instance, it was a noble sight that was witnessed in America not long ago. A Convention of Sunday-school teachers was held at Illinois. Eleven Sunday-school teachers were then called to the front of the platform, and their appearance created enthusiasm. And why? Because all of them had been teachers for over fifty years; and one of them had taught for *fifty-eight* years. And what kind of confession did he make? It was a thrilling one. Being but a moderately educated working man, he told the assembly that "he knew little but the Bible: but *he knew that*, and felt thankful to have heard it so fully honoured as it had been that day." Who can picture the toils, the

journeys, the sacrifices of these brave men in carrying on their good work for such a lengthened period? They needed their rest, but all that time they willingly gave it up. They would gladly have sat in their pews to listen to the sermon, but for the benefit of the young they relinquished the spiritual enjoyment. They knew well that the incessant labour in the Sabbath school after a hard week's work ill-fitted them for entering on that of the next, but putting their trust in God and His help they kept their hands at the Sabbath-school plough, and bravely toiled on. The cold of winter and the heat of summer stopped them not in their work. Amid sunshine and storm, in season and out of season, they were found at their post, examples of wholesale consecration to God and the service of humanity. Their creed was evidently like that of the benevolent Jew, who when remonstrated with for having done a worthy act on the Sabbath-day which others refused to perform, defended himself from reproach by saying, "Good deeds have no Sabbath." This creed these eleven veterans put in practice for more than half a century; and all who saw them had the satisfaction of feeling that their self-denying labour and sacrifice for that period had done good to many for a whole eternity.

But this voluntary relinquishment of Sabbath rest is further enhanced by the fact that it is often surrendered under the *most trying and difficult circumstances*. If Sabbath-school teachers could always leave their secular employment in good time on the Saturday evening, and then have a long and good night's rest to fit them for their Sunday-school labours, the case would not be so hard. With some

we are aware happily it is so. They have the Saturday half-holiday, or realise the benefits conferred upon them by the Early Closing Association. But how is it with many? Some serve in close shops till ten or eleven at night: others work at their various employments near on to the midnight hour, and we know some now who work on the rail occasionally half the night, or even the whole of the night, and yet make it a point to be in time at their school and class if possible. This we call Sunday-school heroism; and it reminds us of the Sunday-school teacher on whose tombstone was written these words: "*She had a work to do, and she did it.*" These teachers feel that they have a work to do, and they do it. They pay no heed to the calls of the flesh. The souls of the children and their spiritual welfare are of far more importance in their eyes than their own fleshly ease. That therefore is given up in order that good may be done to the Lord's little ones. Let such teachers, wherever they may be, take courage and labour on. The eye of the Lord is upon them, and they may rest assured that He will not allow their sacrifices to go unrewarded. In the last great day they shall hear His welcome voice saying unto them, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." They shall find then that not one sympathetic tear that they have shed, not one kind word that they have spoken, and not one lowly deed that they have performed, to win the young for the Saviour, shall be by Him overlooked or forgotten. Then they shall learn if not before, that the surrender of the Sabbath's needful rest for the Sabbath's still more needful toil has been not one of the least of those great and successful

means by which the Son of God has gathered in His elect from the east and the west, the north and the south, and founded for Himself "an everlasting dominion, and a kingdom which is from generation to generation."

(To be continued.)

THE ART OF DOING GOOD.

BY THE REV. DAWSON BURNS, M.A.

WHILE all admit the importance of doing good, some may question whether it can, or should, be made an art. Is not spontaneity the source of goodness, and is it not contrary to one's idea of emotional upflow and outflow that there should be the cool calculation and arrangement of which art is the definite expression? What more is needed in order to do good than to have a heart disposing to it? and how can either the disposition or practice be taught by rule, or made subject to the canons of art, mechanical or imitative?

It is in this way that the generous mind is prone to feel and express itself, using the most direct appliances for the mitigation of suffering and the diffusion of happiness among men. But experience comes to the most sanguine and impulsive to whisper another lesson, and to inculcate a wiser caution. The least judicious soon perceives that there is a wide difference between wishing and trying to do good, and actually performing it; and that he who makes spontaneity his only guide will eventually find that the result is one to occasion more sorrow than rejoicing. If good is to be done the heart must do it, for out of it proceed the issues of life; but

the heart will only do it as it may be done, if the head be taken into partnership, and is suffered to devise the ways and means best adapted to effect it. "I wisdom"—the wisdom which is "full of good fruits"—"dwell with prudence," and he who will not take prudence as a companion in his walks of benevolence may expect to be misled by many an *ignis fatuus*, and made to flounder in many a bog.

Art in the low sense of artifice, must ever be disowned by the lovers and workers of righteousness. Jesuitism in all its shapes and with all its plausibilities is to be rejected by the Christian philanthropist. But in its higher significance, art is noble and ennobling; and is, in human workmanship, the condition of all true excellence, and perfect execution. I am now using the term art, not as applicable to any particular art, but as the animating spirit, without which no art or science is possible. In all arts there is an art by which alone any special purpose can be secured, and any great object realised; whether that object lies in the realm of imagination, utility, or philanthropy. That art is resolvable into three elements—adaptation, patience, and enthusiasm. Adaptation is the intellectual element; patience the moral element; and enthusiasm the emotional element; and all must be present if success is to be achieved—in the ideal arts which have beauty for their end; the mechanic arts whose end is utility; and that art of doing good, of which human welfare is the goal.

I. Doing good should be an art—that is, it should be pursued with a rational apprehension of the most appropriate methods. It is for want of this adaptation that so much good intention and effort is perpetually wasted. To act without reason

is irrational, and reason is necessarily wanting where there is not a clear adaptedness of means to end. It is doubtful whether the utter cessation of many benevolent agencies would not be a clear gain to the cause of benevolence, seeing that they lack this primary qualification, and are adapted to do as much evil as good, or more, by their indirect influence in the encouragement of evil habits. Much of what is mis-called "charity" is of this nature, and for lack of adaptive art is more often a curse than it is a blessing. Adaptation requires investigation; and as no student of the fine arts can become proficient until he has mastered the technical rules concerned, so no one desirous of doing good can fulfil his mission till he has become truly informed of the causes of the evils he seeks to mitigate or remove. Without adaptation, attempts at doing good are vanity and vexation of spirit, and are a dead loss of power too precious to be thrown away.

II. As the intelligence is demanded for adaptation, it is indispensable that patience be joined as a moral factor with the perceptive faculty. No art is conceivable without the amount of patience necessary to carry to completeness the adaptive methods. It is this staying power which Carlyle identifies with genius itself. Irritation, hurry, ruin all art, and equally so the art of doing good. Time must be taken, and the right methods pursued with a continuous constancy that is not to be shaken. "Doing" often signifies delay before it is translated into "done;" and the higher and more durable the workmanship, the longer is the delay, not in the initiation, but in the completion of the action. How well it would be for many to acquire this part of the

art of doing good. They act under impulse, and meeting with repulses are disheartened and give up: but if they had only patience they would hold-on, and the reward would come.

III. In every art there is a request for the emotional element—in other words, for enthusiasm, a devotion to the study and pursuit for its own sake. It is thus that power is elicited, and that all the faculties of the worker are brought into action. Thus it is that adaptation becomes more inventive, and patience more persistent. It is enthusiasm which gives to the worker ease and freedom which relieve him from sense of toil, and enable him to feel that he is bathed in an atmosphere of light and life. With more of this enthusiasm on the side of doing good, what good might not be done, and what evil prevented! Let no

worker for goodness be ashamed of being called an "enthusiast." Everything ever done worth doing, has been done by enthusiasm; and in everything but social life, is the enthusiast proud of the name, and considers it to be his highest designation. According to its etymology, enthusiasm implies a divine possession, and in what matters should this possession be most complete and absolute, but in the sphere of active and christian benevolence? But if enthusiasm be an element,—the very vivifying element of all art—then, any objection to doing good as an art must disappear; for he who is a true enthusiast, is full of that love of the good and beautiful, which ever seeks to realise its own ideals, and to raise earth to heaven by bringing heaven down to earth.

Tales and Sketches.

POOR JENNIE; OR, HOW THE KING BUILT HIS BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

FOUNDED ON FACT. BY A PASTOR.

CHAPTER VIII ;

Sunset and Glory.

"Thus as from the womb of darkness,
Spring the sparkling gems of morn,
And ten thousand gleams of beauty
Of a passing grief are born;

"So truth's sunbeams, ever flashing,
Touching hearts by sorrow riven,
Passing onward, streaming upward,
Ever live and glow in heaven."

It was a bright summer's evening, and the setting sun gently threw a

streak of his departing glory upon the white coverlet of a small bed, and brightened the eyes of a pale-faced girl whose head was reclining on her pillow; that pale-faced girl was our friend Jennie, and that little room belonged to the tried and loving friend now sitting by her side—Miss Mayhew.

For more than two years after Jennie had found the health of her soul and peace of her heart at the Cross, her health had been failing; she was quite conscious of this, but never mentioned it to any one. She did not like to complain, but for a long time before finding the Saviour she had felt it to be a great struggle to support herself and mother out

of her slender earnings. Her mother was hale and strong for her age, although unable, through weakness of her sight, to do anything, and of herself needed all that her daughter could earn to keep her alive; under these circumstances, Jennie really could not get sufficient of the common necessaries of life to keep up her strength; and though her faith grew exceedingly, in bodily strength she became weaker and weaker, and through the fear of abridging her wages and getting into debt, often went to her work so poorly clad that she took cold upon cold. During this time, too, her mother was taken ill, and Jennie nursed her by night and day, expending almost the whole of her earnings in striving to get her the nourishment she needed; but notwithstanding all her self-denial and loving care, the strong woman had yielded to her disease and died, but not before, in answer to her daughter's love and prayers, she had given evidence that her heart had found its rest and salvation in Christ. This was a great joy to Jennie, and she felt it to be an abundant reward for all her years of patient endurance, toil, and prayer. Still the extra drain upon her strength and scant resources brought her very low, and her sufferings were great, though she kept them to herself. She felt she was only doing her duty to her mother, and so toiled cheerfully on. How much her Saviour had suffered for her, and what if, after what He had bestowed upon her, He should call upon her to show her love by suffering a little for Him. Thus she reasoned, and so kept toiling on and on, until, alas! her strength so failed her, that it was too late to return.

Her dear friend, Miss Mayhew, had noticed the evidences of her friend's declining health with loving,

anxious solicitude, and knowing her many privations, had again and again pinched herself to help her; but Jennie was very reserved about herself, and knowing the love and generosity of her friend, kept her sufferings and troubles from her as much as possible; at last, however, she became so ill that she was compelled to keep her bed, and it was soon discovered that there was no hope of her rising again. Consumption, the result of work, want, and repeated colds, had made her, as in the case of thousands, its victim.

What was now to be done? Miss Mayhew did not hesitate; she took her friend to her own little room, and shared her bed with her; she called also upon the employers of her friend, who, from the respect they felt for her, promised to continue the half of her wages as long as she lived, and to meet the other liabilities of her charge. Miss Mayhew relied upon the help of a few other kind Christian friends, who sympathised with her object and admired her Christian spirit. Still no one but herself knew the extra toil and anxiety which her love had entailed upon her faith, and the sixpences and shillings which she often received from her poor friends, in aid of her generous work, were so many sweet Christian biographies of love and self-sacrifice in the eyes of Him who, amid all that was cast into His treasury of old, did not overlook the two mites of the poor widow.

On the evening referred to, Miss Mayhew was sitting working by the side of Jennie's bed, and a sweet cheerful smile lighted up the face of the latter as she said—

"When I was well I used to wonder what would become of me if I should be taken ill, and lose my work and bread. I often thought what a trial it would be, instead of

which I am now more happy and better provided for than ever I was."

"Well you know, dear, Christ said, 'It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God;' and He has helped you by faith in Himself to overcome your fears, and He now feeds you with the hidden manna of His love."

"I feel, too," said Jennie, "the rest and the quiet of this room to be so sweet; like a calm after a long storm."

"Well, you know the old promise, dear, 'O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children.' Christ has fulfilled these words in your experience, and built up a chamber of peace in your soul with the words of truth, and given your faith stability and rest in Himself. O how much we owe to His love! For this peace, however, which he so freely gives to us, He had great bitterness."

"Yes, indeed," replied Jennie, her eyes filling with tears; "my life has been but short, and yet it now seems to have been like a sea of unrest compared with this calm; and yet I was content for a long time with my discontent and misery, and dreaded a change."

"Yes, truly, our thoughts are not God's thoughts, and especially as to what constitutes happiness, or how it is to be reached. I have a sweet piece here on the subject which I will read to you:—'They were living to themselves: self, with its

hopes, and promises, and dreams, still had hold of them; but He began to fulfil their prayers. They had asked for contrition, and He sent them sorrow; they had asked for purity, and He sent them thrilling anguish; they had asked to be meek, and He had broken their hearts; they had asked to be dead to the world, and He slew all their living hopes; they had asked to be made like unto Him, and He placed them in the furnace, sitting by "as a refiner of silver," till they should reflect His image; they had asked to lay hold of His cross, and when He reached it to them, it lacerated their hands. They had asked they knew not what, nor how; but He had taken them at their word, and granted them all their petitions. They were hardly willing to follow on so far, or to draw so nigh to Him. They had upon them an awe and fear, as Jacob at Bethel, or Eliphaz in the night visions, or as the Apostles when they thought they had seen a spirit, and knew not that it was Jesus:—they could almost pray Him to depart from them, or to hide His awfulness. They found it easier to obey than to suffer—to do than to give up—to bear the cross than to hang upon it; but they cannot go back, for they have come too near the unseen cross, and its virtues have pierced too deeply within them. He is fulfilling to them His promise, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me;" but now *their* turn is come at last, and that is all. Before, they had only *heard* of the mystery, but now they *feel* it. He has fastened on them His look of love, as He did on Mary and Peter, and they cannot but choose to follow. Little by little, from time to time, by flitting gleams, the mystery of His cross shines out upon them. They behold Him lifted up—they

gaze on the glory which rays forth from the wounds of His holy passion; and as they gaze, they advance, and are changed into His likeness, and His name shines out through them, for He dwells in them. They live alone with Him above, in unspeakable fellowship; willing to lack what others own, and to be unlike all, so that they are only like Him. Such are they in all ages who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. Had they chosen for themselves, or their friends chosen for them, they would have chosen otherwise. They would have been brighter here, but less glorious in His kingdom. They would have had Lot's portion, not Abraham's. If they had halted anywhere—if He had taken off His hand, and let them stray back—what would they not have lost! What forfeits in the morning of the resurrection! But He staid them up, even against themselves. Many a time their foot had well-nigh slipped; but He, in mercy, helped them up: now, even in this life, they know all He did was done well. It was good for them to suffer *here*, for they shall reign *hereafter*—to bear the cross *below*, for they shall wear the crown *above*; and that not *their* will but *His* was done in them."

Miss Mayhew had scarcely finished reading the extract when there was a gentle tap at the door.

"Is that you, Mrs. Smith?" said Miss Mayhew. "Pray come in."

Mrs. Smith was Miss Mayhew's landlady, a poor widow and Wesleyan class leader, and well known in the neighbourhood by the poor. She was ever ready, like her cheerful little lodger, to lend a helping hand when it was needed, and was

well known at the bedside of many of her sick and afflicted neighbours.

She was aged, and slightly deformed, and in the many lines of her thin but kind and thoughtful face could be read by the skilful eye a long list of life's vicissitudes, the whole of which, however, were softened and suffused with the light of sanctified sorrow, meekness, patience, and love. This good sister frequently came up stairs to take Miss Mayhew's place by the side of Jennie, to whom she was tenderly attached, when the former, as was frequently the case, had to leave home. This was her object now, it being the evening of the week-night service which Miss Mayhew liked to attend.

Miss Mayhew was not long before she was out of the house, and Jennie was left alone with Mrs. Smith.

It was a beautiful evening, and from the little window occupied by the two solitary women a glimpse could be caught of the distant sea. The sun was just about to veil his blushing face in its crystal bosom, but while sinking to rest spread his parting benediction over its entire surface in a halo of soft, subdued glory.

It caught the observant eye of Jennie, and involuntarily she exclaimed, "How beautiful."

"Yes, indeed," replied her friend, "what a sweet light the sun often gives at eventide; it puts me in mind of some verses I once read, which I thought very sweet—

' Now slow descending sinks the orb of day,
His varied rays bright streaming
o'er the sky,
And eve, slow, lingering, clad in
pensive grey,
Soft veils each tint and bids each
beauty die.

‘Thus sinks the Christian to his heavenly rest,
While o’er his path his mellowed graces shine,
Till death, rude spoiler! gently steals his breath,
And fills his heart with rapture all divine.’

“So every Christian would like to pass away,” said Jennie.

“Yes; and have you noticed, dear, that the sweetest light of joy often comes to us over the sea of our deepest sorrow? The truth is, I suppose, that, like the sea, our sorrow most fully reflects the Saviour’s beauty. In the meridian of life’s highest joys He often seems to be so far away, but in the grey tints of the evening of life, when its mists and shadows fall upon us, and the deep, mysterious waters of death rise and spread before us, He seems to come nearer to us, and His crimson glory, the glory of His death, especially seems to enlarge itself upon the eye of faith; and many a mind which in the pride of life has rejected the cross, has whispered, amid the shades of its dying anguish, the substance of its consolation and hope—

‘A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.’

I once thought, too, when I first lost my dear husband, that it would be impossible for me to survive him; but the love of Christ so grew upon me in that sorrow, that I was not only helped to bear it, but to rejoice in the Lord with a greater joy than I had ever experienced before—my grief seemed only to make the light of His presence more bright and beautiful than ever.”

“I can quite believe you,” said Jennie, “for when I was pretty well I used to think, well what should I do if I were to become sick, and lose my work, and be cut off from the sweet worship of the house of God and His people; but now that all these things, which I often feared, have come upon me, I am far happier than ever I was in health.”

“The presence of Christ is enough for us anywhere. He is the true Bridegroom of the soul, and there is ever more in Him than our utmost necessities can exhaust; and He says ask, that your joy shall be full. You have asked, and you have a full joy.”

The sun now threw a vivid ray of light into the room—“That’s like the joy of Christ,” said Mrs. Smith; “it often flashes into our hearts most unexpectedly.”

“Yes,” said Jennie; “but how much of God’s beauty there is ever around us which we never notice; I never observed the beauty of the setting sun so much before.”

“Circumstances have much to do with our feelings, dear; but we none of us notice or worship God through His works as we should,—His beauty as reflected by His people, and, as it often reveals, and yet seems to hide itself, among the poor and afflicted, is especially overlooked. Our sympathy with God is, at best, but narrow, and often made still more so by conventional taste and feeling. God’s love streams down upon our path in various forms, but we give but little attention to them. The following lines are, I think, very true—

‘Fleeting shadows—forms of beauty,
O’er the earth they come and go,
Pale and like the moonbeams pensive,
Glancing on a bank of snow.’

Few eyes see them, few hearts miss
them,

Like the moods of changeful sky,
Calm and silent, swiftly passing,
Their sweet beauty glances by.

‘What the messages they bring us?
Gentle as the dew they fall;
Often by their patience pleading,
By their silence teaching all.

‘Changeful glories of the heavens,
Shining oft on thoughtless eyes;
But our God knows His own beauty,
Where it lives and where it dies.’”

“I fear I have been very thoughtless,” said Jennie; “for what a many years I lived without even thinking of Him. I knew His name, but His love was not in my heart; and now that I feel I am going to Him, there is one thing which often very much depresses me, and that is, that I have done nothing for Him. The only time that ever I had the courage to speak a word for Him, was once in the presence of poor Fred Mayhew, and then I felt as if I should have fallen to the earth. The more I enjoyed the love of Christ, the more I felt as if I could not speak about it, but must keep it all to myself, as a miser does his gold. I felt as if it was too sacred even to be whispered into a human ear. This had been a great grief to me, for I felt at the same time as if I wished all the world to taste His love.”

“Well, dear, true spiritual joy always runs deep, and I do not know that we are bound to make it known; it is meant to help us to work for Christ, and to communicate His words. But you must not think you have done nothing for the Master; the little that you have said for Him will not be lost. Christ takes notice not only of our speech, but of our spirit in speaking, and when our words are full of His own love, and the light of fellowship with

Him, though they may be few they will not be lost.”

“Well,” said Jennie, “I know it was love for Him which made me speak as I did.”

“Just so, and you did not speak in vain, depend upon it; love and humility will ever give grace and power to our words.”

“I am not sure of my humility,” said Jennie; “I know that I loved Him.”

“But speaking, dear, is only one way of serving Him, you know; there is a silent service—the service of endurance, submission, waiting, and patience; the sun has been quiet all day, and now, though robed in beauty, is sinking to rest in silence; but how many eyes has he gladdened, how many seeds has he quickened, how many drooping things has he revived! The influence of example is like the light of the sun; it makes no noise, but it enlivens, strengthens, cheers, and quickens: like fragrance, we do not see it, but unconsciously how often are we revived and refreshed by it!”

And thus these sisters continued for a long time their pleasant talk, and the little room resembled that chamber into which Prudence, Piety, and Charity took the Pilgrim, Bunyan says, thus they discoursed together till late at night, and, after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection, they betook themselves to rest: the Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till the break of day, and when he awoke he sang—

“Where am I now? Is this the love
and care
Of Jesus for the men that pilgrims
are?”

Thus to provide! that I should be forgiven!
And dwell already the next door to heaven!"

The window of this little room, we have said, looked towards the sea, and the sun-setting, and yet, as Bunyan says, it was towards the sun-rising. These humble women were indeed in that land which the great dreamer terms Beulah, and which he so beautifully describes:

"Now I saw in my dream, that by this time the Pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant; the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair, neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to, also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly

walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven. In this land, also, the contract between the bride and the bridegroom was renewed: yea, here, 'As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over them.' Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the City, loud voices, saying, 'Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh! Behold, His reward is with Him!' Here all the inhabitants of the country called them, 'The holy people,' 'The redeemed of the Lord,' 'Sought out,' etc.

This night Jennie's quiet heart was full to overflowing, and thus the King came again and laid another stone, even the bright sparkling joy of joy, in His own beautiful house of the soul.

"Fading, fading like a flower,
Pure and sweet in its decay,
Yielding still a holy fragrance
Which shall never pass away.

"Melting, melting like a dewdrop
Which the sun at morn exhales,
Shapes of beauty still unfolding
As on wings of light it sails."

(To be continued.)

Quiet Thoughts for Quiet Hours.

By WALTER J. MATHAMS.

NO RISK.

How often we hear it said, "I risked my all in that scheme, by investing my capital in the shares, and had no thought of failure, and now I am ruined. Soon they will expel me

from my home, with my wife and helpless little ones." All earthly undertakings have risk attached to them; there is no absolute certainty of success in anything. The balance of Fortune quivers in the hand of

Chance—one shake, and all is gone. God desires us to lay out all we possess in that which has no risk. "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where rust and moth do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." Whatever we have He thus bids us bring into His storehouse, to be placed under His keeping, and guarded by His angels. While, at the same time, all that He keeps will increase in heavenly interest a hundred-fold. Come ye then and embark in the business of the Lord. Launch out all into the boundless and unfathomable wisdom and love of God. There is no fear of wrecks here. No foundering. No wild cries of despair at sinking wealth. Waters of destruction lose their power when all is done under Divine protection, and for God's glory. Have you gold? Let it garnish the institutions of religion and education; let it still the moanings of poverty, and cause the widow's heart to sing for joy. Have you time? Spend it in personal missionary labour for the Lord. Help the downcast; speak to the sorrowing; forgive the sinful. Have you talent? Let the mind bring forth its choicest gifts, and keep nothing back. Can you, in words of eloquence, tell of a Saviour's love? Give tongue and pen no rest, till you hear a voice saying above you, "*Servant of God, well done.*" Thus living and working for the sake of truth, you are sure of success. A true Christian never fails in his work—at times he may think he does; but he will not think so in heaven.

WAIT.

If you do not understand a man's character, say nothing about it. Better leave it as it is, even if you think it needs repairing, than

damage it by ignorant dealing. There may be beauties in him which yet you have not seen. Give them time to develop. An angel's character is not attained in a day, though one approaching it may almost be blasted in far less time by calumny and scorn. Kind words are the sunbeams of your heart's love; let them fall upon the opening flowers of your friend's virtue, till in after life he shall acknowledge that his goodness was fostered by your own.

CHRISTIAN REFINEMENT.

THE world demands that we be refined. It did the same of Christ. Then, as He was refined, let us be, in the sense of a holy simplicity; not in the hollow, worthless fashions of the passing age. Refined! Yes—from the dress of artificiality, foolishness, sin. Be simple-minded, plain-spoken, unvarnished. Be earnest, and not ashamed of it. Be unprejudiced in truth-seeking, and in truth-telling. Speak out your thoughts if they are true; if they have long clustered round the fibres of your heart, and become part of yourself. Never apologise for breaking through a wicked custom among men. Be roughly honest, if need be. Half the world's refinement is badness well-dressed. So when you see anything opposed to the gentle, open principles of your religion, dare to be singular, and follow Christ. John Knox, Martin Luther, and Hugh Latimer were all out of the fashion of the day; but better men never trod the earth, nor served God with such righteous daring.

INFLUENCE.

If you choose, you may so use your influence as to make men your ser-

vants, without letting them know they are such. The secret lies in saying as little as you can of their follies, and in doing as much as you can, in a kindly way, to remove them.

DARK DEEDS—DARK DAYS.

A DEED done in darkness now, will make you blush when found out. Save yourself that pain by refraining from it. Remember, God finds you out at the time, and your fellow-man may not be long in discovering what you wish to hide. Dark hours for dark deeds; but never forget there is no darkness round about the judgment throne of God. The light that is there will reveal everything.

TROUBLE.

THE Ark rose with the waters of the deluge until it was higher than the highest mountains. So the Christian soul is borne upward on the dark waters of tribulation, and gets nearer heaven as trials increase.

THE MOUNTAIN OF PRAYER.

OUR Saviour went down from the mountain of prayer, when He calmed the stormy lake. Do you wish to calm the raging passions and murmuring thoughts of life? If so, you will only do it as your effort is preceded by earnest prayer. Be alone with God before you seek to teach, or comfort the sinning, sorrowing multitude.

LATE JOYS.

THERE are joys in life which, when we appropriate them, chide us for not calling them ours before. God opens His hand, and we shut our eyes, until long trial makes us go back to Him, and take what He offered at first.

HE who lives for self,
Spends his life for-nought;
He who lives for others,
Liveth as he ought.

TRUST in God thyself, and always be so true that God may ever trust thee to do His will.

Reviews.

Flowers just Gathered; or, Affecting Narratives chiefly illustrating the Providence of God. Selected and Arranged by ROBERT DUCKER, Primitive Methodist Minister. Fourth Edition. J. Dickenson, Conference Offices, Sutton-street, London, and all booksellers.

It deserves a place in every Sunday-school library. It is a beautiful gift book. The illustrations are interesting and striking, and of that kind which

take hold of the attentions of both old and young.

Chimes from By-gone Years, Thoughts for Daily Reading. By CHARLOTTE BICKERSTETH WHEELER. With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Ripon. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

A WORK of that class which suits busy people and busy times, arranged in daily portions, and contains the judicious clippings of twenty years reading

from the best of writers. The compiler has displayed a rich and varied taste in her selections, and has produced a bouquet of beautiful flowers, well arranged and brought together with an evident desire for the spiritual and mental profit of her readers. We concur in the bishop's closing paragraph:—"May the publication of this unpretending volume minister to the praise of the Redeemer, and to the spiritual edification of many. Such I know to be the earnest desire of the compiler. Such is the prayer of him who, in these brief sentences, heartily commends the book to the perusal of his brethren and sisters in Christ."

Emmie, the Schoolmaster's Darling. By EVELYN GREY. Elliot Stock.

THE writer ought to have done something better. The tale is told very well, and may find youthful readers. But we fail to discover the object of the writer, or the purpose of the work.

Evolution: the Stone Book and the Mosaic Record of Creation. By THOMAS COOPER. Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster-row.

THIS is the fifth volume of the Evidence Series. We have known Mr. Cooper for many years, and have seen him pass through some of the most thrilling phases of his eventful life, and we read with great pleasure such passages in the work as the following: "Fifty years ago, while *bending over the last and wielding the awl*, I taught myself the elements of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French. I have time now to look into a Greek classic, but I read my Greek Testament every morning of my life, unless I have to travel very early; and I *always read sweet John first; he brings the Saviour so near to me, that I must converse with him first.*" We hail with delight this latest service of the brave old veteran to true philosophy and religious science. The foe he grapples with is described in his own words. After exposing the evolution theory, he sums up:—"Evolution, from the showing of its chief disciples,

leads us to gross materialism, the denial of the design argument, and of God's existence. Matter is eternal, and its forces are eternal. The material universe has always existed, but God has never existed. Christianity is only a dream. There is no soul. There is no future state; this is our only existence. When we die we pass into annihilation. Such is the outcome of the evolution, natural selection, and spontaneous theories of Darwin and others." We sincerely thank the author for the logical and vigorous manner in which he has disposed of these God-denying dogmas. Thousands have heard and read these lectures with great profit, and we trust this, with the other volumes, will fall into the hands of any and all who may have been led astray by the teachings of false philosophy from the *grand soul-sustaining truths of Christianity.*

The Origin and History of the New Testament. By JAMES MARTEN, B.A. Third Edition.

The Christian Mirror and other Sermons. By the Rev. JAMES MARTEN, B.A., late of Nottingham and Melbourne. With Prefatory Notes by Hannah Martin. Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster-row.

THE first of these has been for some time before the public, and has been more than favourably received by the public and the press. It is a volume of considerable research, and merits the circulation it has reached. It contains an immense amount of compressed matter, and abounds in useful thoughts; and though intended by the writer to aid Sunday-school teachers and others, we venture to believe that many a student and minister's library would be enriched by the addition. Its indices are copious, and contain a good summary of the contents of the work. The author, after an Introduction in which he discourses on the Bible of the Early Church, the growth of an unwritten Gospel, the gradual collection of Christian writings, &c., divides his work into two parts—1. The Origin of

the New Testament Writings; 2. The History of the New Testament from the days of the Apostles to our Time. And we have seldom read a volume so full of valuable information and so well put.

The book of sermons we peruse with melancholy interest, for we are reading the utterances of one who was recently with us as a fellow-labourer, but he has gone to his rest. The Master came and called for him. We are, therefore, thankful that his widow has been led to give us this volume of some earlier discourses. The sermons, twenty in number, are sound evangelical addresses, written in a smooth, yet earnest vein. They are on old, yet on most important topics. The divisions are natural, the argument put with force, and there are some passages of great excellence. We hope they will have a wide circulation.

The Bible and the Newspaper. By C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore and Alabaster.

This fifth volume of Mr. Spurgeon's "shilling series" strikes quite a new vein. Cuttings and cullings from the daily newspapers are utilised to point moral lessons or to enforce spiritual truths. We need hardly say that the author infuses his own raciness into all the jottings of his pen; but we learn from his Preface that he has constructed these little essays with an ulterior object. The profitable entertainment of a wide circle of readers is not all he contemplates. He has attempted a class-book for Sunday-school teachers, local preachers, and colporteurs, from which they may learn how to extract emblems and weave allegories out of the daily newspapers. There are more than forty of these brief chapters in less than two hundred and fifty pages—a shilling, therefore, invested in this neat manual may be very remunerative. By the way, under the heading of "Pearls," there is here given *in extenso* that thrilling story of the Russian Merchant, which is succinctly told in his sermon entitled "A Great Bargain," recently published in the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*.

The Pulpit by the Hearth, being Plain Papers for Sabbath Reading. By ARTHUR MURSELL. London: Passmore and Alabaster.

FOR light and agreeable reading in sacred and moral subjects, there is always a steady demand. Our friend, Mr. Arthur Mursell, is a charming word-painter. Here are ten or twelve *sermonettes* which may be welcomed in many a family circle. If they are only tripped from the tongue of your wife, or your eldest daughter, as pleasantly as they flow from the pen of this merry preacher, there is no danger of the children or the domestics getting drowsy. Who could rebel at being thus lightly lectured with harmless frolics? Or who could fail to be entertained with such side touches of keen satire for our grave and reverend ancestors, whose lives were mellowed with a religion that had no fun to flavour it and make it palatable to babes and sucklings. The publishers deserve credit for the "get-up" of so smart a volume for half-a-crown.

MAGAZINES, &c.

The Ragged School Union Quarterly Record contains a report of the Annual meeting of the Union, and the presentation of a lithographic portrait of the Earl of Shaftesbury to Lady Edith Ashley.

The Quarterly Record of the Unitarian Bible Society, with the report of annual meeting. This society has our best wishes for its success.

The Report of the Army Scripture Reader Society, the income for the year being £10,173 Os. 8d. More funds are needed. Additional subscriptions would be acceptable for the support of a reader shortly to be sent to Cyprus.

The Thirty-seventh Annual Report of the Baptist Tract Society, with account of annual meeting and list of contributions.

A Brief Record of One Year's Christian Work among the Poor of St. Giles's. Under the superintendence of Mr. George Hatton. There is a volume

in the sentence—*The Poor of St. Giles's*. It is an immense field, reeking with sin and wickedness. Mr. Hatton is very active, and God is largely blessing him and his work. We hope that many who read the report may be prompted to help.

The Biblical Museum, The Teachers' Storehouse, The Appeal, all published

by Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row, have our heartiest commendation.

The Evangelical Christendom, The British Flag and Christian Sentinel, are to hand.

The Baptist Magazine, The Sword and Trowel, The General Baptist, The Freeman, and Baptist, are all of them worthy of their names and objects.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. JOHN MURRAY, of Leith, has accepted the pastoral charge of the newly-formed church in Queen's-park, Crosshill, Glasgow.

Rev. J. Harrison has resigned, through ill-health, the pastorate of the church at Park-road, Ryde.

Rev. R. F. Handford, of Rawden College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Bishop Auckland, vacant by the removal of the Rev. Henry Gray to West Hartlepool.

Rev. Walter Sexton, of the Pastors' College, is now preaching in the village of Harpenden, with the view of gathering the Baptists of the neighbourhood into a permanent congregation.

Rev. T. Baker, B.A., late of Over Darwen, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Stoney Stratford, Bucks.

Rev. S. A. Swaine, late of Belfast, has accepted the pastorate of Onslow Chapel, Brompton.

Rev. E. Ernest Coleman, of Rawdon College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at New-road, Bromsgrove.

Rev. J. Voice, of Bristol College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of New Park-street Chapel, Holyhead.

Rev. Thomas Hagen, of the Pastors' College, has received an invitation to the pastorate of the Tabernacle, Wellesley-road, Yarmouth.

Rev. T. H. Holyoak, formerly of Brompton, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Moss-lane East, Manchester.

Rev. J. Raymond, late of St. Neot's, Hunts, has accepted the pastorate the English church at Llandudno.

Rev. J. Compston, late of Leeds, commenced his ministry as pastor of the united church at Fivehead and Isle Abbots, near Taunton.

Rev. J. Bailey, B.A., has resigned his pastorate at Weymouth, and has accepted an invitation to the church at Glossop-road, Sheffield.

Rev. J. E. Cracknell (late of South Shields) has accepted a very hearty and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, York Town, Blackwater, Surrey.

RECOGNITIONS.

THE Rev. George Phillips, late of Kingshill, has been recognised as pastor of the church at Moulton. On the Sunday, Rev. Mr. Spanswick, of Northampton, preached, and on Monday, at a public meeting, Rev. J. T. Brown presided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Myers, Kettering, Lichfield, and others. £50 was collected.

Rev. B. Humphreys, of Llangollen College, has been recognised as pastor of the Welsh Church at Upper Medlock-street, Manchester. Revs. Dr. Jones, R. M. Humphreys, and J. Jones took part in the services.

An ordination service was held on Monday, the 22nd July, in connection with the settlement of Mr. J. H. Dinneen, of Regent's-park College, as

co-pastor of the church at Gildersome, Yorkshire. The charge was delivered by Rev. T. Burdett, M.A. A letter was read from Dr. Angus, expressing his regret at being unable, from physical prostration, to be present.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Rev. E. Greenwood, from Rawden College, as pastor over the united churches of Prescott and Uffculme, took place on Thursday, the 1st of August, at Prescott, one of the oldest chapels in Devonshire, having been built when the Five Mile Act was in operation. Rev. G. M. Ashworth preached on the occasion. At the evening meeting the Rev. W. E. Foote presided. Addresses were delivered by several ministers.

Rev. E. Storr was publicly recognised as pastor of the Hindpool-road Church, at Barrow-in-Furness, on Monday, July 22nd. The chair was taken by Mr. Irving. H. Irving, Esq., secretary, stated the circumstances which led the church to give a unanimous call to Mr. Storr. Addresses of welcome were delivered by the Revs. J. B. Bell, Ulverston, A. Hall, Dalton, and others.

Rev. W. Hackney was publicly recognised as pastor, on Monday, July 15th, of Commercial-road Chapel, Oxford. The Rev. G. Rogers preached morning and evening on Sunday, the 14th, and on Monday afternoon gave the charge. J. S. Wright, Esq., J.P., presided at the evening meeting, and addresses of cordial welcome to the new minister, of encouragement and exhortation to the church, and of stimulus to the Nonconformists in Oxford were delivered by the chairman, by the Revs. W. Anderson, G. Rogers, G. H. Davies, and others.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of Mr. R. S. Lattimer, of the Pastors' College, as pastor of the church of the Tabernacle, Wilingham, were held on Tuesday, July 23rd. Rev. G. Rogers gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. V. J. Charlesworth gave the charge to the church.

Rev. C. A. Fellowes, late of the Pastors' College, and son of the Rev.

J. O. Fellowes, was publicly recognised as pastor of the church at Keynsham, on Monday, July 8th. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Baillie, J. O. Fellowes, W. Norris, and others.

The recognition services of the Rev. S. V. Robinson over the churches of Port Maria and Oracabessa, Jamaica, were held on the 2nd of July last.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. H. W. MEADOW, having accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the churches at Wolston and Dunchurch, has been presented by the members of the church and congregation at Gosford-street Chapel, Coventry, with a handsome black marble timepiece, a purse containing twelve sovereigns and an illuminated address, expressive of appreciation and esteem. Mrs. Meadow received at the same time a framed address, and a writing-desk and work-box combined. Addresses were also delivered by the Revs. W. T. Rosevear, W. J. Henderson, E. C. Gordon Smith, and H. W. Meadow.

Rev. D. Davies, who has resigned the pastorate of the Oakes Church, Huddersfield, has been presented with a portrait of himself and the members of his Young Men's Class, together with a purse containing £20 8s.

Mr. Young, of Regent's-park College, has accepted, at the hands of the Missionary Society, the pastorate of the church at Bombay, and has already sailed from Liverpool. Previous to his departure an interesting service was held at Chard, when a presentation was made, and several addresses were delivered.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE new chapel now being completed for the church under the pastorate of Rev. W. R. Sterry, at Bristol, has just been opened. Accommodation is afforded for about 900 persons. The cost of the new structure, including site (£4,600), has been about £11,000, towards which about £9,000 has been contributed. The church has been in

existence for upwards of three quarters of a century. The new building is prominently situated in the city of Bristol.

THE memorial stones of a new chapel, to be erected in Vicarage-walk, Walsall, have been laid by Mr. Harrison, chairman of the General Baptist Home Mission, and Rev. W. Lees, of Stafford-street Chapel, Walsall. The building will comprise, in addition to the chapel, a minister's vestry, large lecture and school room, classrooms, &c. Accommodation will be provided in the chapel for 680 persons, and the total outlay, including site, will be about £4,000. The style of the building will be Italian.

UNDER the auspices of the Liverpool Baptist Union the erection of a new chapel is contemplated at Kirkdale, and a site has already been secured. Already a somewhat large and useful church exists, service being conducted in the Masonic Hall under the ministry of Mr. W. Bathgate. It is proposed to put up a building that will accommodate 1,000 persons, and a school for 500 children, at a combined estimated cost of £6,000.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BLUNHAM, OLD MEETING, SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—On Sunday, June 23, Mr. T. C. Page, of London, preached morning and evening, and Mr. Page, of Aylesbury, in the afternoon. Choir and scholars sung hymns prepared for the occasion. On Monday the scholars had their treat. A public tea was partook of by a company of friends; and subsequently a public meeting, at which Mr. Abbott presided, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Page and Voysey.

MONTACUTE, SOMERSETSHIRE.—The anniversary of the Sunday-schools was held on July 28th. Sermons were preached morning and evening, and an address given in the afternoon to the children by T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth. On the following evening Mr. Medhurst delivered a lecture on "Romanism, a Question for the Times." The pastor, H. Hardin, presided.

PARK-STREET CHAPEL, LUTON.—On Thursday, Aug. 1st, a beautiful show of field, wood, and hedgerow flowers were exhibited in the schoolroom, and prizes distributed by the pastor, J. H. Blake. The judges awarded the three first to Miss P. Blake, Miss Saunders, and Mr. F. Wiseman.

BAPTISMS.

- Abertillery.*—July 23, Two, by T. Griffiths.
Abertillery, Monmouthshire.—July 21, Four, by D. Jones.
Ashley, near Lymington.—July 28, Nine, by T. J. Stockley.
Bacup.—August 4, Ebenezer, Four, by W. Gay.
Barrow-in-Furness.—July 28, Two, by J. Hughes.
Bath.—August 4, Hay-hill, Six, by W. J. Packer.
Bisitboro'.—July 28, Two, by C. Horne.
Birmingham.—August 4, Bond-street, Five, by G. Wheeler.
Bootle.—July 27, Derby-road, Two, by Z. T. Dowen.
Bordesley, Birmingham.—July 31, Seven, by S. W. Marvin.
Bourton.—August 1, One, by T. Hayden.
Bradminch, Devon.—July 31, Five, by T. G. Strong.
Braunston.—July 28, One, by A. Greer.
Brighton.—By the kind permission of G. Wilkins, of Queen's-square Chapel, and G. Glaskin, of Bond-street Chapel, Thirty-two believers have been baptised since March 27, by W. Compton, pastor of Temple-street Chapel.
Burton-on-Trent.—August 4, Guild-street, Two, by J. Askew.
Cardiff.—July 28, Four, by W. E. Winks.
Coombe Martin.—July 28, Four, by J. Glover.
Cwm, near Ebbw Vale, Mon.—July 11, One, by D. V. Pritchard.
Dalton-in-Furness.—August 4, One, by J. G. Anderson.
Denbigh.—July 28, One, by T. Thomas.
Dotelais.—July 14, Six, by A. Humphreys.
Dumfries.—July 27, Nine, by J. Williams.
Dumfries.—July 27, West-park, One, by Wm. Milligan, jun.
Eythorne, Kent.—July 21, Five, by J. Stubbs.
Falkirk.—July 27, Two, by Mr. Hayworth.
Glyncorrug.—July 21, One, by J. L. Jones.
Great Leighs, Essex.—June 16, Three, by R. C. Sowerby.
Griffith's Town, near Pontypool.—July 28, Three, by J. Tucker.
Hailestead, Essex.—August 7, Four, by E. Morley.
Harrow-on-the-Hill.—July 25, Four, by A. J. Grant.
Hay.—July 28, One, by J. Mathias.
Horsforth, near Leeds.—July 28, Eight, by W. H. Ellis.
Lancaster.—July 30, at Whitecross-street Chapel, Four, by J. Bazadall.

Leeds.—July 28, York-road, Three, by J. Smith.
Leeds, Beeston Hill.—August 1, Seven, by H. Winsor.
Little Leigh.—August 1, Two, by A. Spencer.
Llengymidr.—August 4, Five, by W. James.
Lymhurst.—July 21, Two, by W. H. Payne.
Maesteg, Glamorgan.—July 17, One; August 11, Nine, by T. A. Pryce.
Maidstone.—July 31, Union-street, Five, by G. Walker.
Melbourne, Cambs.—July 10, Four, by W. Higgins.

Metropolitan District :—

Battersea Park Chapel.—July 31, Twelve, by T. Lardner.
Brentford.—August 8, Park Chapel, Three, by W. A. Blake.
John-street, Bedford-row, W.C.—July 30, Four, by J. Collins.
Metropolitan Tabernacle.—August 1, Nine, by J. A. Spurgeon.
Penge.—July 28, Two; July 31, One, by G. Samuel.
Woolwich.—July 31, Queen-street, Four, by F. Jones.
Milton, Oxon.—August 1, Five, by A. H. Collins.
Newport, Mon.—July 28, Three, by J. Douglas.
Openshaw.—July 3, Three; July 4, One, by R. Stanion.
Pole Moor, near Huddersfield.—August 4, Three, by J. Evans.
Pontydyrun, Mon.—July 14, Two, by W. Davies.
Portsmouth.—July 30, Lake-road, Three, by T. W. Medhurst.
Pentre.—August 4, at the English Chapel, One, by M. Jones.
Ramsbottom.—July 27, Three, by R. Maden.
Rhos, Denbighshire.—July 26, One; July 28, Eight, by J. Roberts.
Smethwick, Birmingham.—July 21, Three, by G. T. Bailey.
Swansea.—July 14, at Bethesda, Ten, by A. J. Parry.

Taunton.—August 4, Albemarle Chapel, Two, by Levi Palmer.
Thorpe-le-Stoken, Essex.—July 14, Three, by G. W. Pope.
Todmorden.—August 4, Three, by H. Briggs.
Treaton, Rhondda Valley.—July 14, Three, by J. Evans.
Tredegar.—August 4, at Bethel, George Town, Three, by E. Lewis.
Uckfield.—July 23, Two, by W. Horton.
Uverston.—July 21, Four, by M. H. Whetnall.
Weston Turville.—August 2, One, by W. Goacher.

RECENT DEATHS.

MAY 8TH, RACHEL TYSOE, aged 63, at the Union House, Bedford, where she spent the last two or three years of her life in comfort, though deprived of some privileges she had previously enjoyed. She said, in the words of John Newton :—

" 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
 And I do all things well;
 Soon thou shalt leave this wretched spot,
 And rise with me to dwell."

She was a member of the Baptist Church at the Old Meeting, Blunham, 24 years, and when a girl a scholar in Rev. Leigh Richmond's Sunday-school at Turvey. A funeral sermon was preached on Sunday evening, May 19, by her pastor, W. Abbott, from a text that had been much upon her mind for several years: "Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty; they shall see the land that is very far off."—*Isa.* xxxiii.17.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from July 18th, 1878, to August 17th, 1878.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Collection at Peckham Park-road, per		Mrs. Goddard	2	0	0
Rev. T. G. Tarn ...	5 1 0	G. Gale	1	0	0
E. C.	0 15 0	Mr. A. McDonald	5	0	0
Miss M. A. Jephth.	1 5 0	Mr. C. McKenion	3	0	0
J. C. K.	5 0 0	R. D. Otago	2	10	0
Mrs. McIntyre	0 2 9	Mr. Charles Sandell	1	6	0
Mr. George Anderson	0 10 0	Mr. Joseph Jones	2	10	0
Mrs. H. S. Pledge ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Haldane	5	0	0
W. F.	1 0 0	Two Sisters	20	0	0
Stamps, Perth	0 2 6	J. C. S.	5	0	0
		Rev. Hugh Smythe	0	5	0
		Argentum	0	5	0
		J. W. S.			5 0 0
		Mrs. Lord, per Rev.			0 10 0
		C. W. Gregory			0 10 0
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THE BELIEVER'S EXPECTATIONS.*

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

"My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him."—
PSALMS lxii. 5.

It is well for the preacher to preach sometimes to himself. Those of you who are concerned for the souls of others, and anxious about the salvation of your friends, ought frequently to sit down in the quiet of your own chambers and turn the edge of your anxiety upon your own case. Let the truth you desire to teach be first deeply impressed upon your own hearts. Depend upon it no amount of zeal for the public good will atone for any measure of sloth in your private devotions. Neglect of home work, remissness in cultivating our own piety, and the lack of heed to keep up our communion with God, are serious laches: True though it be that they who water others shall be watered themselves; yet, without constant self-examination, and a continuous eagerness to enjoy the truth you testify, you will not be like a tree planted by the water courses; your branch will bring forth no fruit, your leaves will wither. Be your creed however sound, and your words however solemn, they will exert no living influence. And now my prayer is that these words of the Psalmist may flow from your lips to your own hearts, and if the few recollections I offer shall come home to the believer with force and power, I am sure they will prove a spring of great blessing to him.

The text contains an earnest apostrophe. I gather from it two distinct features. First there is a great expectation; and then, secondly, there is a good resolution. The one leads up to the other. Because the soul's expectation is only from God, therefore, on God only the soul waits.

I. THE BELIEVER IN CHRIST HAS GREAT EXPECTATIONS; expectations which come from God. But what are they? Most certainly he has no reason to reckon upon an exemption from the cares and anxieties, or the sorrows and sufferings of life which are in some sense common to all creatures. There is no likelihood of his living in this world without trouble. He may have cherished such a hope once, but he has proved the futility of fostering it any longer; he is too often reminded of his master's promise—"In the world ye shall have tribulation," to let him long forget the stern condition of his earthly pilgrimage. If anyone of us should be indulging the idea that his pathway to the skies will all be soft as velvet, and level as a well-rolled lawn, the sooner he corrects the mistake the better, for God has never promised any such boon. No such expectation comes from God. Neither does an uninterrupted course of success even in spiritual things enter into the perspective of a disciple of Jesus. He feels confident that he shall ultimately defeat the great enemy; but he knows that meanwhile he may be cast down, and that the foot of the adversary may be for awhile upon his neck. He believes that he shall

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one day overcome the last indwelling sin, and that the Canaanite shall no more dwell in the land, but he does not expect to escape from temptation, or even to encounter it always with immediate triumph. If he did expect this he would derive no warrant from the experience of his brethren or the promise of the Word. This is a life of conflict, a warfare to be continued until we lay aside the bodies of clay as we have the body of this death. No; nor does it become the child of God to indulge in any ideal speculations as to great wealth or lordly estate; lofty fame, or sounding praise. Why should he count upon a coronet when his Master carried a cross? Why should he aspire to houses and lands when the Son of Man had not where to lay his head? He confesseth himself a pilgrim, how can he pine for a patrimony here below. He sojourns in a lowly tent, how should he crave civil honours? He declares himself not to be a citizen of this world; how then can he expect that the world should confer upon him its dignities? He is hastening on to a city which hath foundations; to a home that hath associations, so that to hail the greetings of the world would be to halt on his journey. Did he paint for himself a fool's Paradise beneath the stars, he would consider himself a fool for his pains. He does not indulge in day dreams and build castles in the air. He knows that a soldier must be prepared for service, a hero must endure hardness, a pilgrim encounter perils, and a wayfarer must brook fatigue and faintness. He therefore sets his account for the whole series of shifts and exposure to storms. Since his expectations come from God, they are moderate as to worldly things; not feverish cravings for the glare and glitter of sensual gratification, but a healthy desire for such bounties and benefits of divine providence as can cheer him in the cool sequestered vale of life, and enable him to give help to his fellows rather than to get help from them.

But what are the expectations which the Christian cherishes? Well; he looks first of all to be kept from falling, so that he shall never perish. He confidently anticipates that he shall be always preserved safe beyond the reach of harm, by virtue of his union with Jesus. He remembers how he came to Jesus altogether ruined and undone, gave himself up to that dear pierced hand, and received at once the pardon of all his iniquities, and the righteousness which wraps him about, and makes him lovely in the sight of God. He is conscious too of having received through Christ, by the power of the Holy Spirit, a new nature, a living, an incorruptible seed, which liveth and abideth for ever. Knowing therefore whom he has believed, he is persuaded that he is able to keep that which he has committed unto him until that day: he entertains no fear about the safety of those who hide beneath the wings of Jehovah: he has no doubts as to the security of those whom the love of God encircles as a wall of fire, and towards whom all the purposes or decrees conspire, and all the providences of God co-operate for their good. Not that he expects to be always happy and cheerful, but this he does expect that he shall be always safe. Though he does not expect to be often with his Lord on the Holy Mount, he does expect to be always fortified with the promise—"Fear not; I am with thee; be not dismayed; I am thy God." He does expect that out of the trials and triumphs of this fleeting life, he shall weave a garland crown of loving kindnesses and tender mercies that shall never fade while he can wear them on his bosom, or bequeath them to his children's children,

saying—"Thus hath the Lord dealt with me." Better still, he looks for his soul's ultimate perfection, to awake in the Redeemer's likeness, and to be presented faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. The expectation of the Christian to be always safe comes from God alone. That expectation is from Him. We do not expect to be saved because of our merits, our watchfulness, our prayer, our repentance, or our zeal. Neither for the present nor for the future do we lean on any jot or tittle of our own contrivance, but upon the faithfulness of Him who, having done so much for us, will not leave us until He hath fulfilled all that He hath spoken to us. Our expectation of final perseverance leans in no degree upon our own free will or upon the excellence of our renewed nature, but upon the faithful promise of God, who having begun a good work in us, will carry it on until the day of Jesus Christ.

The Christian expects not only to be always safe, but to be growingly holy. Some of my brethren scarcely dare expect this, but I hope they will fully realise it. Others of us long for it, and though we have not attained it as we would, we gratefully acknowledge that we have in our measure grown in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It were an unhappy thing if Christians did not grow; for being mere babes at first, if they did not grow they must continue to be babes. Were no advance made in the divine life, it would be a grievous misfortune: for, as in this sacred husbandry, we are at first only the blade; did we never grow into the ear, and into the full corn in the ear, I see not how any harvest would be produced. Some good people make great mistakes about their growth in grace; in what it consists. If you look for any improvement in your old nature, you will be disappointed. I think you seek for that which you are not warranted to expect, and will never see. The carnal mind is enmity to God; it is not reconciled to God, neither indeed can be. The old nature remains the old nature; it is not renewed; it is to die and be put away. That is the only thing to be done with it; it is too bad for mending. And as for the new nature that is in us, the new nature cannot be more pure than it is. It comes directly from God; it is the work of the Holy Spirit; it is the living and incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth for ever. But the growth consists in this, that the new nature is developed, struggles with the old nature, gets the mastery over it day by day, subdues it, binds it, treads it beneath its feet, preparatory to the time when the old dragon shall be driven out with all his hellish crew. Now, brethren, none of us can tell, I think, how near the grace of God can bring us towards perfection. We are bound not to remain satisfied with anything short of that point. Christ said—"Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." I believe the more perfect you get the more imperfect you will feel, and the more truly sanctified you are the more conscious you will be of your want of a further sanctity. A piece of cloth that is black may have many spots upon it, but you will not see them; make it partially white, and there will be many stains which may not have been discovered before; yet the moment it becomes a clear white then directly every little spot is discernible. And so, the better a man becomes the more clearly does he discover his own natural faults, and the more does he repent of them before the Lord. There is a quaint saying of an old divine, which I scarcely like to quote or endorse; he says Christians are sometimes like chimney sweeps; the

higher they climb the blacker they get. This is, however, only in their own estimation, mark you; it is not true in any other sense, for the truth is, the higher they climb the cleaner, the whiter, the purer they grow in the judgment of all men, yet in their own estimation they really think themselves to be in more need of cleansing. Brethren, we expect the day when sin will not dwell in us at all. They are without fault before the throne of God, and we expect to be with them and like them one day. Christ has struck the blow which commenced the fight, and the fight has gone on day by day, week by week, year by year, and one of these days we shall sheathe our sword in the bowels of the last besetting sin, and then, made perfectly like our Lord, we shall be taken to dwell where they see His face, and worship Him day and night in His temple. This is our expectation, but observe that it all comes from Him. We know we shall never be sanctified by our own power; nor shall we ever grow in grace by the energy of our corrupt nature. If there be any advance in the divine life towards the image of Christ, it must result from the work of the Holy Ghost in us.

Another expectation of the Christian is *that he shall be delivered, meanwhile, in all times of his need*. Perhaps you would not like to know—certainly it is better for you not to know—what troubles are yet reserved for you. You have passed through many stormy seas, but *the great tempest of your life may yet have to burst over your head*. Still, we confidently expect that as our day our strength will be, and that when the trial comes the grace shall be given that shall sustain us under it, and a way will be made for us to escape out of it. We believe most confidently that for every ounce of load we shall have an ounce of strength; that if this scale be filled that scale shall be filled too. The consolation shall be equal to the tribulation. God may put us in the furnace, but He will be with us in it. This we expect, and we have good right to expect it in the future because we have had it in the past. "Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wing will I rejoice." We have a right to expect it because He has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee; when thou goest through the rivers I will be with thee; the floods shall not overflow thee; when thou goest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." But this expectation is wholly from Him. We do not expect to be sustained under trouble by our own natural stoicism or fortitude of mind. We do not expect to be delivered from difficulty by our own craft and wisdom, nor yet through the assistance or counsel of friends. Our faith is in God alone, that He will cover our head in the day of battle, and that He will bring His servants clear out of every strait and dilemma. Our expectation is from Him.

Well now, brethren, *there are some of us who expect the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, and there are others who with equal probability expect to fall asleep in Jesus*. I should be sorry to think that that twenty-third Psalm is worn out—"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." To me it seems rather preferable to die than not to die, if one might have his choice, for those who are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ will have no preference over those who are asleep. In fact, they appear to me to be at some little disadvantage;

they will not know what fellowship with Christ means in the actual article of death. They will not really have gone into the grave where Jesus was, which we shall have done who are permitted gently on his bosom to breathe out our own souls. What then? Do we expect to die? Yet would we not talk of the dissolution of our earthly tabernacle as though it were a penal thing. When our sin is forgiven, the sting of death is gone. To die in the Lord is a covenant blessing. It is not the sentence of an old covenant curse, but it is the voice of a new covenant blessing which greets us, saying—“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea, with the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.” And if we are called to die we expect that we shall be sustained, cheered, comforted, and perhaps be even enabled to triumph in the midst of pain and weakness. What a glorious sight is the departing Christian! As you look upon the sun when setting its circumference seems to be greater than when it was in its zenith, and if the clouds hover around the west the sun tinges all these with such a glow of splendour that there is no sight on earth so magnificent as the setting of the sun. And in like manner the dying believer, as he departs, appears greater in his death than he did in the meridian of his life. And should the deep shadows of poverty, bodily suffering, and domestic cares gather round his bed, even these are gilded with a supernatural radiance which might well make even Balaam say, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.” Still, whilst we expect such joy and peace in our closing hours, our expectation is only from Him. It is not that we think lightly of our exit from the world, nor yet that we can face that change with fortitude from which men commonly shrink with fear; but it is that

“Jesus can make a dying bed

Feel soft as downy pillows are,

While on His breast we lean our head,

And breathe our life out sweetly there.”

One more expectation, my brethren, we have, and it is so sweet that the very mention of it makes our hearts overflow with joy. *We shall see His face, and we shall be satisfied when we awake in His likeness.* We expect, when a few more days and years have passed, to stand within the gates of pearl, upon the street that shineth like unto glass, being made of pure gold. We expect to bow with all the ransomed throng, and cast our crowns where seraphs are casting theirs, and for ever to behold His face and see His Cross still before us, and to find all the faculties and powers of our being at their utmost stretch flooded with delight in the presence of our Lord. But our hope for all this centres alone in Him. No ladder can take us there but the ladder Jacob saw, which Jesus made. No gate to Paradise but the wounded heart of Christ; no purchase of that glorious possession but the priceless blood which Jesus shed for many for the remission of sin. “My expectation is from Him.”

Now some of you, my hearers, may have great expectations of good times coming, but they cannot be compared with these; and your expectations may depend upon persons of note and substance—but there is none like unto our God. You may be on the look-out for large bequests from aged relations when they die, but he that waits for dead men's shoes may meanwhile go barefoot. Some are counting upon their own wisdom, their

craft, and their skill, but there is many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip. Some are expecting they know not what. They are hoping that something may turn up, that they may get a windfall, or that their ship may come in, but they will find that hopes not supported by some solid foundation are futile and will prove utterly delusive. But he who rests on God depends on One who never broke a promise yet; who never abandoned one of His servants in an hour of emergency; who is as powerful as He is faithful, as willing as He is loving, as constant as He is unchanging, and as immutable in His Word as He is eternal in His Being. "My expectation is from Him."

II. Now this great expectation forms the basis of a good resolution. The inference is very practical. *If our expectations are from God alone it is surely meet that we wait only upon Him.*

Brethren and sisters, do you think that any of us are truly amenable to the charge of virtual insincerity? Can it be true of the most of us that we do not deal with God as if He were a real person, or confide in His Word as if His promises were thoroughly reliable? Though we unhesitatingly avow our belief in God—harbouring no doubts about His existence or His essential goodness, or His special lovingkindness—yet we do not rely on Him with that plain matter-of-fact confidence with which a child believes in his mother, nor put in Him such implicit trust as a man exercises in trade towards some person of good standing and sound credit in the market. I wish that we came into closer fellowship with God. I would that we constantly drew near to God as feeling, knowing, seeing Him who is invisible. Oh, that we were in the habit of telling all our troubles to God, not at set hours merely in the morning and the evening of the day, but just when they happen. To walk with God, to talk to God, to hold communion as touching our daily affairs with Him! Why not? We have no idea how much God loves us. How pleasant to prove the condescension with which He bows His ear and attends to the voice of our cry. Oh, my God! so foolish am I and ignorant, I am as a beast before Thee! Yet a man may shew kindness to a beast. Notice the owner of a horse which he has bred and trained up; how pleased he is as he drives it; he is gratified, because he says, "This is an animal of my own training." And do you think that God, who has created us and brought us up, takes less delight in His creatures?

The gratification of a father when his boy's talents are just beginning to bud is proverbial. Let anybody speak well of the boy, how it goes to the father's or the mother's heart. There is no easier way of winning their esteem than by taking an interest in their children. This is a sure proof that they are not indifferent to the welfare of their family themselves. Just such a delight God takes in us His children. It is true He sees much in us to censure. Alas, that so often we vex His Spirit! but wherever He sees any grace or gift that He has bestowed on us in vigorous exercise He takes pleasure therein. He generously praises every work of faith and labour of love done for His name's sake, albeit there is no virtue or goodness in any one of us, but it proceeds from Himself. The interest He takes in us is very great. His love to us far exceedeth every conception we have ever entertained of it. Oh could we simply and fully believe this we should repair to Him more constantly and *wait upon Him* more patiently, in the sense that the Psalmist uses the word

"wait." For daily mercies, and for hourly supplies, our eyes would be always towards Him. We should pray to God as those who speak with God. The dreary routine and dull formality of morning and evening worship would be quickened into lively fellowship with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ. Seasons set apart we should no longer regard as an impulse summoning us to prayer; they would prove rather a check and hindrance, because our devotion is incessant as the fire that burned incessantly in the altar. So should we wait as those who believed that He never fails to hear, and will never fail to answer us. It is not possible that we should ask sincerely without receiving according to our faith. Observe the precept, and He will fulfil the promise. Just hang about the courts as suppliants who have sent in a petition to the Sovereign. Wait for a reply. Thus let us wait upon God. Yet methinks it is a nobler exercise of faith when we can act like our children who sit down to their daily meals without empty formalities or written petitions, simply asking us for what they want. I fancy they would be wonderfully surprised if we hesitated fully to supply their need, because they know how welcome they are, and how much we love them. They never doubt that we shall give them whatever is needful; so they come to look upon it as a matter of course that they have their requests answered. My soul, in this sense wait thou only upon God. Expect Him to hear thee. Be not satisfied till He give thee thy desires. Tarry His pleasure, and be content to wait till His will is known.

My soul! wait thou only upon God. In that word "only" lies the apostrophe, the counsel, the very pith of resolve. It is disparaging, not to say disastrous, for the Christian to divide his confidence or to depend in any degree upon any one but his God. I say this without reserve, whether it has to do with your worldly circumstances, or with your spiritual concerns. A simple dependence upon the promise of God and His faithfulness will make you a happy man in your daily calling, but rely upon it you cast dust in your own eyes, and disturb the peace of your own heart when you look to the creature for blessings which none but your Creator can bestow. Have you never heard the story of that good and gracious man—Francke—who built the orphan house at Halle. "Straightforward makes the best runner" was his motto. Instead, therefore, of going to the king or to any of his wealthy friends to ask for means to build the orphan house, he went directly to his God, and his God heard him. Not on some memorable occasion, but often and always were his prayers granted. Answers came in a most extraordinary manner. To him, however, it never seemed strange or unaccountable. His gratitude did not express itself in blank surprise and vacant wonderment; he fully expected that his God would help him. See how daily Mr. Müller, of Bristol, proves the same truth. I could fain hope that such experience as theirs are not exceptions but illustrations of the lives of believers. Some of us have learned to live by faith day by day. I am sure if you try to serve God as a minister of the Gospel, you must lean on none other than God, or it is all over with you. In whatever sphere you strive to serve the Lord you will find that those who appear to be hot friends one day will look coldly upon you another. Where you expected kindness you may meet with captiousness; where you counted on sympathy you may be roughly frowned on. The very persons you confide in will betray your

confidence. They will cause you grief to-morrow who but yesterday bid you godspeed. The thing is to stand right up, and upright before your fellow men in public, and lean all your weight upon the Almighty in secret. Talk ye of this solid earth on which we stand; well, so it seems, but this round world of ours has no pillars to hold it up, for God hath hung it upon nothing, yet it hangs right well. Like yon blue arch of heaven, which has no visible support, yet it never rocks or reels. Happy the man who has done with pillars, posts, and batteries, and is simply and solely upheld by the promise of God. Scorning the maxims of the age as he scents the morals of society, he says:—"Let God be true, and every man a liar." The day comes on apace when all your creature confidences, your well-built systems, and your deep-laid schemes, will dissolve like morning dreams. Refuges of lies they all are, which the fierce tornado of the day of the Lord shall sweep away. But blessed shall that man be who rests on the Rock of Ages. In our faithful, covenant-keeping God he shall find succour. Blessed shall he be who has committed himself to rest there, and there alone. Over him the hurricane shall pass, and it shall not smite him. His refuge shall be secure, and when all the products of human skill shall perish in the general conflagration of that last consuming fire, his hope, and his joy, with his precious soul, shall outlast the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds. Oh! for this simple, salutary confidence!

Do I address any who are hoping to be saved by their own good deeds, or by their religious professions. Perhaps it is to your baptism, or your sprinkling, or your confirmation that you turn. Now, all and everything that you can devise or do in this matter will prove worthless. They will not weigh in God's esteem so much as the small dust of the balance. You must come to Jesus Christ and rest on Him. "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, Jesus Christ the righteous." "Whosoever believeth in Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not is condemned already;" be he who he may, whatever supposed good thing he may have done, to whatever ceremonies he may have conformed—"he that believeth not is condemned already because he hath not believed on the Son of God." Oh! sinner, fall flat upon the promise of Divine grace which is manifest in the person of Jesus. Trust in Him, in Him only, for thine expectation must come from Him. Otherwise thy brightest hopes will expire in blank disappointment. Kiss the Son lest He be angry and ye perish from the way. Be timely happy, timely wise. So shall ye not be confounded, world without end. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

TRAITS OF CHRISTIAN NOBILITY.

NOBILITY IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

CHAPTER II.

It is now some years since the Hon. W. E. Forster made his name memorable by inaugurating a national system of education which, though necessarily imperfect, is destined to produce most beneficial effects upon the youth of this country for generations to come. At that time the absurd cry was raised by many that the passing of that Parliamentary measure rung the death-knell of Sunday Schools, and that their work might therefore be considered almost at an end. But those who argued thus have already proved themselves superficial thinkers and false prophets. So far from this being the case, it is now admitted on nearly all hands that the increased facilities granted for the secular education of the young have also largely increased the labours of the Sunday-school teacher, and rendered his work more necessary than ever. Every year beholds an increase in the numbers of both teachers and scholars, and a corresponding addition to the number of buildings erected for their accommodation. It is more clearly seen, and the conviction is growing stronger and stronger, that while the State takes charge of the secular improvement of its youthful subjects, it is the duty of the Church to take charge of their religious instruction, and that to neglect the duty would be highly criminal, and disastrous in the extreme. Instead,

therefore, of the measure promoting the downfall of the Sunday-school system, it has actually given it an impetus, and will continue to do so to a still greater extent as it becomes more national in its operation. As long as time lasts, the schoolmaster and the Sunday-school teacher must necessarily work hand in hand in the formation of youthful character. Though distinct in their respective spheres of labour, both are equally needed to mould the mind of the young, and the loss of either would be a national disaster.

But while this is admitted we do not attempt to disguise the fact that the success of this measure renders Sunday-school work increasingly difficult. It is far harder now to carry out the Sunday-school system than in the past. To make this plain to those who are not conversant with the matter, we will relate a conversation held between Mr. Morrison, superintendent of Newbury Sunday school, and Mr. Dexter, the able and popular schoolmaster of the British School in Sunborough. As two old friends they often met together, and among other topics it was no uncommon thing for them to discuss those relative to the education of youth, and so give each other their respective opinions. On this occasion the Sunday-school system was thus handled:—

“In going through your admirable school to-day, Mr. Dexter, I could not but be struck with the strict order maintained, and the facility with which the children got off their lessons. When I contrasted the sight with what I have often

beheld in our Sunday schools, my heart sunk within me. You seemed to have every scholar at command, to get through each lesson in the appointed time, to reap the designed results on the spot, and to have the satisfaction of feeling that the institution over which you preside fully answers the end for which it was established. Would that it were so in every Sunday school! But, talk as we may about our success, I fear it is the case but with few!"

"I am afraid, Mr. Morrison, that what you say is too true. The disparity between secular schools, properly conducted, and Sunday schools, as generally conducted, is indeed great, in many cases positively painful. I have been myself, in years gone by, a Sunday-school teacher, and therefore speak from personal observation and experience. Where Sunday schools fail is just where day schools succeed. Humanly speaking, the secret of our success lies in one word—*discipline*. We have it almost as perfectly as it can be had; you are lamentably deficient in its acquisition. Now no one need take up a moment's time in endeavouring to prove that there ought to be discipline in Sunday schools. It would be as absurd as to attempt to prove that two and two make four. No one disputes it. Without discipline any society or organisation would soon become a wreck. In the army discipline is considered the foundation of military success and so-called 'glory.' In the Church it preserves order and purity. And in all secular societies and organisations it secures official dignity and power, and tends to promote their prosperity."

"But what do you mean by discipline, Mr. Dexter? How would you define it?"

"By discipline briefly put I mean

just this: due subordination to authority, or the strict maintenance of law and order. In secular schools indisputably we have this kind of discipline carried out. No one can enter a good secular school, and see how, in accordance with Government instructions, law and order prevails, without drawing the conclusion, as you have done, that if we could but have discipline as efficiently carried out in our Sunday schools it would be a great boon to all concerned."

"That granted, Mr. Dexter, the question then arises—Can we have it?"

"That question, Mr. Morrison, can only be answered by taking into consideration the *elements* in secular schools which promote that discipline. It may be, at any rate, that the consideration of these elements, while they show the defects of the present Sunday-school system, may also serve to give a few hints, which, if well weighed, will enable any who aim at it to improve the system. Would you like me to give you these elements, my worthy friend?"

"Certainly, Mr. Dexter. I will gratefully receive any light that you can throw on the subject."

"Very good. Then, to start with, the first element tending to promote discipline in secular schools is the element of *wholesome fear*. How is it that I maintain the discipline you have seen in my school? Why, sir, *one half* of the battle is fought *before* my scholars cross the threshold. They know they *must* obey. The feeling pervades their minds as they leave their homes; and it is intensified as they enter the schoolroom and note the cane with its waxed ends suspended conspicuously over the mantel-piece, ready for instant use if needed. Should, there, however be any lingering

doubts in the mind of any obtuse scholar as to my power, or that of the pupil teachers to maintain order, you may rest assured that such doubts are invariably quickly dispelled by the smart and active application of the said instrument on some part of the doubtful scholar's body, one operation of the kind serving to make him a complete convert, for he never doubts the fact any more—never! If he is ever inclined to be obstinate or obstreperous, one glance at the cane or the remembrance that I can punish him by detention or extra work shows the advantage of submission, and if he is wise he gives in accordingly."

"Then you advocate, do you, the admission of the cane into our Sunday schools?"

"No, Mr. Morrison, I never said that; nor do I advocate it. I should regard its introduction into any Sunday school as a gross blunder. To place as the insignia or badge of his office a cane in the hands of a new superintendent; or to suspend such an instrument *in terrorem* over his desk, would be the height of folly. The Gospel of love and physical torture never can be mated or act in harmony. You have heard the story of the harsh schoolmistress, who before the inspector, shook her fist at her scholars and shrieked out, 'Now, then, sing *Christ be merciful*, will you?' It certainly was not the way to give them bright ideas of His merciful character. No; the cane system will never do in Sunday schools. It is shut out, and I hope shut out for ever. But while I rejoice in that I would not shut out the element of wholesome fear. It is in confounding the two things that many make a mistake. They suppose that Sunday schools can only be

ruled by love and persuasion; and that the element of wholesome fear must be eliminated. But while human nature remains as it is, that is preposterous. A hundred scholars have a hundred dispositions, and unless you can wield a master's power over them all, your hold of them is at an end. *To control them they must feel that you have power over them.* Now, how is that power to be obtained? You must in some way or other make them fear your displeasure. They must know that you have means of making them bend to your will, or recognising your authority. Now, here it is where so many Sunday schools fail. The children come to them feeling that they can have their own way, or do almost as they like. They at times therefore defy both superintendent and teachers. They create disturbances knowing that they will in the long run come off scot free. Now, get that altered. Rule by love and persuasion in every case as long as you can; but let rules be passed *and kept* that will prove to disobedient scholars that rebellion can and will be subdued. There are ways of doing it without the rod. Deal firmly with any refractory scholar. Never threaten him without performing. Separate him as long as needful from the rest. Deprive him of rewards that he might have received for good conduct. Rebuke him before the whole school. Appeal to his parents. And if this with all your kindness and persuasion fails, then to keep the rest from contamination, in a solemn form, publicly expel him. In such ways as these, you may for the special benefit of the unruly who may need it, successfully introduce the element of wholesome fear, and you will find it conduce to the great advantage of the school. The knowledge that discipline can

and will be maintained, will contribute to the comfort of teachers, will show the unruly the folly of persistent waywardness, will prevent scenes that often pain the teachers to witness, and will promote that quietness and order without which little or no profitable instruction can be given in any single class, or in any school, secular or religious, whether the object sought to be attained is to train the intellect, or secure the salvation of the youthful soul."

(To be continued.)

THE PREPARED BRIDE.

BY THE REV. W. FRITH,

*Trinity Martyrs' Memorial Church,
Gunnersbury.*

THE right interpretation of the apocalyptic visions is of the utmost importance; for while the favoured seer had revelations of "the things that are," he had also disclosures of "things which should be hereafter." And while the subject of unfulfilled prophecy is full of interest, and calculated to excite the brightest hopes for the Church of God, yet no subject requires more fully the discipline of a sober judgment. For want of this, some good men have made sad havoc of the plainest apocalyptic disclosures, and "darkened counsel by words without knowledge."

But the subject at the head of this paper is so unmistakably clear, that though the writer and reader may differ as to the *details and approximate chronology*, yet in the main outline of thought we shall be of "one heart and of one mind."

Consider I. The Bride; II. Her Preparation; III. Her Destiny.

I. The Bride. Who is she? The apocalyptic answer is "The Lamb's Wife." In plain language, she is "the Church of the First-born." The term, of course, is figurative. And the metaphor is both beautiful and suggestive. For the Church's relation to Christ, her mystical husband, is analogous to the relation between the earthly husband and wife. The use of this simile is justified by the inspired Authority, "The husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the Head of the Church."

The bride is espoused to her husband in a *mutual covenant*, in which the *prevenient love* of Jesus is discovered; first in His choice of her "before the foundation of the world," and also in His never-failing attachment to her all through her pilgrim life of time on earth. For though she may be subjected to a strange variety of trials and vicissitudes in her passage to her Eternal Home, yet He has pledged Himself in His Covenant, and Oath, and Promise, "*I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*" Now, this is a sure guarantee of His perpetual fidelity. And all that she needs, either in the temporalities of this life, or the spiritual mercies, are made sure to her in the blessings of the New Covenant. Hence, Paul's declaration will apply to all times and states, "my God will supply all your need out of His fulness in glory by Jesus."

II. Note, *Her Preparation*. Bishop Butler calls the present life "*a state of probation*;" this is true in a certain sense; but it is also a state of PREPARATION; a state in which she is being "*made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.*" And this preparation is that which explains very much of the mystery of the Divine discipline. All that happens

to the Church in this world may be regarded as a part of this *preparation*. Whether it be the work of *Jesus FOR HER*, or the work of the *Holy Ghost IN HER*, or the work of *Divine Providence around and over her*—all is working for her good. She, herself, is an incompetent judge of the *nature, character, or duration* of this *preparatory process*. Much, to her, is difficult and perplexing, and "hard to be understood;" yet experience teaches that "ALL THINGS work together for good, to them that love God, and who are the Called according to His purpose."

III. *Her Destiny*: This is both *blessed and certain*. Those who view the work of Christ at Calvary as a mere *atonement*, or "*reconciliation for iniquity*," and allow their thoughts and hopes to *rest* there, deprive themselves of a large revenue of peace and joy and felicity. That blessed work of the Cross did indeed give "liberty to the captive; and opening of the prison to them which were bound;" but it was also intended to do much more—*viz.*, to "bring many sons into *glory*"—to present the Church, in all its beautiful completeness, "as a chaste Virgin unto Christ," "when He comes to be glorified in His saints, and admired in them that believe."

This blessed consummation is secured by the Eternal purpose of the Ever Adorable Trinity in Unity; by the redemptive efficacy of the sacrifice of the Cross; by the infinite virtue of His imputed righteousness; and by the prevalency of His priestly intercession within the veil;" and by the indwelling and educational agency of the Holy Ghost: these are all so many links in the chain of causes which insure her arrival at "*the Marriage Supper of the Lamb*."

May both writer and reader form part of that Church when the voice shall be heard from Heaven—"BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH, GO YE OUT TO MEET HIM."

LOOKING FOR REDEMPTION.

BY W. ABBOTT.

"And she (Anna) coming in that instant, gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spake of Him (the Lord Jesus) unto all them who looked for redemption in Jerusalem."—Luke ii. 38.

THE temple services were daily. One was now proceeding. Several, probably many persons were present. Many silently looking on and listening. Jesus and His parents were present; also aged Simeon and Anna. The latter, it seems, lived in some department of the temple, and so was near for the worship of God. Her history is here given us in three verses, the one we have cited above being of the greatest interest to us.

1. "And she (Anna) coming in that instant." Not a chance occurrence, but Divinely arranged. There are striking coincidences in Providence and grace. Here two aged saints, prophet and prophetess, meet—meet to see and to rejoice in the presence of the infant Saviour, meet to recognise the great mystery of godliness, "God manifest in the flesh." "That instant," and what an instant, and what a scene! the sight of Christ in the flesh. "And the Lord was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." The Spirit was ordering the "instant," and led Simeon and Anna there. These were very aged, but their hearts were young, full of light from Him and love to

Him, and full of hope and joy in relation to His mission.

2. "Gave thanks likewise unto the Lord." What an object of joy and rejoicing is the Lord Jesus to these venerable saints! How full of brightness was this "instant," and how their hearts fill and overflow with gladness at His presence! They present an offering of joy—joy put into thankful words. Love dictates, and joy lends her help, in the service of thankfulness. It is a happy service, and well-pleasing to God and to His Christ. Social thankfulness, expressed in separate utterances, prompted by a mutual spirit of love to the Saviour. Every heart that loves Jesus must feel thankful, while every tongue expresses it, and every life shows it.

3. "And spake of Him, the Lord Jesus, to all who looked for redemption in Jerusalem." Here is a class of persons distinguished from others by their "looking for redemption." Jesus is the great Redeemer, and His redemption is the most powerful and precious of all that history records or that prophecy predicts. A redemption for the soul, from sin now, and from death, the grave and hell finally. A redemption, therefore, to holiness, freedom, joy, life, heaven. A redemption now felt and enjoyed, filling with peace and prospective happiness. "Looking" is the spirit of mind descriptive of these expecting ones. Here is a consciousness of need, and a longing to possess this redemption, and that in its full blessedness. The promise of redemption excites the hope, and this redemption enjoyed satisfies it. The ancient saints heard of, hoped, waited, longed for this salvation. And we still "look for redemption." We need spiritual deliverance every day, and all our lives long. And we are also looking for

the second and glorious coming of our blessed Redeemer. Then will He be encircled by all His redeemed; then will He be the object of every eye, every heart, every tongue. All gathered together at "that instant"—and what a glorious instant!—and what shouts of joy and rejoicing, uttered by those myriad voices, and all to the honour of the glorious Redeemer! How sweet to think about it here; "but what will it be to be there!"

Blunham.

A LETTER BY MR. CHAS. H. SPURGEON,

Written when an usher at Mr. Luding's Academy, Cambridge, in his seventeenth year, to one of his former pupils at Newmarket.

2, Union-road, Cambridge. [1851.]

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—

You see by this address that I am no longer at Mr. Swindell's, but am very comfortable here in a smaller school of about fifteen boys. I suppose you are at home, but find farming is not all play, nor perhaps altogether so profitable or pleasant as study; it is well said, "we do not know the value of our mercies till we lose them."

Knowing (in some humble measure at least) the value of religion let me also bring it before your attention. If you give yourself time to think, you will soon remember that you must die. And if you meditate one more moment, you will recollect that you have a soul, and *that* soul will never die, but will live for ever, and if you die in your present state, it must live in endless torment. You are an accountable being; God who made you demands perfect obedience.

But you must own that you have sinned; say not "I am not a *great* sinner," for one sin only would be sufficient to sink your soul for ever in the pit of perdition. The sentence of death stands against you, and mercy alone stays its execution. Seeing now that you are in such danger, how do you think to escape? Surely you will not be content to die as you are, for you will one day find it no light matter to endure the hot displeasure of an angry God. Do you imagine that if you live better for the future, God will forgive your past offences—that is a mistake, see if you can find it in the Bible.

Perhaps you intend to think about religion after you have enjoyed sin a little longer, or (but surely you are not so foolish) that you are too young to die. But who knows whether that future time will be afforded, and who said that you could turn to Christ just when you please? Your heart is deceitful above all things, and your natural depravity so great that you will not turn to God. Trust not then to resolutions made in your own strength, they are but wind; nor to yourself who are but a broken reed; nor to your own heart, or you are a fool. There is no way of salvation but Christ, you cannot save yourself, having no power even to think one good thought; neither can your parents' love and prayers save you, none but Jesus can, who is the saviour of the helpless, and I tell you that he died for all such as feel their vileness and come to Him for cleansing. You do not deserve salvation; well there is not a jot of merit on the sinner's part mentioned in the covenant. You have nothing; are nothing; but Christ is all, and He must be everything to you, or you will never be saved. None reach heaven, but by free grace and

through free grace alone. Even a faint desire after any good thing came from God, from whom you must get more, for He giveth liberally, and no poor sinner, begging at his door, was ever yet sent empty away.

Look at the blessedness of real religion, no one is truly happy but a child of God. The believer is safe, for God has promised to preserve him, and if once you have the pearl of great price, it cannot be taken from you. The way to heaven is faith, "looking into Jesus;" this faith is the gift of God, and none but those who have it know its value. Oh may you possess it! is the earnest prayer of Yours Faithfully,

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

To MASTER WILLIAM COOPER.*

FAITH REWARDED.

IN the record of the life of the late Rev. J. Staddon, who left the connections of his youth for conscience sake, we find that at one period when he was greatly embarrassed pecuniarily, he was led to preach from that verse, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten by Me" (Isaiah xlv. 21). The next morning's post brought a five-pound note from an unknown friend. The letter had come from a distance, and it was never known whom God had prompted, at the opportune moment, to relieve His servant.

The incident is only one of thousands, proving that the believers' trust in the covenant-keeping God and Father will never be misplaced, but that in some way God will appear for His children, and help them according to their need.

W. H. P.

* Who in the year 1863 ended an exemplary Christian life at the age of twenty-six.

Tales and Sketches.

POOR JENNIE; OR, HOW THE KING BUILT HIS BEAUTI- FUL HOUSE.

FOUNDED ON FACT. BY A PASTOR.

CHAPTER VIII.

How Patience was Brightened.

“Patience—

The meek-eyed pilgrim of the earth,
that child of heaven—perfection’s
crown.”

Unknown the flowers oft tint the earth
With colour fair and bright;

Unknown the birds trill forth their
notes,

The stars throw down their light.

Unknown the brooklet sings its psalm
E’en when the birds have fled,

Unknown the dew drops kiss the
flowers,

And cheer each drooping head.

A certain celebrated man said of his friend that “his face was a thanksgiving for all his former life, and a love letter to all mankind.” And such now was the face of Jennie. Hard work, privation, and pain had not robbed it of its sweetness. Since the conversation recorded in the previous chapter for many weary months she had lain upon her bed of sickness, her life slowly ebbing away; but her little room was still the chamber of peace, and the sweet light of submission and joy shone through her eyes. And what a beautiful thing is the beauty of holiness, and how attractive is the most homely face when suffused with its light; the pleasant land-

scape, the gorgeous sunset, the sparkling sea, the star-lit heavens, have all a charm of their own which attracts the eye, but their beauty compared with that which Christ sheds upon His humble followers in their loneliness and sorrow is but as the mist of the morning. And as the sun the nearer he approaches the close of his race clothes himself with a more attractive loveliness, so the nearer Jennie drew towards the final goal, the more her beauty seemed to ripen and each grace to exhibit its mellow glory through each look and word. The very picture of frailty, the King had now imparted PERFECT PEACE in which lay enfolded the quiet and subdued power of God. That peace, however, was still further to be tested in the fire, and from the midst of its heat was to spring forth even another grace, the strength, perfection, and the completion of all the rest.

Many weary months did Jennie lie upon that bed of sickness and pain, wearisome days and nights were appointed her. It seemed as though death was allowed to come and literally to tear away her life from her piece by piece, with the most exquisite and refined torture, she meekly bowing her head and ever struggling to accept it all as the discipline of love; and what a biography of patient Christian heroism her sufferings too developed in her friends. With watchful love they tended her by night and day, dividing the labour of their mutual love as their

strength and circumstances required. How in answer to the prayers and appeals of Miss Mayhew the Lord supplied all their temporal needs it would be impossible to say. Jennie often with her friends repeated the old Hebrew melody: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

As the sufferings of Jennie, however, intensified themselves, for some weeks it seemed for a time as though impatience must spoil her peace. "How strange," she once remarked to Miss Mayhew, "that while so many useful Christians should be called home, I who can do nothing, am only a burden to myself and others, should be left here so long lying outside the gates of the beautiful city, weary and waiting."

"We are poor judges of our work, or the master's will, replied her friend; "to suffer the will of God is a great work, although it makes no noise; and Christ has a work to do in us as well as by us; He made His people for Himself, and no doubt finds His chief satisfaction in His own beauty as He beholds it ripen in His children."

Jennie made no reply to this although in great pain; her heart secretly looked up to the Lord and

meekly said, as she had often, "Thy will be done, only give me strength!" and in the darkness of the long, sad, weary night which followed, the master came and saw the stone of PATIENCE throwing its mild and peaceful lustre over all, and then he said—"IT IS ENOUGH."

And the poor girl towards morning struggled to reach the faithful friend, who worn out with watching had just fallen asleep by her side, to give her a parting kiss, but her breath failed, and on Miss Mayhew opening her eyes and turning towards her at the break of day, she found her friend was indeed gone:—

"From this bleak hill of storms,
To you warm sunny heights,
Where love for ever shines—
Gone.

From hunger and from thirst,
From toil and weariness,
From shadows and from dreams—
Gone.

From weakness and from pain,
From trembling and from strife,
From watching and from fears—
Gone.

From unrealities,
From hollow scenes of change
From ache and emptiness—
Gone.

From this unanchored world,
Whose morrow none can tell,
From all things restless here—
Gone.

JOSH BILLINGS ON PREACHING. — I always advise short sermons, especially on a hot Sunday. If a minister can't

strike ile in forty minutes, he's either got a poor gimlet or he's borin' in the wrong place.

Striking Facts.

THE TRUE BIBLE PREACHER.

Of Cornelius Winter it was said by William Jay, "He would not separate principle from practice; he would not treat doctrines as naked, cold, angry propositions; he would not be always harping upon two or three favourite topics, and shun a large proportion of the Gospel scheme; he would not confine his motion to a circle, like a blind horse going round in a mill, or feed like an ass tethered in a paddock; but went over the whole land of revelation in the length and breadth of it." Here was the true Bible preacher.

STRANGE SENTENCE FOR READING THE TESTAMENT.

WHEN the first English printed Testament was sent by Tyndal into London, Tyndal's brother was caught reading a copy; and what sentence was passed upon him for this heinous crime? He was tried and convicted, and then received the following sentence, "That he should be set upon a horse with his face to the tail, and have a paper pinned upon his head, and many sheets of the New Testament sewn to his cloak: which sheets were to be afterwards thrown into a great fire, kindled at Cheap-side; and after that he had to pay the king a fine that would ruin him!" What would the citizens of London think now if they saw one of its wealthy and honourable

merchants thus treated for having a New Testament in his possession? Let us bless God that the times have changed for us since then.

REPENTANCE A SWEET SORROW.

THERE is a great difference between the agony of remorse and the sweet sorrows of repentance. Indeed, the tear of repentance, though it be salt, is also sweet. It is acceptable to God, and must therefore be seasoned with preserving salt, but it is also sweet as honey to the soul. Rowland Hill was wont to say that he almost regretted he could not shed the tear of repentance in heaven. He hoped to walk repenting all his life-long till he got up to the gates of Paradise, and could almost wish he might be allowed the sweet exercise of repenting even among the angels. There is more joy in holy tears than in laughter, and when our sacred sorrows most abound "a secret something sweetens all." In the mines of soul sorrows we find diamonds of the first water such as glitter nowhere else.

C. H. SPURGEON.

ELECT—WHAT FOR?

I BELIEVE in elect races, nations' souls. But if God sets certain men or people's first, nearest to Himself, be sure it is not for their sake only, but for mankind. Men are set first

in suffering that they may have sympathy with sufferers; first in burdens that they may help the oppressed; first in dangers that they may clear the path for the pilgrims; first in death it may be that they may open the wider the gate of life for their fellow-men. At least it was thus with One, "So then death worketh in us, but life in you." There are those whom God sets first, with higher advantages, privileges, endowments, than their fellows. God's elect—elect for duty. Children of the election be first in service, and make your calling and election sure.

J. B. BROWN.

THE MARKS OF THE NAILS LEFT.

You have heard of the child whose father told him that, whenever he did anything wrong, a nail should be driven into a post, and when he did what was good, he might pull one out. There were a great many nails driven into the post, but the child tried very hard to get the post cleared of the nails, by striving to do right. At length he was so successful in his struggles with himself, that the last nail was drawn out of the post. The father was just about to praise the child, when, stooping down to kiss him, he was startled to see tears fast rolling down his face. "Why, my boy, why do you cry? Are not all the nails gone from the post?" "Oh, yes; the nails are all gone, but the marks are left." This illus-

trates the experience of many a grey old sire, who looking upon the traces of his old sins as they yet rankle in his conscience, would give a hundred worlds to live himself back into young manhood, that he might obliterate the scaring imprint of its follies.

ARTHUR MURSELL.

THE WALDENSES; "DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH."

As 800,000 of the noble Waldenses were scattered over Europe, it took Rome, with its infernal Inquisition and slaughter, 300 years to destroy them. Often these poor creatures suffered without resistance; but sometimes, armed with wooden crossbows, the men defended the narrow passes of the Alpine valleys, and repulsed their enemies, while the poor women and children on their knees would entreat the Lord to protect His people and preserve their liberty; not trusting in the bow then, but in God alone.

One of their pastors, Geoffrey Varielle, was threatened, and thus he spoke out for the rest:—"You will sooner want wood wherewith to burn us than men ready to burn in witness of their faith: from day to day we multiply; and the word of God endureth for ever." What a spirit was this! May the Lord help us to defend the faith as stoutly in the day of trial. Such witnesses the Church wants; they are the real "defenders of the faith," putting all so-called kingly defenders in the shade.—H. W.

Reviews.

The Treasury of David. Vol. V., Psalm cv. to cxviii. By C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore and Alabaster. Price 8s..

THE issue of a fifth volume of Mr. Spurgeon's comprehensive exposition of the Psalms will be an agreeable announcement to those who possess the four volumes already published. This work, which is now well and widely known, has sustained and strengthened its author's fame, fully proving that his capacity for private study is in fair ratio and bears due proportion to his facility in popular address. And we can hardly doubt that in days to come it will save the good name of our Baptist brother from the unhappy imputation of having expended on a sect talents that were intended to enrich the world. At least, he has attracted the entire Catholic-Protestant Church, in all its evangelical sections, to him, because, as a *reader*, he fastens on the best points, and selects the brightest passages (prose or poetry) of all their favourites; and as an *expositor*, honoured for his honesty, he touches those chords of the heart, and teaches those experimental truths which make all believers feel akin. Such a commentary as this could not by any possibility be mechanically brought out in monthly parts. Like the Laureate, his leaflets are the product of his leisure; like Samson, the Spirit of the Lord moves him at times; like Ezekiel, he must wait till the word of the Lord comes to him. No one need regret that three years and a half have transpired between the fourth and fifth instalments of the projected work, though many an anxious hope may be cherished that he should live to complete it. Such great care is bestowed on the *introduction* to each psalm that it might be worth while another day to publish

the "*general remarks*" separately. The original notes sparkle with beauty and freshness as they bubble up with good matter; and it is no small praise to say that they command our lively interest even when they stand side by side with the cullings of the choicest passages of many of the most gifted authors. In comparison with the previous volumes we cannot see a trace of flagging genius or of waning power; but we can clearly see that this volume has cost more pains and challenges higher criticism. The Psalms comprised in this series have found few separate expositors, and little light has been thrown on them by those voluminous commentators on the whole Bible who have been as diligent and diffusive as the compilers of a dictionary, but wellnigh as dull and dictatorial. With Mr. Spurgeon almost every verse is an illuminated text. He shirks no part of his self-allotted task. There are mysteries in his track which no mortal can fathom. These he does not pass by unnoticed; but he halts before them, stands in reverent awe, and appeals to an intelligent adoration. In these days of dubious orthodoxy, when we scarcely dare sing—"Jehovah hath triumphed, his people are free," lest, in sounding "the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea," we should betray the bad taste of insulting the dead relics of Pharaoh's chivalrous host; and when the Gospel of salvation is hushed awhile for the preacher to utter eloquent apostrophes of sympathy with the damned, it needed some courage to spell every verse of the hundred and ninth Psalm, and listen to the curses that rolled forth like an overwhelming cataract to destroy the merciless man, and render retribution to that wicked one the measure of whose iniquity no creature can gauge.

On this Psalm, however, there is no lack of reflection or quotation.

In quite another strain the hundred and fourth Psalm has called forth the highest efforts of the preacher, and the most instructive gleanings from other authors. But we must trouble our subscribers to judge for themselves. As for Mr. Spurgeon, we can only say to him—"Go on, dear brother; God speed you. Your platform pulpit enjoys a prerogative which no man can dispute. Long may you preserve it. But when the pressure of your constant service shall have closed, there awaits you a peerage in the realm of sacred literature."

Queen Pomare and her Country. By the Rev. GEORGE PRITCHARD, formerly Missionary and British Consul at Tahiti. With an Introduction by the Rev. Dr. Allon. Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

QUEEN POMARE has passed away, but the pages of her history are still with us. And as we read the *small doings of the authorities of France* we sympathise with the writer expressing his *disgust* by using the sentence sarcastically more than once. *These things were done in the name of ONE GREAT AND VALIANT NATION.* It is a dark blot on the fame of France, and another of many instances that MIGHT is often far from being RIGHT. The history of the queen shines out in the midst of surrounding darkness and mystery as the history of a true child of God. *Trusting Him*, waiting to know His will, and in her most painful trials even bowing her soul to Him in whom she had confidence, and saying, *Thy will be done.* A most instructive and useful piece of biography.

The Path of Life and the Perfect Rest: A Glance at the World Above and the World to Come. By A PILGRIM OF SEVENTY. Houlston and Sons, Paternoster-row.

THIS work was left in manuscript by the late highly-esteemed writer, the

Rev. John Cox, and dedicated by him to his beloved companion and help for nearly fifty years. In the *dedication he anticipates the probability of its being his last work.* These last lines and thoughts are the breathings of a pilgrim who has been long on the road, and expecting soon to arrive at home. Mr. Cox led a very busy and useful life. His pulpit work and the constant use of his pen made him a blessing to many thousands, who live to revere his memory. This little volume is full of the author's old style and full of THE OLD TRUTH—the title which the author chose for a magazine of which he was some time the editor. It will be read with much interest by many loved friends of this departed servant of God, and we are certain of its being a profitable book for all readers. It gives you glimpses of the Jasper City, without speculation or presumption, by one who made it his chief study and glory to abide fast by the Scriptures of Truth.

The late Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour. The Memorial Discourse Preached in Church-street Chapel, on Sunday evening, July 14th, 1878. By the Rev. DAWSON BURNS, M.A. With an address in Paddington Cemetery, delivered Monday, July 8th, 1878. By Rev. J. W. Tonn, D.D. Partridge and Co.

MANY who have for years past been enjoying the pen and platform efforts of Mrs. Balfour will read this sermon and address with solemn interest. Mrs. Balfour was with us a household word. Her familiar voice and chaste style in uttering great principles seem with us at this instant. But that useful life has closed. We rejoice to know she lives above, though—

"Our sight is much too feeble to behold
Our friend above in garments bright,
In mansions of the purest gold."

The sermon is what we should expect from *Mr. Burns*, well-arranged, thoughtful, and thoroughly evangelical, and a tribute to the memory of the departed worthy. We concur in both sermon and address.

The Future Destiny of the Soul According to the Philosophers. By JNO. D—. Elliot Stock.

A VERY excellent tract. Should be published in a cheaper form.

Testimonies to the Efficacy of Hydropathy in the Cure of Disease. Edited by RICHARD METCALF. Tweedie and Co., Strand.

A MASS of information and testimony. Let all who believe in the sentence, *Weak as water*, read these testimonies and proofs of the curative powers of water.

The Reports of Ragged Church and Chapel Union, Royal Naval Scripture Readers' Society, and Quarterly Reporter of the German Baptist Mission, have been received. They contain matters of great interest. We wish the societies God speed.

OUR MAGAZINES.

FOR them we have nothing but eulogy. *The Baptist Magazine*. We are not

saying enough when we say this is an especially good number.

The Sword and Trowel. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's characteristic address on Fishing will be read with pleasure and profit.

General Baptist. Full to overflow of solid matter.

Our Baptist papers are to hand, and are stirring and suggestive in their leading articles.

Truth and Progress, The British Flag, The Voice of Warning, and Evangelical Christendom, have our full sympathies. *The Quarterly Register of the Baptist Tract Society*, with sound specimen tracts, to hand. Also our oft recommended *Teachers' Storehouse* and *Biblical Museum*.

We regret to notice a very singular error in our last month's reviews: in noticing the Quarterly Record of the TRINITARIAN Bible Society, the word Unitarian was substituted. We need scarce say we have no sympathy with Unitarians.

Poetry.

THE OLD DEACON'S LAMENTATION.

I ONLY wish things were
As in the days gone by!
The changes time has wrought
Oft makes me heave a sigh.
Not changes in our isle,
Or in our government;
But changes of more weight,
My soul does now lament.
'Tis changes in our church
Which often trouble me;
And more especially those
Which touch the ministry.
When I first joined the church
Our minister was plain,
And did not use those words
Which give my ear-drums pain.

He spoke to people present,
And not above one's head;
His words of love and zeal
The sinner filled with dread.
His heart was in his work,
The good of souls his aim,
The poor he slighted not—
Equality his claim.
Our present minister
Is quite a different man;
He tries to do his work
On some new-fashioned plan.
To our old minister
He's quite the opposite—
"Ne'er mind the ign'rant sinner,
So thought can take its flight—"

Yes, now he is an angel,
No sickness he can know,
No pangs can ever reach
His peaceful brow.

Could you the curtain draw,
And give one inward peep,

You would not wish him here again,
You could not for him weep.

Within the land of glory
He sings for evermore ;
You must not weep for Albert,
Not lost, but gone before.

K.P.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

THE Rev. G. Pring has resigned the pastorate of the church at Brabourne, Kent.

Rev. Mr. Vaughan, of Surrey-lane chapel, Battersea, has sailed for Australia.

Rev. W. K. Armstrong has resigned the pastorate of the Town Hall Church at Tunbridge Wells.

Rev. W. Thomas has intimated his intention of resigning the pastorate of the church at Westbury Leigh at the end of the present year.

Rev. C. Hewitt has resigned the pastorate of the church at Beachwood-green, which he has held for upwards of ten years.

PETERBOROUGH — HYDE.—Rev. H. Watts, of Peterborough, has resigned his connection with the church in Queen-street, having by the desire of the Home Mission sub-committee of the Lancashire and Cheshire Association of Baptist Churches, accepted the invitation of the Baptist Church at Hyde, near Manchester, to become the pastor.

SOUTH SHIELDS.—Rev. W. A. Davis, of the Pastors' College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Tabernacle, South Shields.

TENBY.—Rev. H. M. Barnett has resigned the pastorate of the South Parade Church.

WARRINGTON.—Rev. Arthur Harrison, in the fourth year of his service, has resigned the charge of the Golborn-street Church. His pastorate will close at the end of December.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE memorial-stone of a new chapel at the Station-end, Harrow, was laid on the 21st of August by Mr. A. H. Baynes, one of the secretaries of the Baptist Missionary Society. This preaching station has been supplied for some years past by students of Regent's-park College, who have gathered together an interesting congregation. Rev. A. P. McKenzie (superintendent) made a statement, and addresses were given; after which a public meeting was held in a tent, when speeches were delivered by the chairman (Mr. Baynes), Revs. J. H. Millard, B. A., J. Hunt Cooke, S. Grant, E. J. Boon (Southampton), and others. £53 was realised during the day. £300 is needed to open the building free of debt.

A new chapel has just been opened at New-lano, Accrington. The Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown preached. The building is intended to accommodate 750 persons, and will cost, including land, £4,000, towards which £2,100 has been promised. £54 was collected at the opening services.

The memorial-stone of a new chapel, to be erected at Bedale, has just been laid. The building is intended to accommodate 250 persons, and will cost, including site, about £1,475. Mr. Alderman Watson, of Bradford, laid the stone, and, at a public meeting, addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Barker, J. Haslam, W. C. Adey, Alderman Wilcock and others. The

sum of £75 was contributed to the building fund.

CURTISDEN GREEN, GOUDHURST, KENT.—The opening services of the new Baptist Chapel at Curtisden Green, Goudhurst, were held last week. On the Tuesday evening a dedication service was held. On Wednesday at two o'clock, there was a prayer meeting, with an address by Rev. John Spurgeon, after which a sermon was preached by Rev. N. Dobson. Tea followed, and at the public meeting, the speakers were Revs. N. Dobson, G. Walker, M. York, and J. Spurgeon, the chairman being Mr. T. E. Slaughter, of Sandhurst. The meetings were thoroughly enjoyed by all present, and the building was highly appreciated. Many thanks are due to Mr. S. Wickham for his liberality in relation to the work. The whole outlay is about £700. Of this in cash and promises upwards of £500 has been received.

DEAL.—An effort was recently commenced by the church and congregation at Nelson-street, with a view to secure a new chapel and schoolrooms, the present building being old, inconvenient, and situated in a remote part of the town. An eligible freehold site, in a prominent thoroughfare, has been secured at a cost of £420, and a building fund established. A fancy bazaar in aid of this object has just been held. The mayor, Mr. J. R. Lush, presided at the opening on Wednesday, August 21. The sale was continued on the two following days. After paying all expenses, there is a balance of £200, which has been paid into the building fund.

PRESENTATION.

A MEETING was held at Aberdeen on the 19th of August to bid farewell to the Rev. Clarence Chambers, who is leaving Aberdeen to become superintendent and evangelist to the Baptist Home Missions in Staffordshire. Mr. Chambers' future sphere of labour will extend only over nine miles of the Staffordshire potteries, but in this district there are 200,000 people, nine

Baptist churches, four of which have ministers, the others depending upon evangelists. A silver biscuit box was presented to Mrs. Chambers by the Aberdeen Clerical Union, and a handsome Bible to Master Chambers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LYNDHURST, HANTS.—The second anniversary of the pastor's settlement was held on the 17th of July. After tea a public meeting was held, and addresses delivered by the Revs. P. Griffiths, W. Power, E. J. Boon, J. W. Wilson, J. Cadnam Ridler, T. Evans, Mr. Bennett, and the pastor, Rev. W. H. Payne, who presented a very satisfactory report of the past year. The next day the Sunday-school scholars had their annual treat.

A TEA and public meeting were held on Monday, August the 19th, in Wycliffe Union Tabernacle, Kensal-green. The pastor, the Rev. J. Hall, presided, and addresses were delivered by various ministers. Upwards of £7 was realised. It is intended to hold a bazaar in a few weeks' time, with the object of reducing the debt on the chapel. Three of the trustees have promised £50 each on condition that the pastor and his friends raise £250. As the chapel is in a working-class district, an appeal is made to the Christian public for aid, which we trust will be generously responded to.

BROCKENHURST, HANTS.—The annual tea was held in the Baptist Chapel on September the 4th. At the public meeting the pastor, Rev. R. Blake, presided, and addresses were delivered by Revs. J. B. Burt, W. H. Payne, Mr. Soper, and Mr. Watson. The proceeds were devoted to the purchase of lamps for the chapel.

A TEA and public meeting was held on Friday, September the 6th, at the Baptist Chapel, Brockhurst, to bid farewell to Mr. W. J. White, on his returning to Japan under the auspices of the British Missionary Society. After tea, to which about 120 sat down, the public meeting was held, presided over by Rev. B. French, the pastor. After singing and prayer by Rev. J. W.

Genders, of Portsea, Mr. French said they had gathered there that evening with mingled feelings. They were sorrowful because they were about to part with a very dear friend, one who had been brought up and converted in their Sunday school, and yet joyous because he was going to leave them for such a grand purpose. The Lord was honouring them as a Church in sending one from their midst to tell the glad tidings of salvation to the heathen of Japan. Mr. White knew something of the manners and customs of the Japanese, and had acquired their language, having lived in Japan for eight years. Feeling called to the mission work, he came home, and had gone through a college course at the Pastors' College, and was there that evening to bid them farewell ere he returned. Mr. White next spoke, and then Rev. T. W. Medhurst addressed the meeting, and was followed by Revs. Dr. G. Colborne, W. H. Cave, J. W. Genders, and H. H. Dove.

ARCHIBALD E. BROWN IN BEDS AND HERTS.—Mr. Brown began his months preaching and Bible touring September the 7th at Park-street Chapel on Saturday night. Preaching, holding prayer meetings, and giving Bible expositions on the Sunday, and closing Sunday night by a service in the Platt Hall, which was attended by 3,000 persons. On Monday night a series of services were commenced. Monday night, Park-street Chapel, presided over by the Rev. J. H. Blake, address given by the Rev. W. Berry, Congregational Minister. Tuesday, Wellington-street Chapel, address by Mr. Rickards, of London, president Rev. D. Morgan. Wednesday, Union Chapel, president Rev. J. Tuckwell, address J. H. Blake. Thursday, Congregational Church, president Rev. W. Berry, address Rev. J. Tuckwell. Friday morning Bible reading at Wellington-street Chapel, afternoon prayer-meeting, and in the evening Mr. Brown preached to some thousands a closing sermon on the Holy Ghost saith, "To-day if you will hear His voice harden not your hearts." These services never

flagged in interest; but, though Mr. Brown was engaged through the week in the surrounding district, and the week's service in Luton were left to the ministers of the town, they resulted in some of the largest religious meetings ever remembered being held in the town. It is hoped that much spiritual blessing will result from them.

BAPTISMS.

- Aberavon.*—September 8, Water-street, One; 15, One, by T. Richards.
- Abercarn.* Mon.—August 25, at the English Chapel, Three, by E. E. Probert.
- Abersychan* (English).—September 16, Three, by J. Evans.
- Abertillery.*—August 25, at the English Chapel, Two, by T. Griffiths.
- Abertillery*, Monmouthshire.—August 18, Two, by L. Jones.
- Addlestone*, Surrey.—August 30, Three, by E. W. Tarbox.
- Aldringham*, Suffolk.—August 11, Three, by S. K. Bland.
- Ashton-under-Lyne.*—September 15, Three, by A. Bowden.
- Bacup.*—September 2, at Irwell-terrace, Three, by J. S. Hughes.
- Barnsley.*—August 25, Six, by R. W. Osler.
- Barrow-in-Furness.*—August 25, Abbey-road, Six, by J. Hughes.
- Birmingham.*—September 1, at the People's Chapel, Eight, by W. Radford.
- Bradford.*—August 4, at Tetley-street Chapel, Five, by B. Wood.
- Braintree.*—September 5, at Coggeshall-road, Four, by J. C. Foster.
- Broadstairs.*—September 8, Two, by J. W. Carter.
- Brockhurst*, Hants.—July 28, Five, by H. H. Dove; August 25, One, by B. French.
- Burnley.*—September 4, at Ebenezer Chapel, Three, by W. Reynolds.
- Caversham*, Down.—September 1, Six, by T. Morgan.
- Carlton*, Beds.—August 25, One, by John Jull.
- Chapel-fold*, Yorkshire.—August 25, One, by J. Kendall.
- Ferndale*, Rhondda.—August 18, English Church, Four; September 8, Six, by R. C. Evans.
- Fornett.*—September 15, at the Tabernacle, Three, by C. Bloy.

Glasbury, Breconshire.—September 8, Four, by J. Howell.

Glynneth, Wales.—September One, Two, by Dr. Thomas.

Hastings.—August 19, One, by W. Barker.

Hay.—August 25, One, by J. Mathias.

Heaton, Bradford.—September 1, Four, by E. Howarth.

Henlan, Mon.—September 13, One, by J. S. James.

Hill Cliffe.—August 25, Five, by Wm. Pilling.

Hitchin, Walsworth-road.—September 8, Three, by G. Wright.

Jarrow-on-Tyne.—August 18, Grange-road, Two, by W. Satchwell.

Kings Sutton, Northamptonshire.—September 8, Four, by T. Bray.

Knighton.—September 1, One, by W. Williams.

Liverpool.—July 30, Mount Vernon-street, Seven, by Roes Evans.

Llanfyllin, near Oswestry.—September 1, Two, by T. M. Griffiths.

Llanidloes.—August 22, Four, by J. Edwards.

Lovestoft.—August 10, London-road, Three, by E. Mason.

Lymn, Cheshire.—August 25, Four, by H. Davies.

Macclesfield.—August 28, Two, by J. Maden.

Maesyrhelem, Radnorshire.—August 31, Two, by D. Davies.

Manchester.—September 1, at Upper Medlock-street (Welsh) Chapel, Five, by B. Humphreys.

Maulden, Beds.—September 10, Nine, by T. Cardwell.

Meltham, Yorkshire.—August 29, Two, by J. Alderson.

Metropolitan District:—

Harrowington, Middlesex.—August 29, Two, by W. Orick.

Metropolitan Tabernacle.—August 26, Five; August 29, Thirteen, by J. A. Spurgeon.

Trinity Chapel, John-street, Edgware-road.—May 2, Five; July 4, Four, by J. O. Followes.

Woolwich.—August 29, Charles-street, Six, by J. Wilson.

Ogden.—August 25, One, by A. E. Greening.

Portsmouth.—August 28, at Lake-road Chapel, Seven; September 11, One, by T. W. Medhurst.

Rhosilemerchrnog.—August 16, Two; 30, Two, by J. Roberts; 25, One, by J. Jones, Cwmfare.

Riddings.—September 1, Four, by C. F. Jamieson.

Rotherham.—August 30, Three, by J. Harper.

Ryeford, Herefordshire.—August 29, Three, by E. Watkins.

Sardis.—September 16, Two, by J. John.

Sheepshead.—September 1, Ten, by H. A. Blount.

Sheerness-on-Sea.—September 4, in Strod-crescent Chapel, Two, by J. R. Hadler.

Southampton.—September 12, in Carlton Chapel, Two, by E. Osborne.

Southend.—September 2, Two, by J. G. Wilson.

Sutton-in-Ashfield.—September 8, Five, by A. E. Johnson.

Torquay.—September 1, Upton Vale, Six, by E. Edwards.

Truro.—September 8, Three, by J. S. Paige.

Tue Brook, near Liverpool.—August 21, at Olive Hall, West Derby, Eight, by E. E. Fisk.

Todmorden.—September 5, at Shore Chapel, Two, by J. K. Chappelle.

Waltham Abbey.—August 23, Three, by W. Jackson.

Waunarillydd.—September 15, Three, by W. John.

West Hartlepool.—August 25, Three, by H. Gray.

West Lavington.—September 8, Two, by S. King.

Westpark, Dumfries.—August 29, Four, by Wm. Milligan, jun.

Whitemoor, near Nottingham.—August 29, Five, by W. Sising.

RECENT DEATHS.

ON May 15th, 1878, Mr John Jones, in the 69th year of his age. In the first days of his Christian life, brother John Jones was united in church fellowship with the Primitive Methodists. But his mind became exercised on the question of baptism, and he presented himself before the church at Llanvihangel Ystrad, and in October 1840, was baptised in the River Trothy. He joined the church in the above-named place, and continued a consistent useful member till his death, a very earnest Christian, and faithful worker, both in the church and Sunday school. Although he lived some two and a half miles from the chapel, he was seldom absent from the prayer meetings on the week-day evenings; he was the pastor's friend and helper in the

REST AND REFRESHMENT.*

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

"Tell me, oh Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest; where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon."—SOLOMON'S SONG I. 7.

THE Spouse here speaks. She addresses her husband under the title of him whom her soul loves. Many earthly marriages are unhappy for lack of love, which is the very essence of the nuptial relation. But no soul is married to Christ that does not love Him. Every single instance of a spiritual union with the Lord Jesus is founded on real affection towards His blessed person. Each and every believer can say to Jesus, "Thou whom my soul loveth." The love of the Spouse, you will observe, is simple, and set on Him alone. She speaks as one who loved none other. As the rod of Aaron swallowed up all the other rods, so genuine love to Jesus swallows up all other loves. Affections towards our fellow-creatures will remain, and so indeed they should, but they will be like tiny hillocks, scarcely worthy of notice on the chart, in comparison with that topmost Alp of love to the Lord Jesus Christ. The genuine lover of Jesus is absorbed here below with a master passion. His affections are all bound up into one, and concentrated on Him who is altogether lovely. The precept, "Set not your affections upon things on earth, but on things above"—commends itself to his spiritual instinct. He is enamoured of the heavenly, so he disdains the carnal. With him it is a soul-love, "O thou whom my soul loveth." This is not superficial, as mere human love the growth of human will. It is no frenzy produced by excitement, and sustained by unhealthy stimulants, but a fountain that has its spring in depths unfathomable; it is no evanescent flame, but a fire that burneth ever, for it feeds on fuel that is lasting and imperishable. "Oh! thou whom my soul loveth." You do not love Jesus Christ at all unless the very roots of your being drink in this sacred elixir, this heavenly dew. If there be any other objects for which thy heart doth fondly care, yet they shall never lie so deep, nor be so immediately intertwined into the roots of thy nature as is thy love to Christ. Oh thou whom my soul, my very soul, my inmost soul, my better self, my best self, my most real self loves! And it must be love indeed! I think, however timid we may be, our affection will sometimes declare itself. "Tell me, oh thou whom my soul loveth!" I can understand that humility which sometimes, under a sense of our sin or infirmity makes us dubious and anxious as to whether we do really love Jesus Christ at all; and yet when it comes really to our appealing to Him with life or death earnestness, I trust we shall never use "ifs" nor "buts." Let ours then be a straight answer to his pointed question—"Lovest thou me." Our response is surely ready—"Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love

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thee." After continued and repeated self-examination, the same answer shall be repeated with fresh emphasis—"Yea, Lord, *thou* knowest that I love Thee." There must be times when we can tell of this love to others; especially when, as in the case before us, there is no other ear to listen to our profession, no other person present to misunderstand our avowal; then we shall be able to say sincerely, as before Him whose eyes are of fire, though they be a dove's eyes, before Him who searcheth the reins and trieth the heart—"Yea, Lord, Thou art He whom my soul loveth."

This genuine love to Christ *may be attended with much ignorance*. The affection may be very ardent while the intelligence is very shallow. It is, however, better to love than to know, but it is best of all when the heart kindles to a lively flame, and the mind is like a rich soil highly cultivated. Or contrariwise the cloud had better darken the intelligence than the affection. Keep thy heart with all diligence. Let no mystery that puzzles thy brain peril its health. Say with freshening smiles—"Thou Whom my soul loveth," though with the next breath thou dost betray some anxious enquiry. "Tell me." While confessing your ignorance, give proof of your sincerity. Though your knowledge be limited, do not therefore be dissipated. Some of our young friends have had little education, and painfully lack the advantages of an early religious training. They often feel that they cannot understand the doctrines of the Gospel as readily as others do. Let them not be greatly discouraged. Their love shall count for more than their learning. Your spiritual life is not so much to be judged by the clearness of your views as by the clinging of your tendrils. The grip of faith is good, but goodlier still the grasp of love. Genuine love thirsts for knowledge. It naturally excites in the heart a holy curiosity. The earnest prayer for instruction springeth out of the absorbing interest in the object of devout regard. "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth." From a sacred intimacy, I shall get secret information as a matter of course. My jealousy will excite my zeal to comprehend with all saints what are the heights and depths, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Seek to be of an inquisitive frame of mind in heavenly things. Put your questions to your Master, and blessed answers will be given. Address them to Him affectionately and earnestly, and you may expect to be amply instructed, for is it not written—"All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children?"

Now, the special point on which the enquiry bears, is the place where the Great Shepherd feeds his flock, where He gives them rest in the noon-tide heat when the sun's glare is oppressive. I have thought that this quest of the bride might be peculiarly appropriate to some of us who are called to fight the Lord's battles in the great public arena: we have good need of quiet, calm, and peace breathed into our souls. And those of you likewise who prove it a hard struggle to earn your daily bread; and others too who are often beset and baffled with temptations and spiritual conflicts—oh, how often you must be longing to find a little harbour such as Bunyan's Pilgrim found half way up the Hill Difficulty, in which he sat down for a while, took his rest, and then went on his way. The Lord reveal to us such quiet resting-places, which we may put into for a little refreshment, knowing that we have yet to go out again into the storm. We shall then be the better fitted for the long journey that lies

before us after we have been fed, as Elias was with the food which the angel brought him under the juniper tree.

I. Now, observe how the soul SOUGHT FOR A PLACE WHERE SHE MIGHT OBTAIN A PRICELESS BOON, AND THAT BOON WAS REST—"Tell me, oh Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon."

Rest! After all our labours and anxieties it is the thing we want, the end of all our wishes and pursuits. Some of our friends delight in the idea of heaven being a place of accumulated knowledge where they shall get expanding views of the works of God in nature. I must confess such an idea of heaven has no attraction for me. I do not know why, but I never think of heaven with greater joy than when I sing that verse of Dr. Watts:—

"There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

Rest is the good for which man is ever toiling. The thirst for gold or the ambition for fame would never reconcile men to so severe a strain upon the sinews of the body, and such exposure to anxieties of the mind, unless these were viewed as the avenues to repose and calm. Man is ever looking forward to the time when he may cast off all his cares, and enjoy the haven he strives to reach. And the rest is not partial and intermittent, which Jesus Christ gives to His people, but it is permanent and immutable, a rest to all the powers, and all the faculties of one's being. There is rest to the intellect in Christ. The brain is seeking after some truth which is so certain that it can admit of no doubt. This it finds when the soul yields itself up to Christ as a disciple of His, learning of Him, and following Him at the same time. Faith ripens into certainty and the heart becomes more and more stedfast in the blessed truth which it has received. Then the peace is profound. It is dreadful to be tossed to and fro, like a ship without an anchor. But when a man is brought to love Christ he says "My heart is fixed, and it is filled with all that its fondest affections could crave." The rootlets of the soul, like vine tendrils, have been seeking after something that they could lay hold upon, till they come to the Cross, twine themselves about it, and get perfect calm. The affections are satisfied as well as the intellect. So wishes and desires, which, like horse-leeches are ever crying "Give, give," become content. The thirst of the believer is quenched, for he says "Christ is all my salvation and all my desire."

"All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
No friendship half so sweet."

Conscience, too, which once howled like a dog, and would not let us sleep, is quiet as a lamb, receives the atoning sacrifice, and acknowledges that Jesus

"Bore that we might never bear
His Father's righteous ire."

In fact, all the powers within us rest tranquil, as did the vessel upon the Lake of Galilee, when Jesus Christ had bid the winds and waves be still. Oh! friends, I wish you all knew what a blessed peace God has given to some of us through faith! We have had such peace and joy in believing, that severe pains or heavy losses, and painful crosses, have not broken its sacred spell. It is blessed to have this peace of God as armour for the soul, when we have to do deadly battle for the cause of Christ, or for some truth which is assailed by the adversaries. To have the Lord always before you, to know that He is at your right hand, and that you shall not be moved—this fills a man with courage. He is not afraid to speak with the Lord's enemies in the gate, because He hath the peace which, like a river, gently glides along. So he wishes well to those he doth oppose; in discord generous; and in dissension seeking still to make friends of those who make friends with Him. Such peace the world can neither give, nor can it take away. This peace is the proper temper of a Christian. Would that no chills or fever disturbed its equanimity. Down in the valley under the cloud you feel disturbed, dejected, or distracted, thinking of your dear child's illness, your husband's anxieties, or your own private distress? Possibly your deep concern may be in respect to your personal interest in the Lord Jesus? In every case, let your language be—"Tell me, oh Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon; give me that rest, O my Lord!"

II. This craving for rest is joined with another unspeakable blessing which the Spouse seeks with ardour—she longs TO BE FED—"Tell me where thou feedest."

The word signifies something more than a passing meal; it implies a full supply of all the provision to be expected from the Shepherd's hand. Tell me where thou dost fulfil the office of a Shepherd—guiding and guarding, providing, protecting and feeding, and leading Thy flock. Oh, Lord, my wants are past reckoning, and I cannot obtain them from any other source but from the treasures of Thy grace; I am as weak and worthless, sorry, and sick; weary and wayward; worn and wandering as any sheep that ever lived; be a shepherd to me; tell me where I may find Thy pastoral care and a full immunity from my pestering vexations. Indulging, however, our fondness for our own version, let us take the word "feed" literally. Tell me where Thou feedest. Our Lord has a wont of making His people rest and feed at the same time. "He maketh me to lie down in the green pastures." So it is with His people. They have food in plenty, and enjoy the place in which they partake of it. When Jesus fed the thousands, He first made them sit down on the grass—that was their rest. Then He brake the loaves, and distributed the fishes; thus He gave them to eat. They shall be fed, and they shall lie down; they shall have both food and rest.

Now, our Lord Jesus Christ really feeds the soul. Man's body is fed on bread; man's mind is fed on knowledge; but man's spirit is fed on communion with Christ. As you rise from the lower faculty to the higher, the food rises. The food of the lower faculty, the animal, is bread, a material substance; the food of the next faculty, the mind, is thought, knowledge; the food of the superior faculty, the spirit, is that which only the Holy Spirit can bring to us—the flesh and blood of the Lord

Jesus Christ Himself; whereof He spake—"Except a man eat My flesh and drink My blood, there is no life in Him, for My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed." When you think upon the person of Jesus that feeds your spirit; when you reflect upon the work of Jesus, His incarnation, His holy life, His suffering death, His resurrection, His ascension, His intercession, and all that it guarantees, His Second Coming, and all the glory that pertains to its wonderful consummation, your happy lot it is to be led into the choicest pastures, and to be regaled with the sweetest fare. Meditating upon these things your spirit is fed. Gathering knowledge, you foster Faith and Patience, Hope and Love, and every grace. Do you not long for such food? Are you not hungering for it? The world is a desert-waste to believers; to them earthly joys are bladders and bubbles. You must get to your Lord, beloved, you must get to your Lord, or there is no food to your taste. Once you could have filled your belly with the husks, but now you turn away from them with disgust, and enquire for the bread that cometh down from heaven. Away, then, with all your bread-baskets in which you had sought to gather earthly comforts, and come straight away to your Lord and Master, and ask Him to feed you at this hour. "Tell me where thou feedest; where thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon."

III. Let us go on to observe that these two blessings of rest and food are spoken of AS BEING SEASONABLY SOUGHT AND BESTOWED.

"Where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon." That is the hottest time of the day. The need of rest is not felt when the dew is on the grass in the morning, and at eventide the sheep could not well be feeding without needing to lie down. But at noon, when the hot Eastern sun dries up the juices of the herbs and exhales the dews, the poor sheep need to be conducted to the shadow of the rock, or under some wide-spreading oak, that they may lie down. Now, perhaps it may be like noon-tide with some of you at this very hour. You may be feeling the conditions of life to be very oppressive. The toil fatigues you; and the stress upon an over-wrought brain exhausts your spirits, and injures your health. As the flock at noon-tide therefore you pine for rest. Or peradventure you are compassed about with troubles, and smitten with adversities till your heart grows faint with the sultriness of the atmosphere, and you find no cheer nor comfort. You are poor; the wolf is at the door; sickness has invaded your home; sighs float down from the chamber where songs once rose from the parlor; friendships that once cheered you are exchanged for estrangement that appal you. As in the broiling heat of noon your strength is dried up like a potsherd. Wearisome, dull, languid, and heavy is the air you breathe. Even as in the middle of a hot day, when you have sat with open windows, vainly long for a gust of wind or a breath of fresh air. Fain would you get away into some deep glen in some thick wood where the dense shadows shut out every gleam of golden sunshine, to relieve you from the hot burning sky. You have longed to plunge into some brook, or to sit under the shadow of some great rock, for you have found it to be a weary land. That is the state of mind into which your spirits have fallen. Recollect then that Jesus Christ is not only our rest when we can rest anywhere, but our rest when we can rest nowhere. He is our food not merely when there is other food, but when there is no food; He is all in all when everywhere else

there is no provision. Breathe, then, the prayer—"Tell me where Thou feedest; where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon," where Thou dost give those choicest privileges, of which I am anxious to be a partaker.

IV. But notice that this is the happy lot of a favoured people. "Tell me where Thou makest *Thy flock* to rest at noon." The blessings of the covenant are not for all mankind. There is a special family, of which, dear hearer, I would have thee ask art thou a member? "*Thou makest*", not all the sons of men, but "*Thy flock* to rest at noon." Thy flock points to a peculiar people. Known to God, because beloved of God the Father; redeemed by Christ, their sins having been expiated by His atoning sacrifice; quickened, converted, and called out by the effectual calling of the Divine Spirit, they are the sheep of God's fold. They know the Shepherd's voice, He knows them, and they follow Him. These enter into rest, and none besides. My hearer, art thou one of Christ's sheep? Or art thou one of Satan's goats? Dost thou follow Jesus? Is He thy Shepherd? Dost thou trust in Him! I would to God that thou wouldst hearken to His call, and obey His commandments. Rising at the sound of the Gospel, come now unto Him and live; for him that cometh, He will in no wise cast out. Let this reflection, that the pasture and repose are for a special people allure thee and not deter thee from asking for the peculiar privileges of the flock. "Lord, give me what Thou givest Thy chosen! Give me the faith of Thine Elect, that I may with them be partakers of Thine inheritance. Surely, Lord, if Thou wilt only deal with me as Thou art wont to do unto those who love Thy name, this is all I can desire; my soul shall be satisfied. Tell me where Thou makest Thy flock to rest." Oh! I do rejoice to think that when I rest in Christ, poor and insignificant though I be, I am resting where Peter and Paul rested; where Luther and Calvin rested; where Whitfield and Wesley rested; where confessors and martyrs all rested. The same rest is for the meanest seekers as well as the mightiest of saints. Blessed be God, poor as any of you may be, and though nobody knows much about you, your Lord will not love you less, nor bestow on you fewer privileges. There are no second-class mercies; they are all first-class blessings. You shall rest where the flock rests. Oh, sweet indulgence! Seek it, brethren, and it shall be yours to realise it.

V. BUT THIS PRIVILEGE COMES IN ONE ONLY WAY; and that a way of fellowship.

"Tell me, oh! Thou whom my soul loveth, where *Thou* feedest." Surely the food were wholesome if it came *from* thy Master's table; but how much sweeter the relish when thou partakest of it *at* His table and with Him.

"Where thou feedest." Not where Thy minister feeds. Ah! poor soul, thou wilt fare poorly if thou gettest nothing but the scraps he brings thee from the feast. He invites thee to come with him to the banquet—which the Lord Himself provides. "Where Thou feedest," the commissariat shall never be lacking when the communion is enjoyed. Let me be with Thee, my Lord, and I shall not want for any good thing. In like manner, the rest is to be found in His presence, and no where else, "Where Thou *makest* Thy flock to rest at noon." Under his eye, within sound of His voice, there is sweet repose because there is a sense of security. Worldings may get into a dead calm or a state of drowsy

indifference, but the genuine follower of Christ never can get rest, except it be in the finished work, and full satisfaction of the Lord Jesus Christ. He hath made an end of sin, and entered into His rest triumphantly. We therefore that believe, do enter into His rest; and by the power of the blessed and eternal Spirit we enjoy a peace which passeth all understanding. You know what it is to labour in devotion, and find no rest in it. You know what it is to listen to sermons, which rather agitate than calm your troubled breasts. You retire to your closets, and read your Bible, with little relief and no refreshment. So you still cry and groan after rest, at such times you track the footsteps of the flock, though you fail to reach their fold. You learn then that the rest is in His society, under His shadow, near His side.

Oh! that we might never content ourselves with ought that calms our fears or pleases our tastes if it stop short of this full fruition. May we scorn anything that is not true to Him, and brought home to our conscience by the still small voice of His soft whisper, and laid, like balm of Gilead, on our wounds by His own dear, tender, pierced hand. There is a rest that is of evil omen, a lull that is the presage of a storm. Only that rest which Jesus brings in the fulfilment of His promise—"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"—only for such rest ought our souls to pant, only with such rest should we be satisfied.

VI. ONE ONLY PLACE answers to the description—"Where Thou feedest, and where Thou makest Thy flock to rest."

Where is the place that He feeds so peacefully and rests so securely? Instrumentally we are fed under the Word as it is read and preached; we are fed at the table of ordinances; we are fed in our meditations; we are fed in our private prayers, we are fed by experience, and often by fellowship with our Christian brethren we get a meal that is not a little invigorating. But after all the place—pre-eminently the place of food and the place of rest is the Cross foot. That is the only rest of the believer, and there the only food on which believers can flourish. Dr. Watts' paraphrase of this verse you will remember—

"Where is the shadow of that rock,
Which from the sun defends Thy flock?
Fain would I feed amongst Thy sheep;
Among them rest, among them sleep."

The shadow of a rock! How is it that there is such a thing as a shadow from a rock? The answer is—because the rock bears all the heat of the sun. Thus, those who are under its shadow are sheltered. Just so with Christ. There at that place, He bore the fierce heat of His Father's ire; on the Cross He bore our sins, and the chastisement of our peace was upon Him. There he shelters us from the sun's burning heat; under the shadow of that Cross a cool and delicious shade ministers peace to us; and where the blood drops the food grows—the only food for the Lord's own chosen sheep. Ah! beloved, the best hours we ever have known, were those passed nearest to the Cross foot. God forgive the sermons and the hymns which do not lead you to the Cross. Oh, that all our meditations, like roads that bend to a centre, led up to this great metropolis of the Christian religion—the place of the atoning blood of our Lord

Jesus Christ! Beloved, if you pine and pant for rest, let me urge you not to vex your souls with enquiries into your evidences, nor try to solace yourselves with reflecting on your experience. Have nothing to do with any doctrine except the one doctrine of the Cross. Other doctrines you may take up at other times, but just now if you have grown faint and weary, the place for rest is where you behold Jesus nailed to the tree, with those five blessed wounds, those ensanguined rills of atoning blood. Oh! look at the carmine of his blood as it drops there, and takes out the scarlet of your transgressions. Look to the amazing love and the stupendous sacrifice, and as you look your peace will spring up and flow like a river. Or do you want food? Then look not to the preacher, look not to any one or to anything but to Thy crucified Lord. Turn away from all your metaphysical speculations, your critical questionings, and your peculiar views of prophecy. Give no thought to arguments about God's fore-knowledge, and man's free-will. Let the eyes of Thy faith now turn with fixed gaze upon the dear Lamb of God's Passover. This was of old, the food of God's Israel on the night when they come out of Egypt. This is the food of which you shall eat and live. Oh! may you never wander from the dear enclosure of the Cross. Should any of you feel afraid to come to Christ to-night lest He reject you, recollect the welcome Jesus gave to publicans and harlots when they drew near to Him. There was a barrier set about Sinai; and whoever touched that mountain, must be stoned or be pierced through with a dart. But there was no bound set round the Mount where Jesus died. Nay, on the very summit of Calvary there were two dying thieves, and one of them obtained mercy. Oh! come here and rest, for here rest is to be surely found. Rely more and more completely on His bleeding sacrifice, and then shall your spirit have food and rest, and all things else that thought can wish or that imagination can conceive. Jesus shall thus be the first and foremost in your own heart, even to the casting out of everything beside. There it is He feeds; there it is He makes His flock to rest at noon.

God bless these words to such of you as have long sighed for rest, and sighed for it in vain. Rest is to be had in Christ; only in Him. With all your schemes and all your efforts, plans of your own and counsels of others you will reap nothing but disappointment till you come to Him. Oh that your hearts, your poor hungry hearts might feed on Jesus. Yet know that your craving never can be appeased till you come and trust Him. May you be brought now to a simple trust in Christ crucified, and to Him shall be the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

TRAITS OF CHRISTIAN NOBILITY.

NOBILITY IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

CHAPTER III.

A SECOND element of discipline in secular schools lies in the fact that the masters and pupil-teachers are *thoroughly trained* for the work. The scholar looks up to the schoolmaster as an official know-all. What he says is the scholars' secular gospel. And to a certain degree the scholars cherish a similar feeling towards the pupil-teachers. Instinctively children respect superior knowledge. That leads them, therefore, to *look up* to those who possess it. Looking up to them, they learn to obey them. Do you suppose for one moment that they would either look up to or obey a schoolmaster, or pupil-teachers who knew little more than themselves? They would soon despise such teachers, and leave them to go and be taught elsewhere. Here, then, in secular schools "knowledge is power." As in secular schools, so will it be found in Sunday-schools. Given teachers who are thoroughly trained for their work, you will have teachers then that the scholars will look up to and obey. But have you these teachers? Thank God there are some, but not half sufficient. I say heartily, God bless those dear Sunday-school teachers who, though they have never been trained, yet amid loads of discouragements stick to their posts and do their best; what

Sunday-schools would do without them in the present day I know not.

"There, Mr. Dexter, I go with you. I am glad you do not assume, as some persons appear to do, that highly-educated teachers alone should teach. That is an error, and going to the other extreme. A teacher in any Sunday-school, if he knows how to teach, may do well even if he has but a moderate education. If he is a fair reader, and has a good and experimental acquaintance with Scriptural truth, he may succeed even better than some who, though more highly learned, are deficient in tact and other qualities."

"You are correct there, Mr. Morrison, and we will cheerfully admit that as the other side of the question. But, still, you will grant me this, that while one feels devoutly grateful for these humble teachers and their noble service, it must be borne in mind that their deficiency must be a leading cause of want of discipline. They do their best, but they are often called upon to feel most painfully how feeble is that best. They often feel, when they would do the work of generals, that they are little better than raw recruits. To secure discipline, then, the teachers need more efficient training."

"But who is to train them, and how are they to be trained?"

"I hold it, Mr. Morrison, to be part of the Church's work; the Church must devise measures that will secure the end. That difficulties lie in the way cannot be doubted; but in fulfilling her mission it is

the Church's duty, with Divine help, to overcome all difficulties."

"We have in connection with our school, Mr. Dexter, a teachers training class, presided over by the pastor. We take the Sunday-school Union International Lessons, and he sets apart one evening in the week to meet the teachers, and go through the next Lord's-day Lessons with them. Thus all who can get are pretty well primed up for their Sunday's duty."

"And a good plan too. Ministers may do a great deal in that line if they will. And not to confine it to ministers, such training classes may be held by any well-educated Biblical student in the Church who may be disposed to give the time and labour. But another method, that is now being carried out under the auspices of the Sunday-school Union, is the system of competitive examinations in the Art of Teaching and Biblical subjects. A goodly number of ministers and laymen conduct these classes, and the results are most satisfactory. From statistics published in 1877 and the present year, we find that in the Principles and Art of Teaching, out of a larger number who entered their names, 426 appeared for examination, of whom 365 passed, 77 of them passing with honours. In Scripture history and doctrine, 783 appeared for examination, of whom the large number of 702 passed, 160 of them passing with honours. And in the Evidences of Christianity 822 appeared for examination, of whom 718 passed, 94 of them passing with honours. But this is not all. An extra Scriptural examination of a very severe character is held for those who have previously passed in all these three subjects, and we find that in the two years named 164 appeared for examination, of whom 137 passed

54 of them passing with honours. These figures tell a tale, and show the zeal with which many Sunday-school teachers prosecute their work. But the full totals reveal even more than this. In the two years for the four subjects 3,336 entered their names, 2,195 appeared for examination, 1,537 passed, 385 more passed with honours, and out of the whole number only 273 failed. The Union gives prizes for the ten best papers on each subject, and as the competition extends throughout England and Wales, those who gain the prizes must have given to their study an amount of time, labour, and perseverance that would do honour to a university student. When it is considered, too, that a large proportion of those who thus succeed 'earn their bread in the sweat of their brow,' I think their Christian nobility is displayed most remarkably.

"It is indeed truly encouraging, and such results I hope will incite many more to join the classes. But have you any other elements that you wish to mention?"

"Yes, several. A third element is found in the fact that these secular instructors have acquired the art of *knowing how to communicate* the knowledge that they possess. It matters very little what branch of learning they have to teach, they know how to induct the average scholar into its mysteries, and thus, 'little by little,' by slow and sure degrees, they make the scholar, so far as he can be made, proficient. To know *how* to teach is almost as important, if not quite, as to know *what* to teach. The teacher who is apt to teach, and who knows how to drive the subject into his scholar's minds, will certainly have the greatest respect paid to him, and the most attention."

"That is a good argument for teachers attending the examination class to learn the art of teaching."

"Just so. Well a fourth element in secular schools is this: the instruction conveyed is calculated to *interest the natural mind*. The information conveyed is of a natural kind, and what the scholars can apprehend, and even love. As to the religious information that is supposed to be conveyed in secular schools, talk of it as some people will, substantially it does not amount to much. The children do not go for it, and get little by it. It is the secular information they go for, and by obtaining it they get food suited to their natural understandings. The interest, therefore, they have in the subjects taught is in itself an incentive to order. But how is it with the Sabbath-school teacher? Are his subjects calculated thus to interest the youthful natural mind? Are children as much interested with *spiritual* truths as they are with natural truths? Alas! we know by bitter experience that they are not. Talk to them about arithmetic, astronomy, botany, music, geography, natural history, geology, or some other elementary branch of secular instruction, and you have their attention at once; but begin to talk to them about their lost and sinful condition, their need of the new birth, or the way to be saved and to be holy, then unless their souls are quickened by a Divine power you will soon see their attention droop. Here, again, you see in the matter of interest the secular teacher has an advantage. But how is this to be met in the Sunday-school? In three ways. First, by seeking to ground the children well in the *historical facts* of Scripture. In my opinion the present system adopted is to a great extent a mistake.

How are children generally taught in Sunday-schools? In all cases, very properly, the Bible is the text-book. But is that the way to teach the Bible, to ramble through it in any way, first taking a subject out of this part and then a subject out of another part, dipping into it here and dipping into it there, and wandering through it, as if it were a book of odds and ends, to be studied anyhow! Only suppose us schoolmasters teaching history, astronomy, geology, or any other branch of instruction, after such a fashion! I am afraid very few of our scholars would pass the standards. We know better. We begin with the simplest elements; get the children well grounded in them, and then lead them on and on, till they are masters of the subject. And that is just what you Sunday-school teachers should do. In every case your teachers should begin with what is most important—the life of Christ. His birth, childhood, growth, domestic life, baptism, public ministry, teaching, miracles, labours, sufferings, death, resurrection, and ascension, as recorded in the Four Gospels should be the substratum of all subsequent teaching. Valuable as other Biblical historical facts are, they are cast into the shade by these. What a child may be taught about Adam, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Solomon, Elijah, Jeremiah, Peter, or Paul, is of minor importance compared with what it ought to be taught about Christ. To know a great deal about these and little about Him is but a poor result of Sunday-school teaching, and calculated to do the scholars but little good. On the other hand, imagine what the result would be if all our scholars, when leaving the Sunday-schools, knew but little about these good personages; but

were so well grounded in the life of Christ that on examination they could answer almost any question relating to it as given in the Gospels, what an immense gain it would be! Talk about results, why so far as Scriptural information is concerned I can conceive of nothing grander. Well-grounded in His life, then lead them on to other Biblical histories, facts, and statements to any extent you like. By the way, Mr. Morrison, have you ever introduced into your school Mimpriss's Systematic Bible teaching system?"

"Not yet, Mr. Dexter."

"Then let me advise you to adopt it partly at least. Begin by ordering as many *Teachers Manuals on the Gospels* as you need for your Bible and Testament classes. You can have them in three or four grades, and they are only eighteen pence each. They each contain one hundred lessons on the Gospels, well got up, and embracing the whole of Christ's life as recorded in the Evangelists. For conveying the instruction that an average teacher needs I have seen nothing like them. It is the nearest approach to the secular methods of teaching that I am acquainted with. Each page contains the lesson, with questions, explanations, illustrations, and lessons in a condensed shape, enabling any teacher with ordinary intelligence in little time to make himself master of the subject. I have recommended these manuals to several teachers, with most satisfactory results, and I feel persuaded that if you will only fairly try them you will thank me for the recommendation."

"Where are they to be obtained, sir?"

"From the Systematic Bible Teacher Depository, Paternoster-square."

"Then I will send for *The Teachers Gospel Manuals*, first, second, and third grades, and examine them. If I find them suitable we can easily introduce them."

"You will find them suitable, depend upon it. But to proceed. The second thing needed to promote interest is to seek earnestly the conversion of the class. To 'aim at conversion,' as it is called, is most desirable. But how can that be done? Not by merely appealing, as some think, to the children's emotions and feelings, but by imparting to them Scriptural truths. No man can convert a soul. Some teachers are distressed because they cannot convert the children. Why should they be? That is God's work, and God's work alone, and His power is as much needed in the conversion of a child as in the conversion of a man. I have seen some teachers sad, very sad, because they could not make their children see spiritual truths as they saw them. One teacher I observed once trying hard to explain to a class of little children what was meant by *growth in grace*, and the poor children looked bewildered, as well they might. If he had had a group of young Christians around him that would have been a suitable topic, but for children who were total strangers to God's grace it was like conversing in the Chinese tongue. The teacher's work is to ground the children well in the *letter* of Divine truth, believing that God can take that letter, and through it quicken the youthful soul. It is God's truth that is to do converting work, not man's conceptions of it. Believe that there is truth enough in the Bible, applied by the Spirit of God, to convert all you teach, and then you can teach with joyous hope of a glorious harvest. The longer I live the more I see the

need of teaching young and old what God has said, and not what man thinks about it. It is God's thoughts we want in the pulpit and in the class, and not man's thoughts. In this day we have too little of the one and too much of the other, and hence error stalks abroad on every hand. Then, thirdly, use illustrations drawn from all sources, secular and religious, but specially from the Bible. The Bible is full of illustrations on all moral and spiritual topics. A converted class will be delighted with illustrations of spiritual truth, and in an unconverted class the more abundant the teacher's acquaintance with illustration the more power will he have to sustain attention. In this way alone can you get the element of interest in your school so highly calculated to promote discipline."

(To be continued)

TENDERHEARTEDNESS.

BY REV. J. HAWES,

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At the close of the Epistle to the Romans, occurs one of those beautiful precepts with which the teachings of the Christian religion are so largely adorned, and which most strikingly exhibit their ennobling and sanctifying effects on the human heart. Under the inspiration and teachings of the Holy Spirit, Paul thus exhorts the disciples at Rome. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

The unselfish and humanising effects of the Gospel are a sure sign that it is of God and not of man, that it comes from the tenderhearted, and All-loving One, and is not the

product of the carnal heart. The tendency and natural desire of the human heart is to be absorbed in its own interests, to be chiefly concerned about its own joys, and its own sorrows, to the exclusion of any consideration of the welfare and happiness of others. Christianity alters all this. It changes indifference to the condition of others into a thoughtful concern for their welfare, and is the creative power by which God brings cold and frozen hearts into a warm, deep sympathy with the pleasures and pains that pertain to the experience of men at large.

Hence the precept, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," embodies the vital principle of Christianity. It epitomises the religion of Jesus Christ into its few words, and shows what an unselfish and noble thing it is. It is the grand old commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," presented in a new form, and with enough of detail about it to show how the commandment is to be practically worked out. It sets forth as a heavenly, a Divine thing, that system of living, of which Christ is the author, and the root of principle of which is "Good will towards men."

A beautiful illustration of the precept is afforded in the parable of the Good Samaritan who going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, saw lying in the road, along which he passed, a wounded man; not a relative, not a neighbour, not a friend, but a stranger, who had fallen among thieves, who stripped him of all he had, and so maltreated him, that they left him for dead.

Prudence would suggest to the Samaritan traveller, that he should go straight ahead on his way, and leave the man alone, lest a like

fate might overtake him-self. The thieves might be still lurking in the vicinity to rob others who chanced to pass that way. *Precedent* would have sanctioned his leaving the wounded man to himself, for a priest and a Levite had both passed that way, and those ministers of religion had rendered the man no aid. But love is stronger than prudence, and compassion is regardless of precedent, and hence the good Samaritan (whom Christ intended should stand forth as a figure, an embodiment of one of His true disciples) gets off his beast to minister to the poor unfortunate stranger, and leaves him not till he has brought him at his own cost into a place of shelter and hope. No more vivid representation of the effects and work of that Divine love, which He came to inspire in men's hearts, could be given. The parable answers the inquiry, "Who is my neighbour" and it also furnishes a practical exemplification of the precept, "Weep with them that weep." But perhaps the greatest blessing connected with the exercise of this spirit of love, is not the comfort others receive from our sympathy in their hour of need, but the enlarged feeling of joy we get in our own hearts by the cultivation of a Christ-like spirit, in addition to the favour shed upon us by Him who said "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, shall in nowise lose his reward." Impossible is it that we should feel the movings of pity towards others in our hearts, without our spiritual life being greatly enriched by them, for when our hearts are exercised for the good of others, we are brought into fellowship and oneness with the Lord Himself. Every tear we shed over human need, and every prayer we offer for suffering souls around us,

bring us into yet deeper and deeper sympathy with His travail of soul, whose love commends itself to us for imitation, in that while we thought not of it, and asked not for it, it led Him to die for us—

"Our miseries reached His heavenly throne,
And pity brought Him down"

We may be sure of this, that as the grass of the field is always greenest about that spot where springs of water flow night and day, so that heart is richest in spiritual life and in the enjoyment of the kingdom of heaven which is ever ready to "Rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep."

To this fact another may also be added, namely, that the blessing with which we bless others, may be returned a hundredfold into our own bosoms. The Lord Himself says it shall be so. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble;" "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass;" "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing sheaves with him;" "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days;" "He that watereth others shall himself be watered." When Noah sent forth the dove from the ark it sped over the waters and then came back to him again bearing with it a branch of the olive tree, and there is something significant in the character of what it brought back to Noah. It was not a sprig of thorn, the emblem of the curse, nor of the thistle, the symbol of sorrow, nor of the yew tree, the emblem of death, but it brought an olive

branch, the symbol of blessing and peace. So also when we send good deeds and pure thoughts out of our hearts into the cold world around us, they come back to us laden with peace and joy.

Living in a certain village was a poor woman and her boy; the husband and father had left England for America, to seek in a foreign land the bread which he found it hard to win at home. He went out alone, not having money enough to take his wife and child with him. After a time a letter came from him, saying that in a month his wife was to follow him and would receive a remittance for her own and her boy's passage. The furniture was sold to pay debts, the home broken up, the looked for remittance anxiously awaited. Alas, how soon human hopes may be dashed to pieces! A letter came stating that the husband was dangerously ill; they must wait. It was a time of grief and weeping. Just at that moment a young lady of the village came to say good-bye, she found the woman and her child in tears. The cause of their grief was soon explained. "What" thought the lady "can I do?" She had just ten pounds, which had been given her, to replenish her wardrobe. Should she sacrifice it to the need of this weeping woman, and help her to take the voyage to her husband? Compassion prevailed. She placed that money in the woman's hand and denied herself, and the woman's heart was lightened and made to sing for joy. In a day or two after she and her boy sailed for America. There was more than one person who called that young lady a fool for her deed, but "wisdom is justified of her children."

The years rolled away; she heard nothing of that woman, nothing of the boy; she became a wife, a

mother. Her boy grew up, her heart's idol. He entered a mercantile firm. He became associated with fast young men. Then came the old story of embezzlement, detection, exposure, shame. The infamy of the prison stain was in prospect for him. Heart-broken, his mother sought the face of his employer, resolved to throw herself at his feet and beg for her son. With tears she entreated him to be merciful. As she pleaded the merchant fixed his eyes on her as if memory had suddenly recalled a forgotten face; suddenly a gleam of recognition flashed from them. Springing from his seat to the side of his visitor he took her hands in his and said, "Do you not know me? I am the poor friendless boy you helped to send out to America many years ago, with his equally friendless mother, to join what proved to be a dying father and husband. I have never forgotten your noble deed. Your son is freely forgiven for his mother's sake, and now send him back to me; he will be a wiser man, and I, now I know to whom he belongs, will be a faithful friend. "Light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart." The good which we leave behind us in the furrows of time, will spring up to be joy and gladness to us when our own hearts stand in need of blessing.

Moreover our sympathy is to adapt itself to circumstances. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." The heart that has been made Christ-like in feeling will do this. It is possible to do our best deeds in a rough blundering way, and so to give pain where we meant to give consolation; we ought to guard against this, and the surest way of avoiding ill-judged attempts to comfort others is to be baptised into the

Spirit of Christ: as a rule hearts that are smitten of God and afflicted, prefer the silent tear of sympathy, to a long harangue of consolatory words, or to the statement that we feel deeply for them. It is almost a mockery to tell one whose wounded heart is full of anguish that "you feel for them deeply." It ought to be true, but it need not be paraded as a virtue. If God visits me with His rod, weep with me if you will, don't talk. To do so jars upon a heart whose sensitiveness, sorrow has quickened into acute suffering. Sit down and mingle your tears with mine; sometimes it is only friendly tears that will keep sorrowful hearts from breaking. Job's three friends heard of his sorrow, and came to weep with him. Beautiful act! and had they just wept with him, and had then gone back to their homes, their names would have been synonyms of sympathy for all ages; but they marred the beauty of their act by leaving off weeping to talk, and then they became fools, and not friends.

Let us copy Christ. Coming to the grave of Lazarus, He groaned in spirit: standing there, He wept. Let us get from Jesus that tenderness of heart that leads to the feeling that the sorrow of others is a sacred thing, and that a wounded heart must not be touched with a rough hand. And let us not for one moment intimate to any suffering one that it is a sin to sorrow; let us remember that Christ is not only the prince of peace, but also "the man of sorrows, and is acquainted with grief." Let us learn of Him, and in humble imitation of Him who joined in the gladness of the marriage festivities at Cana, and who wept with the mourners at Bethany, let us "Rejoice with them

that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS.

BY REV. W. H. PAYNE, OF LYNDHURST.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass."—ISAIAH xxxii. 20.

THIS trite maxim appears to have been spoken by the prophet Isaiah to encourage those who were looking forward to the fulfilment of the glorious promises he had just uttered, and that they might exercise patient obedience in the dark and difficult times that must intervene—the figure is taken from agricultural pursuits. Both the ox and the ass were employed in ploughing the ground, though they were forbidden to yoke them to the same plough, partly because of their unequal step, and partly because the animals never associated happily together—there may be an allusion here to the practice in Egypt of sowing the seed before the waters of the Nile, after overflowing the country, have entirely receded to their channel. And the farmer having sown beside all waters, the corn comes up thick and rank; then he turns in his cattle, the ox and the ass, to eat the tops of it and keep it under. The figure also answers to the manner of planting rice. They sow it upon the water, and, before sowing, while the earth is covered with water they cause the ground to be trodden by oxen, horses, and asses, who go mid-leg deep, and in this way the ground is prepared for sowing. The figure may, therefore, be now applied to all who are endeavouring to sow "the good seed of the kingdom." Happy are they

that sow beside all waters ; embracing all opportunities of doing good ; being instant in season and out of season. Because there are not immediate results, do not let such despair of ultimate success. "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, seeing thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Perhaps a few illustrations may tend to enforce this precept. Some years since a youth had offered himself as a candidate for a Christian church, and had been accepted by the members. Before the act of public avowal took place, his pastor preached a sermon from Prov. vi. 6: "Go to the ant thou sluggard, consider her way and be wise." This led to his resolve to make a personal appeal concerning Divine things to those with whom he might come in contact. It was the time of harvest, and, in the country, such a season affords numerous opportunities to enforce Scripture lessons. After a few passing remarks, he would endeavour to draw attention to the "great harvest" at the end of the world ; the importance of being prepared for it, the way by which all anxious souls may be accepted in Christ ; and ending by a pointed appeal. Years after he had the joy of knowing that in some cases these conversations by the road-side and in the fields were the means of leading to serious thought, and were honoured of God as the means of bringing some to decide for God. "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters."

A few weeks since a young man went from his home in the country to the great metropolis ; he was a child of many prayers, and especially at this juncture that in entering upon the duties of life, he might have de-

cision of character. Many efforts were made by his pious relatives, and when alone in the great city—for after all there is no place so lonely as a city when one is cut off from friends—his thoughts reverted to his home and the many counsels there received, how he had stifled those convictions and the folly of his conduct ; and the struggles within his breast were very great. A few pious young men invited him to a religious service, and on his not complying, spoke most earnestly and pointedly with him about the concerns of his soul. He sought to dissipate these impressions by amusement, and was going to a place of entertainment but lost his way, and inquired of a policeman. After directing him the policeman courteously offered him a tract, which he took ; the title was, "*Where are you going?*" This seemed the turning-point of his history, and those who had sown beside all waters are now happy that they see the reward of their toil. In this sowing beside all waters sometimes unexpected blessing is obtained by the sower. A minister had been insisting on the importance of individual effort, and after service thinking now I must practise what I preach, he overtook two navvies. His attempt to enter into religious converse with them was met with gruff and bluff answers, and at length one said, "If you want to do us good, you had better give us something to eat." "Well," the minister replied, "I am going home to dine ; if you are really hungry, you may come with me, or if you prefer, I will give you some money for a dinner." "Now," said the man, "you're a brick ; I don't want anything myself, but my mate may be glad of your help." The other navvy replied, "I trust, sir, I am not unacquainted with what you have spoken about ; for years I was a professor of religion and attended

class, but in an evil hour, I obtained a sum of money wrongfully, and felt I could not again lift up my head in that town till I had restored what I had taken to the rightful owner. I have worked with the navvies thinking it unlikely I should be recognised, and hope soon to accomplish my object and be restored to 'Society.' The minister was able in this trap to recognise a Christian brother, their hearts were mutually cheered, and after encouraging him with precious promises he went on his way rejoicing. The case of the young man who heard Flavel preach from the words, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha." The sermon at the time made no impression, and he lived on without God in the world, and in a far off land was permitted to reach his hundredth year. Then, sitting down and calling to remembrance the various scenes of his past life, suddenly there flashed across his mind the text he had heard Flavel preach from in his youth; he pondered the text, deep convictions of sin were the result, and he was led by faith in Jesus to have a happy death. The seed Flavel sowed beside those waters gained for him a harvest in the world of joy to which he had entered. These illustrations are but a sample of what may be multiplied by hundreds, but they tend to comfort and encourage those who are seeking to be useful, and say aloud to all Christians, "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters." But, dear reader, if you are only sowing to the flesh, of the flesh you can but "reap corruption."

May the good Spirit of our God open your eyes to see your true state. Living on and dying thus, in the great harvest day you will be woefully ashamed, for the "tares shall be gathered in bundles to burn." May you now through

that Spirit be created anew in Christ Jesus, and then find by a useful and devoted life the truth of the passage, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."
W. H. P.

TRUST IN GOD.

IN a recent number of the BAPTIST MESSENGER, is a beautiful story of "Faith Rewarded." May I tell a story of God's goodness which has happened under my own observation during this last fortnight? The Rev. A—B— has long been ill, and disabled from preaching, except under most painful circumstances. A week ago, as he lay on his couch trying to look into the future, stimulated by the remembrance of past months of suffering—and present pains—and inability to work; also by the prospect of a long medical bill—and present means and income limited within narrow bounds, he thought of a human friend who would doubtless help him if only he knew; and of a Divine Friend who did know, and whom he would trust for help. All that local medical help could do for him, had been done. It was clear that he must leave his pulpit and have it supplied; and that he must if possible leave home, and seek medical help, and restoring rest elsewhere. Again he thought of his human friend, but for delicate reasons he could not write to him in his distant home, and the thought came forcibly to mind, "My Heavenly Father knows my case, He has the hearts of all men in His hand, and if He think it needful that I should have money and help in this difficulty, depend upon it, He will find means of sending it. Jehovah Jireh." On the following Sabbath the deacons informed him that ar-

rangements had been made to supply the pulpit for him for some weeks, if he would like to rest from it. On the day following a cheque for £10 unexpectedly arrived, and further still, the best medical help of London was offered to him. Who will say that Israel's God ever did forget him? Surely none of them that trust in the Lord shall ever be desolate. W.

AN EXHORTATION TO CHURCH MEMBERS.

THE weekly meeting of the Church for prayer should be the liveliest meeting of the Church. There the members should all be found assembled with one accord, to thank and praise God for mercies received, and to seek from him richer and fuller blessings. Instead of this what do we, alas! too often see? The

weekly church prayer meeting is looked upon as a time-honoured institution, to be attended by a few aged men and women, one or two good brethren just to keep up the form and semblance of prayer, and the discouraged pastor, who too often feels that *these cold and withered meetings* are like millstones about his neck. Brethren and sisters, do you believe in the power and reality of united prayer? Do you believe that the Church can only be blessed in answer to prayer? Do you believe that Jesus has promised to give in answer to the united supplications of His people? If you do believe this, then be exhorted not to be absent from the weekly prayer meeting. If God has prospered you in business, do not make God's goodness to you an excuse for neglecting His house.

T. W. MEDHURST.

Portsmouth.

Tales and Sketches.

POOR JENNIE; OR, HOW THE KING BUILT HIS BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

FOUNDED ON FACT. BY A PASTOR.

CHAPTER IX.

A pauper's grave but a good epitaph.

"Sow ye beside all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall;
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.

Sow though the thorns may wound thee,
One wore the thorns for thee;
And though the cold world scorns thee,
Patient and hopeful be."

WORK and watching had done their work on the two loving friends. Immediately on the death of Jennie, Mrs. Smith was compelled to leave home for a few days, while poor Miss Mayhew was so ill that she could not rise from her bed.

About a week after Jennie's death a small hand-hearse, drawn by two

aged men in pauper's clothes, might have been seen slowly wending its way down the little street towards the cemetery not far distant. The hearse was followed by two women, dressed in black, and a few poor neighbours. This was Jennie's funeral. Her final home here was a pauper's grave. It could not be otherwise. Had Miss Mayhew have been well enough she would have striven to have got together a sufficient sum to have prevented this; but to her sorrow she found herself too ill to make the attempt, and, indeed, found it almost too much for her to rise and join Mrs. Smith in following their friend to her last home.

The short service was soon over; and on the two friends returning home, Miss Mayhew wept that through her illness she had not been able to bury her friend as she desired. But, looking up, her eyes caught the favourite passage which the dear departed one had requested to have so placed that she could read it as she lay in bed. Oh, how often had the eyes of her loved friend dwelt upon and lighted up with joy as she read these beautiful words:—

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires.

"And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones.

"And all thy children shall be

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

And as the kind-hearted Christian women looked at these words, and thought that their departed friend was now in the full realisation of all they meant, their hearts were comforted; and said Miss Mayhew, smiling through her tears, "If I could put up a monument to her faith and patience, these words should be her epitaph."

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Smith, "she had all that they meant here, and will have all that they mean yonder, and that is better than having them written over her grave."

"Unknown the falling drops of rain,
The heavens with glory span,
With brilliant tints e'en as they fade,
Read out God's love to man.

"Unknown the silent ray of light
From yonder star doth fly,
With image fair on silver wings,
To paint on thoughtless eye.

"Unknown the morn's first early
smile,
So gentle and so calm;
Unknown the still night's pensive
choir,
The everlasting psalm.

"And He whose words all things
produced,
And claimed them as His own,
The God of glory, King of bliss,
Here lived and died unknown.

"So like the fragrance of the flowers,
And influence of the sun,
Unseen, but felt, may we pass on,
And live in work well done!"

Quiet Thoughts for Quiet Hours.

By WALTER J. MATHAMS.

NO IDLERS ALLOWED.

WHEN Nehemiah began the work of rebuilding the wall of Jerusalem, he made every one that was able take part in the labour. Some could not build, but they could carry the stones and mortar, so this was their portion. Others were too weak to bear these burdens, but they could watch for the approach of the enemy (for this, it was only necessary that they should keep their eyes open). So watching was their portion. Others were fitted for something else, and they were all expected to do what they could. Jerusalem at that time was no desirable residence for the lazy. Every one had to work. By this means the people were kept at peace among themselves and the walls rose up towards the sky. Had Nehemiah allowed any to be mere lookers-on, he would soon have been surrounded with trouble. If you want to hinder a good work, let some look on while others are doing it, and you will very likely succeed. One of the greatest obstacles to the extension of the Church of Christ at the present day is the idleness of many of its members. With a supreme selfishness they sit down and listen to the preaching of the Gospel, but never go out to bring others beneath its Divine influence. A scourge of small cords in ancient times was effective in clearing out thieves from the Temple, and we need something as powerful to expel

idlers from the Church of to-day. Oh, sirs, ye whose membership is merely a name on the church-book and nothing more, can ye not find a sleeping-place elsewhere than in the company of those who really wish to do some good? Clearly you have no right here. You are very little better than the thieves of old, for by your deadening example you steal away much of the life and energy of those around you. Be honest enough to do something, or seek a more soporific and congenial sphere than the Church.

If church membership does not mean downright earnest, honest, holy work for Christ, it means nothing. The Apostle said "If any man would not work, neither should he eat." We might find some difficulty in carrying this out, but it is possible to determine that, *if any man will not work with his hands, his brains, his purse, or his tongue, neither shall he sleep.*

HEART MUSIC.

My soul is very much like yonder organ, which is a dumb dead thing until the musician lays his hand upon the keys, and plays it. Without the influence of the Holy Spirit upon me, there will be no sweetness, no music, no gladness in my life. He must come and wake up all my slumbering emotions into a psalm of praise to God. Touch me, O, God, with the hand of Thy love, till every deed and word and thought shall praise Thee.

THE ARMOUR OF TRUTH.

IN olden days men wore beneath the hermit's garb a coat of mail. See to it, that with all the outward appearance of religion thou hast around thee a shield of truth.

CHANGE.

Do not be anxious for change because of trouble. Difficulty is not confined to one place, it exists everywhere. By leaving your present sphere you may evade certain kinds of it, but it must come to you in some form or other wherever you are. Do your best and look to the Lord for help and you shall be master of your cares. He who trusts in God in the hour of his adversity takes the first step towards joy.

KIND WORDS.

God hears all our kind words and never forgets them. He looks upon

them as spoken to Himself. By uttering them to the downcast and forlorn we may speak to Him every day. If through life He hears them, then in the hour of death and in the day of judgment He will speak kind words to us.

HEAVEN.

HE who is faithfully serving the Lord where his lot is cast, must surely know somewhat of the happiness of heaven. To work with God and to feel the hallowing influence of His presence around us and *within* us is heaven. Death only makes it more sweetly realised.

Thus for this year do I finish these "Quiet Thoughts." Through all our days may quiet and true thoughts concerning God our Father, Christ our Brother, the Holy Spirit our Comforter, and Heaven our home, come down to us. Afterwards may we know the ineffable blessedness of the "quiet hours" of eternity.

PRESTON.

Rebels.

Reuben Gaunt. The Leeds Temperance Novel. By Miss HUDDLESTON. Elliot Stock.

MISS HUDDLESTON has written a very interesting and, we hope, useful book. The object is a good one, and the tale keeps up its interest to the end. It is more than likely that some may be induced to read, and be convinced who will not listen to the usual temperance logic of argument and address. We wish it a large circulation.

The Art of the Silver Tongue; or, A Key to Oratory. By the Rev. J. WESLEY BROWN. Elliot Stock.

A VERY tempting title. Who among the preachers would not be a learner of the art. We fear some would be dull scholars; but let all who are willing to read a good chapter of advice as to what to do and what not to do possess themselves of this valuable little treatise.

Atheism and Future Punishment; a Reply to Two Lectures delivered by Mr. C. Bradlaugh. By E. STEPHENS. Elliot Stock.

VERY good, though of course the writer does not expect to work any change in Mr. Bradlaugh. He is beyond where argument can reach, and has a soul hardened in prejudice. The writer may hope that his reply will be the means of saving some from falling *who are not quite within the meshes of scepticism and infidelity.*

Minnie's Day Dream; or, The Wreck of the Princess Alice. Elliot Stock.

A POETIC description of this melancholy event.

Joy and Peace in Believing. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A LITTLE book for inquirers after salvation. One of that class which cannot be distributed too freely.

MAGAZINES, &c.

Part 34 of *The Biblical Museum, Old Testament Commentary, The Teachers' Storehouse, The Appeal, The Ragged School Quarterly, The Voice of Warning, and The Evangelical Christendom.* A mass of most instructive and profitable reading.

The Sword and Trowel has a circular, from which we learn that it is intended to present Mr. C. H. Spurgeon with not less than £5,000. The church roll twenty-five years since numbered 313, while now 5,346 are known to be in fellowship. What has God wrought? The object has our kindest wishes, and for the Bazaar to be held we express our heartiest desires for its success.

The Baptist Magazine and General Baptist are very good numbers, and the *Baptist and Freeman* have been doing us good service in their excellent reports of the UNION MEETINGS AT LEEDS. We are rejoiced at the large gathering which assembled, and trust some practical results will follow.

Poetry.

TO THE ATHEIST.

Who is it, sendeth the frost and snow?
Who is it, maketh the winds to blow?
Who is it, turneth day into night?
Who is it, maketh the darkness light?
Who is it, maketh the trees to grow?
Who is it, maketh the seeds men sow,
Into ears of corn to grow?
Atheist: Answer me this if you knew.

Who is it, sendeth refreshing showers,
Falling so gently, on garden bowers?
Who is it, maketh the sun shine bright?
Who is it, hides it out of sight?
Who is it, that doth the sparrows keep?
Who is it, fills the ocean deep?
Who is it, maketh rivers to flow?
Atheist: Answer me this if you know.

Who is it, maketh the lark to soar?
Who can it be, makes the billows roar?
Who is it, sendeth the showers of rain?
Who, but the Lord, can stay it again?
The billows roll, and waters dash.
Who, but a God, could the lightnings
flash?
Yea, who is it giveth breath to man?
Atheist: Answer me this if you can.

KATE PUNG.

NATHANAEAL'S QUESTION.

"WHENCE knowest Thou me," my
Lord?
For I have been a stranger till this
hour

Till now, I had not heard Thy pardon-
ing voice,
Nor felt Thy Spirit's quickening
power.

Why dost thou ask the question child?
"My Lord, whence knowest Thou
me?"

For I thy wandering steps have seen,
And long My love has yearned o'er
thee.

And when thou wert convinced of sin,
And all thy misery was revealed;
I saw the yearnings of thy soul,
Thy longings to be saved and healed.

I saw the burden on thy heart;
I marked the silent falling tear;
And all thy secret sighs and groans,
Rose up into My listening ear.

I knew thy times for secret prayer;
I marked the conflict and the strife;
And then I felt the touch of faith,
Which brought thee everlasting life.

Say not, "Whence knowest Thou me,
my Lord?"

It was My love first woke thy heart;
It was the strivings of My grace,
Which made thee choose the better
part.

Murcham.

E. S.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. J. B. WARREN has resigned the
pastorate of Cottenham Church, near
Cambridge.

Rev. James Bury, after a ministry of
nearly seventeen years, has resigned
the pastorate of the church at Colne.

Rev. Thomas Thomas, late of Caer-
philly, South Wales, has been inducted
as minister of the Welsh Church, Den-
tigh.

Rev. W. B. Hobling has resigned
the pastorate of the church at South-
street, Hull.

Rev. J. A. Andrews has resigned
the pastorate of the church at Gamble-
side.

J. Duncan, M.A., has accepted a call
to the pastorate of the church at Leith.

Rev. W. Gomm has resigned the
pastorate of the church at Mildenhall,
and accepted that at Canterbury-road,
Kilburn.

Mr. W. Seaman, of Pastors' College,
has accepted a call to the pastorate of
the church at New Quay, Cornwall.

Rev. H. Kidner has resigned the
pastorate of the church at the Mumb-
les, and accepted that at Minchin-
hampton.

Mr. A. Johnson, of the Bristol Col-
lege, has accepted a call to the pasto-
rate of the church at Warminster.

Rev. Albert Smith, of Sunderland,
has accepted a cordial invitation to
supply the vacant pulpit of the Park-
road Chapel, Esher, for three months.

Rev. Isaac Near, after four years'
ministry at Stanwich, Northampton-
shire, has accepted a very cordial
invitation to the pastorate of the
Church, Ringstead, in the same county.

Rev. M. Morgan has resigned the
pastorate of the church at Cradley, near
Birmingham, after eleven years' minis-
terial labours, and has accepted the
pastorate of the English Church, Tondy,
Glamorganshire.

Rev. H. Channer, of King's Langley
and Hunton Bridge, has accepted an
invitation to the pastorate of the
Church at Sarratt, Herts.

Rev. Thomas Wheatley, of Faringdon,
Bucks, has accepted a unanimous
invitation to become co-pastor with
the Rev. D. Gould, of West-street
Chapel, Dunstable.

Rev. W. J. May, of Carshalton, has
accepted the pastorate of the church at
Underhill-road, Peckham-rye.

Rev. F. Argust has resigned the pastorate of the church at Mynyddmaws, and has intimated his intention of seeking another sphere of pastoral work.

Rev. William Judge, of the Baptist College, Manchester, has accepted a call from the church at Skipton.

Rev. T. L. Smith has resigned the charge of the church at Wolsingham, Durham, and accepted the invitation of the church at Kingshill, Bucks.

RECOGNITIONS.

RECOGNITION services connected with the settlement of Rev. J. E. Cracknell, late of South Shields, at York Town (Surrey), were held on Wednesday evening, Oct. 9th. Addresses were given by Revs. I. Matthews, I. R. Clemenson, W. Frith, I. Wilkins, and F. J. Feltham, and the meeting closed with the customary vote of thanks. Mr. Sale, who preached in York Town for many years, was prevented, through illness, from being present. Mr. Cracknell was warmly welcomed to this growing church.

The ordination services of the Rev. Wm. Macintosh, as pastor of the church at Anstruther, have just been held. Sermons were preached by the Rev. James Stuart, who occupied the chair at the ordination service. Addresses were given by the Rev. A. Gregory, S. Newmann, J. W. Ashworth (the pastor's former pastor), and others. A *soirée* was held in the evening, at which the above-named gentlemen delivered addresses, in addition to the Revs. J. T. Hagan, J. P. Clark, and T. Murray.

Rev. R. Foster Jeffrey, late of Southsea, was, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 8th, recognised as pastor of Kingsgate-street Chapel, Holborn. There was a very large attendance; and Mr. Jeffrey, who received a most cordial welcome, enters upon his labours full of hopefulness and promise. Rev. J. A. Spurgeon presided, the chair being subsequently occupied by the Rev. J. P. Chown. The church now worshipping in Kingsgate-street Chapel was originally founded in 1736, by ninety-one mem-

bers, who separated from the church in Wild-street, and worshipped for many years in what was known as Eagle-street Chapel. The first pastor was Rev. Dr. Gifford, the successive ministers being Rev. Thomas Hopkins, W. Smith, J. Ivimery, R. Overbury, F. Wills, and W. H. Burton. During the evening, on Tuesday, addresses were delivered by Revs. J. A. Spurgeon, J. P. Chown, R. Foster Jeffrey, W. G. Lewis, John Collins, T. Nicholson, and Messrs. Ballard and Crassweller.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE new chapel just completed at Beechen-grove, Watford, in connection with the church under the pastorate of the Rev. W. F. Goadby, M.A., was opened on Wednesday, Sept. 25, by special services. The building, which forms a very handsome structure, is intended to accommodate 1,000 persons, and has cost £8,000, including £300 for the site. Toward this amount, upwards of £5,000 has been contributed.

It is proposed to enlarge both the chapel and schoolrooms at Rye-lane, Peckham, at a cost of £4,500. A crowded meeting was held on the 1st of Oct. to further this object, the chair being taken by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Rev. J. T. Briscoe, the pastor, stated that some 140 members had been added to the church during the past eighteen months, and the rapid growth of the congregation and schools had rendered enlargement an absolute necessity. Addresses on Sunday-school topics were given by the Rev. J. T. Wigner, Mr. Hartley (of the Sunday-school Union), and the Revs. H. R. Brown, J. A. Brown, and J. Sears.

A new chapel has just been opened at Colonsay, N.B. The Rev. W. Tulloch preached twice in Gaelic at the opening services, and Rev. Wm. Maitland in English. The prospects of the church are very encouraging.

A NEW church has been opened in Rathay-street, Dundee. The building, which is early-English, with the site, has cost £5,000. The entire expense

has been defrayed by Messrs. J. Henderson and Sons.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LUTON, BEDS.—On Sunday, Sept. 29, sermons were preached in Park-street Chapel, by Rev. J. H. Blake, on the occasion of the second anniversary of his pastorate. On the Tuesday afternoon, a party of Mr. Blake's former congregation partook of a cold collation in the class-rooms of Park-street Chapel, provided free by the friends at Park-street, when a teapot was presented to Mrs. Blake, by her friends from Bow, the usual friendly resolutions being spoken to by Messrs. Simpson, Barford, Alexander, Cox, and Sharpe; after which the London party had a drive for several miles to see the beauties of Bedfordshire. A tea meeting was held in the schoolroom at half-past five, when a large number sat down to tea. In the evening, a meeting was held in the chapel, which was well attended. Mr. Blake said that 104 persons had been added to the church in the two years, and he was rejoiced to see that there was such a good feeling in the town existing between the different congregations. The old Baptists were pleased to see the young Baptists get on, and were always trying to help them. Addresses followed by Revs. A. Walker, C. Vernon, A. Taylor, D. Morton, and R. Berry.

The autumnal meeting of the Sussex and Middlesex Association was held at Twickenham, on the 1st of October, when the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon gave an address on "Our Village Churches." In the evening, a sermon was preached by the Rev. H. Bayley. Mr. Bayley has been elected as the president of the Association; Mr. J. Cowdy, treasurer; and the Rev. J. H. Cooke, secretary.

A social meeting was held on Thursday, Oct. 3, at Asperton Chapel, Middlesex, when a welcome was given Mr. C. B. Chapman, who has undertaken the ministry of this village church for twelve months. Rev. C. Bailhache occupied the chair, and addresses were given by Revs. J. Bigwood, G. Inglis, Mr. A. H. Baynes, and others.

LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The quarterly meeting was held on Tuesday, October 22nd, at Westbourne Park Chapel. At the morning meeting, after the usual time devoted to thanksgiving and supplication, a paper upon "Pastoral Visitation" was read by the Rev. H. Bayley, of Kingston. In the afternoon, the business of the Association was transacted at 3.30. An address was delivered by the Rev. J. T. Wigner, upon "Some things that might be improved." After tea, a public meeting was held in the chapel. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. A. G. Brown, C. H. Spurgeon, C. Stanford, D.D., and J. P. Chown.

BAPTISMS.

Abertillery, Monmouthshire.—September 15, Ebenezer Chapel, Four; October 13, Six, by L. Jones.

Appledore, North Devon.—October 10, Six, by R. B. Clare.

Ashtford.—October 3, Norwood-street, Four, by E. Roberts.

Athlone.—September 29, One, by J. Harris.

Bacup.—October 6, at Ebenezer Chapel, Two, by W. Gay.

Beccles.—September 22, Three, by W. F. Edgerton.

Bedford.—October 6, Five, by G. C. Williams.

Bishop's Stortford.—September 18, Two, by B. Hodgkins.

Bodicote.—September 22, Five, by Thomas, Bray.

Braunton.—September 20, Seven, by T. G. Strong.

Bures.—September 30, One, by J. Kemp.

Caerwent, Mon.—October 13, Two, by J. Berryman.

Calstock.—September 25, Two, by D. Cork.

Cambridge.—September 25, at Zion Chapel, Five, by J. P. Campbell.

Cardiff.—September 26, at Bethany Chapel, Three, by W. E. Wicks.

Dolan, Radnorshire.—August 2, One; 7, One; 30, One; September 1, Two; October 6, Three, by J. D. Jones.

Dowlais.—September 15, Six; October 10, at English Chapel, Three, by J. Williams.

Earl's Colne, Essex.—October 11, Nine, by J. Bradford.

Ferndale, Rhondda.—September 15, English Church, Four; October 6, Eight; by H. C. Evans.

Glasgow.—October 13, at Frederick-street Chapel, Four, by A. F. Mills.

Great Yarmouth.—September 29, at Wellesley-road, Three, by T. Hagen.

Grundsburgh.—September 29, Two, by W. K. Dexter.

Heaton, Bradford.—October 6, Four, by R. Howarth.

Hemel Hempstead.—October —, Seven, by W. Owen.

Horsforth.—September 29, Cragg Hill, Two, by W. H. Rolls.

Jarrow-on-Tyne.—October 6, Two, Grange-road, by W. Satchwell.

Kenningshall, Norfolk.—October 6, Two, by T. J. Ewing.

Knighton.—September 29, One, by W. Williams.

Landyrnog.—September 29, Two, by T. Denbigh.

Liverpool.—September 22, at Fabius Chapel, Thirteen, by A. Matthews.

Maesteg, Glamorgan.—October 6, Bethel-street, Three, by T. A. Pryce.

Maidstone.—October 3, at Union-street Chapel, Five; Oct. 14, Three, by G. Walker.

Metropolitan District.—

Battersea.—October 2, at Battersea Park Chapel, Ten, by T. Lardner.

John-street, Edgware-road.—October 3, Eleven; October 6, Two, by J. O. Fellowes.

Metropolitan Tabernacle.—September 30, Fifteen; Oct. 3, Fifteen, by J. A. Spurgeon.

Milton, Oxon.—October 30, Four, by A. W. Collins.

Nantyglo, Mon.—September 29, at the English Chapel, One, by W. H. Stanbury.

Onestry.—September 26, at the Welsh Chapel, Three, by G. Davies.

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

Pembroke Dock.—September 25, One, by R. C. Roberts.

Penarth.—October 6, Two, by J. Williams.

Perthore.—October 3, Three, by W. E. Wheeler.

Plymouth.—September 25, George-street, Seven, by J. W. Ashwater.

Pole Moore, near Huddersfield.—October 6, One, by J. Evans.

Portsmouth.—October 2, at Lake-road, Two, by T. W. Medhurst.

Presteg, Radnorshire.—September 29, Three, by S. Watkins.

Rhayader, Radnorshire.—August 12, One, by J. D. Jones.

Sardis.—October 13, One, by J. Johns.

Shepton Mallet.—October 1, Two, by A. Hewitt.

Southampton.—September 29, East-street, Four, by J. H. Patterson.

Southport.—September 29, Six, by L. Nuttall.

South Wingfield.—September 16, Seven, by E. P. Barrett.

Sutton-in-Ashfield.—October 6, Seven, by A. E. Johnson.

Treorkey.—October 6, at Horeb English Chapel, Two, by D. Davia.

Thornton, Pembrokeshire.—September 22, Five, by B. James.

Watchet.—September 29, Two, by R. J. Middleton.

Wauwarthwydd.—October 13, Three, by W. John.

Westpark, Dumfries.—September 28, Six; October 5, Three, by William Milligan, jun.

Wick.—October 3, One, by J. Foster.

Wickwar, Gloucestershire.—September 29, Three, by R. Shipway.

Willingham, Cambs.—On September 22, at the Tabernacle, Nine, by B. S. Latimer.

Wolverhampton.—October 3, at Waterloo-road Chapel, Six, by D. E. Evans.

RECENT DEATHS.

The Lambs of the Fold.

ALICE SARAH, child of Benjamin and Emma Burness, died 17th September, 1878, aged seven years and five months. She suffered from acute rheumatism, which went to the heart; her sufferings were very great for three months before she died, which she bore without a murmur. A week before her death her symptoms became much worse, and her relatives thought her end was near, for she said herself she knew she should die, and she became quite cold. She asked if the doctor could make her better if he came. Upon being told it was not likely he could, and that we thought Jesus was going to take her to live with Him, she directly asked if she should be an angel if she died? Yes, was the reply. She then turned to her mother, and told her she hoped she would try to be an angel in heaven, for she was going to be one. She then asked her aunt to sing, who replied, "You know, darling, I cannot now,

because I have lost my voice; but you know your favourite hymn, 'Jesus loves me this I know,' when she directly sang as loud as her strength would allow the verse through. This was all the more remarkable, as she was a very shy, retiring disposition, and would never sing before many friends. During this time she was getting so exceedingly cold she asked to be covered up warmer, and then said, "Pray, Jesus, make me warm, and make me go to sleep," which prayer was certainly answered, for soon after she gradually got warmer, and fell into a deep sleep; and when she awoke she seemed better, and, to the surprise of all, rallied from that time till nearly another week. On Sunday, the 15th, she was again taken very much worse; indeed it was that expiring faintness which was painful to witness, and she lingered on until Tuesday morning; but during the night she

would keep repeating her hymns she had learnt—

"I would be like an angel,
And with the angels stand."

Also her little prayer, "Gentle Jesus meek and mild." She seemed to realise the fact that death was near, for she said, "I die to-day," and she kept asking her relatives who were with her to pray, which seemed to comfort her very much, indeed she seemed to have great faith in prayer. Nothing would pacify her until all her relatives had seen her, and wished her good-bye, and she seemed particularly pleased when her grandpa went to see her. She asked him to kiss her, and said so sweetly, "My dear grandpa." She was a loving child, and greatly loved by all. Her remains were interred in the Ealing Cemetery on the following Saturday, Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford, conducting the service.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th, 1878, to October 18th, 1878.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mrs. Wilson	0 10 0	Mrs. Adam	1 0 0	Collection at Deal,	
Mrs. Lewis	3 3 0	Mr. F. W. Lloyd.....	5 0 0	per Rev. J. A.	
Mr. J. Davies	0 10 0	Mr. Wm. Graham ...	50 0 0	Spurgeon	6 5 4
B. W. S.....	5 0 0	Mr. Jno. Feltham ...	0 10 0	Collection at Strat-	
Mr. Donald Currie ...	3 3 0	Mr. William Lad-		ford-grove Baptist	
Mr. John Houghton	20 0 0	broke	1 0 0	Chapel per J. H.	
Mrs. Sophia Gould.....	100 0 0	A Thank Offering ...	0 5 0	Banfield	3 8 0
Mr. A. Stewart.....	0 4 0	Mrs. L. G. Marshall...	1 0 0	Weekly Offerings at	
E. M.	0 5 0	Mr. Balne	0 14 0	Metropolitan Taber-	
Rev. E. W. Matthews	1 0 0	Mr. Spriggs	0 5 0	nacle, Sept. 22	41 9 5
Mr. Wm. Lockwood,		Mr. Pettifer	1 0 0	" " 29	34 0 0
in Memoriam	2 0 0	Mr. Jno. Case, Port		" Oct. 6	35 6 6
Mr. J. Pentelaw	1 0 0	Jervis, per Pastor		" " 13	41 3 11
Mr. Dowsett.....	1 0 0	W. McKinney	1 0 0		
Mr. J. G. Hall	1 1 0	Per Pastor W. J.			
T. and H. S. Ashby..	0 2 6	Mayers	1 1 0		
					£366 6 8

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

THE GREAT INTERPOSER.*

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

“And he stood between the dead and the living, and the plagues were stayed.”—
NUMBERS xvi. 48.

IN the former part of this chapter we have a narrative of the mutiny in which Korah, Dathan, and Abram and their company revolted against the authority of Moses and Aaron. The Lord in a terrible manner vindicated the sacred commission of His servants. By a strange visitation, by a death not common among men, by a new thing in the way of judgment, did Jehovah make the earth to open her mouth and swallow up these conspirators who had provoked his anger. But, alas! the terrors of God produce only a transient, temporary effect upon those who witness their gloomy portents. Men's senses are petrified, but their hearts are not melted by the tokens of Divine vengeance. Well might our poet say—

“Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone.”

It was so in this instance. That summary judgment did not put an end to those shameful murmurings. The consternation of those who witnessed the strange phenomenon was indescribable. When they saw the earth open and close, so that their comrades went down alive into the pit, all Israel that were round about fled at their cry, for they said, “Lest the earth swallow us up also.” Yet on the very next morning they muster courage and display hardihood enough to come up before the rulers and assail them with bitter reproach, saying, “Ye have killed the people of the Lord.” With such animosity in their breast, and such invective on their tongue, they dared to confront God's servants again, fuming with tumultuous fury, and impugning them as though they were rather beasts of prey than priests of the Most High God. On this occasion the Lord shows no patience. He does not wait to parley with the people. The plague smites them as with lightning flash before the thunder of his wrath breaks on their ears. Swiftly flew the destroying angels. Moses, who was quick of spiritual apprehension, seems to feel that the wrath of God is kindled, and to see that His arrows are already let loose. Looking far away to the uttermost corners of the camp, he perceives that the people begin to fall in dreadful convulsions. The plague is already raging. The indignation of the grand old man has entirely subsided, and his sympathies are intensely excited; so he says to his brother Aaron, “Make haste! take your censer and put fire in it from off the altar, and put in incense, and go quickly into the congregation and make an atonement for them. Rush in among the people with all your might and save their lives. See how the wrath of God flames! See how the plague smites the people! See how the

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pestilence travels and spreads through the encampment, like fire amidst dry corn! Haste thee!" And Aaron did make haste. With censer in hand the venerable priest flew, as it were, on wings of love, and reached that part of the camp to which the plague had come. Many thousands had already fallen before the relentless scourge when he leapt into the gap, swinging his censer to and fro with an energy that betrayed his emotion; and there he stood between the living and the dead. Of a sudden the plague stopped. Just where the priest was swinging the censer its ravages were stayed; it advanced no farther. Death was on that side, life on this side, of the High Priest with golden censer and burning incense. He had divided the throng. In the name of God he had become the interposer and the saviour of His people. Then Aaron returned unto Moses, unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. The plague was stayed; and so the historical narrative is closed.

Now, beloved, we have before us here a lesson of momentous interest. Can ye not perceive at a glance that this narrative supplies us with a very instructive picture of the spiritual work of our dear Redeemer the Lord Jesus Christ? He is the great High Priest of our profession. Aaron was but a type of the one Mediator who hath made an atonement for us. What Aaron was to the eye, Jesus Christ is to the heart. He at this time stands between the living and the dead. I feel glad that I have to address a mixed congregation, made up of many elements. Some of you who are saved from the wrath of God will rejoice to hear of Him who saved you. The one sentiment of your soul will be, "Blessed be His Name! Blessed be His Name!" Your gratitude will increase your love, and constrain you to adore Him more fervently. But are there not a great many of you who are in danger of the plague smiting you down with a stroke; for you have not believed in Jesus; you are condemned already; and God only knows how long the expectation may be stayed. Happy am I to have such a Saviour to preach to you; One who is able to save to the uttermost; One who in the direst emergency can bring you instant relief. Whatever your sins may have been, however bitter your provocations, however imminent your peril, you may obtain pardon, peace, and safeguard without a moment's delay. Through His precious merits He can interpose between an angry God and offending sinners. He can rescue you from the grip of death, and give you the joy of a life redeemed from destruction, quickened into fresh vigour and activity by the grace that encircles you with loving kindness and tender mercies.

With a practical purpose I shall now proceed to answer three questions: For whom did Aaron interpose? After what manner? With what result?

I. As we inquire respecting the persons for whom Aaron interposed, I hope you will all catch the spirit of this investigation, and say each one of you to himself, "Does my character answer to the description, and have I any reason to infer that Jesus interposed for me?" These people were rebels who openly defied the Most High God. In opposing Moses and Aaron they knew that they were wilfully revolting against the LORD. They had seen the judgments that overtook their fellows when they despised God's statutes and reviled His servants; but yet they were so ungrateful, so self-willed, so insubordinate, that they invented a new conspiracy. What though the earth had opened her mouth and swallowed

up their companions? Instead of relenting they rather sided with those who had already fallen in the insane revolt against the constituted authority of God. There they stood, with defiant look, railing at God's servants. Yet it was on their behalf that Aaron interposed for these very rebels. Had he looked them in the face he could have seen no merit in them. They deserved whatever doom might befall them. They had not taken warning, but they had hardened their necks and revolted more and more. And yet it was for such that Aaron stood! Oh, what a mercy it is that Christ is the Saviour of sinners. There is a common notion abroad that He is the Saviour of good people, though I find nothing like it in the Scripture. Do you imagine that Christ came to put away the little peccadilloes of those whose conduct was generally very proper; or to obtain forgiveness for the trivial offences of people who, while they confess with their lips that they are sinners, cherish in their hearts such a conceit of their own righteousness that they despise the real *bonâ fide* sinner and stand utterly aloof from him? Nay, beloved, Jesus Christ did not lay down His life as a sacrifice for such people as you are thinking of. Not the righteous, not those who flatter themselves that they are righteous, did Jesus come to save; but sinners, real sinners, black sinners, execrable sinners; sinners that have lain in the scarlet of their sins until their very nature is ingrained with the crimson dye; sinners deeply conscious that they have broken the laws of man and the laws of God; sinners who feel the shame of their sins, and bemoan the foul transgressions that have blighted all their prospects and blasted every hope of saving themselves. Such the sinners whom Jesus Christ came to seek and to save. He is a real Saviour, who offered a real atonement for real guilt. Now if your convictions are genuine, and your confessions sincere; if your heart is full of terror, and your soul is brought to the borders of despair; then we proclaim this gracious promise to you. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool; though they be red like crimson, they shall be whiter than snow. Christ is able to blot out your foulest crimes. If you come and trust in Him, He will stand even between you and avenging justice. Rebels—depraved, aggravating rebels though you be—He will stand between you and the Holy God, who is justly incensed against you. I proclaim to-night—I repeat it again—the mercy of God to those who think there can be no mercy for them; to those who know they have rebelled, and wilfully and repeatedly rebelled. A mighty Saviour there is for mighty sinners. Are your sins like great mountains? The atonement of Christ is like that great flood in the days of Noah; it will go over the tops of your mountainous sins, twenty cubits upward, till the tops of your sins are covered.

I have something worse to mention, which, though it aggravates the quality of the sin, still more encourages the hope of mercy. The people for whom Aaron interfered had cavilled at the justice of God. They had seen their fellows swallowed up by the opening earth, and then they said, "Ye have killed the people of the Lord." This is a very common, but a very grievous augmentation of guilt. For men who have violated the law to cavil against the judge who administers justice is, to say the least, unseemly. But, alas! we grow painfully familiar with the fact that it is rather the habit of sinners to complain of God's statutes than to confess their own sins. They dare the penalty of their crimes, and then speak

with virtuous indignation of the punishment. The plain teaching of Scripture as to "everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power," excites their most furious animosity. And yet no process under Heaven, short of an actual negation of God's Word, can ever cheer the death of the impenitent and the unbelieving with a ray of hope. "For ever lost!" is not more terrible than true. This teaching is not to be got rid of by any sophistry. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into everlasting life" assigns the same duration to the one as the other. Men grind their teeth and they indulge in all manner of vituperation against God's justice. Alas! sirs, ye cannot alter it. There it stands. And if it be so, his trespass cannot be light who, instead of submitting to the law of God as just and righteous altogether, puts himself into an attitude of resistance, and essays to judge the law to which he is amenable, and to arrogate to himself the revision of the sentence pronounced by the Most High. And yet, notwithstanding this perverseness, the fulness of Christ's compassion reaches to those who have been assailing the character of God. Can such cavillers be saved—such as rebel against the light, and utter bold and blasphemous words against the Almighty? These men had done so, yet Aaron stood between them and death. In like manner Jesus stands between the blasphemer and the summary retribution to which he is exposed, for "all manner of sin and of blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men." "Oh, I have had desperate thoughts," says one; "strong rebellious thoughts, that I could not suppress or control." No doubt you have, and so have I. But there stands a Man between me and God who is able to shelter me, sinner though I am, and He is able to shelter you also. Oh, my brother, if you seek shelter behind Him, and in simple confidence draw near to the great High Priest and His incense, you shall be secure—even you who have dared to arraign the Majesty on High.

Worse still, these people had despised the priesthood of Aaron; they had denied that he was the priest, and they wanted to take his office to themselves. Do I address any who can say, "And I, too, have doubted the Messiahship of Christ, distrusted His atoning sacrifice, been unwilling to accept His substitution, and stood out stoutly against Him as the Saviour of mankind!" Yes, but He is ready to forgive you. Generously did Aaron defend his enemies; with still greater generosity does Christ make atonement for his enemies. Come to Him, confess thy fault, and bow at His pierced feet. He is able to protect and save you if you will but come to Him. May God grant you grace to do so!

These people, then, were rebels, and cavillers, and despisers of the priest. God himself was about to smite them, and yet Aaron saved them. Were I addressing anyone just now whose days are numbered, who has come to his last evening, who had provoked God so long that He would bear it no longer, who has put patience to its utmost test, I would speak to him thus—"Though the axe be lifted to fell thee as a barren tree, and the sword of vengeance be taken from its sheath to smite thee, yet if thou wilt look to Him who bled upon the cross, thou shalt be saved. Though thy foot begins to slide, and the fearful abyss of hell is just beneath thee, if thou turn thine eye to Him who bled for the guilty, there is still life in a look at the crucified one, and there is life at this moment for thee." There is not one man here beyond the power of Christ to save. No man, nor woman,

nor child, can be here, nay, nor in the realms of the living who, looking to Jesus, shall hear Him say, "I cannot interpose for you; I cannot save you." Oh no, blessed be His name! The vilest sinners have found salvation in His precious blood.

II. Having thus spoken of the persons for whom He interposed, we now proceed to notice the manner of His interposition. As we observed in the reading, Aaron did it with great alacrity. Though an aged man, he ran and got his censer and put in incense, piled on hot coals, and ran forward with the smoking censer to take the place where he could bless the sons of men. Behold how Jesus saved sinners—

"Down from the glittering seats of heaven,
With joyful haste he sped,
Entered the grave with mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead."

There was no lingering with Christ; the lingering that retards salvation is with the sinner; never with the Saviour. Whoever cries to Jesus with a broken heart, shall find Him ready to save. Aaron did this at all risks. Had you and I been in Aaron's place we might have said, "Why, there is a plague yonder! the people turn white in the face; then they are tossed to and fro in dreadful convulsions, and at length they fall in heaps. Why should we go into the midst of such terrible destruction?" But Aaron never thought of protecting himself. Though they had grossly offended him, he frankly forgave them; so he rushed to the front, into the jaws of avenging justice, to be himself a victim, or else a Saviour. He did save them, but he did not fall a victim. In that he fails to be a complete type of our Lord Jesus Christ, who became a sacrifice Himself that He might deliver His people. On Him the plague fell; the wrath of God smote him; and spent all its strength on Him. It could go no farther. That wrath turned fiercely till it came to Him; there it ceased to burn. All His people from that time forth were protected for ever. Aaron is a type of our risen and exalted Redeemer as he now interposes and intercedes on our behalf. Methinks I see him, as represented in the type, standing at this moment offering up the incense of his precious merit. See how that golden censer swings to and fro. Mark how he holds it in his hand, while the smoke goeth up for ever, an offering of a sweet smell unto Jehovah, God of Hosts. Let your gratitude be stirred as you remember that our atoning priest had not only to run the risks of death, but cruelly to die. Through that painful death He has passed that He might save us; blessed be His name. Aaron carried the incense to the place where the plague was raging: there he stood. It is said that he *stood* between the living and the dead. A man may, on a sudden impulse, do some desperate deed of valour, and then leisurely retire; but there *stood* Aaron. The plague had run its ravages through the camp, till it had reached the borderland to which he had just come. Halting there, he did, as it were, say to the waves of death—"Stand back! Hitherto have ye come, but ye shall come no farther." But he had to go along that border to make himself a line that should divide the living from the dead. I think I see the old man with his censer hastening on from point to point, all through the camp, to make the separation, and to make it at once. And, having made

it, there he stood—stood like a rock, against which all the waves of wrath might beat. He would not stir. Looking death and the plague firmly in the face, he held up his smoking censer. And now cannot ye behold in this a perpetual sign of Jesus our Saviour? Behold how He stands between us and God, persevering in His mediation, continuing in His intercession, never ceasing to plead, never for a moment abating his love to sinners, or suspending His priestly representation on our behalf. Oh, what a blessed truth; and how full of comfort this is to all those who have learnt to put their trust in His powerful and effective advocacy. This is how Jesus saved us. God's wrath has gone forth against us, and Jesus met it. It came on like rolling fire, but Jesus stood in the way and offered himself a victim. It came to Him; it could come no farther. It stopped at Him. He has rebutted it; He has put it back, and now from this hour those who are on the right side of Jesus have no cause to fear. No wrath can light upon them; it has fallen upon Jesus, and there is none left for them ever to endure.

III. And now for the practical point. Let us direct our inquiry to the results of this interposition of Aaron. It was to make a division that he stood there. Death, horrible, hideous, ghastly death here, but there health, peace, joy. He was the boundary mark; his own person the wall of brass, the impregnable defence. Death could not pass or advance another step, for the breast of Aaron stood in death's way. Wrath could not continue its course, for the smoke of the incense went up and stopped its progress. Aaron marked the frontier as he stood there. So, at this day, Jesus Christ is the great divider between the spiritually dead and the spiritually living. All who are on that side as unbelievers, perish; all who are on this side of Him believing in His glorious person and His gracious office, live. The one incisive question for you, dear hearer, is this—On which side of Jesus Christ are you standing? Your destiny hangs on the decisive answer. Of this, therefore, I am going to speak. Are you a believer in Jesus? or are you not? Does He stand in front of you, before God, when you pray? Do you ask in His name, feeling that He represents you?

When you trust in God and feel peace, does that peace ground and bottom itself upon Him? Do you look for acceptance with God because He is accepted?—for the blessing of God, because Christ is the treasury of all blessings, and He blesses you for Christ's sake? Have you got behind His sacred person? Have you clothed yourself in His garments? Has the spirit of God led you to find shelter in His suretyship? If so, glory be to the Most High, you are safe. God must change His nature, Christ must forfeit His honour, the everlasting covenant must lose its validity, before you can perish. While Christ is standing in the midst, God's word is pledged to save to the uttermost. Terrible as His wrath is, it cannot pass Christ; it cannot come to you. It were not just that God should first inflict the punishment on Christ, and then exact punishment again of those for whom He was a substitute. The honour of the faithful God cannot be compromised. Since He has smitten Christ, your surety, He will not smite you. If Christ has paid the debt, there is a full discharge. If He has borne the penalty, there is an entire quittance. The law itself will give you a full release. You will be safe while you are on this side, and Jesus stands in front. Sit down in peace and admire the

smoking incense of His intercession. Think of the excellence of His person; the purity of His life; the merit of His death. In His devoted love to God, and His self-denying love to men, what holy qualities commingled. How his ceaseless activity and sweet submission blended in doing and enduring the will of His Father in heaven. How untiring His labours for men; how unruffled His patience with men; how voluntary His sufferings to benefit men! Such rare virtues under the pressure of sacrifice by fire flame up like clouds of sweet frankincense between the Holy God and a sinful mortal as you are. God looks through the blessed haze of the merit of thy Saviour on you, and He sees not the blackness of sin that defiles you, but the loveliness of that beauty which adorns you, and He accepts you, not for your own, but for the Saviour's sake. Be glad and rejoice, beloved, that you have such an interposer.

But on the other side of Christ, those of you who have not believed in Him must encounter a dreary outlook indeed. What prospect opens out before you but the wrath, the plague, the death which have already made such fearful ravages. Possibly there may have been in the camp some physicians who recommended their nostrums, and rushed about among the people, crying to one and another, "Here, take this medicine! Swallow this draught! Apply this ointment! Use our prescriptions, and they will heal you." Alas! it was of no avail; the malady was desperate, and the mortality knew no abatement. So, too, at this hour, I see, with mingled pity and indignation, that there are preachers of ceremonies and superstitions imposing on the credulity of the terror-stricken people, saying, "Believe in us! Here is holy water! Here are consecrated wafers! Here are auricular confessions and sacramental services." Of such catholicons there is no end. But as the Lord liveth, if you believe not in the Lord Jesus Christ you will perish, notwithstanding all that priest or pontiff, father-confessor or cardinal, can prescribe to save you.

There are others who will admonish you to accept their creed and embrace the doctrines they teach because they are so extremely orthodox. This, to their showing, is the path of security. But, alas! sirs, whatever orthodoxy may be, there is no power in it to save a soul. Except you believe in Jesus Christ, you will die in your sins. I might meet you here with the same kind of reasoning that Paul used to the Jews, and tell you that orthodoxy verily profiteth if thou obey the gospel, but if thou art not an obedient disciple of Christ thine orthodoxy is very heterodox. Without a personal Saviour, and a substitutionary sacrifice, thy soul can find no redemption. Here you must come; on this you must rely, or else, choosing your own delusions, you will perish miserably. I am often grieved when talking with working people to find how little they know of the gospel. I spoke the other day with one who was old and infirm, living not very far from here. "Well, my good man," said I, "I hope, as you must see your time to depart draws near, that you have a hope of heaven." "Yes, sir," he said, "I am pretty well off for that; no one ever saw me drunk in my life, and I have always been just and civil to everybody. Ask my neighbours round, and they will all give me a good character." "Ah! yes, yes," I said, "but that is not the hope set before us in the gospel and in the word of God. There is a Saviour needed. Have you trusted in Him?" "Yes, sir; I shall think of that one of these

days." So Jesus Christ is brought in as a makeweight. For any slight deficiency He might avail. If their rags don't happen to be long enough to cover them, they cling to His mercy to supply the extra bit. This is the popular idea. Salvation by themselves is their first thought, and when they look to Christ it is for Him to supplement their good endeavours.

Among shrewd business men, who push their way to the front in commercial circles, you are not unfrequently met with a look of blank astonishment if you tell them that they cannot be saved by their own works. "What is there for a man to rely upon," they will ask, "but that he has always gone to church, paid twenty shillings in the pound, and been a subscriber to the hospital, and so on." Ah! that is looked upon as the way of salvation all England over; but there never was a soul saved in that way yet, and there never will be. With the Bible so freely circulated as it is in this country, the wonder is that there should be among us so many professed Christians who boldly declare their confidence in their own doings. If there is anything positive in this book, surely it is this, "By the works of the law shall no flesh living be justified." Salvation is not of works; it is all of grace; the free gift of God to those who deserve it not. And the way of obtaining salvation is not by law-keeping; but it is by trusting in Him who kept the law for us, and suffered in our room, and place, and stead.

It is a remarkable fact that the very people who have the most confidence in their good works are the people who never do any. The man who has not any confidence in his own works, but trusts alone in Christ, is he from whom you may expect the fruits of good living and virtuous conduct without much fear of disappointment. There is a faith which purifies the heart, produces good works, and leads to holiness. In preaching faith in Jesus as the interposing priest, I am not entering a protest against good works; but I am laying the foundation on which every virtue must rest, and to the best of my ability I am planting that grace in the heart from which all righteous actions will spontaneously grow. That is genuine virtue which springs from love, and is stimulated by gratitude. When a man says within himself, "Jesus stood in my stead, and suffered for my sake, and I am saved through Him," his next impulse is to say, "Now, by my love to His dear name, there is not a sin that I once delighted in which I will not renounce; there is not a duty that I once neglected which I will not labour to perform." Indeed, there will be a higher aim after holier actions than ever entered into such a man's reckoning before. Oh, beloved, it is so, it is so. There is no salvation but in the interposing priest.

As I shall have to meet each one of you at the bar of God, and give an account of this night's discourse, I pray you bear me witness that I tried to put it plainly. The sole and solitary distinction between one man and another is the position which he occupies in respect to Christ; whether he stands on this side or on that side of the great High Priest. Is he a believer covered with the skirts of Christ's atonement, or an unbeliever resting in himself? *He* shall never perish, neither shall any pluck him out of the hand of mercy, who rests in Jesus; but *he* must perish, neither can anything save him, who refuses to rely upon Christ.

Am I addressing any persons here who are ready to say, "Well, I know

that Christ alone can save, but how can I be saved by Him?" All that you have to do to-night, whoever you may be, is this—You have to cease for ever from anything like confidence in whatever you have done or can do, and trust only and alone in Christ. The moment you have done this you are saved. "I have done it," says one, "I have trusted in Jesus." Then you are saved. "But who says so?" God says so. Do you want any better authority? God declareth that whosoever believeth in Jesus Christ is saved. There is God's word for it. You don't surely want anything more reliable than that. Do you say, "I cannot believe it simply on God's word?" Then you put yourself in a fearful dilemma; for is it not written, "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son." But the living and true God, who cannot lie, hath plainly declared it. He that believeth on Jesus Christ is saved. To believe is to trust, and if you believe you are saved. "It seems too good to be true," says one. No doubt it is, but you are dealing with the great God. As high as the heavens are above the earth, so high are His ways above your ways, and His thoughts above your thoughts. Oh, believe a great thing about your God, believe a great thing about your Heavenly Father, and put your head now into his bosom, and say, "Father, I have sinned, but Thy mercy hath saved me. Fain would I sin no more." "Well, if it be true," says one, "that I am really saved because I have looked to Jesus, then I feel a divine happiness stirring in my soul. I feel a life within me that I never knew before." No marvel either that when you are saved you should have such evidences of salvation; a deep sense of gratitude, a longing to do something to serve God, an irresistible impulse to shout out the praises of God this moment. If your faith be really true and sincere, these are some of the tokens that you have received salvation. You now love the God whom, a few months ago, you despised; your heart's desires now flow towards the Saviour whom, only yesterday, you would have fled from and endeavoured to escape. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved and thy house; for "he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." There is the gospel. Reject it at your peril. I pray you, do not reject it, but accept it. May God the Holy Ghost lead you to accept it, and His shall be the praise evermore. Amen, and amen.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets, as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

TRAITS OF CHRISTIAN NOBILITY.

NOBILITY IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

CHAPTER IV.

A FIFTH element of discipline in secular schools may be briefly stated thus: In these schools there is a *limit placed to the number of scholars to be admitted*. A wise and would-be successful schoolmaster will not take in more than he can teach and his schoolrooms will accommodate. But how is it with Sunday schools? Unfortunately their promoters have acted on the reverse rule. So long as scholars would come, whether they have had teachers to instruct them or not; whether the building was large or small, all have been invited and welcomed, and the worthy souls have shivered at the idea of keeping even one applicant out. Now, if there is one blot in the present Sunday-school system, I hold it to be this one. At any rate, it is utterly subversive of anything like law or order. He would be a genius who would show how discipline could be maintained with it. Let Sunday-school teachers be determined to have as many as their room will enable them to teach, and no more; then those they do receive will get the benefit; but, let them have more, then there can be nought but confusion, and all will be the losers.

"That may appear to be true, Mr. Dexter; and yet it seems hard to turn any away."

"You must either do it, Mr. Morrison, or enlarge your accom-

modation. You have no alternative if you want to succeed."

"I fear you are right; but I, for one, should certainly prefer the enlargement to the exclusion."

"So should I, undoubtedly. But allow me to mention another matter. A sixth element, and not the least important, is the *regularity and punctuality* of the secular master and teachers. When the school opens they are there. They are not often kept away by colds or friends dropping in, or feeling tired, or forgetting to wind up their watch the night before, or having breakfast too late, or by having unfortunately and unwillingly—as many of our poor and best Sabbath-school teachers know to their cost—to attend to other forced secular labour. At the time appointed they are at the post of duty. If it be said that this is caused by the secular teachers being paid while the Sunday-school teachers act as volunteers, I grant it; but then, on the other hand, Sabbath-school teachers profess truly to be moved by a higher motive than mere secular pay, and if it were not so, you would have to give up Sunday-school work altogether. But this is the point—whether paid or unpaid, without regularity and punctuality on the part of teachers, either secular or religious, it is impossible to have discipline, and one of the most pitiable sights I know of in our Sunday schools is to go into one on a Lord's day morning or afternoon, and see the poor bewildered superintendent standing at his desk and ringing his bell for order when the room is crowded with scholars, and

one-third of the classes are without teachers. He may ring and ring, and exercise his ingenuity and patience to the utmost, but often, in such a case, he has a task before him to maintain discipline that might tax the skill, if he were living, of even the Duke of Wellington himself. Where would our secular schools be, I should like to know, if they had continually to suffer from such an evil? Why, they would be soon broken up. Teachers should think of this, and have compassion on the superintendent. I know there are difficulties in the way. Some teachers would come regularly and punctually that cannot; but, alas, there are too many who could come and will not."

"As a superintendent, I can speak feelingly on that point, Mr. Dexter. And I only wish two or three of our teachers were here to hear you."

"The last element I shall mention, Mr. Morrison—and not the least—in promoting discipline in secular schools is the attention that is being paid to the building of classrooms. A successful schoolmaster, a friend of mine, recently gave it as his opinion that it is beginning to be felt that it is a mistake altogether to teach children in classes crowded in one large room. Government, at any rate, acts upon the principle; hence, in all the new Board Schools, the largest amount of money is spent upon making good class-rooms. And many churches are wisely following the example when erecting new places of worship. They are beginning to see that they cannot have a greater aid than classrooms in promoting discipline. Such rooms separate scholars from the mass, and that takes from them the power to disturb the body. They make it easy to teach and to listen. They

give you the chance—and what a blessed one it is—of confining the obstreperous scholars within a limited area. And, best of all, they enable the converted teacher to pray with his or her class; and of all the instrumentalities that I know of for quelling the passions of scholars and leading them to God, I know of none better than praying with them. The other day, when in a Sunday school, I witnessed a scene I shall never forget. A good-hearted teacher was trying hard to manage his class. Do what he would he failed. The scholars beat him, and he looked in despair. Should he give up—mastered? That was impossible. Only one resource remained, and he took it. He felt, as hundreds and thousands of poor hard-working teachers before him have done, that he could only look to God for help. So, overcome with emotion, he bent his head in a large school, before his scholars, and, with tears in his eyes, quietly prayed for them. The effect was electric. The lads saw his emotion, and it touched them. He then proceeded with his lesson, and he had no more trouble with them that morning; they were as quiet and attentive as could be desired. And what did that teacher say afterwards? He said, '*Oh! if I could but have my boys in a class-room, how I would pray with them!*' I hope the day will come when every converted teacher will have his or her separate class-room. It would be a splendid reform in Sunday schools. You would then, I believe, have such discipline as at present is almost unknown; and, better still, far greater spiritual results for which to praise and glorify God."

Thanking Mr. Dexter for his remarks, and saying that he would think over them, Mr. Morrison took

his departure; but he did not fail, however, to give their substance to his teachers at their next teachers' meeting; and we are happy to say that, as the fruit of it, a determination was come to on the part of all present to try to do all in their power by carrying out Mr. Dexter's hints to make their Sunday school as efficient in point of discipline as the system was capable of producing.

In thus permitting Mr. Dexter to unfold his views as a school-master, we have had a twofold object in view. In the first place, we hope that the contrast drawn between the efficiency of secular schools and the deficiency of Sunday schools will lead to the adoption in our Sunday schools, of all that is good in the secular system, so as to make them more adapted for spiritual usefulness in the age in which we live. And, secondly, we have thought that by thus exhibiting this contrast, the true Christian nobility of the Sunday-school teachers in the land would be more fully brought out and understood. Admit that Mr. Dexter is right in his description of the deficiencies of the present Sunday-school system: what follows? We see from it *how noble are the efforts which are put forth every Sabbath in the year, by tens of thousands of teachers, male and female, on behalf of the young, in spite of all the defects, and sorrows, and evils under which they labour. No difficulties daunt them; no discouragements cause them to give up. If all was smooth and easy with them, and the system was perfect, or even as efficient for promoting its end as the secular system is proved to be, the Christian nobility displayed would not be of a quarter as noble a quality as it is. It is the arduous character of the work that constitutes its true no-*

bility. An able article in a literary organ, recently summing up the secret of our Sunday-school success, puts it thus:—

“Looking at the means used, from a merely human point of view, the prospect of attaining great success, or of making a deep impression on the life of the world, does not seem particularly brilliant. A few men and women, most of them but ill prepared for the duty assigned them, meeting a company of children and adults for a few minutes once a week, to pray, sing, and talk in a desultory way about a few verses of the Bible—that is about all that the average Sunday school amounts to in its external aspect; and how very deficient in all the elements of success it appears to be! Yet the statistics of our schools and churches show that these simple methods of work, weak and rudimentary as they are, are really exerting a most powerful influence upon the youth of the country, and upon the growth and prosperity of the churches. Out of the Sunday school comes the larger number of the members received into our churches; and the elevating influence of the little brief institution, so feebly administered week by week, is deeply felt by the multitudes who come within its reach.”

This success, “through this feeble instrumentality, these crude and imperfect methods, imperfectly applied,” the writer properly attributes to “the mind and will of the Omnipotent, silently but grandly working.” Here, he tells us, is “the secret of the wonder.” And he is right. With the poorest and weakest of instrumentalities, and the most primitive means, the Sabbath-school teacher can say, “The best of all is, God is with us.” Without that, the most improved methods, and the most perfect dis-

cipline, would make Sunday-school work a miserable failure. To depend upon the human, however good, for success, would be presumptuous, dishonouring to God, and ruinous to souls. We say, with the writer, make such instrumentalities as perfect as we may, "they are still but dead forms, until the Divine Spirit breathes into them the breath of life." Let Sabbath-school teachers then, in the exercise of living faith, and constant prayer, and dependence on the living God, labour on, with their feeble agencies, as best they can, and *improve them as they have opportunity*, and they shall find, in the end, that "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy," and that "he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

H. WATTS.

CHRIST'S TREASURE.

BY T. W. MEDHURST.

"Ye are Christ's."—1 Cor. iii. 2, 3.

As Jesus Christ is the Creator and Preserver of all men, so all men by *creation* and *providence* belong to Christ. All things were made by Him, and without Him not a single creature was made. By Him all creatures subsist. For Him the world, with all its inhabitants, continues. Believers belong to Christ in an especial manner, they are His peculiar treasure. They belong to Jesus by *election*. Chosen from all eternity for Christ, that they might be a people formed for his praise, to show forth His glory. They belong to Christ by *donation*. Jesus received the Church from the hand of His

Father as a gift. The members of Christ's mystic body were all given to Him in the everlasting covenant. The covenant which is ordered in all things and sure. They belong to Christ by *redemption*. They had sold themselves as slaves. They are redeemed by blood, and thus brought back to liberty. Their redemption is twofold. From the hand of justice, *by price*, not with corruptible things such as silver and gold, but the precious blood of God's sacrificial Lamb. They are redeemed from Satan *by power*. They belong to Christ by *purchase*. Ye are not your own, you are bought with a price, is the express declaration of the Word concerning all who are redeemed from among men. They belong to Christ by *possession*. He holds all His sheep in His hand, and not one of them shall be lost. They belong to Christ by *voluntary surrender*. When the sinner is quickened and enlightened by the Holy Spirit, it at once heartily and freely surrenders itself to Jesus. We love Him because He first loved us. We choose Him because He first chose us. We surrender ourselves to Jesus to be His alone, because by his love He constrains us.

Christians belong to Christ, then how *safe* they are. If one believer could, by any possibility be lost, then Jesus would lose a portion of His property. This both Scripture and reason assure us can never be. Our Jesus is omnipotent and immutable, therefore we are always confident He will take care of His own. All who belong to Christ are kept by the power of God, and until one can be found stronger than God not one of them can perish. It is impossible. Utterly impossible. None are able to pluck them out of the hands of Christ.

Brother Christian, if we belong

to Christ, what is our *duty*? Ought we not to *confess* His name before men? Should we not *live* wholly devoted to His glory? Shall we not freely *give up all* to Christ? Surely, surely, if Jesus has trodden the winepress alone, it is but right that He should drink the wine alone too. Aye, and He will do so. He is jealous of His people's love. He will have all their hearts. And he is worthy. He is the fountain of all blessings, the spring of all joys, to His elect family. What an altogether lovely Jesus is ours! How infinitely precious is His sin-cleansing blood!

"Precious to take our sins away—
Precious to point us out the way
That leads our souls to God;
Precious to cheer when we are faint,
Precious to fill our every want,
Is Christ's most precious blood.

Precious to give us sweet relief—
Precious to mitigate our grief,
When we're oppressed by sin;
Precious to whisper peace and love,
Precious to plead for us above,
And calm our fears within.

Precious to strengthen our weak
heart,
Precious to quench the fiery dart,
Which Satan casts at us;
Precious in our most gloomy frame,
Precious, the dear Redeemer's name,
Immanuel, God with us.

Precious in death His blood will be,
Precious when we our Saviour see,
And taste the joys above;
Precious to sing to harps of gold,
For ever telling, yet untold,
Our Jesus' dying love.

Portsmouth.

THE SCRIPTURES AND THEIR OPPONENTS.

BY REV. W. FRITH.

THE Bible is to the human mind what light is to a dark room. Nothing is so adapted to dissipate the brooding darkness of the mind as the "Scriptures of truth." Hence the Psalmist says, "The entrance of Thy word giveth *light*," "it is a *lamp* to my feet, and a *light* to my path." And has it not been true in all subsequent times? How many of those whose "understanding is darkened" have received "the light of life," and have "gone forth with salvation as a *lamp that burneth!*" The scriptures alone can "give light to those who sit in *darkness*, and in the shadow of death." Hence the importance of the world-wide diffusion of "the Word of God." And this is especially needful at the present time. The number is greatly increasing who would wishhold it from the people. Not only does the Roman Catholic Church "keep the key of knowledge bound to her girdle," but others, of whom we might expect better things, are disposed to withhold it from the homes of the poor. Surely, then, it is especially incumbent upon those who believe in the Divine intention that it should be "sown beside all waters," and also in its adaptation to the wants of poor fallen man, to be untiring in their endeavours, not only to give it the widest possible circulation, but also to impress upon them the immense importance of "*searching the Scriptures.*" If ever England becomes enthralled by the fatal incubus of a fascinating superstition, it will certainly be greatly accelerated by the ignorance of the people in respect to the *claims, teaching, and authority*, of the

Bible. Here is the danger. No danger could arise if the people were well versed in Scripture, and made it their alone standard of authority in all matters of faith and practice. How this can be done is, perhaps, a great problem. The fatal indifference which prevails, and stands connected with the spirit of the age, is certainly not a small difficulty to overcome. The difficulty is not so much in distributing the Scriptures, as in getting them read, and read, too, with reverence and interest. Perhaps if

the hallowed obligation of reading the Scriptures were insisted upon more in the Christian pulpit some impression might be made upon the lethargy of the age. But there is also great need that we should cry unto the Lord to pour out His spirit. *This is what is needed.* Let this be asked and received, and the other will follow to a good degree. The opponents of an open Bible would then be put to shame, and truth triumph in the decadence of superstition and error.

Gunnersbury.

Tales and Sketches.

POOR JENNIE; OR, HOW THE KING BUILT HIS BEAUTIFUL HOUSE.

FOUNDED ON FACT. BY A PASTOR.

CHAPTER X.

The seed buried but not lost.

"He fell asleep in Jesus' love:
So on its mother's breast,
The little child is comforted
When there it goes to rest;
His was a child-like confidence,
And as he closed his eyes,
The whisper was within his soul,
"To-day in Paradise."

SOME two years after Jennie's death, Fred Mayhew returned home in a state of failing health, to live near his sister; he had not forgotten the former, and one day asked his sister to accompany him to the cemetery where she was buried, that he might see her grave.

It was a bright summer's morning when they started, and they soon reached the object they had in view. The little mound was covered with grass, and a few little forget-me-nots, planted by the hand of Miss Mayhew, were blooming upon the humble grave. Fred looked at it in silence: not far from where they stood he could see the obelisk of a statesman, the urn of a poet, and the monument of a celebrated preacher; and, as he looked at these, and thought of the poor girl sleeping beneath the little bit of turf on the paupers' acre, as he turned to go home, he unconsciously muttered to himself:—

The good lie hid—while noisy strength
too oft
Exalts itself and fills both ear and eye.

That night Fred had a strange dream. He thought he was standing in darkness, by the side of the grave of poor Jennie, and, as he stood there and mused, all at once a glorious Being appeared, with a

crown of thorns upon His brow, and stooping down upon His knees, He thrust His hands into the little grave, and taking up a handful of earth, examined it carefully, and seemed to be searching out certain minute particles, and as He did so, all at once He stood up, majestic in His glory, a sweet smile upon His face; and by his side appeared one like to Jennie. Arrayed in shining garments, her face lighted up with joy, and on her head a crown of gold. And as he gazed with wonder, not unmingled with awe, both suddenly vanished.

The dream awoke him; and he lay for some hours unable to sleep, coughing, and thinking much; and troubled and perplexed in his mind, at last he crept out of bed, and falling on his knees in the darkness of night, he prayed and said:—

“O Thou, of whom I have heard and read as the Saviour of men, and who hast said, ‘Come unto Me, and I will give you rest,’ I desire to come to Thee. I am in darkness and sorrow; I am weary and heavy laden; and I know not what to believe or do. If Thou art, and art what Thou art declared to be, guide me to truth and rest. I do

not feel that I can trust man, or any class of men. I have read and thought much, but I am only bewildered and perplexed; but I feel that I am sinful and weak, and that life without some hope beyond the present is a bitter mockery and a cheat. I have no claim upon Thy notice, but I desire to reach the truth, and Thou hast said, ‘Come unto Me,’ and as well as I know, I would come, and would pray Thee to bring me to certainty and rest. Amen.” This was the substance of Fred’s first prayer.

For many months Fred battled hard with sense of sin, darkness, unbelief, and disease; but before reaching the final goal, he gave good evidence that he had found the peace and rest of his soul in Christ; and a stranger passing through a little country churchyard, not far from the sea, might observe a small headstone, put up to his memory by his loving sister, with his name and age, and on it written, by his own request, the precious words he had received from the lips of Jennie:—“Come unto ME, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

Rebels.

Baptism Discovered Plainly and Faithfully, according to the Word of God.

By JOHN NORCOTT. A New Edition, corrected by C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore and Alabaster. Price 6d., in paper covers.

THIS is a little pamphlet of some eighty pages; it contains no novelty; it is a mere reprint of an old work. We are often asked if we can recommend any

good pamphlet on the Scriptural view of believer’s baptism. Of course our memory easily recalls a host, as we think of Booth, Gill, Carson, Ingham, Pengelly, and others, who have issued large treatises and little tracts; but where to get the exact thing inquired for, we cannot tell, as most of the manuals are out of print. Mr. Spurgeon has discovered this, so he has

republished the best he can find of these popular expositions, with such emendations as seemed requisite. Here, then, is a thoroughly Biblical statement, concise in its arrangement, decisive in its arguments, and very trenchant in its answers to opponents. Printed on good paper, in good type, with good cloth binding, it costs a shilling, and is just the book we need to lend about among our friends. For want of knowing better, many good people think of "Baptists" as an eccentric sect, rather than, as in truth they are, the representatives of the Primitive Church of Christ.

Biblical Things Not Generally Known.

A Collection of Facts, Notes, and Information concerning much that is Quaint, Curious, Obscure, and Little Known in relation to Biblical Subjects. Elliot Stock.

THE extensive field described in this title excites large expectations, and is really a good key to its rich and various contents. The work is one of that class for which there is an increasing demand, and are ever welcome to the Biblical reader and public teacher. This mass of useful treasure, which must have cost the compiler considerable labour and research, is made *additionally valuable for service by copious indices and textual tables.*

Anecdotes of Celebrities. By CHARLES H. BARNWELL. Elliot Stock.

THE quotation on the title page (*I have but gathered and disposed of other men's stuff*) describes the work of the author. He has roamed over fields of historical story, and culled his flowers skilfully, arranged and artistically bound them together. The work embraces dramatists, sculptors, musicians, judges, physicians, artists, divines, poets, royalty, and statesmen, &c., &c. A number of anecdotes and tracts are arranged under each, and a very readable book is the result.

After Work. The Annual Volume for 1878. Elliot Stock.

GOOD and useful for the young and old, the cottage home, and the me-

chanic's family. We can scarcely conceive of a person or place where it would not be acceptable, and its low price ought to ensure it a wide circulation.

Popular Lectures for the Magic Lantern. By A. A. WOOD, A.K.C. E. G. Wood, Choepside.

TO our Sunday-school superintendents and secretaries of mutual improvement societies these lectures will prove very valuable. Winter evening entertainments have become an essential part of our Sunday-school and congregational arrangements. Well, here we have a series of popular lectures, covering a wide range of subject and thought. The work of a skilful writer, who can say much in a few words. They are evidently the result of extensive reading, and the whole can be illustrated by a choice of dissolving view pictures to the number of several thousands.

For the benefit of our readers we give the titles of the Lectures:—The Lifeboat, The World We Live In, Our Railroads, History of Printing, Our Coals, The Turks, The North Pole, The History of Common Things, Round the World in Ninety Minutes, Social Life in Oriental Lands, The Gospel in England, The Journeys of the Apostle Paul, and Israel's Wanderings in the Wilderness. We advise the purchase of the whole series.

The Homiletic Quarterly. October No. 8. Richard D. Dickenson.

WE have from the first number welcomed this quarterly, and now look for it as for the coming of a welcome friend. It is saying much when we say this number is equal, if not superior, to any of its predecessors. In the department of Biblical literature, we were specially gratified with the chapter by Professor Milligan On Jesus at the Pool of Bethesda, and that on The High Priest's Breastplate, by the Rev. John Pulsford. The minister who does not possess himself of this quarterly will be the poorer for it.

Conditional Immortality. Plain Sermons on a Topic of Present Interest. By WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, D.D. Reprinted from the first American Edition. With a new Preface by the Author. Elliot Stock.

The British Quarterly Review. July. Hodder and Stoughton.

SOME will think this a flash of new light from across the Atlantic on a much discussed and controverted subject. We, however, fail to find anything here which has not been said before by writers on this side; and we shall abide by the old views, at least until it be settled by scholars (certainly equal to those who advocate the Life only in Christ views) as to the meaning and root of words introduced into the controversy on this awfully solemn subject, and also until the advocates get agreed among themselves as to the facts of the after life. Till then we shall abide by the ancient landmarks, namely, that Scripture goes no farther in its disclosures than the judgment day, which appears to be final. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." The *British Quarterly* has a grand and argumentative article on the after life, the spirit, arguments, and conclusions of which have our deepest sympathies and, we believe, the thoughtful reading of the article at the present time will do immenso good.

Our God shall Come. Addresses on the Second Coming of Our Lord. J. F. Shaw and Co.

THESE addresses were delivered at Mildmay-park, Feb. 26, 27, 28, 1878. They are characterised by a devout and earnest spirit. The whole are pervaded by much Scriptural reasoning, and will well repay the prayerful and thoughtful attention of all Christians.

Worship Chiefly in Connection with the Meeting of Christians at the Lord's Supper. By JOHN PLUNKETT. A. Allen, Myrtle-street, Liverpool.

It controverts the modern position taken by some, that praise only should be

offered at the table of our Lord. We have been grateful that of late there has been more praise in our worship. More singing, and less of the long, wearisome prayers, and less of the long, misty, and tiresome sermons which it has been our pain to listen to. The love for spiritual song has been most refreshing to us. But here a good thing is carried to an extreme. Our friend has done his work well, and is worthy of all praise.

MAGAZINES, &c.

Sermon, by Rev. H. T. Morgan, of South Hackney, on the Fatal Collision in the Thames. Second Edition. (Forsyth Brothers, Bothnal-green.) The lessons from this awful event are natural and calculated to impress the reader.

Dietetic Reformer. (Pitman and Co.) A magazine in the vegetarian interest, which shows with considerable talent what to eat, drink, and avoid.

The Teachers' Storehouse and *Biblical Museum* we pronounce to be the teachers' cabinet of good things. *The Voice of Warning* (Buckingham-street, Strand), *Evangelical Christendom*, and *The Quarterly Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society*, each of these represent work and workers with whom we are in hearty sympathy.

BAPTIST LITERATURE.

Quarterly Report of the German Mission we read with praise and prayer.

Quarterly Register of the Baptist Tract Society, with several specimens of new tracts, among which is an excellent and timely one on the Princess Alice disaster.

The Sword and Trowel, among much good reading, &c., has a well-written article on "John Bunyan and Puritan England." We thank the writer for his worthy contribution on Bunyan, but we shall receive with great caution some of the conclusions he arrives at in respect to Bunyan's early character, which to us are novel and do not seem

at all in harmony with Bunyan's grace abounding to the chief of sinners.

The General Baptist gives a ninth chapter on "Man after Death." We hope the worthy editor may see his way to give forth these papers in a volume form. They would contribute considerably to the interests of truth.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanac for

1879. Price 1d. *John Ploughman's Almanac for 1879.* Price 1d. London: Passmore and Alabaster. These small annuals are now ready, one a little book, the other a broad sheet; both contain attractive wood engravings and brief, racy essays.

The *Freeman* and *Baptist* are still strong and vigorous. God speed them.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. W. J. ELLIOT has resigned the pastorate of the English church at Rhymney.

Rev. W. H. Porkins, M.A., late of Bootle, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Goodshaw, Lancashire.

After six years' pastorate, Rev. William Leese Giles, has intimated that at the end of the year he will resign his charge at South-street, Greenwich.

Rev. Harry Abraham has been compelled to resign the pastorate of the church at Redruth, through continued ill-health.

Rev. James Manning, who has for some time past been acting as evangelist of the Midland Baptist Union, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the General Baptist Church at Grimsby.

Rev. T. Dowding has resigned the pastorate of the church at Torrington, Devon, and accepted an invitation to that at Lockwood, Huddersfield, for the new interest at Primrose-hill.

Rev. J. Simson has resigned the pastorate of the church at Broughty Ferry.

Rev. J. Walker has resigned the pastorate of the church at Congleton.

Mr. F. J. Feltham, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at the Tabernacle, Winslow.

Rev. H. Phillips, B.A., has resigned the pastorate of the church at John

Knox-street, Glasgow, and accepted a call to the church at Weymouth.

Rev. C. F. Vernon, late of Stratford-grove Chapel, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of Parnell-road Church, Victoria-park.

The church at West Vale, near Halifax, have given a call to the Rev. J. T. Roberts, of Grimsby, to become their pastor.

Rev. L. McPherson, having accepted an appointment as chaplain to the Western Infirmary, Glasgow, has resigned the pastorate of the church at Dumfries. This change has been necessitated through ill-health.

Mr. W. Seaman, of the Pastors' College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at New Quay, Cornwall.

Rev. H. Kinder has resigned his pastorate at the Mumbles, and accepted that at Minchinhampton, as successor to the Rev. W. James, who has removed to Stratford-on-Avon.

Mr. W. E. Jenkins, of Haverford-west College, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the united churches at Highgate and Rowley, Durham.

Rev. Robert R. Finch, of Victoria-park, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the church at Neckinger-road, Bermondsey.

LEYTONSTONE.—Mr. John Bradford, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the invitation of the newly-formed church to the pastorate, and will com-

men to his stated ministry the first Sunday in the new year.

J. P. Davies, late minister of Ebenezer Chapel, Dyfed, Breconshire, has received an invitation to the pastorate of the Welsh chapel, Tonyfelin, Caerphilly, South Wales, Glamorgan.

PRESENTATIONS.

TRINITY MARTYRS' MEMORIAL CHURCH, GUNNERSBURY.—The pastor (the Rev. W. Frith, F.R.G.S.) was on 27th Oct. presented with a pulpit Bible by the teachers and scholars of the Sunday-school. Mr. Lockil said that the pleasing duty had devolved upon him of presenting Mr. Frith with a handsome Bible, as a small mark of the esteem in which he, as their pastor, was held by the Sunday school. Small though the gift was, he believed it would be appreciated by Mr. Frith all the more, coming from the source from which it did. The Rev. W. Frith, in reply, said that he had to thank them, one and all, for this unexpected expression of their kindness. His prayer was that the Lord God would bless them all through their lives, make them His children, and at last receive them into His family. He trusted that as they grew up they would value that blessed book more and more. No better or more valuable present could have been made him; and he hoped that he might, by the help of the Holy Spirit, be able to point out the unsearchable riches of Christ, and instruct them in those precious truths which would lead them to eternal life.

Rev. W. T. Adey, who lately resigned the pastorate of the church at Burley-road, Leeds, and accepted a call to that at Albemarle-crescent, Scarborough, has been presented by the friends at Leeds with a purse of £50 in appreciation of his past ministerial services. On Wednesday, Oct. 30, he was publicly recognised as pastor of the church, when addresses were delivered by Rev. W. Adams, W. C. Upton, J. Haslam, G. Barrows, and J. Hillman, the latter of whom, on behalf of the Yorkshire Association, presented Mr. Adey with a

handsomely-illuminated address in acknowledgment of his past work among the county churches. The Mayor of Scarborough spoke.

PETERBOROUGH.—A farewell meeting was held on October 15, in the Chapel, New Fletton, to take leave of Rev. H. Watts on his removal to Hyde, near Manchester. Rev. T. Barrass presided. After the usual devotional exercises, Mr. S. C. Colman, one of the deacons, said he had a pleasing duty to perform, which should, however, have fallen to the lot of Mr. Mould, the superintendent of the Sunday school. He had the pleasure on his behalf of presenting Mr. Watts, as a token of Christian love and esteem, with a purse containing the sum of £15, which had been subscribed for by friends in Fletton and the neighbourhood. Mr. Mould said he wished it to be particularly understood that the testimonial given to Mr. Watts that night had come from various sources. The teachers in the school, the Sunday-school children, the members of the church and congregation, and persons belonging to other denominations in Fletton, Woodston, and Peterborough, had all given heartily towards it. Mr. Watts responded, and a brief address having been delivered by Mr. William Pentney, the meeting was brought to a close.

The Rev. J. Harrison, who has been obliged to resign the pastorate of the church at Park-road, Ryde, Isle of Wight, on account of ill-health, has been presented with a purse of gold and a handsome gold pencil-case by the members of the church and congregation, as a mark of their appreciation of his faithful labours amongst them for the last five years.

OLD FORD, BOW.—On Wednesday evening, Oct. 30, the friends of Park-road Chapel held a valedictory meeting in connection with the resignation of Rev. R. R. Finch, that they might wish him a hearty God-speed in the new sphere of labour. Rev. C. F. Vernon (pastor-elect) presided. After addresses expressive of the high estimation in which Mr. Finch is held by the brethren with whom he has been associated in

the east of London, the chairman congratulated his predecessor upon the good work he had been instrumental in accomplishing, when Mr. Thomas Kimp-ton, one of the deacons, presented Mr. Finch, on behalf of the church, with a handsome electro tea and coffee service. Mr. Finch mentioned that he had been the means of founding the church, and had laboured among them for twenty years.

RECOGNITIONS.

A SERIES of services have been held at Broomsgrove, in connection with the ordination of the Rev. E. Ernest Coloman, Rev. W. Medley, M.A., of Rawdon College, preached on Sunday morning and evening. The ordination service was held on Monday, when Mr. W. M. Fuller, presided. A statement having been made by Mr. James Laughton of the circumstances under which Mr. Coloman had been invited to the pastorate, that gentleman gave an outline of his course up till then as a member of a Christian church, and as a student at Rawdon College. Rev. Dr. Green, of London, then gave the charge to the pastor.

Rev. W. H. Tetley was recognised as pastor of the Osmaston-road Church, Derby, on Thursday, October 24th. T. H. Harrison, Esq., presided. The recognition prayer was offered by Rev. T. Mirams. An account was given by Mr. Storer, a senior deacon, of the invitation which had been given to Mr. Tetley. The pastor replied, and able addresses were delivered by Revs. R. Balgarnie, T. Goadby, B.A., George Hill, B.A., W. Crosbie, M.A., and J. W. Williams.

Rev. J. Lee, of Manchester College, has just been publicly recognised as pastor of the church at Jole, near Bradford; and the Rev. D. O. Edwards, late of Stockton-on-Tees, as pastor of Bethlehem and Salem churches, Pembrokeshire.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. W. S. Davis (formerly of Queen's-park Chapel, Manchester), at Trinity Church, Huntingdon, have been held. The various

village causes associated with the church were largely represented. Mr. Bateman Brown, J.P., presided at the evening meeting, and addresses were delivered by the former pastor, Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A., Dr. Green, H. B. Robinson, J. Davis, and others.

Recognition services in connection with the settlement of the Rev. W. Morgan, late of Cradely, at the English Baptist Church, Tondy, Glamorganshire, have been held. The Rev. T. Cole, of Bridgend, preached on Sunday. At the meeting on the Monday following addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Cole, A. Tilley, W. E. Winks, J. Owen, secretary of the Glamorganshire Association, J. Price Macsteg, and by Mr. Morgan, the new pastor. The chair was occupied by J. Blakemoor, Esq.

HYDE, near Manchester.—On Saturday, November 2, the Rev. H. Watts, late of Peterborough, was publicly recognised as pastor of the Baptist Church, Hyde. About 140 sat down to tea after which a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by John Walker, Esq. Mr. Joseph Bottomley, deacon, first read a brief history of the church, and then gave the new pastor, on behalf of the church and congregation, the right hand of Christian fellowship. Mr. Watts responded, stating the reasons that had induced him to accept the call. Congratulatory and encouraging addresses were then delivered by the Revs. Charles Williams, A. Bowden, C. A. Davis, J. Pywell, and the two Independent ministers in Hyde, the Revs. T. Robinson, B.A., and N. M. Hennessy.

NEW CHAPELS.

NORTH FINCHLEY, LONDON.—The Baptists in the Northern heights of London mustered strongly at Finchley on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 5th, on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of a new chapel in that flourishing suburb of the metropolis. The history of the growth of the cause is interesting. More than forty years ago a Christian gentleman (Mr. Newman) whose widow at the advanced

ago of eighty-nine was present at the Saturday service, turned some stables in his possession into a place of worship—in which he preached for many years—under the title of the Cottagers Chapel. Mr. J. Chadwick, who had on several occasions conducted the Sabbath services, agreed to take the oversight of the work. The congregation soon increased so as to fill the room, and the church has now a membership of nearly a hundred. Rather more than two years ago a most eligible site was purchased at a cost of £450, and vested in trustees. Mr. Morton Glover drew up plans of a new building, and was selected as the architect. The new chapel is designed ultimately to accommodate, with galleries, 850 persons, but for the present the building is so arranged as to provide 400 sittings on the ground-floor, while under the same roof there will be vestries, classrooms, and a lecture or school room for about 300 children. It is expected that the total cost will be upwards of £4,500. The sum of £2,200 has already been raised, and on Saturday a further sum of £505 was collected. On Saturday Rev. Thomas Hill, pastor of the Congregational Church, Finchley, read the Scriptures. Rev. Mr. Turner, of West Green, prayed. Mr. Chadwick, after making a brief statement, called on Mr. James Barlow, of Accrington, to lay the foundation stone, presenting him with a silver trowel for that purpose. Mr. Barlow, having performed his task, dwelt on the need of the church being a working church, and on its essentially spiritual character. A dedicatory prayer was then offered up by Rev. T. Wigner, of New-cross, and Rev. J. A. Spurgeon delivered an address. After purses, &c., had been deposited on the stone, the ceremony concluded with prayer.

The memorial stones of new classrooms in connection with the church at West Croydon (Rev. J. A. Spurgeon's), have been laid by Mr. W. Duncan Knight, addresses being delivered by the pastor, Revs. J. P. Chown, John Reacher, W. Dothie, and Mr. C. Spurgeon, jun. A tea and public meeting followed,

when further addresses were given by the Revs. J. Bigwood, J. T. Wigner, G. Samuel, and others. From the report submitted by Mr. Cosnett, secretary, it appeared that the school, which commenced eight years ago with about 60 scholars, now numbers 820, with an average attendance of 550, and the new rooms have, in consequence, become a necessity. The cost involved is about £1,250, towards which nearly £800 has been promised.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PORTSMOUTH.—Lake-road Chapel. The anniversary services were held on Sunday, October 13th, when two sermons were preached by Rev. H. O. Mackey, of Southampton. On Tuesday, October 13th, the annual tea meeting was held; about seven hundred friends sat down to tea, which was provided by the freewill offerings of the ladies. In the evening the pastor, T. W. Medhurst, presided, and a service of sacred song was given by a select choir, under the leadership of Mr. W. E. Green. The proceeds of the anniversary were devoted to the fund which is being raised for the erection of new vestries and class-rooms.

LUTON.—Rev. J. H. Blake, formerly of Bow, is delivering a course of addresses in Luton designed to reach the non-chapel-going population. On the first Sunday afternoon the service was held at the Brass Works Foundry, Crawley-green-road, but in consequence of the large attendance and the large numbers who were unable to gain admittance on the first occasion, the firm (Messrs. Hayward, Tyler, and Howard) have made arrangements with Mr. Blake for the delivery of the remainder of the addresses in the Town Hall.

BAPTISMS.

Abercanaid.—October 13, Three, by J. Parrish.
Abercarnue, Mon.—October 20, at the English Chapel, Two, by E. E. Probert.

- Aberdare*.—October 20, at Carme English Chapel, Eleven, by T. Jones.
- Allox* (N.B.).—October 27, Three; November 10, Four, by James Scott.
- Bacup*.—November 3, at Ebenezer Chapel, One, by W. Gay.
- Bargoed*.—October 6, Two, by J. Parrish.
- Bourton*, Shrivensham.—October 30, Two, by R. W. Mansfield.
- Burnley*.—Oct. 23, Three, Ebenezer Chapel, by W. Reynolds.
- Burton-on-Trent*.—October 27, Guild-street, Four, by John Askew.
- Bury*, Lancashire.—October 27, Knowsley-street, Three, by W. Bury.
- Cheddar*.—November 3, Six, by T. Hanger.
- Chester*.—October 16, Two, by W. Darbau.
- Creakern*.—October 23, Two, by J. Cruickshank.
- Dalton-in-Furness*.—October 20, Two; November 3, Three, by J. G. Anderson.
- Dunfermline*.—October 17, One, by J. T. Hagen.
- Eye*, Suffolk.—November 3, Four, by S. B. Gooch.
- Gillingham*.—October 23, Five, by T. Hayden.
- Gold Hill*, Bucks.—October 28, One, by T. Thomas.
- Griffithstown*, near Pontypool.—October 27, Two, by J. Tucker.
- Hastings*.—November 7, at Wellington-square Chapel, Five, by W. Barker.
- Heaton*, Bradford.—November 3, Three, by R. Howarth.
- Hill Cliffe*, near Warrington.—November 3, Six, by W. Pilling.
- Holbeach*.—October 27, Six, by M. Mather.
- Jarrow-on-Tyne*.—November 6, Grange-road, One, by W. Satchwell.
- Keynsham*.—October 27, Four, by C. A. Fellowes.
- Knighton*.—October 27, One, by W. Williams.
- Leeds*.—October 13, Three; 27, Two, by J. Smith.
- Liverpool*.—October 27, Derby-road, Six, by J. S. Bowen.
- Loughwood*, Devon.—November 3, Two, by R. Bastable.
- Lodge*, Brymbo.—October 29, Three, by J. Berry.
- Lydbrook*.—November 11, One, by T. Reeves.
- Massey*, Glamorgan.—November 3, at Bethel Chapel, Three, by T. A. Fryce.
- Maidenhead*.—October 24, Three, by J. Wilkins.
- Metropolitan District*:—
Acton.—October 27, Nine, by C. M. Longhurst.
- Battersea*.—October 20, at Battersea-park Chapel, Eight, by T. Lardner.
- Brentford*.—October 21, Albany Chapel, Two, by W. Sumner.
- Deptford, New Cross-road*.—October 10, at Zion Chapel, Seven, by J. S. Anderson.
- Kensington*.—October 27, Seven, by J. Hawes.
- Metropolitan Tabernacle*.—October 28th, Fifteen; October 31, Twenty-eight, by J. A. Spurgoon.
- Leytonstone*.—October 22, Five, by J. Bradford.
- Ponder's End*.—October 6, Two; October 27, Five, by A. F. Cotton.
- Queen's-road, Buckhurst-hill*.—October 13, Two, by H. Cousens.
- Woolwich*.—October 23, at Queen-street Chapel, One, by T. Jones.
- Mills Hill*, Chadderton.—November 3, One, by W. Wiggins.
- Mirfield*, Yorkshire.—November 10, Eight, by J. P. Cushing.
- Milgate*, near Rochdale.—November 3, Four, by T. Griffiths.
- Nantwich*.—October 20, Seven, by R. P. Cook.
- Newport, Mon.*—October 27, in Stowhill Chapel, Five, by J. Douglas.
- Pembrey*, Carmarthenshire.—October 27, Four, by W. E. Watkins.
- Pentre*.—October 27, at Zion Chapel, Two, by M. H. Jones.
- Pontnewydd*, Pontypool.—Oct. 27, Seven, by J. Pugh.
- Pontypool*.—October 27, at Tabernacle Chapel, Four, by J. Evans.
- Portsmouth*.—October 20, at Lake-road Chapel, Three, by T. W. Medhurst.
- Salem*, near Haverfordwest.—October 27, Three, by D. Edwards.
- Sardis*, Pembrokehire.—November 10, One, by J. Johns.
- Southwell, Notts*.—October 27, Three, by J. H. Plumbridge.
- Southend*.—October 13, Four, by J. G. Wilson.
- Tabor*, Llantrissant.—November 3, Four, by T. Baker.
- Taibach*, Glam.—October 20, Three, by O. W. James.
- Thaxted*, Essex.—November 5, Park street, Two, by G. H. Hook.
- Treorkey*, Rhondda Valley.—November 3, at Horeb English Chapel, Three, by D. Davies.
- Torrington*.—October 16, Eleven, by T. Dowding.
- Uley*, Gloucester.—One, by W. Ewens.
- West Lavington*.—November 10, Two, by S. King.

Weston Turnville.—November 11, Two, by W. Goacher.

Westpark, Dumfries.—November 6, One, by Wm. Milligan, jun.

LITTLE THINGS.

THERE is a proverb that says "he that despiseth little things shall fall little by little;" none can afford to do that, who would be wise and succeed in their undertakings, for just as true as that little drops of water make the ocean, and little grains of earth make the land, so true is it that little things in life have momentous issues of life and death to body and soul; a little movement in the railway signal box will send a train in a very different direction, and a little change unperceived by us will make us diverge in our path and change the course of our life for ever.

RECENT DEATHS.

DEPARTED this life (in the faith and hope of the Gospel) on November the 10th, in the 88th year of his age, Jonathan Brooks, of Brockdish, Norfolk, father of Mrs. W. A. Blake, of Brentford.

SUDDENLY, from disease of the heart, at Hastings, on the 14th November, in the 32nd year of his age, Sidney, son of the Rev. W. A. Blake, minister of Park Chapel, Brentford. And on the 17th inst., in the 29th year of her age, Margaret, wife of Sidney Blake. Their remains were interred in Hastings Cemetery on the 20th of November; Rev. W. Barker conducted the service.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.

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

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. G. E. Chapman...	0 5 0	Miss Rooke	0 10 0	Victoria Baptist	
Messrs. Ewing, Roza-		The late Mr. B. Baker,		Chapel, Wanda-	
rio, and Jarman ...	3 0 0	per Mr. T. B.		worth	4 7 0
The late Mrs. Perrott,		Skinner	100 0 0	Part Collection at	
per Mr. John Neal	5 0 0	Mr. G. S. Stowe	2 10 0	John-street, Bed-	
Mr. Winter's Class...	2 0 0	Mrs. Hurrell	2 2 0	ford-row	4 3 6
Mr. H. B. Frearson...	5 0 0	Mrs. McNeillage, per		"My Own <i>Aima</i>	
G. S. B.	2 10 0	Mr. T. Spurgeon ...	1 0 0	<i>Nater</i> , per Pastor	
Miss Jeps.	1 5 0	W. S., per Rev. E.		H. Halford.....	1 0 0
Mr. Thomas Gem-		Chettleboro	1 0 0	Weekly Offerings at	
mell.....	1 0 0	The Misses Drans-		Metropolitan Taber-	
Mr. Thomas L. John-		feld.....	2 2 0	nacle, Oct. 20	40 0 3
son	5 0 0	Mr. Jeanneret	1 1 0	" " 27	62 12 6
Mr. Calvin H. Richard-		Mrs. H.	0 10 0	" Nov. 3	42 9 6
son	5 0 0	Part Collection at		" " 10	39 10 6
A. V.	0 2 6	Abbey-road, St.		" " 17	32 2 3
A Poor Missionary in		John's-wood.....	5 17 0		
India	0 18 0	Part Collection at			
					£373 13 0

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