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THE
BAPTIST MESSENGER:

AND

Evangelical Treasury

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES

FOR THE YEAR 1898

LONDON
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TO OUR READERS.

DEAR FRIENDS.—It appears but a short time since we wished you a Happy New Year as 1898 dawned upon us. Since then the months have rolled away—verily we spend our years as a tale that is told—and yet there is no cause for sadness as every day brings us nearer Home. Be comforted, therefore, Brethren, your Redemption draweth nigh. We thank our many friends for their kind help in circulating the Messenger during the past year and we ask for a continuance of the same help and favour.

With best wishes for the year 1899.

W. A. BLAKE,
EDITOR.

Orchard Road, Brentford,
December 31st, 1898.

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A New Year's Benediction.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you."—1 Peter v. 10.

THE apostle Peter turns from exhortation to prayer. He knew that if praying be the end of preaching in the hearer, preaching should always be accompanied by prayer in the minister. Having exhorted believers to walk stedfastly, he bends his knee and commends them to the guardian care of heaven, imploring upon them one of the largest blessings for which the most affectionate heart ever made supplication. The minister of Christ is intended to execute two offices for the people of his charge. He is to speak for God to them, and for them to God. The pastor hath not fulfilled the whole of his sacred commission when he hath declared the whole counsel of God. He hath then done but half. The other part is that which is to be performed in secret, when he carrieth upon his breast, like the priest of old, the wants, the sins, the trials of his people, and pleads with God for them. The *daily* duty of the Christian pastor is as much to pray for his people, as to exhort, instruct, and console. There are, however, special seasons when the minister of Christ finds himself constrained to announce an unusual benediction over his people. When one year of trial has gone and another year of mercy has commenced, we may be allowed to express our sincere congratulations that God has spared us, and our earnest invocations of a thousand blessings upon the heads of those whom God has committed to our pastoral charge.

I have this morning taken this text as a new year's blessing. You are aware that a minister of the Church of England always supplies me with the motto for the new year. He prays much before he selects the text, and I know that it is his prayer for you all to-day. He constantly favours me with this motto, and I always think it my duty to preach from it, and then desire my people to remember it through the year as a staff of support in their time of trouble, as some sweet morsel, a wafer made with honey, a portion of angel's food, which they may roll under their tongue, and carry in their memory until the year ends, and then begin with another sweet text. What larger benediction could my aged friend have chosen, standing as he is to-day in his pulpit, and lifting up holy hands to preach to the people in a quiet

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village church—what larger blessing could he implore for the thousands of Israel than that which in his name I pronounce upon you this day: "But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you."

In discoursing upon this text, I shall have to remark: first, *what the apostle thinks of heaven*; and then, secondly, *why he expects to receive it*. The reason of his expecting to be answered is contained in the title by which he addresses the Lord his God—"THE GOD OF ALL GRACE who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus."

I. First, then, WHAT THE APOSTLE ASKS FOR ALL TO WHOM THIS EPISTLE WAS WRITTEN. He asks for them four sparkling jewels set in a black foil. The four jewels are these: *Perfection, Establishment, Strengthening, Settling*. The jet-black setting is this: "After that ye have suffered a while." Worldly compliments are of little worth; for as Chesterfield observes, "They cost nothing but ink and paper." I must confess, I think even that little expense is often thrown away. Worldly compliments generally omit all idea of sorrow. "A merry Christmas! A happy new year!" There is no supposition of anything like suffering. But Christian benedictions look at the truth of matters. We know that men must suffer; we believe that men are born to sorrow as the spark fieth upwards; and therefore in our benediction we include the sorrow. Nay, more than that, we believe that the sorrow shall assist in working out the blessing which we invoke upon our heads. We, in the language of Peter, say, "After that ye have suffered a while, may the God of all grace make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." Understand, then, as I take each of these four jewels, that you are to look upon them, and consider that they are only desired for you "after that ye have suffered a while." We must not discard the sufferings. We must take them from the same hand from which we receive the mercy; and the blessing bears date, "after that ye have suffered a while."

1. Now the first sparkling jewel in this ring is *perfection*. The apostle prays that God would make us perfect. Indeed, though this be a large prayer, and the jewel is a diamond of the first water, and of the finest size, yet is it absolutely necessary to a Christian that he should ultimately arrive at perfection. Have ye never on your bed dreamed a dream, when your thoughts roamed at large, and the bit was taken from the lip of your imagination, when stretching all your wings, your soul floated through the Infinite, grouping strange and marvellous things together, so that the dawn rolled on in something like supernatural splendour? But on a sudden you were awakened, and you have regretted afterwards that the dream was never concluded. And what is a Christian, if he do not arrive at perfection, but an unfinished dream? A majestic dream it is true, full of things that earth had never known if it had not been that they were revealed to flesh and blood by the Spirit. But suppose the voice of sin should startle us ere that dream be concluded, and if, as when one awaketh, we should despise the image which began to be formed in our minds, what were we then? Everlasting regrets, a multiplication of eternal torment must be the result of our having begun to be Christians, if we

do not arrive at perfection. If there could be such a thing as a man in whom sanctification began, but in whom God the Spirit ceased to work, if there could be a being so unhappy as to be called by grace and to be deserted before he was perfected, there would not be among the damned in hell a more unhappy wretch. It were no blessing for God to begin to bless if he did not perfect. It were the grandest curse which Omnipotent hatred itself could pronounce, to give a man grace at all, if that grace did not carry him to the end, and land him safely in heaven. I must confess that I would rather endure the pangs of that dread archangel, Satan, throughout eternity, than have to suffer as one whom God once loved, but whom he cast away, but such a thing shall never be. Whom once he hath chosen he doth not reject. We know that where he hath begun a good work he will carry it on, and he will complete it until the day of Christ. Grand is the prayer, then, when the apostle asks that we may be perfected. What were a Christian if he were not perfected? Have you never seen the canvas upon which the hand of the painter has sketched with daring skill some marvellous scene of grandeur? You see where the living colour has been laid on with an almost superhuman skill. But the artist was suddenly struck dead, and the hand that worked miracles of art was palsied, and the pencil dropped. Is not this a source of regret to the world that ever the painting was commenced, since it was never finished? Have you never seen the human face divine, starting out from the chiselled marble? You have seen the exquisite skill of the sculptor, and you have said within yourself, "What a marvellous thing will this be! What a matchless specimen of human skill!" But, alas! it never was completed, but was left unfinished. And do you imagine, any of you, that God will begin to sculpture out a perfect being and not complete it? Do you think that the hand of divine wisdom will sketch the Christian and not fill up the details? Hath God taken us as unhewn stones out of the quarry, and hath he begun to work upon us, and show us his divine art, his marvellous wisdom and grace, and will he afterwards cast us away? Shall God fail? Shall he leave his works imperfect? Point, if you can, my hearers, to a world which God has cast away unfinished. Is there one speck in his creation where God hath begun to build but was not able to complete? Hath he made a single angel deficient? Is there one creature over which it cannot be said, "This is very good?" And shall it be said over the creature twice made—the chosen of God, the blood-bought—shall it be said, "The Spirit began to work in this man's heart, but the man was mightier than the Spirit, and sin conquered grace; God was put to rout, and Satan triumphed, and the man was never perfected?" Oh, my dear brethren, the prayer shall be fulfilled. After that ye have suffered a while, God shall make you perfect, if he has begun the good work in you.

But, beloved, it must be after that ye have suffered awhile. Ye cannot be perfected except by the fire. There is no way of ridding you of your dross and your tin but by the flames of the furnace of affliction. Your folly is so bound up in your hearts, ye children of God, that nothing but the rod can bring it out of you. It is through the blueness of your wounds that your heart is made better. Ye must

pass through tribulation, that through the Spirit it may act as a refining fire to you; that pure, holy, purged, and washed, ye may stand before the face of your God, rid of every imperfection, and delivered from every corruption within.

2. Let us now proceed to the second blessing of the benediction—*establishment*. It is not enough, even if the Christian had received in himself a proportional perfection, if he were not established. You have seen the arch of heaven as it spans the plain: glorious are its colours, and rare its hues. Though we have seen it many and many a time, it never ceases to be "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." But, alas for the rainbow, it is not established. It passes away, and lo, it is not. The fair colours give way to the fleecy clouds, and the sky is no longer brilliant with the tints of heaven. It is not established. How can it be? A thing that is made of transitory sunbeams and passing rain-drops, how can it abide? And mark, the more beautiful the vision, the more sorrowful the reflection when that vision vanishes, and there is nothing left but darkness. It is, then, a very necessary wish for the Christian, that he should be established. Of all God's known conceptions, next to his incarnate Son, I do not hesitate to pronounce a Christian man the noblest conception of God. But if this conception is to be but as the rainbow painted on the cloud, and is to pass away for ever, woe worth the day that ever our eyes were tantalised with a sublime conception that is so soon to melt away. What is a Christian man better than the flower of the field, which is here to day, and which withers when the sun is risen with fervent heat, unless God establish him—what is the difference between the heir of heaven, the blood-bought child of God, and the grass of the field? Oh, may God fulfil to you this rich benediction, that you may not be as the smoke out of a chimney, which is blown away by the wind: that your goodness may not be as the morning cloud, and as the early dew which passeth away; but may ye be established, may every good thing that you have be an abiding thing. May your character be not a writing upon the sand, but an inscription upon the rock. May your faith be no "baseless fabric of a vision," but may it be builded of stone that shall endure that awful fire which shall consume the wood, hay, and stubble of the hypocrite. May ye be rooted and grounded in love. May your convictions be deep. May your love be real. May your desires be earnest. May your whole life be so settled, fixed, and established, that all the blasts of hell and all the storms of earth shall never be able to remove you. You know we talk about some Christian men as being old-established Christians. I do fear there are a great many that are old, who are not established. It is one thing to have the hair whitened with years, but I fear it is another thing for us to obtain wisdom. There be some who grow no wiser by all their experience. Though their fingers be well rapped by experience, yet have they not learned in that school. I know there are many aged Christians who can say of themselves, and say it sorrowfully, too, they wish they had their opportunities over again, that they might learn more, and might be more established. We have heard them sing—

"I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide."

The benediction, however, of the apostle, is one which I pray may be fulfilled in us, whether we be young or old, but especially in those of you who have long known your Lord and Saviour. You ought not now to be the subjects of those doubts which vex the babe in grace. Those first principles should not always be laid again by you; but you should be going forward to something higher. You are getting near to heaven; oh, how is it that you have not got to the land Beulah yet? to the land which floweth with milk and honey? Surely your wavering ill becometh those grey hairs. Methought they had been whitened with the sunlight of heaven. How is it that some of the sunlight does not gleam from your eyes? We who are young look up to you old-established Christians; and if we see you doubting, and hear you speaking with a trembling lip, then we are exceedingly cast down. We pray for our sakes as well as for yours, that this blessing may be fulfilled in you, that you may be established; that you may no longer be exercised with doubt; that you may know your interest in Christ; that you may feel you are secure in him; that resting upon the rock of ages you may know that you cannot perish while your feet are fixed there. We do pray, in fact, for all, of whatever age, that our hope may be fixed upon nothing less than Jesu's blood and righteousness, and that it may be so firmly fixed that it may never shake; but that we may be as Mount Zion, which can never be removed, and which abideth for ever.

Thus have I remarked upon the second blessing of this benediction. But mark, we cannot have it until after we have suffered a while. We cannot be established except by suffering. It is of no use our hoping that we shall be well-rooted if no March winds have passed over us. The young oak cannot be expected to strike its roots so deep as the old one. Those old gnarlings on the roots, and those strange twistings of the branches, all tell of many storms that have swept over the aged tree. But they are also indicators of the depths into which the roots have dived; and they tell the woodman that he might as soon expect to rend up a mountain as to tear up that oak by the roots. We must suffer a while, then shall we be established.

3. Now for the third blessing, which is *strengthening*. Ah, brethren, this is a very necessary blessing, too, for all Christians. There be some whose characters seem to be fixed and established. But still they lack force and vigour. Shall I give you a picture of a Christian without strength? There he is. He has espoused the cause of King Jesus. He hath put on his armour; he hath enlisted in the heavenly host. Do you observe him? He is perfectly panoplied from head to foot, and he carries with him the shield of faith. Do you notice, too, how firmly he is established? He keeps his ground, and he will not be removed. But notice him. When he uses his sword it falls with feeble force. His shield, though he grasps it as firmly as his weakness will allow him, trembles in his grasp. There he stands, he will not move; but still how tottering is his position. His knees knock together with affright when he heareth the sound and the noise of war and tumult. What doth this man need? His will is right, his intention is right, and his heart is fully set upon good things. What doth he need? Why he needeth strength. The poor man is weak and child-like. Either

because he has been fed on unsavoury and unsubstantial meat, or because of some sin which has straitened him, he has not that force and strength which ought to dwell in the Christian man. But once let the prayer of Peter be fulfilled to him, and how strong the Christian becomes. There is not in all the world a creature so strong as a Christian when God is with him. Talk of Behemoth! he is but a little thing. His might is weakness when matched with the believer. Talk of Leviathan that maketh the deep to be hoary! *he* is not the chief of the ways of God. The true believer is mightier far than even he. Have you never seen the Christian when God is with him? He smelleth the battle afar off, and he cries in the midst of the tumult, "Aha! aha! aha!" He laugheth at all the hosts of his enemies. Or if you compare him to the Leviathan—if he be cast into a sea of trouble, he lashes about him and makes the deep hoary with benedictions. He is not overwhelmed by the depths, nor is he afraid of the rocks; he has the protection of God about him, while by the grace of God he rejoiceth in the midst of the billows. If you want a proof of the strength of a Christian you have only to turn to history, and you can see there how believers have quenched the violence of fire, have shut the mouths of lions, have shaken their fists in the face of grim death, have laughed tyrants to scorn, and have put to flight the armies of aliens, by the all-mastering power of faith in God. I pray God, my brethren, that he may strengthen you this year.

The Christians of this age are very feeble things. It is a remarkable thing that the great mass of children now-a-days are born feeble. You ask me for the evidence of it. I can supply it very readily. You are aware that in the Church of England Liturgy it is ordered and ordained that all children should be immersed in baptism, except those that are certified to be of a weakly state. Now; it were uncharitable to imagine that persons would be guilty of falsehood when they come up to what they think to be a sacred ordinance; and, therefore, as nearly all children are now sprinkled, and not immersed, I suppose they are born feeble. Whether that accounts for the fact that all Christians are so feeble I will not undertake to say, but certain it is that we have not many gigantic Christians now-a-days. Here and there we hear of one who seems to work all but miracles in these modern times, and we are astonished. O that ye had faith like these men! I do not think there is much more piety in England now than there used to be in the days of the Puritans. I believe there are far more pious men; but while the quantity has been multiplied, I fear the quality has been depreciated. In those days the stream of grace ran very deep indeed. Some of those old Puritans, when we read of their devotion, and of the hours they spent in prayer, seem to have as much grace as any hundred of us. The stream ran deep. But now-a-days the banks are broken down, and great meadows have been flooded therewith. So far so good. But while the surface has been enlarged I fear the depth has been frightfully diminished. And this may account for it, that while our piety has become shallow our strength has become weak. Oh, may God strengthen you this year! But remember, if he does do so, you will then have to suffer. "After that ye have suffered a while,"

may he strengthen you. There is sometimes an operation performed upon horses which one must consider to be cruel—the firing of them to make their tendons strong. Now, every Christian man before he can be strengthened must be fired. He must have his nerves and tendons braced up with the hot iron of affliction. He will never become strong in grace, unless it be after he has suffered a while.

4. And now I come to the last blessing of the four—“*Settling*.” I will not say that this last blessing is greater than the other three, but it is a stepping-stone to each; and strange to say, it is often the result of a gradual attainment of the three preceding ones. “Settle you!” Oh, how many there are that are never settled. The tree which should be transplanted every week would soon die. Nay, if it were moved, no matter how skilfully, once every year, no gardener would expect fruit from it. How many Christians there be that are transplanting themselves constantly, even as to their doctrinal sentiments. There be some who generally believe according to the last speaker; and there be others who do not know what they do believe, but they believe almost anything that is told them. The Spirit of Christian charity, so much cultivated in these days, and which we all love so much, has, I fear, assisted in bringing into the world a species of latitudinarianism; or in other words, men have come to believe that it does not matter what they do believe; and although one minister says *it is so*, and the other says *it is not so*, yet we are both right; that though we contradict each other flatly, yet we are both correct. I know not where men have had their judgments manufactured, but to my mind it always seems impossible to believe a contradiction. I can never understand how contrary sentiments can both of them be in accordance with the Word of God, which is the standard of truth. But yet there be some who are like the weathercock upon the church steeple, they will turn just as the wind blows. As good Mr. Whitfield said, “You might as well measure the moon for a suit of clothes as tell their doctrinal sentiments,” for they are always shifting and ever changing. Now, I pray that this may be taken away from any of you, if this be your weakness, and that you may be *settled*. Far from us be bigotry removed; yet would I have the Christian know what he believes to be true and then stand to it. Take your time in weighing the controversy, but when you have once decided, be not easily moved. Let God be true though every man be a liar; and stand to it, that what is according to God’s Word one day cannot be contrary to it another day; that what was true in Luther’s day and Calvin’s day *must* be true now; that falsehoods may shift, for they have a Protean shape; but the truth is one, and indivisible, and evermore the same. Let others think as they please. Allow the greatest latitude to others, but to yourself allow none. Stand firm and steadfast by that which ye have been taught, and ever seek the spirit of the Apostle Paul, “If any man preach any other gospel than that which we have received, let him be accursed.” If, however, I wished you to be firm in your doctrines, my prayer would be that you may be especially settled in your *faith*. You believe in Jesus Christ the Son of God, and you rest in him. But sometimes your faith wavers; then you lose your joy and comfort. I pray that your faith may become so settled that it may

never be a matter of question with you, whether Christ is yours or not, but that you may say confidently, "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him." Then I pray that you may be settled in your *aims and designs*. There are many Christian people who get a good idea into their heads, but they never carry it out, because they ask some friend what he thinks of it. "Not much," says he. Of course he does not. Whoever did think much of anybody else's idea? And at once the person who conceived it gives it up, and the work is never accomplished. How many a man in his ministry has begun to preach the gospel, and he has allowed some member of the church, some deacon possibly, to pull him by one ear, and he has gone a little that way. By-and-bye, some other brother has thought fit to pull him in the other direction. The man has lost his manliness. He has never been settled as to what he ought to do; and now he becomes a mere lackey, waiting upon everybody's opinion, willing to adopt whatever anybody else conceives to be right. Now, I pray you be settled in your aims. See what niche it is that God would have you occupy. Stand in it, and don't be got out of it by all the laughter that comes upon you. If you believe God has called you to a work, *do it*. If men will help you thank them. If they will not, tell them to stand out of your road or be run over. Let nothing daunt you. He who will serve his God must expect to serve him alone. Not always shall we fight in the ranks. There are times when the Lord's David must fight Goliath singly, and must take with him three stones out of the brook amid the laughter of his brethren, yet still in his weapons is he confident of victory through faith in God. Be not moved from the work to which God has put you. Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not. Be ye settled. Oh, may God fulfil this rich blessing to you.

But you will not be settled unless you suffer. You will become settled in your faith and settled in your aims by suffering. Men are soft molluscous animals in these days. We have not the tough men that know they are right and stand to it. Even when a man is wrong one does admire his conscientiousness when he stands up believing that he is right and dares to face the frowns of the world. But when a man is right, the worst thing he can have is inconstancy, vacillation, the fear of men. Hurl it from thee, O knight of the holy cross, and be firm if thou wouldst be victorious. Faint heart never stormed a city yet, and thou wilt never win nor be crowned with honour, if thy heart be not steeled against every assault and if thou be not settled in thy intention to honour thy Master and to win the crown.

Thus have I run through the benediction.

II. I come now, asking your attention for a few minutes more, to observe THE REASONS WHY THE APOSTLE PETER EXPECTED THAT HIS PRAYER WOULD BE HEARD. He asked that they might be made perfect, established, strengthened, settled. Did not Unbelief whisper in Peter's ear, "Peter, thou askest too much. Thou wast always headstrong. Thou didst say, 'Bid me come upon the water.' Surely, this is another instance of thy presumption. If thou hadst said, 'Lord, make them holy,' had it not been a sufficient prayer? Hast thou not asked

too much?" "No," saith Peter; and he replies to Unbelief, "I am sure I shall receive what I have asked for; for *I am in the first place asking it of the God of all grace*—the God of all grace." Not the God of the little graces we have received already alone, but the God of the great boundless grace which is stored up for us in the promise, but which as yet we have not received in our experience. "The God of all grace; of quickening grace, of convincing grace, of pardoning grace, of believing grace, the God of comforting, supporting, sustaining grace. Surely, when we come to him we cannot come for too much. If he be the God, not of one grace, or of two graces, but of all graces; if in him there is stored up an infinite, boundless, limitless supply, how can we ask too much, even though we ask that we may be perfect? Believer, when you are on your knees, remember you are going to a king. Let your petitions be large. Imitate the example of Alexander's courtier, who, when he was told he might have whatever he chose to ask as a reward for his valour, asked a sum of money so large that Alexander's treasurer refused to pay it until he had first seen the monarch. When he saw the monarch, he smiled and said, "It is true it is much for him to ask, but it is not much for Alexander to give. I admired him for his faith in me; let him have all he asks for." And dare I ask that I may be perfect, that my angry temper may be taken away, my stubbornness removed, my imperfections covered? May I ask that I may be like Adam in the garden—nay, more, as pure and perfect as God himself? May I ask, that one day I may tread the golden streets, and "With my Saviour's garments on, holy as the holy one," stand in the mid-blaze of God's glory, and cry, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Yes, I may ask it; and I shall have it, for he is the God of all grace.

Look again at the text, and you see another reason why Peter expected that his prayer would be heard: "The God of all grace *who hath called us*." Unbelief might have said to Peter, "Ah, Peter, it is true that God is the God of all grace, but he is as a fountain shut up, as waters sealed." "Ah," saith Peter, "get thee hence Satan; thou savourest not the things that be of God. It is not a sealed fountain of all grace, for it has begun to flow,"—"The God of all grace *hath called us*." Calling is the first drop of mercy that trickleth into the thirsty lip of the dying man. Calling is the first golden link of the endless chain of eternal mercies. Not the first in order of time with God, but the first in order of time with us. The first thing we know of Christ in his mercy is that he cries, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden," and that by his sweet Spirit he addresses us, so that we obey the call and come to him. Now, mark, if God has called me, I may ask him to stablish and keep me; I may ask that as year rolls after year, my piety may not die out; I may pray that the bush may burn, but not be consumed, that the barrel of meal may not waste, and the cruse of oil may not fail. Dare I ask that to life's latest hour I may be faithful to God, because God is faithful to me? Yes, I may ask it, and I shall have it too: because the God that calls, will give the rest. "For whom he did foreknow, them he did predestinate; and whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glori-

fied." Think of thy calling, Christian, and take courage. "For the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." If he has called thee he will never repent of what he has done, nor cease to bless or cease to save.

But I think there is a stronger reason coming yet: "The God of all grace, who hath called us *unto his eternal glory*." Hath God called thee, my hearer? Dost thou know to what he has called thee? He called thee first into the house of conviction, where he made thee feel thy sin. Again he called thee to Calvary's summit, where thou didst see thy sin atoned for and thy pardon sealed with precious blood. And now he calls thee. And whither away? I hear a voice to-day—unbelief tells me that there is a voice calling me to Jordan's waves. Oh, unbelief! it is true that through the stormy billows of that sea my soul must wade. But the voice comes not from the depths of the grave, it comes from the eternal glory. There where Jehovah sits resplendent on his throne, surrounded by cherubim and seraphim, from that brightness into which angels dare not gaze, I hear a voice: Come unto me, thou blood-washed sinner, come unto my eternal glory." O heavens! is not this a wondrous call?—to be called to glory—called to the shining streets and pearly gates—called to the harps and to the songs of eternal happiness—and better still, called to Jesu's bosom—called to his Father's face—called, not to eternal glory, but to *his* eternal glory—called to that very glory and honour with which God invests himself for ever? and now, beloved, is any prayer too great after this? Has God called me to heaven, and is there anything on earth he will deny me? If he has called me to dwell in heaven is not perfection necessary for me? May I not therefore ask for it? If he has called me to glory, is it not necessary that I should be strengthened to fight my way thither? May I not ask for strengthening? Nay, if there be a mercy upon earth too great for me to think of, too large for me to conceive, too heavy for my language to carry it before the throne in prayer, he will do for me exceeding abundantly above what I can ask, or even I can think. I know he will, because he has called me to his eternal glory.

The last reason why the apostle expected that his benediction would be fulfilled was this: "Who hath called us to his eternal glory *by Christ Jesus*." It is a singular fact that no promise is ever so sweet to the believer as those in which the name of Christ is mentioned. If I have to preach a comforting sermon to desponding Christians I would never select a text which did not enable me to lead the desponding one to the cross. Does it not seem too much to you, brethren and sisters, this morning, that the God of all grace should be your God? Does it not surpass your faith that he should actually have called *you*? Do you not sometimes doubt as to whether you were called at all? And when you think of eternal glory, does not the question arise, "Shall I ever enjoy it? Shall I ever see the face of God with acceptance?" Oh, beloved, when ye hear of *Christ*, when you know that this grace comes through Christ, and the calling through Christ, and the glory through Christ, then you say, "Lord, I can believe now, if it is through Christ." It is not a hard thing to believe that Christ's blood was sufficient to purchase every blessing for me.

If I go to God's treasury without Christ I am afraid to ask for anything, but when Christ is with me I can then ask for everything. For sure I think *he* deserves it though *I* do not. If I can claim his merits then I am not afraid to plead. Is perfection too great a boon for God to give to Christ? Oh, no. Is the keeping, the stability, the preservation of the blood-bought ones too great a reward for the terrible agonies and sufferings of the Saviour? I trow not. Then we may with confidence plead, because everything comes through Christ.

I would, in concluding, make this remark. I wish, my brothers and sisters, that during this year you may live nearer to Christ than you have ever done before. Depend upon it, it is when we think much of Christ that we think little of ourselves, little of our troubles, and little of the doubts and fears that surround us. Begin from this day, and may God help you. Never let a single day pass over your head without a visit to the garden of Gethsemane, and the cross on Calvary. And as for some of you who are not saved, and know not the Redeemer, I would to God that this very day you would come to Christ. I dare say you think coming to Christ is some terrible thing: that you need to be prepared before you come; that he is hard and harsh with you. When men have to go to a lawyer they need to tremble; when they have to go to the doctor they may fear; though both those persons, however unwelcome, may be often necessary. But when you come to Christ, you may come boldly. There is no fee required; there is no preparation necessary. You may come just as you are. It was a brave saying of Martin Luther's, when he said, "I would run into Christ's arms even if he had a drawn sword in his hand." Now, he has not a drawn sword, but he has his wounds in his hands. Run into his arms, poor sinner. "Oh," you say, "May I come?" How can you ask the question? you are *commanded* to come. The great command of the gospel is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus." Those who disobey this command disobey God. It is as much a command of God that man should believe on Christ, as that we should love our neighbour. Now, what is a command I have certainly a right to obey. There can be no question you see; a sinner has liberty to believe in Christ because he is told to do so. God would not have told him to do a thing which he must not do. *You* are allowed to believe. "Oh," saith one, "that is all I want to know. I do believe that Christ is able to save to the uttermost. *May* I rest my soul on him, and say, sink or swim, most blessed Jesus, thou art my Lord?" *May* do it! man? Why you are commanded to do it. Oh, that you may be enabled to do it. Remember, this is not a thing which you will do at a risk. The risk is in not doing it. Cast yourself on Christ, sinner. Throw away every other dependence and rest alone on him. "No," says one, "I am not prepared." Prepared! sir? Then you do not understand me. There is no preparation necessary; it is, just as you are. "Oh, I do not feel my need enough." I know you do not. What has that to do with it? You are commanded to cast yourself on Christ. Be you never so black or never so bad, trust to him. He that believeth on Christ shall be saved, be his sins never so many; he that believeth not must be damned, be his sins never so few. The great command of the gospel is, "Believe." "Oh, but," saith one, "am I to say I know that Christ died for me?"

Ah, I did not say that, you shall learn that by-and-bye. You have nothing to do with that question now, your business is to believe on Christ and trust him; to cast yourself into his hands. And may God the Spirit now sweetly compel you to do it. Now, sinner, hands off your own righteousness. Drop all idea of becoming better through your own strength. Cast yourself flat on the promise. Say—

“Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee;
Oh, Lamb of God! I come, I come.”

You cannot trust in Christ and find him still deceive you.

Now, have I made myself plain? If there were a number of persons here in debt, and if I were to say, “If you will simply trust to me your debts shall be paid, and no creditor shall ever molest you,” you would understand me directly. How is it you cannot comprehend that trusting in Christ will remove all your debts, take away all your sins, and you shall be saved eternally. Oh, Spirit of the living God, open the understanding to receive, and the heart to obey, and may many a soul here present, cast itself on Christ. On all such, as on all believers, do I again pronounce the benediction, with which I shall dismiss you. “May the God of all Grace who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Jesus Christ, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you!”

A SIMPLE FACT.

God works by means, and he sometimes employs very feeble ones to promote his ends. A fact of this kind was related not long since, the substance of which is as follows:

A little girl, some ten or eleven years of age, had her mind deeply impressed with the truth of God in the Sabbath school. Upon retiring to rest one night, she was in trouble about her soul; and at midnight her anxiety had so increased that it waked up the servant girl, who was sleeping in the same apartment. Upon interrogation as to the cause of her trouble, the little girl replied that she felt that she was a great sinner, that she could not help herself, and that, unless she obtained help, she must go down to hell. She then requested the servant girl to pray for her. But she replied that she was not a Christian—she could not pray. The little girl then sent for her father. Upon entering the room, she asked him to pray for her. But he made the same reply that the servant girl had made; he was not a Christian—he could not pray. But sympathizing with his child's anxieties, he called her mother to the bedside.

This good woman had often been to the throne of grace; but never on an occasion like this. She poured her soul out in prayer to God for her child. God heard and answered her. During the same night, in the same room, by witnessing the melting scene, the servant girl was also arrested, and in a few days the father became a Christian.—*Baptist Register*.

HE that thinks much of himself is standing at a great distance from God. Out of self into Christ.

The Rev. Stephen Small's Temptations ;

OR, THE STORY OF A BAPTIST PERVERT.

CHAPTER I.—DOUBT ENGENERED.

WHEN Stephen Small was suddenly ushered into the world he fully answered to his name. He was so small that the nurse predicted he could not possibly live, for he might be put into a quart pot and still there would be room to spare. But nurses, like Popes, have proved anything but infallible, and little Stephen showed, by his kicking, squealing, and the performance of other juvenile gymnastics that, so far as he was concerned, he did not intend to leave the world into which he had so abruptly been introduced quite as soon as nurse expected. When put to his mother's breast for the purpose of receiving nature's nourishment he stuck to it with the tenacity of a leach ; and having begun so well he kept up the performance until nurse Rudge was compelled to reverse her decision, and say confidentially to a neighbour that "she believed the little brat would live after all." And in the latter assertion the nurse proved to be right. It is true that Stephen, as he was registered, passed through most of the common diseases of childhood, and at times it was thought that he might succumb to one or the other of them, but with an amazing amount of latent vitality he bravely battled with them all and came off victor.

The fact is time proved that there was plenty of room in the world for Stephen to grow in, and as he invariably had a good appetite and made the best use of it, the consequent growth followed ; and thus, when after he had done with school life at the age of fifteen, and entered a solicitor's office, though not a very large lad, no one would have supposed that fifteen years before he had been the small lump of humanity, concerning whom such calamitous results had been anticipated.

His work in the office of Messrs. Crust and Fogg was to be there at eight o'clock in the morning, to see that the fires were lit and the rooms properly cleaned by the woman hired for the purpose, to go errands as required, and to copy deeds, mortgages, conveyances, letters, and any legal documents which might necessarily be referred to hereafter. As occasionally he had intervals of time placed at his disposal, he was instructed to make himself proficient in mastering German letters, great and small, and in writing sentences which would aid him in copying, chiefly on parchment or on blue-lined foolscap paper, any documents that needed to be preserved in legal form. His hours were long, and he often found the work tedious,

but what with surreptitiously reading tale books that he managed to smuggle into his desk and perusing parts of when he was unobserved, it may be said that on the whole he managed to get along pretty well.

So far it will be seen that while to a certain extent Stephen Small gave pretty fair satisfaction to his employers, he was not altogether perfect. Brought up in a Christian home this fact was recognised more even than in the lawyers' office. His godly mother had talked to him, prayed for him, and often given him sundry exhortations which, if he had taken them aright, would largely have tended to promote his well-being. But, like most lads, as he grew older he proved in many ways that he had a will of his own which did not always coincide with that of his worthy parent, and this to her was often a source of grief which gave her many anxious hours, and to find relief for which she invariably found the best method was to bring her son's case in prayer before the Lord.

But there was one thing which gratified Mrs. Small and served to give her hope. As she had taught her son from his earliest years to read out of the Bible, and instructed him in its stories and teachings, she found that, in spite of his love of tale-reading, of all the books that he cherished the Bible he loved the best. He was so well acquainted with it, indeed, that, with the exception of the prophets, epistles, and book of Revelation, there was little in it that he was not able to talk about, and what was better still he believed every word of it just as firmly as an arithmetician believes that two and two added

make four, or that twice six make twelve.

But the time had now come when this childlike belief in God's holy Word was destined to receive a severe shock. In the office was a clerk who went by the name of John Snipper, and who, although he was not a very talkative man, soon after Stephen had been promoted to be a junior clerk managed to let him know that he was anything but a believer in the Bible. He had invited him to come to his house to supper, and it was on this occasion that he gave him likewise some idea of his sceptical creed. Up to that date Stephen had no knowledge whatever of his fellow-clerk's opinions, and the revelation therefore, given to him so unexpectedly, came upon him like a shock.

"What," said Stephen in surprise, "do you mean to say that the Bible is not true?"

"Yes," said Mr. Snipper, coolly, "I not only mean to say it, but also to assert it as being a wonder to me that anybody in his senses can believe in it."

"And why do you say that?" asked Stephen in amazement.

"It would take me too long to give all my reasons, young man," replied his sceptical reasoner, "but just take two things for consideration, and see how you can get over them. Take first the case of Balaam and his ass. Who can believe an absurd story like that? Think of an ass talking and a man answering him; was ever such a thing known in the world? We know that no ass that has ever lived has a mouth so constructed that it could be possible for it to speak, and then how could it, supposing it could speak, talk like a human being? Why

if such a thing could have been done it would have frightened Balaam, or any other man who rode it, out of his wits, and instead of talking to it in return he would have got off its back and run away as if he had been riding the devil. The very idea is preposterous. Then take the second story of Jonah being swallowed up by the whale, and living three days and three nights in its body in the ocean. All naturalists affirm that the throat of a whale is not large enough for any man to pass through, and supposing he could pass through it how could he live, and talk, as he is represented living and talking while the whale was dashing about in the depths of the sea. Why, my young friend, he would have been suffocated before he had been lodged in the whale ten minutes! But what is the use of talking, the Bible is full of such fabulous stories, and the more you think about them the more you will perceive them. For years I have discarded such myths, and think no more of them than I do of the lies of Mahommed or the absurdities of Hindoo idolatry."

As this kind of sceptical talk occurred while the two clerks were going to supper, it must be confessed that it by no means aided to make the visit an agreeable one to Stephen. Had he studied these and similar Biblical stories before he might not have been so much put about, but as he had not he could only reply that they were miracles, and as such he had been taught to believe in them. But Mr. Snipper soon answered this argument by affirming that he did not believe in miracles. "He had," he said, "never seen one performed, nor had anyone else that he knew

ever seen one either. What he believed in were demonstrated facts, and beyond these he was not prepared to go for anybody."

It is astonishing how deeply impressed any young person's mind may be made by talk of this kind, coming unexpectedly as it did from an apparently thoughtful and fairly educated man. Indeed, such an influence did it exert on Stephen Small, that he could rarely get these two Biblical stories out of his mind. Not only did he begin to suspect the verity of Biblical narratives, but to his mother's surprise he refused, as usual, to go to the Lord's house, and shocked her much by talking about the wiles of priestcraft and the utility of making the best of this world rather than troubling about another, of which he affirmed we could know nothing. Truly the seed which John Snipper had sown was bearing its baneful harvest, and Stephen little dreamt whither he was going.

Before, however, he could sail on until he was dashed over the rapids a watchful providence saved him from destruction. It so happened that about this time a new minister, named Mr. Rodwell, came to the chapel where the Small family worshipped, and being a lover of the young in some way or other he managed, when Stephen was nineteen years of age, to get hold of him and by kindly talk to find out what was passing in his mind. To Stephen's astonishment, he said, "Well, my young friend, I am not a bit surprised that you should be sceptical concerning these Biblical stories, for to tell you the truth I was so once myself."

"What! do you, sir, mean to say that you disbelieved them

"No, Stephen, I do not go so far as that, but I was very much puzzled about them."

"And are you puzzled now, sir?"

"Oh! not at all. I believe them just as firmly as that you exist, and that I am talking to you."

"How did you get out of the the difficulty?" asked Stephen in surprise.

"By careful study of the Bible itself, my lad," said the minister. "But before we come to the explanation just let me refer to one of Mr. Snipper's arguments—if arguments they can be called. If I understand you aright he said that he did not believe in miracles because he had never seen any, nor had anyone that he knew ever seen one."

"Yes, sir, he said that; those were his exact words."

"Then do you call that argument, Stephen?"

"It looks like it, sir."

"Permit me to say that it is all fudge. There is no argument about it at all. Suppose you had been brought up in the tropical

regions where snow never falls and water is never turned to ice, and someone was to say to you that it was impossible for rain to be so frozen as to fall in white flakes of snow or water to be made solid, nor do I know anyone who has seen such things—would you call that argument?"

"I might, sir, if I had never seen such things or heard of them."

"Just so, and yet you would be altogether mistaken. In this country we know that the snow falls, and often in large flakes, and that water can be frozen on which men can not only slide and skate, but on which fairs even can be held. So that Mr. Snipper's argument is absolutely worth nothing. What he has not seen others may have seen, and the same remark, applied to Biblical miracles, will serve to scatter his sceptical theories to the winds. So now with your permission we will impartially examine these two stories, and then you will see how little his infidel conclusions are worth."

(To be continued.)

THE ATONEMENT MONEY.

THE atonement money was a simple but expressive type of that redeeming blood whereby we are ransomed from judgment, and entitled to be numbered among the Israel of God. It was a small piece of money,—a half-shekel, about one shilling and two-pence—which every Israelite was commanded to bring once every year, and on his bringing it depended his title to be numbered among the congregation of the Lord. This atonement money, though, indeed, it was but small, an Israelite was constrained to provide and that every year. Our atonement money on the contrary—an atonement beyond all price, even the precious blood of the Lamb of God—we provide. God has provided it for us, and when, even with the feeblest faith, we confess the name of Jesus as our hope, we are regarded as having brought the atonement money once and for ever, and are enrolled for ever amongst the Israel of God.

GROWING Christians are little in their own eyes; growing Christians are less than nothing.

Anecdotal Illustrations and Meditations from C. H. Spurgeon's Works.

GATHERED BY PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

A NEW SERIES.

A HAPPY AND A SAFE NEW YEAR TO YOU.

THAT which attracted me to Christ, was the doctrine of the safety of the saints. I fell in love with the Gospel through that truth. What! I thought; are those who trust in Jesus safe, shall they never perish, and shall none pluck them out of Christ's hands? (John x. 27-30). Everybody esteems safety. One would not insure his life where he thought there was a doubt as to the safety of the insurance. Feeling that there was perfect safety if I gave myself up to the Redeemer, I did so, and I entertain no regrets this day that I committed my soul to Him. **YOUNG PEOPLE**, you cannot do better than early in life entrust your future with the Lord Jesus. Many children at home appear to be very excellent, many lads before they leave their father's house are amiable and commendable in character; but this is a rough world, and it soon spoils the graces that have been nurtured in the conservatory of home life. Good boys very often turn out bad men, and girls who are so lovely and pure at home have been known to become very wicked women. O, children, your characters will be safe if you trust them with Jesus. I do not say you will be rich if you trust Christ, nor that you will prosper after the manner of men, but I do say that you shall be **HAPPY** in the best sense of that word, and that your **HAPPINESS SHALL BE PRESERVED** through trusting yourself with Jesus. I pray that you may be led to desire this, especially any of you who are leaving your father's house or are setting up in business on your own account, commit yourselves to God. At the very commencement of a **NEW YEAR**, what time more suitable for beginning aright? O, may the Holy Spirit softly whisper in your ear reasons that shall persuade you to give yourselves to Christ. I say again, my testimony is that you cannot do a better or a wiser thing. Oh, the happiness my soul has known in resting on my Lord! I wish you knew it. I would not cease to be a Christian if I might be made a king or an angel. No character can be to me so suitable or so happy as that of a humble dependant upon the faithful love of my redeeming Lord. O come and trust Him, dear young friends! You **OLDER ONES**, do you need that I should speak to you, when you are getting so near your grave? You are now out of Christ—how soon may you be in hell?

YOU YOUNGER ONES, I say, embrace this flying hour, and let this be the day of which you shall have to sing in after years :

“ 'Tis done ! the great transaction's done ;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine :
 He drew me and I follow'd on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice Divine.

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear :
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.”

SINS GONE ETERNALLY.

“ AS FAR AS THE EAST IS FROM THE WEST, SO FAR HATH HE REMOVED OUR TRANSGRESSIONS FROM US.”

“ O glorious verse, no word even upon the inspired page can excel it ! Sin is removed from us by a miracle of love ! What a load to move, and yet it is removed so far that the distance is incalculable. Fly as far as the wing of imagination can bear you, and if you journey through space EASTWARD, you are farther from the WEST at every beat of your wing. If sin be removed so far, then we may be sure that the scent, the trace, the very memory of it must be entirely gone. If this be the distance of its removal, there is no shade of fear of its ever being brought back again ; even Satan himself could not achieve such a task. Our sins are gone, JESUS has borne them away. Far as the place of SUNRISE is removed from yonder west, where the SUN SINKS when his day's journey is done, so far were our sins carried by our Scapegoat nineteen centuries ago, and now if they be sought for, they shall not be found, yea, they shall not be, saith the LORD. Come, my soul, awaken thyself thoroughly and glorify the LORD for this richest of blessings. HALLELUJAH ! The LORD alone could remove sin at all, and He has done it in a God-like fashion, making a final sweep of all “ our transgressions.”—*The Treasury of David.*

LIFE AS A SPIDER'S WEB.

Our life is as frail as the thread of a spider's web. Constituted most curiously the spider's web is ; but what is more fragile ? In what is there more wisdom than in the complicated frame of the human body ; and what more easily destroyed ? Glass is granite compared with flesh ; and vapours are rocks compared with life.

JESUS A MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

A Mission would find great strength in imitating Jesus by combining MEDICAL AID with religious teaching. Our Lord was a Medical Missionary : He not only preached the Gospel, but He opened the

eyes of the blind, cured those who were afflicted with fevers, made the lame to leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb to sing. You may say that all this was miracle. I grant it, but the mode of performing the cure is not the point in hand, I am speaking of the thing itself. True enough it is that we cannot work miracles, but we may do what is within reach in the way of healing, and so we may follow our Lord, not with equal footsteps, but in the same track. I rejoice to see in Edinburgh and in Glasgow, and also in London, the establishment of Medical Missions. I believe that in some parts of London nothing would be so likely to do good to the people as to make the Vestry a Dispensary, and the Godly Surgeon a Deacon of the church, if not an Evangelist. It may one day be thought possible to have DEACONESSES whose self-denying nursing of the sick poor shall introduce the Gospel into the meanest hovels. At any rate, there should be associated with the City Missionary, with the Bible Woman and with home missions everywhere, to as great a degree as may be possible, the earnest aid of beloved physicians and men learned in the healing art, who should seek to do good to men's eyes, and ears, and legs, and feet, while others of us look to their spiritual infirmities. Many a young man who goes forth as a minister of Christ would do much more good if he understood a little anatomy and medicine. He might be a double blessing to a remote hamlet or to a district crowded with the poor. I pray for a closer connection between the surgeon and the Saviour. I would invoke the aid of truly believing members of the faculty. May there be many who, like "Luke, the beloved physician" (Colossians iv. 14), are both physicians and evangelists. Perhaps some Christian young man walking the hospitals, and fearing God, may find in these hints a guide as to his future career.

IN ADAM'S FALL WE SINNED ALL.

This is unfashionable doctrine, but none the less true. Some call the fall a fable, but of such we shrewdly suspect that all their religion, is fabulous.

PRAY! PRAY! PRAY!

Chats with the Children.

BY REV. G. D. HOOPER, LUTON, BEDS.

WHAT A FLOWER SAYS.

WHAT a bare world ours would be were there no flowers! How their bright hues and sweet scents help to make life beautiful. As a picture tells us something of the artist, so the flowers tell us of the goodness and the love of God. It seems as if He delighted in beauty, and loved to charm our eyes with His handiwork. I was struck with this a day or two ago, as I visited a sick friend, and saw a magnificent chrysanthemum. It was a single blossom, measuring, I should think, six inches across. Its glorious tufty fulness, its pure white floret rays or filaments, its graceful drooping petals, all combined to make it quite a gem. I was not surprised to hear it had just taken a prize at a local flower show. As I left the house the lovely flower lingered in my thought, and it seemed to speak a message which I pass on to my young friends.

I. *Whence came this lovely flower?* Well, the family it belongs to, like our human family, is a large one. It includes our common daisy, the Marigold, and other varieties. Is not that like our family too? How we vary in character, circumstances, and appearance, yet all belong to the family of man. But the kind our gardeners like the best is the *Chrysanthemum Indicum*, brought from India and Japan. From these yellow blossoms we get our word "chrysanthemum," the Greek *Chrysos*, meaning gold, and *anthos*, flower. Still, at the outset, these are comparatively poor, small flowers growing in the common earth. This tells us of our lowly lot till the Great Husband-

their beauty, we are told, "He feedeth among the lilies." But souls are dearer far to Him than flowers. The flowers will soon die, the soul never. Flowers can never be anything more than flowers. But we, if we are Christ's, shall one day be like *Tim*; we shall be nearer to Him than the angels, and share His glory. Though He delights in the flowers He did not die for them. Yet the Son of God loved us, and gave Himself for us, to bring us from the far country of sin home to God, to wash us from our sins, and make us His dear children. Does He not, when we receive Him as our own, plant us in a new soil, His perfect love, even Himself? Does He not, as it were, water and nourish us by His Holy Spirit, by His Word, and by His daily, hourly grace? Do we not not begin to breathe another, purer air,—the very air of Heaven itself? If we ask why all this ceaseless care and love, we answer that the Heavenly Gardener is more intent on His great work in us, to make us bright and beautiful in character, than ever earthly florist is to make his blossoms perfect. Oh, I pray you to remember how He waits and works that, if we are His, we may grow in grace and likeness to Himself. Surely Bishop Heber was thinking of such as you when he wrote :

" By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!"

And such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God."

3. *A warning lesson may be learned from these flowers.* The gardener whose lovely blossom got the prize, had a stately plant growing in its pot to a height of many feet. It was so choice a specimen, its foliage so full, its shape so perfect, that he was confident this would win a prize. But lo! when the day came, no blossom came out perfectly or properly. Its disc or centre was clogged and massed together. In his bitter disappointment the gardener sought the reason of their failure. At last he found that in putting the tall sticks round the plant to bear it up, some had penetrated the roots, and so weakened its vitality and destroyed its beauty. It is essential that our hearts should belong to Jesus, and that our lives are yielded to Him to teach, to train, and to develop. But oh! beware of secret sins, like sticks beneath the soil, touching our private prayers, our personal faith and trust, our heart communion with our Lord. If self, or pride, or passion, or any other sin come in to injure these, though the evil may not show itself at first, it surely will in time; and in the Great Prize-Day, when the Saviour makes bare the secrets of all hearts, we shall suffer loss, and fail to secure the full reward so freely promised in His grace.

So, my dear young friends, as we see the flowers' feathered plumes, and note their varied beauty, may we hear their voice as they speak to us, and bid us look to Him, who alone can change the heart and make it pure, and lead us into beautiful likeness to Himself.

Brands Plucked from the Fire.

FRANK BELL had been for years an inveterate tippler. He was scarcely conscious of the extent to which he had fallen under the fascinating spell of the intoxicating cup, until he met with a gruesome reminder. Some weeks after he had signed the pledge, in turning over a waste-paper basket, he happened across an odd leaf from the previous year's almanac. Recognising his wife's writing, curiosity prompted him to pick it up and examine more closely. There it was in the margin, day by day, with one exception, right through the month,—“Drunk, Drunk, Drunk.” Taking it to his wife, he asked the meaning of it, and she at once retorted, “That is how you used to serve me, until you signed the pledge. I began keeping a dally record, but with such unflinching regularity came the same entry day after day, that I gave up the task and threw away the almanac in sheer disgust.”

A little later came an invitation from the minister of the place for me to conduct a mission there; and, having an open date toward spring, I booked it in connection with the following week in a neighbouring village.

Frank was fond of singing; and, hearing this was a special feature of the mission, he was induced to come. Once there, he came again and again, and presently found his way among the singers and rendered acceptable help with his strong tenor voice.

Having learnt of his former history, and now observing his keen interest in the services, I was led to specially pray for him; and also to watch for an opportunity of personal conversation with him, without challenging him in the presence of others. Thus it happened a day or two later I was standing beside a river, waiting the arrival of the ferry from the opposite bank, when Frank came along to meet a friend by the same boat. I at once seized the chance, and, grasping his hand, thanked him for his help in the singing, expressed my pleasure at his evident interest in the meetings, and the hope that, while many were stepping into the Kingdom daily, he would not be left out in the cold. He confessed his intense desire to be among the saved, asked me to pray for him, and seemed not a little surprised to find I had already borne him in prayer before God throughout the week.

My last night came, the place was thronged, and many had found Christ to the joy of their hearts, but Frank was not of the number; and for his sake, as well as the wide-spread interest already awakened, I felt a pang of regret at leaving. But the next engagement claimed me, and we could not break faith with the widely-circulated announcements.

It seemed a pity to close the mission because of the Evangelist's departure, when there was so much interest to justify a continuance of the meetings; hence I urged them to prolong the work with local help.

In the neighbouring place I found little interest evinced, to begin with; and the change from the fervour of the former week was painful—it was as though one had suddenly rushed from July to December, and I longed to be with Frank and his friends again; more so, as tidings came of the crowded gatherings still, and daily signs of blessing.

During this second week, Frank's wife was among those who found "peace and joy through believing." This was almost more than he could bear, and, bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "Frank can't stand that!"

Toward the end of this week we began to see "signs following" the Word: and, having two or three spare days, I was tempted to remain. On the last day, when passing down the main street of the village, a gentleman stepped out from his shop and asked, "Can I have a word with you, sir?"

"Yes, here and now."

"No, sir, not here—it is too public; and not now, for I have a customer waiting for me."

"Well, call at three o'clock this afternoon."

To the stroke of the hour William came; and as soon as we were alone, he grasped my hands as the tears started. "I wanted to tell you before you leave that I have found Christ in these services."

I asked, "Then why did you not bear your testimony with others last night?"

"Ah, sir; you don't know what my life has been, and these people do. I was not silent because ashamed to own Christ; but I felt that the villagers, knowing what they do of me, would not be prepared to believe my testimony; and it were better to be silent, and let my life bear witness as the days go by, and God shall help me."

"Did I not see you at the meetings I conducted here a twelve-month since?"

"Yes, sir; I scarcely missed one of those services; and when the last night came, I felt strongly impelled to rise and ask for prayer; but fear of what my companions might say sealed my lips; and after that, I recklessly plunged deeper into sin than before, and was seldom sober. When I saw by the bills that you were again coming, I felt as if this was my last chance for life, and I dare not neglect it. Thank God, the struggle is now over, and I have found Christ. I felt so supremely happy last night, that I could not sleep for joy; and was tempted at midnight to come and ring you up to tell you the good news; but I thought of your dear old host and hostess, and would not disturb them. I dared not let you leave without this grasp of the hand and word of testimony."

From the pastor I afterward learnt a little of his history. He had frequently been to prison, and just prior to my former visit had completed a term of five years penal servitude for embezzlement and forgery. Then I understood why he refrained from straightway

avowing his allegiance to Christ, though in heart he had honestly surrendered. For the same reason, the pastor did not at once encourage any open confession of Christ, whilst quietly helping him in the good way, and carefully watching over his every step.

Months passed, and by a happy coincidence the same post brought me a cheery letter from Frank, to tell me he had found Christ, and, with his wife, joined the church; and a letter from the pastor to tell me William had given every evidence of genuine conversion to God, and was accepted by the church for fellowship. My heart leapt up in praise to God; and I found myself asking the old question, "Are not these brands plucked out of the fire?"

JOHN BURNHAM.

What to do with Burdens.

"CAST thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." The blank to designate the character of the burden is left for us to fill out. It may be the month's rent, and no money in the house to pay it, or the baby's fever and no doctor within call; or the question of locating your home; the decision about a journey; or a school for the children; perhaps it is an unconverted class, a wayward son, a cold church, a weak place in one's own heart—but whatever, out of the thousand needs and experiences, it may be, put it into the check, and let it go up to the bank. Across the very face of it are the red lines of Jesus' own name, and that ensures acceptance. Your burden will be cared for. All heaven will be placed in contribution if need be; angels will hasten along the shining path to bring you supply and relief. With millions on deposit down here, you would not be half so sure of a supply for all your needs. Draw at any time, and for all your needs, from a loaf of bread to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on a lost world.—*Contributor.*

CROMWELL'S SOLDIERS' BIBLE.

By the especial command of Cromwell, every man in his army carried a "Soldiers' Pocket Bible" with him, wearing it generally near his heart. It was a single sheet, of sixteen pages, containing selections from Scripture, in eighteen chapters, each with an appropriate heading; as, *e.g.*—A soldier must not do wickedly; A soldier must pray before he goe to fight; A soldier must love his enemies, as they are his enemies: and hate them as they are God's enemies (Matthew v. 44: 2 Chronicles xix. 2: Psalms cxxxix. 21, 22). It is certainly remarkable that the success of Cromwell's army commenced immediately after the publication of "The Pocket Bible"; and, after they began to use it, they never lost a single battle.

Reviews.

Is my Bible True? Where did we get It? Rev. Charles Leach, D.D. Morgan and Scott (Office of the *Christian*), Paternoster Buildings.

This beautifully got up book, with good illustrations, will be of service to all readers, but especially to those who have no time for larger works or whose libraries are limited. The doctor has well answered the question, *Is my Bible true?* by giving its history and showing how we came to possess it. The chapters: The three oldest Bibles in the world; Our Lord's; Bible, the People's Bible before Christ came; The Fountain Head. The first versions are full of the most reliable information. All that can be said is before us in an abbreviated but most instructive form.

We Endeavour. Helpful words for members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour. By C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

We welcome this book most heartily, from our memory of the loved writer, and our earnest and sincere love to the Young People's Endeavour Societies. Here are nineteen chapters of a most useful, stimulating, and encouraging kind. It will help the healthful workers, and will stir to work anew, any who are growing cold. We hope friends of the Societies will circulate the book among its members.

The Everlasting Gospel of the Old and New Testaments. Sermons preached by C. H. Spurgeon. Selected by

General Sir Robert Phayre, K.C.B. Passmore and Alabaster.

Sir Robert Phayre was a true lover of the Old Gospel, and a few days before his call to rest, completed this selection from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and gave instructions for them to be bound for his own use, and in his opinion, the thirty-six sermons here selected, formed by themselves a most timely testimony against many of the prominent and pernicious errors of the day. The volume contains a good Index of the titles and texts. They are a splendid testimony both to the selector and also the preacher.

Lesser publications by Alabaster and Passmore: *The Treasury of David.* Part 26 of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's great work on the Psalms of David, from 104 to 106. *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack* and *John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack*, with view of the interior of Beulah Baptist School Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea. What a comment! the above works; that he, being dead, yet speaketh.

The Quiver has an illustrated history of a Remarkable Sunday School, by Elizabeth L. Banks, also an interesting chapter on The Churches at the Cape, by Our Special Commissioner. *Helping Words*—Great Thoughts Office, Hutton-street, London, contains A Paper, by Josian Davies, illustrated. The Pearl of Great Price, also Bunyan's Conversion, with a Picture. The *Great Thoughts* for December has for its Celebrities of the Victorian Era. Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. The December number of

The Prize Reciter contains Index for the year—all back numbers can be had. We have also received *The New Orthodoxy*. Elliot Stock. Also *Monthly Record of the Protestant Evangelical Mission*, also *Life and Light, &c., &c.*

The Religious Tract Society's Monthlies. The first two numbers of the monthly supplement to the *Girls Own*, each containing a complete story. 1, A Cluster of Roses; 2, The Charming Cora. *The Boy's Sunday Monthly*, December, contains Index for the Volume, and is a very bright and full pennyworth. The engravings are excellent. *The Child's Companion*. Enlarged series, with a full Index for the year, and *Little Dots*, with its title page, pretty pictures and stories for little girls and boys, still maintain its charms for the children. *The Sunday at Home*, with its beautiful tinted plate "Never Venture, Never Have," and a sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral by Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair, on "The Hundred and Forty-four Thousand;" and *The Leisure Hour* for December maintain their position for excellent

reading. *The Boys' Own* is good with its coloured plates, and we commend to our boys the far too short paragraph, *Some Manly Words for Boys* by Manly Men, also the Christmas number of the *Boys' Own*, edited by George Andrew Hutchison, a master-hand in providing stirring stories and amusements for the boys. *Friendly Greeting*, and *The Cottager and Artisan*, are good as ever.

Our own Magazines: The volume of the *Baptist Messenger*. The volume for 1897 now ready, bound in cloth boards, 1/9 post free. Also *The Baptist Year Book and Almanach*, with Scripture Texts and Meditation for every day in the year, with the December number, price two-pence. The December number of *The Baptist Magazine* closes its 89th year. *The Sword and Trowel* has a good discourse by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. The Heavenly Vision, preached at the Tenth Conference of Pastors' College Association, May 7th, 1897.

We are asked to call attention to a work on Cycles, January 1st, 1898, by Humber & Co., manufacturers of the Humber Cycles.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE

Rev. J. E. Barton, from Gloucester, to Newport-road Church, Middlebrough.

Rev. James Horn, from Redcar, to Clayton,

Rev. Alexander Bremner, from Dumfries, to Lossemouth, Elgin,

Rev. W. J. Tomkins, from Rushden, to Quorndon and Mountsorrel.

Rev. Matthew Millar, from Scottish Theological College, to George-square Church, Greenock.

Mr. G. W. Y. Fearn has accepted the pastorate of Orpington.

Rev. Owen M. Owen from Pastors' College, to Holywell, North Wales.

Rev. A. E. Jones, from Bristol, to Winford.

Rev. R. Walker, from Poole, to Marlow-road, Maidenhead.

Rev. R. E. Chettleborough, from Brighton-road, South Croydon, to Lake-street Church, Leighton Buzzard.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. F. C. Hughes has been recognised as pastor at Berkhamsted. Revs. G. Hawker, C. M. Hardy, W. W. Robinson, H. J. Martin, and T. Hanger took part.

Rev. R. A. Burrows, late of Douglas, has been welcomed to the pastorate of Burslem Church. Councillor G. Wade presided. Revs. F. Samuels, G. Buckley, E. Dodds, P. Miller, and W. H. C. Harris took part.

A. H. Horlick, of Bristol College, has been ordained to the pastorate of Coleford, Glos. Principal W. J. Henderson gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. H. Knee addressed the Church.

Rev. John Jackson, late of Worstead, has been recognised as pastor at Meltham. Revs. Professor J. T. Marshall, G. Archer, H. Davies, and D. W. Jenkins took part.

N. Bosworth, of Rawdon College, has been ordained to the pastorate at King-street, Wigan. Principal Tymms gave the charge to the pastor. Professor Medley gave the charge to the church.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. Albert Priter, a clock from Pole-street Church, Preston, on moving to Chesham; Mrs. Priter, a hot-water jug.

Mr. W. Bradley, a silver salver and pencil-case from Ashford Church.

Rev. G. B. Richardson, a time-piece and inkstand from Zion Church, Battle, on resigning the pastorate.

Mr. John Hurst, a Canterbury music-stand from the string band at Berkhamsted, in recognition of his services as conductor and organist.

Mr. W. Williamson, a marble clock from Burnham Church, in recognition of his services as deacon, secretary, choir-master, and Sunday-school superintendent.

Mr. E. Spencer Monsell, an illuminated address and a Bible from Highbury-hill Church, in recognition of twenty-six years' services in connection with the Sunday-school, ighteen as superintendent.

NEW CHAPELS.

A new chapel has been built in Commercial-road, Guildford (Rev. J. Rankine) at a cost, including the site, of £2,400. It stands on the site of the old church, will seat 400, and is lighted by electricity. At the opening services Rev. Thomas Spurgeon preached, and the mayor (Councillor C. Wrist) and Corporation attended in state. About £300 remains to be raised.

At Ossett services have been held for a considerable time in a room belonging to the Co-operative Society. About 2,00 square yards of land have been acquired, and a school chapel, lecture-hall, and class-rooms have been erected at a cost of £1,700, towards which £838 has been raised.

A new chapel to seat 600 worshippers has been opened by Alderman Joseph Brooks, at Littlemore, Pudsey (Rev. W. F. Turner). It is in the classic style of architecture, and has cost £3,013. Towards this £2,182 had been raised prior to the opening services, at which, it is hoped, £330 will be raised. In that case the Yorkshire Association will lend the remaining £500, to be repayable without interest. Mr. Briggs Priestley, M.P., who had contributed £500, presided over the public meeting, and promised a contribution towards a new organ when the chapel is out of debt.

MISCELLANEOUS.

New Sunday-schools and class-rooms in connection with the Baptist Chapel, Redhill, were opened on Dec. 8th. Pastor James H. Blake delivered in the afternoon a discourse on Child Training, after which a large company sat down to tea, and in the evening a public meeting was held presided over by the Pastor, Rev. E. Davies and Rev. J. Rankine. J. McAuslane, J. Blake, and others took part.

BAPTISMS.

Bilston: Wood Street.—December 5, Seven, by H. McCale.
Builth: Wells.—December 5, One, by H. Evans.
Bideford, North Devon.—November 11, Two, by F. Durbin.
Belfast: Antrim-road.—November 28, Three, by C. S. Donald.
Bethany: Risca, Mon.—November 28, Five, by T. Thomas.
Carmarthen (English).—November 28, One, by A. Mills.
Chaijont: Gold Hill.—November 18, One, by T. Davies.
Couingsby, near Lincoln.—November 21, Two, by A. Evans.
Colne, Lancashire.—November 14, Five, by S. Kent.
Diss, Norfolk.—November 29, Four, by J. Easter.
Glasgow: Frederick-street.—November 14, Two, by E. Aubrey.
Hillsboro'.—November 28, Five, by F. C. M. Buck.
Heatherleigh.—December 5, Two, by H. Smart.
Knighton.—November 21, One, by W. Williams.
Leeds: Burleigh-road.—November 28, Three, W. Walter.
Llandyfaen, Soar.—December 5, Six, by M. Jones.
Liverpool. Garston Tabernacle.—November 23, Five.
Long Sutton.—November 28, One, by C. Butts.
Manchester, Coupland-street.—November 28, Five, by C. H. Watkins.
Middlesbrough, Newport-road.—November 21, Six, by G. Davies.
Oswestry, Salop-road.—December 5, Three, by M. M. Thompson.
Pole Moor, Huddersheld.—December 5, Two, by T. Isles.
Rhymnev, Beulah, English.—December 5, Five, by T. M. Richards.

Ramsgate, Cavendish.—November 28, Seven, by T. Hancocks.
Redhill, London-road.—November 28, Six, by G. Davies.
Sheffield, Cemetery-road.—November 28, Four, by E. Carrington.
Shiplev, Yorks, Rosse-street.—November 28, Twelve, by C. E. Shiplev.
Skipton, Yorkshire.—November 28, Eight, by W. Judge.
Surbiton.—November 21, Four; November 28, Three, by S. G. Head.
Slough, Bucks.—December 2, Six, by S. Cousens.
Swansea, Carmarthen-road.—November 21, Nine, by I. Lloyd.
Tubbermore, Co. Londonderry.—December 5, Four, by G. Marshall.
Velindre, Radnorshire.—November 21, One, by W. G. Mansfield.
Woodford, Thrapston.—November 28, Five, by J. Tyrrell.

LONDON DISTRICT.

Brentford, North-road.—November 20, Two, by R. Mutimer.
Burnt Ash Hill, Lee, S.E., Bromley-road-Tabernacle.—November 14, Four, by W. Davies.
Clapham, Grafton-square.—November 28, Four, by I. Harger.
Chiswick, Annandale Road.—November 28, Three, by A. G. Edgerton.
East Ham Tabernacle.—December 2, Four, by R. Sloan.
Harlesden, November 28, Thirteen, by B. Thomas.
Levton, Vicarage-road.—November 24, Four, by G. T. Baily.
John Street, W.C.—November 21, Four, by S. W. Nicholson.
Wood Green, N.—November 21, Four, by W. Haines.

CARE FOR THE CHILDREN.

CHRIST took a special interest in dear children: besides those He took up in His arms to bless, how many were they on whom His miracles of love were wrought! You remember the daughter of Jairus—the son of a nobleman—the widow's son of Nain—the daughter of the Syrophenician woman—the son of the father who came to Christ.

CHRIST OUR LORD.

As in former times, the custom has been that, when one is taken prisoner in the fields, he that pays his ransom shall become always after his lord; even so, likewise, Christ, when we were bond-slaves under hell, death, and condemnation, paid the ransom of our redemption, and freed us from the bondage of sin and Satan, and therefore in that respect He is our Lord.

The King's Highway Opened and Cleared.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house."—Acts xvi. 31.

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Now, my brothers and sisters, God has prepared for the sons of men a City of Refuge, and the way to it is by FAITH IN CHRIST JESUS. It is needful, however that very often the ministers of Christ should survey this road, lest there should be any stumbling-blocks in the path of the poor sinner. I propose this morning to go along it, and, by God's grace, to remove any impediment which Satan may have laid upon the path; and may God so help me, that this survey may be of spiritual benefit to all your souls, that any of you who have been made to stumble in the path of faith may now pluck up courage, and run joyfully forward, hoping yet to escape from the fierce avenger of your sins.

Well may the minister be careful to keep the road of faith clear for the seeking sinners; for surely the sinner hath a heavy heart to carry, and we ought to make straight paths for the feet of these poor

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The King's Highway Opened and Cleared.

benighted souls. It should be our endeavour to cast loads of promises into every slough that runs across the path, so that it may be a king's highway, and may be safe and easy travelling for those weary feet that have to carry such a heavy heart. Besides we must remember that the sinner will make stumbling-blocks enough for himself, even with our greatest and most scrupulous care to remove any others that may naturally lie in his way. For this is one of the saddest follies of the poor desponding soul—that it spoils its own road. You have sometimes seen, perhaps, the newly-invented engine in the streets, the locomotive that lays down its own pathway and then picks it up again. Now, the sinner is the very reverse of that; he spoils his own road before himself, and then carries behind him all the mire and dirt of his own mishaps. Poor soul! he flings stones before himself, cuts a

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previous to faith will but sink you deeper into the mire, and will by no means contribute to your salvation. The one road to heaven is BY FAITH IN CHRIST. Or to make it plainer still, as the countryman said there are but two steps to heaven—out of self into Christ; and, then, out of Christ into Heaven. Faith is simply explained as *trusting in Christ*. I find that Christ commands me to believe in him, or to trust him. I feel that there is no reason in myself why I should be allowed to trust him. But he *commands* me to do so. Therefore, altogether apart from my character or from any preparation that I feel in myself, I obey the command, and sink or swim, I trust in Christ. Now, that is faith;—when with the eye shut as to all evidence of hope in ourselves, we take a leap in the dark right into the arms of an Omnipotent Redeemer. Faith is sometimes spoken of in Scripture as being a leaning upon Christ; a casting of one's self upon him; or as the old Puritans used to put it (using a somewhat hard word), it is recumbency on Christ—the leaning of the whole weight upon his cross; ceasing to stand by the strength of one's own power, and resting wholly upon the Rock of Ages. The leaving of the soul in the hands of

Jesus is the very essence of faith. Faith is receiving Christ into our emptiness. There is Christ, like the conduit in the market-place. As the water flows from the pipes, so does grace continually flow from him. By faith I bring my empty pitcher and hold it where the water flows, and receive of its fulness, grace for grace. It is not the beauty of my pitcher, it is not even its cleanness that quenches my thirst: it is simply holding that pitcher to the place where water flows. Even so I am but the vessel, and my faith is the hand which presents the empty vessel to the flowing stream. It is the grace, and not the qualification of the receiver, which saves the soul. And though I hold that picture with a trembling hand, and much of that which I seek may be lost through my weakness, yet if the soul be but held to the fountain, and so much as a single drop trickle into it, my soul is saved. Faith is receiving Christ with the understanding and with the will, submitting everything to him, taking him to be my all in all, and agreeing to be henceforth nothing at all. Faith is ceasing from the creature and coming to the Creator. It is looking out of self to Christ, turning the eye entirely from any good thing that is here within me, and looking for every blessing to those open veins, to that poor bleeding heart, to that thorn-crowned head of him whom God hath set forth "to be the propitiation for our sins, and not for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world."

Well, having thus described the way, I now come to my real business of removing these stones.

1. A very common impediment in the pathway of the soul that is desiring to be saved, is *the recollection of its past life*. "Oh," saith the sinner, "I dare not trust Christ, because my past sins have been of an unusually black die. I have been no common sinner, but I have been one singled out from the herd, a very monster in sin. I have taken the highest degree in the devil's college, and have become a master of Belial. I have learned to sit in the seat of the scornful, and have taught others to rebel against God." Ah, soul, I know very well that this impediment is, for once it laid in my way, and very sorely did it trouble me. Before I thought upon my soul's salvation, I dreamed that my sins were very few. All my sins were dead, as I imagined, and buried, in the graveyard of forgetfulness. But that trumpet of conviction which aroused my soul to think of eternal things, sounded a resurrection-note to all my sins, and oh, how they rose up in multitudes more countless than the sands of the sea! Now, I saw that my very thoughts were enough to damn me, that my words would sink me lower than the lowest hell; and as for my acts of sin they now began to be a stench in my nostrils, so that I could not bear them. I recollect the time when I thought I had rather have been a frog or a toad than to have been made a man; when I reckoned that the most defiled creature, the most loathsome and contemptible, was a better thing than myself; for I had so grossly and grievously sinned against Almighty God. Ah, my brethren, it may be that this morning your old oaths are echoing back from the walls of your memory. You recollect how you have cursed God, and you say, "Can trust him whom I have cursed?" And your old lusts are now rising before you; midnight sins stare you in the face, and snatches of the

lascivious song are being yelled in the ear of your poor convinced conscience. And all your sins as they rise up cry, "Depart! thou cursed one! Depart! thou hast sinned thyself out of grace! Thou art a condemned one! Depart! There is no hope, there is no mercy for thee!"

Now, permit me in the name and strength of God to move this stumbling-block out of your way. Sinner, I tell thee that all thy sins, be they never so many, cannot destroy thee if thou dost believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. If now thou castest thyself simply on the merits of Jesus, "Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool." *Only believe.* Dare to believe that Christ is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him. Take him at his word and trust him. And thou hast a warrant for doing it; for remember it is written, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from *all sin.*" Thou art commanded to believe, therefore, be thou never so black a sinner, the command is thy warrant—oh, may God help thee to obey the command. Now, just as thou art, cast thyself on Christ. It is not the greatness of the sinner that is the difficulty; it is the hardness of the sinner's heart. If now thou art conscious of the most awful guilt, thy guilt becomes us nothing in the eye of God when once he sees the blood of Christ sprinkled upon thee. I tell thee more, if thy sins were ten thousand times as many as they be, yet the blood of Christ is able to atone for them all. Only dare to believe that. Now, by a venturesome faith, trust thyself in Christ. If thou art the most sick of all the wretches that ever this divine Physician essayed to cure, so much the more glory to *him*. When a physician cures a man of some little finger-ache or some little disease, what credit doth he get? But when he heals a man who is all over diseased, who has become but a putrid mass, then there is glory to the physician. And so will there be to Christ when he saveth thee. But to put this block out of the way once for all. Remember, sinner, that the while thou dost not believe in Christ thou art adding to thy sin in this great sin of *not believing, which is the greatest sin in the world.* But if thou obey God in this matter of putting thy trust in Christ, God's own Word is guaranteed that thy faith shall be rewarded, and thou shalt find that thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee. By the side of Saul of Tarsus, and of her out of whom was cast seven devils, shalt thou one day stand. With the thief shalt thou sing of love divine, and with Manasseh shalt thou rejoice in him who can wash away the foulest crimes. Oh, I pray God there may be some one in the great crowd to-day who may be saying in his heart, "Sir, you have described *me*. I do feel that I am the blackest sinner anywhere, but I will risk it, I will put my trust in Christ and Christ alone." Ah, soul, God bless thee; thou art an accepted one. If thou canst do this this morning, I will be God's hostage that he will be true to thee and true to his Son, for never sinner perished yet that dared to trust the precious blood of Christ.

2. Now let me endeavour to upheave and eject another stumbling-block. Many an awakened sinner is troubled because of *the hardness of his heart and the lack of what he thinks to be true penitence.* "Oh," saith he, "I can believe that however great my sins are they can be forgiven, but I do not feel the evil of my sins as I ought!—"

"My heart, how dreadful hard it is ;
How heavy here it lies !
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice."

"I cannot feel," says one ; "I cannot weep ; I have heard of the repentance of others, but I seem to be just like a stone. My heart is petrified, it will not quake at all the thunders of the law, it will not melt before all the wooings of Christ's love." Ah, poor heart, this is a common stumbling-block in the way of those who are really seeking Christ. But let me ask thee one question. Dost thou read anywhere in the word of God that those who have hard hearts are not commanded to believe ? Because if thou canst find such a passage as that, I will be sorry enough to see it, but then I may excuse thee for saying, I cannot trust Christ because my heart is hard." Do you not know that the Scripture runs thus ? "Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Now, if thou believest, though thy heart be never so hard, thy believing saves thee ; and what is more thy believing shall yet soften thy heart. If thou canst not feel the need of a Saviour as thou wouldst, remember that when thou hast a Saviour thou wilt begin then to find out more and more how great was thy need of him. Why, I believe that many persons find out their needs by receiving the supply. Have you never walked along the street, and looking in at a shop window have seen an article, and have said, "Why, that is just what I want." How do you know that ? Why, you saw the thing, and then you wanted it. And I believe there is many a sinner who, when he is hearing about Christ Jesus, is led to say, "That is just what I want." Did not he know it before ? No, poor soul, not till he saw Christ. I find my sense of need of Christ is ten times more acute now than it was before I found Christ. I *thought* I wanted him for a good many things then, but now I *know* I want him for everything. I thought there were some things which I could not do without him ; but *now* I find that without him I can do nothing. But you say, "Sir, I must repent before I come to Christ." Find such a passage in the Word if you can. Doth not the Word say ? "Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." Doth not one of our hymns translate that verse into rhyme and put it thus ?—

"True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy."

Oh, these graces are not of nature's spinning. We cannot make these in the loom of the creature. If you would know your need in Christ take him now by faith, and sense and feeling shall follow in the rear. Trust him now for everything. Dare to trust him. Hard as your heart is, say, "Just as I am, without a plea, but as thou commandest me, and bid'st me come, I come to thee !" Thy heart shall be softened by the sight of Christ, and love divine shall so sweetly commend itself

to thee, that the heart which terrors could not move shall be moved by love.

Do understand me, my dear hearers. I want to preach in the broadest manner I possibly can this morning the doctrine that we are justified by faith alone; that man is commanded to believe; and that altogether apart from anything in man, man has a right to believe. Not from any preparation that he feels, not from anything good he discerns in himself; but he has a right to believe simply because he is commanded to believe; and if, relying upon the fact that he is commanded, God the Holy Spirit enables him to believe that faith will surely save the soul, and deliver him from the wrath to come. Let me take up, then, that stumbling stone about hardness of heart. Oh, soul, trust Christ and thy heart shall be softened. And may God the Holy Spirit enable thee to trust him, hard heart and all, and then thy hard heart shall soon be turned into a heart of flesh, and thou shalt love him who hath loved thee.

3. Now, for a third stumbling block. "Oh," saith some poor soul, "I do not know whether I believe or not, sir. Sometimes I do believe, but oh, *it is such little faith* I have that I cannot think Christ can save me." Ah, there you are again you see, looking to yourself. This has made many trip and fall. I pray God I may put this out of your way. Poor sinner, remember it is not the *strength* of thy faith that saves thee, but the *reality* of thy faith. What is more, it is not even the reality of thy faith that saves thee, it is the object of thy faith. If thy faith be fixed on Christ, though it seems to be in itself a line no thicker than a spider's cobweb, it will hold thy soul throughout time and eternity. For remember it is not the thickness of this cable of faith, it is the strength of the anchor which imparts strength to the cable, and so shall hold thy ship in the midst of the most fearful storm. The faith that saves man is sometimes so small that the man himself cannot see it. A grain of mustard seed is the smallest of all seeds, and yet if thou hast but that quantity of faith, thou art a saved man. Remember what the poor woman did. She did not come and take hold of Christ's person with her hand, she did not throw her arms about his knees; but she stretched out her finger, and then—she did not touch Christ's feet or even his dress—she touched but the ravelling, the fringe of his garment, and she was made whole. If thy faith be but as little as that, seek to get more of it, but still remember it will save thee. Jesus Christ himself compares Little-faith to a smoking flax. Does it burn? is there any fire at all? No; there is nothing but a little smoke, and that is most offensive. "Yes," saith Jesus, "but I will not quench it." Again, he compares it to a bruised reed. Of what service is it? It is broken; you cannot bring music from it; it is but a reed when it is whole, and now it is a bruised reed. Break it, snap it, throw it away? "No," says he. "I will not break the bruised reed." Now, if that is the faith thou hast, the faith of the smoking flax, the faith of the bruised reed, thou art saved. Thou wilt have many a trial and many a trouble in going to heaven with so little faith as that, for when there is little wind to a boat there must be much tugging at the oar; but still there will be wind enough to land thee in glory, if thou dost simply trust Christ, be that trust never so feeble

Remember a little child belongs to the human race as much as the greatest giant; and so a babe in grace is as truly a child of God as is Mr. Great-heart, who can fight all the giants on the road. And thou mayest be as much an heir of heaven in thy minority, in the infancy of thy grace, as thou wilt be when thou shalt have expanded into the full grown Christian, and shalt become a perfect man in Christ Jesus. It is not, I tell thee, the *strength of thy faith*, but the *object of thy faith*. It is the blood, not the hyssop: not the hand that smites the lintel, but the blood that secures the Israelite in the day when God's vengeance passes by. Let that stumbling-block be taken out of the way.

4. "But," saith another, "I do think sometimes I have a little faith, but *I have so many doubts and fears*. I am tempted every day to believe that Jesus Christ did not die for me, or that my belief is not genuine, or that I never experienced the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit. Tell me, sir, can I be a true believer in Christ if I have doubts and fears?" My answer is simply this: there is no Scripture which saith, that "He that believeth shall be damned, if that faith be mixed with doubt." "He that believeth shall be saved," be that faith never so little, and even though it be intermingled with multitudes of doubts and fears. You remember that memorable story of our Saviour, when he was on board a ship with his disciples. The winds roared, the ship rocked to and fro, the mast was strained, the sails were rent, and the poor disciples were full of fear: "Lord, save us, or we perish." Here were doubts. What did Jesus say when he rebuked them? "Why are ye fearful"—O ye of *no faith*? No; "O ye of *little faith*." So there may be little faith where there are great doubts. There is light at eventide in the air; even though there is a great deal of darkness, yet there is light. And if thy faith should never come to noon-day, if it do but come to twilight, thou art a saved man. Nay, more, if it doth not come to twilight, if thy faith is but starlight, nay, candle-light, nay, a spark—if it be but a glow-worm spark, thou art saved and all thy doubts, and all thy fears, and thy distresses, terrible though they may be, can never trample thee in the dust, can never destroy thy soul. Do you not know that the best of God's children are exercised with doubts and fears even to the last? Look at such a man as John Knox. There was a man who could face the frowns of a world, who could speak like a king to kings, and fear no man; yet on his dying bed he was troubled about his interest in Christ, because he was tempted to self-righteousness. If such a man have doubts, dost *thou* expect to live without them? If God's brightest saints are exercised, if Paul himself keeps under his body lest he should be a castaway, why, how canst thou expect to live without clouds? Oh, my dear man, drop the idea that the prevalence of thy doubts disproves the truth of the promise. Again believe; away with all thy doubts; sink or swim, cast thyself on Jesus; and thou canst not be lost, for his honour is engaged to save every soul that puts its trust in him.

5. "Ah," says another, "but you have not yet hit upon my fear." I used when I first knew the Saviour, to try myself in a certain manner, and often did I throw stumbling-blocks in my path through it, and therefore I can speak very affectionately to any of you who are doing

the same. Sometimes I would go up into my chamber, and by way of self-examination, I used to ask myself this question—*Am I afraid to die?* If I should drop down dead in my chamber, can I say that I should joyfully close my eyes? Well, it often happened that I could not honestly say so. I used to feel that death would be a very solemn thing. Ah, then I said, "I have never believed in Christ, for if I had put my trust in the Lord Jesus, I should not be afraid to die, but I should be quite confident." I do not doubt that there are many here who are saying, "Sir, I cannot follow Christ, because I am afraid to die; I cannot believe that Jesus Christ will save me, because the sight of death makes me tremble." Ah, poor soul, there are many of God's blessed ones, who through fear of death have been much of their lifetime subject to bondage. I know precious children of God now; I believe that when they die, they will die triumphantly; but I know this, that the thought of death is never pleasing to them. And this is accounted for because God has stamped on nature that law, the love of life and self-preservation. And again, the man that hath kindred and friends, it is natural enough that he should scarce like to leave behind those that are so dear. I know that when he gets more grace he will rejoice in the thought of death; but I do know that there are many quite safe, who could die triumphantly, who now, in the prospect of death, feel afraid of it. I remember my aged grandfather once preach a sermon which I have not forgotten. He was preaching from the text "The God of all grace," and he somewhat interested the assembly, after describing the different kinds of grace that God gave, by saying at the end of each period, "But there is one kind of grace that you do not want." After each sentence there came the like, "But there is one kind of grace you do not want." And, then, he wound up by saying, "You don't want dying grace in living moments, but you shall have dying grace when you want it." Now you are testing yourself by a condition in which you are not placed. If you are placed in the condition, you shall have grace enough if you put your trust in Christ. In a party of friends we were discussing the question, whether, if the days of martyrdom should come, we were prepared to be burned. Well, now, I must frankly say, that speaking as I feel to-day, I am not prepared to be burned. But I do believe if there were a stake in Smithfield, and I knew that I were to be burned there at one o'clock, that I should have grace enough to be burned at one o'clock; but I have not yet got to a quarter past twelve, and the time is not come yet. Do not expect dying grace until you want it, and when the time comes, you may be sure you will have sufficient grace to bear it. Cast out that stumbling-block then. Rest thyself on Christ, and trust a living Christ to help thee in thy dying hour.

6. Another most grievous perplexity to many a seeking soul is this: "Oh, I would trust Christ, but *I feel no joy*. I hear the children of God singing sweetly about their privileges, I hear them saying that they have been to the top of Pisgah and have viewed the promised land, have taken a pleasant prospect of the world to come; but oh, my faith yields me no joy. I hope I do believe, but at the same time I have none of those raptures. My worldly troubles press heavily

upon me, and sometimes even my spiritual woes are greater than I can bear." Ah, poor soul, let me cast out that stone from thy road. Remember, it is not written, "he that is joyful shall be saved," but "he that *believeth* shall be saved." Thy faith will make thee joyful by-and-bye; but it is as powerful to save thee even when it does not make thee rejoice. Why, look at many of God's people, how sad and sorrowful they have been! I know they ought not to be. This is their sin; but still it is such a sin that it does not destroy the efficacy of faith. Notwithstanding all the sorrows of the saint, faith still keeps alive, and God is still true to his promise. Remember, it is not what you feel that saves you; it is what you believe. It is not feeling but believing. "We walk by faith, not by sight." When I feel my soul as cold as an iceberg, as hard as a rock, and as sinful as Satan, yet even then faith ceases not to justify. Faith prevails as truly in the midst of sad feelings as of happy feelings, for then, standing alone, it proves the majesty of its might. Believe, O son of God, believe in him, and look not for aught in thyself.

7. Then, again, there are many that are distressed because *they have blasphemous thoughts*. Here, too, I can heartily sympathize with many. I remember a certain narrow and crooked lane in a certain country town, along which I was walking one day while I was seeking the Saviour. On a sudden the most fearful oaths that any of you can conceive rushed through my heart. I put my hand to my mouth to prevent the utterance. I had not, that I know of, ever heard those words; and I am certain that I had never used in my life from my youth up so much as one of them, for I had never been profane. But these things sorely beset me; for half an hour together the most fearful imprecations would dash through my brain. Oh, how I groaned and cried before God! That temptation passed away; but ere many days it was renewed again; and when I was in prayer, or when I was reading the Bible, these blasphemous thoughts would pour in upon me more than at any other time. I consulted with an aged godly man about it. He said to me. "Oh, all this many of the people of God have proved before you. But," said he, "do you hate these thoughts?" "I do," I truly said. "Then" said he, "they are not yours; serve them as the old parishes used to do with vagrants—whip them and send them on to their own parish. "So," said he, "do with them. Groan over them, repent of them, and send them on to the devil, the father of them, to whom they belong—for they are not yours." Do you not recollect how John Bunyan hits off the picture? He says, when Christian was going through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, "There stepped up one to him, and whispered blasphemous thoughts into his ear, so that poor Christian thought they were his own thoughts; but they were not his thoughts at all, but the intersections of a blasphemous spirit. So when you are about to lay hold on Christ, Satan will ply all his engines and try to destroy you. He cannot bear to lose one of his slaves: he will invent a fresh temptation for each believer so that he may not put his trust in Christ. Now, come, poor soul, notwithstanding all these blasphemous thoughts in thy soul, dare to put thy trust in God. Even should those thoughts have been more blasphemous than any thou hast ever heard, come trust in Christ, come

cast thyself on him. I have heard that when an elephant is going over a bridge he will sound the timber with his foot to see if it will bear him over. Come thou, who thinkest thyself an elephantine sinner, here is a bridge that is strong enough for thee, even with all these thoughts of thine. "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven thee." Throw that in Satan's face, and trust thyself in Christ.

8. One other stumbling-block, and I will have done. Some there be that say, "Oh, sir, I would trust in Christ to save me *if I could see that my faith brought forth fruits*. Oh, sir, when I would do good, evil is present with me." Excuse my always bringing in my own feelings as an illustration, but I feel when I am preaching to tried sinners, that the testimony of one's own experience is generally more powerful than any other illustration that can be found. It is not, believe, me any display of egotism, but the simple desire to come home to you, that makes me state what I have felt myself. The first Sunday after I came to Christ, I went to a Methodist chapel. The sermon was upon this text: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of his death?" I had just got as far as that in the week. I knew that I had put my trust in Christ, and I knew that, when I sat in that house of prayer, my faith was simply and solely fixed on the atonement of the Redeemer. But I had a weight on my mind, because I could not be as holy as I wanted to be. I could not live without sin. When I rose in the morning I thought I would abstain from every hard word, from every evil thought and look; and I came up to that chapel groaning, because "when I would do good evil was present with me." The minister said that when Paul wrote the verse I have quoted, he was not a Christian; that this was his experience before he knew the Lord. Ah, what error, for I know that Paul was a Christian, and I know the more Christians look to themselves the more they will have to groan, because they cannot be what they want to be. What, you will not believe in Christ until you are perfect? Then you will never believe in him. You will not trust the precious Jesus till you have no sins to trust him with! Then you will never trust him at all. For rest assured you will never be perfect till you see the face of God in heaven. I knew one man who thought himself a perfect man, and that man was humpbacked. This was my rebuke to his pride, "Surely if the Lord gave you a perfect soul he would give you a perfect body to carry it in." Perfection will not be found this side of the grave. Your business is to trust in Christ. You must depend on nothing but the blood of Christ. Trust in Christ and you stand secure. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life." It is our duty to fight against corruption; it is our privilege to conquer it; it is our honour to feel that we are fighting against sin; it shall be our glory one day to tread it beneath our feet. But to-day expect not complete victory. Your very consciousness of sin proves that you are alive. The very fact that you are not what you want to be, proves that there are some high and noble thoughts in you that could not have come by nature. You were content with yourself some six weeks ago, were you not? And the fact that you are discontent now proves that God has put a new life into you, which makes you seek after a higher and better element in which to breathe. When you become what you want to be on earth,

then despair. When the law justifies you, then you have fallen from grace; for Paul has said, "When we are justified by the law, we are fallen from grace." But while I feel that the law condemns me, it is my joy to know that believing in Christ, "There is no condemnation to him that is in Christ Jesus, who walks not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

And now though I have been trying to clear the way, I feel conscious that very likely I have been putting a stone or two in the road myself. May God forgive me—it is a sin of inadvertence. I would lay this road as straight and clear as ever was turnpike road between one city and another. Sinner, there is nothing which can rob thee of *thy right* to believe in Christ. Thou art freely invited to come to the marriage banquet. The table is spread, and the invitation freely given. There are no porters at the door to keep thee out; there are none to ask a ticket of admission of thee:

"Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you:
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam."

Come to him just as thou art. But, ah, I know that when we sit in our studies it seems a light thing to preach the gospel and make people believe in Christ; but when we come to practice, it is the hardest thing in the world. If I were to tell you to do some great thing you would do it; but simply, when it is, "Believe, wash, and be clean!" you will not do it. If I said, "Give me ten thousand pounds," you would give it. You would crawl a thousand miles on your hands and knees, or drink the bitterest draught that was ever concocted; but this trusting in Christ is too hard for your proud spirit. Ah, sinner, art thou too proud to be saved? Come, man, I beseech thee for the love of Christ, by the love of thy own soul, come with me, and let us go together to the foot of the cross. Believe on him who hangs groaning there; oh, put thy trust in him who is risen from the dead, and has led captivity captive. And if thou trustest him, poor sinner, thou shalt not be disappointed; it shall not be trust misplaced. Again I say it, I am content to be lost if thou art lost trusting in Christ; I will make my bed in hell with thee should God reject thee, if thou puttest thy simple trust in Christ. I dare to say *that*, and to look *that* boldly in the face; for thou wouldst be the first sinner that was ever cast away trusting in Jesus. "But, oh," saith one, "I cannot think that such a wretch as I am can have a right to believe." Soul, I tell thee it is not whether thou art a wretch, or not a wretch; it is *the command* that is thy warrant. Thou art commanded to believe. And when a command comes home with power, the power comes with the command; and he who is commanded, being made willing, casts himself on Christ, and he believes, and is saved.

I have laboured this morning to try to make myself as clear as I can about this doctrine. I know if any man is saved it is the work of God the Holy Ghost from first to last. "If any man is regenerate, it is not of the will of the flesh, nor of blood, but of God." But I do not see

how that great truth interferes with this other, "Whosoever believeth in Christ shall be saved." And I would again, even to the falling down on my knees, as though God did beseech you by me, pray you, "In Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God." And this is the reconciliation, "That ye believe on the Lord Jesus Christ whom he hath sent," that ye trust Christ. Do you understand me? That ye cast yourself on him; that ye depend on nothing but what he has done. Saved you must be, lost you cannot be, if you fling yourself wholly upon Christ, and cast the whole burden of your sins, your doubts, your fears, and your anxieties wholly there. Now this is preaching free grace doctrine. And if any wonder how a Calvinist can preach thus, let me say that this is the preaching that Calvin preached, and, better still, it is the preaching of our Lord Jesus Christ and his apostles. We have divine warrant when we tell you, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned."

Arrow Points.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK.

NEVER fight the Lord's battles with the devil's weapons.

One may be a member of the visible Church without being a member of the invisible Christ.

It is always wise to trust the All-Wise.

Sanctified sorrow is better than unsanctified pleasure.

Men may refine gold, but they cannot refine the Gospel.

Wait for the Lord as well as work for Him,

Is the Christ of revelation the Christ of your affection?

Better the fast that is blessed than the feast that is cursed.

The religion that is all show is likely to be all sham.

Be kind and just, be pure and true,

In all you think, and say, and do,

Since God's eye scans you through and through.

Bars River,

Nova Scotia.



The Rev. Stephen Small's Temptations ;

OR, THE STORY OF A BAPTIST PERVERT.

CHAPTER II.—DOUBTS RESOLVED.

“TO show you” said Mr. Rodwell, “how these two narratives ultimately gave me little trouble, it will be best for you if in a few words I give you, Stephen, the method in which I tackled them. Now, first, what does the Bible profess to be? It professes to be of supernatural origin, and is full of the relation of supernatural things. But you may very properly ask me what do I mean by the word supernatural? Well, I do not mean that which is opposed to nature, but that which nature alone, so-called, cannot perform. Now, the Bible in its first verse starts with that. What do we read at its commencement? We read—“In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.” Not nature did it, mark, but God. The earth on which we dwell, the moon, the sun, the fixed stars, the nebula, the invisible stars or suns lost in the abyss of space, and so far away that no mortal eye with the largest telescope that man can invent can ever see them—all these God brought into existence and made. Here you have the supernatural on the largest scale at the outset. So the apostle says, “Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.” Now, if you had asked

Mr. Snipper how, on natural principles, he could have accounted for the existence of the universe, you would have puzzled him as he puzzled you about Balaam's ass or Jonah's whale. Somehow it must have come into existence, and the only possible solution of the puzzle is that there must have been an Almighty Creator possessed of infinite wisdom, skill and power, to have done the work. Do you see this, Stephen?”

“Yes, sir, I think I do.”

“Well, then, that admitted, compared with it the stories told concerning Balaam and Jonah are easily solved. But before I attempt to give the solution, let me candidly admit that on rationalistic grounds Mr. Snipper might be justified in drawing his conclusions. Without the exercise of supernatural power no ass could be made to speak, nor could any person live in any kind of fish in the depths of the sea. Rejecting the supernatural, he could not but draw any other conclusions than those he did. But now let us consider the narratives and allow them to speak for themselves. We find that in opposition to the Lord's will, in order to gain ‘filthy lucre,’ Balaam sets out on a journey to curse the people that God had blessed. On that ground God's anger was kindled. He therefore sent an angel to stop

him, or convince him of his folly, while journeying on his ass through a narrow pass. Now here you have the supernatural. The ass beholding the angel and in a fright shunning him, and crushing Balaam's foot against the wall while Balaam did not see the angel at all was supernatural. Your friend on rational principles, naturally enough observed that the tongue of an ass and its jaws were not fitted for articulation, and so far he was right. But what do we read? 'And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass.' In other words, the Lord gave it, miraculously, power to utter words or articulate sounds of which it could understand nothing, but which was clear enough to Balaam, and surely, humanly speaking, this was as easy for the Lord to do as for men to teach parrots to speak or to utter words of the meaning of which they cannot possibly have but the slightest conception, if any conception at all. But the real difficulty to me was that Balaam should answer it as if it was a human being; but Commentators meet this by referring to Peter, who, in drawing a moral from the story, tell us that 'Balaam, loving the wages of unrighteousness, was rebuked for his iniquity,—the dumb ass speaking with man's voice, forbidding the madness of the prophet.' Mad for gain, smarting with pain with a crushed foot, and not stopping to think, Balaam spoke in a rage like a lunatic, and only came to his senses when his own eyes were opened to see the angel of the Lord obstructing his pathway, and thus learned that the whole affair had a supernatural basis. Then, with humility, he acknowledged that 'he had sinned,' and was only allowed to

go forward on condition that he would speak the words God might put into his mouth to utter. Looked at in this aspect, you must admit, Stephen, that the story is not such a foolish one as your sceptical teacher and many others like him have represented it to be."

And you interpret the story of Jonah on the same lines, sir?"

"Exactly so. Only with this difference. If you will read carefully the history of Jonah you will find no mention of a whale at all. All that you will read is that 'the Lord prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah.' It was a new creation adapted specially for the purpose; and Jonah was as safe within it as a diver is in his apparatus when descending the ocean depths. It is true that in the Gospel of Matthew we do read of Jonah being 'in the whale's belly,' but this is simply a mistranslation, the word meaning there 'a great fish' as it does in the original history. In that sense Christ uses it and to prevent error it ought to be given as in the original."

A little more conversation on these and other miracles recorded in the Old and New Testaments served to set Stephen Small straight, specially when he found, as he did by subsequent investigation, that all the miracles thus recorded were performed, not for their own sakes, but as means to an end; in other words, to teach mankind moral and spiritual truths, on the belief and practice of which depended their happiness and usefulness, both here and hereafter. Thus, the more he studied them, the more beauty he saw in them and, therefore, as time rolled along, he felt less sad and less influenced by the ratiocistic

teachings of sceptical men, such as Mr. John Snipper.

But now another temptation awaited him, which was not so easily got over. Finding that the pathway of happiness lay in following Christ's teachings and carrying them out fully, he was led to become a member of the Christian Church, a Sunday school teacher, a local preacher, and at last a student at college. Having studied there for the ministry for four years he accepted an unanimous call to become the pastor of two village churches in the West of England, and while there, with the Divine blessing, he "made full proof of his ministry." But now came the time when, to use a common phrase, "he fell in love." In one of these village churches was a young woman whose charms took him captive; and he never found himself happier than when the Sabbath day or week evening came round, on which he had to preach at this village. The result was that an engagement was formed betwixt himself and Miss Bloom, that gave every indication of a life of mutual happiness for both concerned. But, alas! for human hopes, a month before the marriage was to have been celebrated, Miss Bloom was stricken down by an epidemic fever that raged in the district, and in spite of the best nursing and medical attendance, succumbed to it, and thus it happened that, on the very day on which she was to have been married, poor bereaved Stephen was called to follow her to the grave.

To say that he was stunned by this unexpected calamity is to say the least. He had not even the consolation of talking to his betrothed until she was nearly dead. Though a Christian young woman,

delirium took her senses away; and not until she was in the act of passing from earth to heaven did she show the slightest return of consciousness. Then she opened her eyes, gave him a faint smile, uttered some words which seemed like "I'm going home," and then breathed her last. The house that had been taken had to be given up, most of the new furniture that had been bought resold, and, in a lonely state of mind, Stephen had to remain in the lodgings he had dwelt in for two years, which, however comfortable, was as nothing compared with the joy he had anticipated, and which, in the inscrutable ways of providence, had been so strangely and unexpectedly blasted.

And now Satan was permitted to tempt him with fury. As he sat by his lonely fireside and thought of the dear one that he had lost, at times he thought he would go mad. Why should the Lord treat him thus when, had he married, he might not only have had a loving partner to cheer him, a home of his own, and a helpmeet in church work, but a career of prosperity, both temporal and spiritual, that would have done much to have promoted the reign of Christ in the part of the Kingdom in which he had been called to work! His mind heaved with rebellion. Christian minister though he was, he could see neither sense nor reason in it. The Book of Lamentations was his favourite study, and at last he grew so hardened as to wonder after all, whether there was such a thing as Divine providence in the world, and if it would not be far more honest for him to throw overboard the Christian religion altogether, than ascend the pulpit steps, and preach to the people things that

failed to give him comfort in the hour of his deep need.

It is to be hoped that the reader will not be shocked by these revelations, told as they have actually occurred, and may yet occur in similar cases thousands of times as long as the world lasts. Human nature left to itself is certain to go astray. We may be stunned in mind by sudden calamity, even as an ox may be stunned by the falling of the butcher's axe. Job had such seasons, so had David, and many other good men of whom we read in the Bible. And God permits them for wise purposes. The time comes when those who have thus been afflicted are led to see that "God doth

not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men." Man with his cruelty may delight in "the torture chamber," even as the Papist priests of old delighted in the infernal scenes of the Inquisition. But in the course of a little time an incident occurred that served to show Stephen Small his error, and which, although he felt the wound to smart dreadfully, led him in the light of God's truth to give his loved one up freely to the Saviour who had called her to "higher service," and enabled him to say reverently, as he bowed before the Lord, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

(To be continued).

THE EXAMPLE OF THE BEE-HUNTER.

THE bee-hunter in America puts a piece of honeycomb into a box, and catches a bee. He then covers the box, and very soon the bee fills himself with the honey. Being let loose, it finds its way home, and in a little time returns, but not alone. He brings his companions with him, and in turn they bring their companions, till the box is filled with a full swarm of bees. Let every Sunday scholar, and every attendant at a Christian church do likewise. If they have tasted that Word which is sweeter than honey, let them bring their companions and neighbours with them, till the school and the church be filled with devout and thoughtful hearers.

HOW JOHN B. GOUGH SILENCED THE TALKERS.

ONCE a couple of young ladies had taken a seat right in front of me, and I had hardly commenced when they began to whisper and giggle, and became so excited in their conversation that they were evidently annoying others. I did not like to tell them to stop talking, so I said; "A minister told me that he regretted very much rebuking two young ladies who were disturbing him and others by talking during his discourse, for he was told that one of these young ladies had just secured a beau, and that she was so exceedingly tickled about it she could not refrain, on all occasions when she could get a listener, from expatiating on the dear young man's perfections; there seemed to be so many of them she could never exhaust the enumeration; and when she began to talk about her beau, she went on interminably. Just so whenever I see two young ladies talking together in a church or at a lecture, I imagine one or the other or both have got a beau, and it would be hardly fair to disturb them, so I let them talk." The whisperers troubled me no more.

A Voyage of Praise.

MY God, I will praise Thee! forgive Thy dumb child.
Thy finger has touched me: Thy face on me smiled:
And I have looked up to my Father's fond eye:
My tongue Thou hast loosened: no longer I sigh.

My God, I will praise Thee! I launch on the sea,
The ocean of mercy long waiting for me:
I leave the dry-dock, where too long I have lain.
I lift a white sail and go cruising again.

My God, I will praise Thee! for full is the tide
That waits for my coming as gaily I glide:
Fair winds come to kiss me and fill me with joy:
I dance in new gladness, Thy praise my employ.

Unchanged are life's dangers, unchanged the old world,
And yet a new ocean by faith I behold:
My barque is the same, and the flag at my mast;
And yet, oh, how altered the present and past.

The Captain has come, and the bright angel crew:
The engine is started, and all things seem new.
My God, I will praise Thee! I do, and I will;
I know Thou art loving: I trust to Thy skill.

My God and my Father, I know not the course,
The winds that will cross me with hurricane force:
I know not the capes I must round—the old chart
I leave Thee to study, for Captain Thou art.

I have not to manage the weather or sea,
The vessel, the sailors, I leave them to Thee.
Come fair or come foul, be seas stormy or still,
My God, I must praise Thee! I do, and I will.

WILLIAM LUFF.

OF ENOCH.

THE late Dr. Andrew Bonar was in the habit of reading a portion of Scripture in the pulpit, and giving a short running commentary thereon, often pithy, original, and quaint, but always textual and practical. A friend who was present tells me that, on such an occasion, reading the words, "And Enoch walked with God," he remarked: "He walked, but he also worked. Here we read, 'he walked with God,' and, my friends, it was a very long walk; for he never came back."

A New Year's Address.

CHRIST THE WAY, TRUTH, AND LIFE

"I am the way, the truth, and the life.—*John xiv.*, 6.

BY THOMAS HEATH, PLYMOUTH.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—I am glad once more to address you at the commencement of another year. How soon twelve months have passed away. How many have passed from time into eternity since I addressed you last. May be that some who have read my last address are now lying in the silent grave. What a happy thought, nevertheless, it is if such were ready to meet their saviour, for then, indeed, they are far better off; for remember, dear young friends, that this is not our rest, we are only dwelling in tents, as it were, in this mortal state, for there is nothing that can keep us here when we are called. Fine houses, riches, fame, learning, health, and friends cannot keep us when we are called by the Master. Everything in this sublunary state is transitory, that is, fleeting. How important, then, that we are ready, that we neglect not the great salvation. The great question "What shall I do to be saved?" Let me tell you dear young friends, that those who read my last address and are spared to the present time are nearer their end. Time is going on very fast, the question comes all the more forcible "Am I serving and following Christ?" The text I have taken for our New Year's meditation, comes to us very timely. Let us consider how important and simple are the words of our text! I am sure you will not forget them. Look at the three short words and their meaning:

1. *The Way*.—Who is the Way? Christ: this is the first starting point. We generally like to know the right way to places and things. If you are indifferent and do not make a proper start, and enquire the way, you will get into all kinds of trouble.

2. *The Truth*.—We always like to know the truth of all things. If we are misled by falsehoods, and misdirected, how it bewilders us. It is better always to know what is the truth. Pilate asked this question when Christ was brought before him, "What is truth?" Need I tell you that He who stood before him was the Truth, for no evil or an untruth ever escaped His mouth.

3. *Life*.—Christ is indeed the Life, because He overcame death and the grave by His coming down from heaven to die for us. He demonstrated his infinite power over Satan and death. He came to give us eternal life, and rescue us from eternal death. Thus we see that Christ is all we need in life and death. Will you now give Him your heart? Do not delay, then your's will indeed be a happy New Year. May it be so, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

When He shall Appear.

BY REV. J. HUNT COOKE.

AMONGST the interesting questions debated in old theology was one relating to the apparent age of Jesus Christ in heaven, it being generally believed that His appearance would be that of a youth of about thirty-three years of age, as when He left the world. Some thought that He would appear as one of very great age, having lived on for many centuries. In olden times there was a remarkable respect for hoary hairs. When the Apostle John saw Him in Patmos he noticed "His head and His hairs were white like wool, as white as snow." The Prophet Daniel in vision beheld Him as the Ancient of days, with the hair of His head like pure wool. We associate old age with feebleness and signs of decay, there can be none of this with the Lord of Life. In Him apparent impossibilities meet. The maturity, the knowledge, the experience of old age, and the vigour, the hope, the charm of youth. The goings of Christ have been from everlasting. He is Divine, hence he wears the crown of Deity, reigning with no borrowed title, not one in a succession of kings, but of His own authority, for Christ is God.

The Son of God is accurately speaking the revelation of the Invisible God to His People, as light is gathered up in the sun, so the glories of the great Creator centre in Jesus Christ. If He were not God there would be confusion in heaven. We see so much that is glorious in Jesus Christ that we feel we must bow down and worship Him. But the great law is that we may worship none but God. When the Apostle John saw a splendid angel, who showed him some of the glories of heaven, he fell down to worship at his feet; the angel immediately said, "See thou do it not, worship God;" but all the saints and angels in heaven worship Christ, so that He must be God or there would be sin in heaven, and that in its holiest joy.

Jesus Christ taught us that the sum of the ancient law, the foundation of true religion, is that God is to have our supreme love. Now Jesus Christ takes this to Himself. Saved souls, remembering the price paid for their redemption, as they behold the Lamb on the throne, and all the sorrows of Jesus on their behalf, are constrained to give Him their very best love, and hope in heaven to love Him with full and ever growing heart. This would not be right were He but a man, it would be the sin of loving the creature more than the Creator. But they know that to yield their supreme love to Christ is holy love, and in this there is heart-evidence of the Deity of our Lord. Jesus sits on the throne of God and wears the crown of God.

“ Oh for a sight a pleasing sight
 Of our Almighty Father's throne,
 There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
 Clothed in a body like our own.
 Adoring saints around Him stand,
 And thrones and powers before Him fall,
 The God shines gracious through the man,
 And sheds sweet glories on them all.”

The Bible Union.

THE “BIBLE” is the Book of God. It comes from Him, and in it He unveils His purpose of Salvation, and His heart of love. It is a mine of unsearchable, inexhaustible and imperishable riches of Christ Jesus, a revelation of the great mystery of Godliness, wherein is made known the plain man's pathway to heaven.

It is to the Spiritual Mariner, a Chart and Compass, and a Harbour of Refuge.

To the Pilgrim, it gives “shoes of iron and brass,” and a sweet haven of “rest for the weary.”

For the Warrior, it provides a full armour, that he may fight successfully “the Battles of the Lord,” and when the victory is won “a Crown of Glory.”

It gives a guiding light through “the Valley of Shadow,” and when the “Rod and Staff” are no longer needed, it surrounds the Believer with the glow and glory of “the Jasper City,” scattering the gloom of death and revealing the unspeakable glory of the heavenly home.

“UNION” is a sweet and comprehensive word in redemption's work. The Union of the Triune Jehovah, the Union of the Divine and Human Nature of Christ, the Union of all Believers to Christ the Head of all the one Universal Church, and the Union of the whole body in heaven and upon earth.

“ One army of the living God,
 To His Command we bow ;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.”

Dear friends, “Watch and Pray!” Union is strength, division is weakness. Study your Bible, *not* for the purpose of establishing thought on opinions of your own, *but study it prayerfully and intensely that you may know the mind of God.* Remember it was “while men slept, the enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat,” seek “the mind of Christ,” and to have the teaching of the Holy Ghost, that you may be “thoroughly furnished” to every good word and work. So prays

JAMES H. BLAKE.

Wishing to Die for her Father.

THE REV. ARCHIBALD G. BROWN relates the following touching incident. He says: "Some years ago I was called upon at my house, and requested to see a little girl, seven years of age, who, I was told, was dying. She lived in a little back street. When I got there, a woman shewed me where this child was, and I sat down. 'What do you want, darling?' I said. 'Well, sir,' said she, 'I want to see you before I die.' 'Why,' said I, 'are you dying?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Would you not like to get well again?' 'I hope not, sir.' 'Why not?' 'Why, sir,' said she—and remember she was only seven years old—'ever since I became a Christian, I have been trying to bring father to the Tabernacle, and he won't come, and I think if I die, you will bury me, won't you?' I said, 'Yes, darling.' 'Well, I've been thinking if I die, father must go to the funeral; then you will be able to preach the Gospel to him, and I would be willing to die six times over for him to hear the Gospel once.' This was wondrous love that filled her little heart. Well, she went home, as she had anticipated, and just as she was to have been buried, strangely enough I was taken ill myself. I was so grieved. I thought of the poor little thing, and I should so liked to have buried her. Some time passed on, and a rough looking fellow called upon me and held out his hand. 'You do not know me?' 'No, I do not.' 'I am the father of Mary, the father she died for; for I heard as how she said she would die for me six times if I could only hear the Gospel once. It nearly broke my heart, and now I want to join the enquirers' class.' He did join the enquirers' class, and was, I am happy to be able to say, brought to Jesus."

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

OF most great discoveries, movements and institutions have been small. Cf. the Bible Society:—Charles of Bala and the Welsh girl. Church Missionary Society, London City Mission.—David Nasmith and two other persons held a prayer-meeting by themselves. The Society was formed, and in two years after had sixty-three agents, and was expending upwards of £4,000. Thus a great American revival of religion began with a prayer-meeting, at which there was only one man present for the first part of the hour: and the Irish revival is traced to the earnest labours and faithful prayer of one single Christian lady. Learn.—1. What may one true Christian do? Inquire—2. What am I doing?

We generally think better of ourselves than we are willing to acknowledge. Say not, I have no right to the blessings of the gospel. Do you desire them? If so, God says take them.

Our Father's House on High.

HOW sweet in earthly trials,
To have a heavenly Friend;
To know with calm assurance,
He loveth to the end.

When clouds of trial cometh,
Like raging billows near,
To hear His voice of tender love,
Say "Trust and do not fear."

Ah! when we reach the haven,
Our Father's home on high,
We'll learn how "light afflictions,"
Worked for that by-and-bye.

And heaven's weight of glory,
Shall swallow up our pain;
The tears they'll be all wiped away,
For heaven's eternal gain.

Then look *beyond* these trials,
Look up! to Christ above;
Rejoice that soon in glory,
We'll bask in beams of love.

GOD KNOWETH BEST.

OUR Lord God is like a printer who sets the letters backwards. We see and feel him set the types here, but we cannot read them. When we are printed off yonder, in the life to come, we shall read all clear and straight forward. Meanwhile we must have patience. Our Lord knows best how to rule the lives of his elect.—MARTIN LUTHER.

NOT YOUR OWN.

A MAN of wealth and worldliness was walking at leisure, and thinking within himself, "I am a happy man, with a large fortune, all of which I have acquired myself, so that I am dependent on no one. It is all my own." Just then a thunderstorm drove him for shelter into the open door of a church. As he entered, the preacher was announcing his text, "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." At the sound of words so opportune the rich man started; and, as he listened, he saw his folly, and became henceforward, taught by the Spirit, a wiser and humbler man.

The Shady Tree.

WALKING one summer Sunday afternoon to fulfil an engagement at a village chapel, by the wayside I availed myself of the shading trees, as quite cooling amidst the bright sunshine. This scene reminded me of some lines of Hebrew poetry, "I sat down under his shadow with great delight." The trials of life lead the Christian to prize the sympathy and shading of the Saviour's presence. He says, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me, and I will give you rest."

Bedford.

W. ABBOTT.

FOSSIL RAIN.

THE great stone-book of nature reveals many strange records of the past. In the red sandstone there are found, in some places, marks which are clearly the impressions of showers of rain, and these so perfect that it can be determined in which direction the shower inclined, and from what quarter it proceeded, and this ages ago. So sin leaves its track behind it, and God keeps a faithful record of all our sins.

CONFIRMATION OF SCRIPTURE.

LIEUTENANT LYNCH, in his narrative of the United States' Expedition to the Dead Sea, says: "We entered upon this sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was sceptical, and another, I think, a professed unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days' close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain. I record with diffidence the conclusions we have reached, simply as a protest against the shallow deductions of would-be unbelievers."



Reviews.

Come ye Children. A book for Parents and Teachers on the Christian Training of Children, by C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

The twenty-three chapters in this valuable work are full of suggestiveness, and we cannot think of any person who has the caring for, and the training of the young, to whom this recent publication will not be of immense help. We advise all, especially Sunday school teachers to enrich themselves by reading carefully every chapter in this 2/- volume.

Every Bodies' Book. By C. H. Spurgeon. The Pilgrim's Guide. A word for all times and for all seasons. Passmore and Alabaster.

A book full of pictures. Full of anecdote and illustration on a variety of subjects. It answers to its title, containing something for everybody. Well got up and nicely bound. Very suitable for a present to the young.

C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography, by his Wife and his private Secretary. Passmore and Alabaster.

This four-volumed book of the greatest preacher and most versatile thinker and writer of modern times, will receive a hearty welcome by the many thousands who received the great blessing of their lives from the ministry and work of the departed Pastor. To be completed in four volumes, bound in cloth, gilt edges. Fully illustrated. May also be had in Shilling parts. The letterpress, paper, and steel plates are excellent. We wish for it an immense circula-

tion. Part 27 of *The Treasury of David*, by C. H. Spurgeon has also reached us, containing from 106 to 111 Psalms. 20 years of Mr. Spurgeon's busy life was devoted to this admirable and unsurpassed commentary on the Psalms of David.

The volume of *The Baptist Messenger* for 1897, may now be obtained of the publisher, or by order from any bookseller, and we dare to say that no volume contains more sound spiritual teaching than does our yearly volume.

The Apples of Sin and The Garden of God, by Coulson Kernahan. Ward, Lock and Co., Warwick House, Salisbury Square.

Another of this writer's surprise books. He has power of description and originality which commands attention, and fixes in the mind of the reader the moral of his story.

Magazines, &c. The Religious Tract Society. *The Sunday at Home* continues its stirring and touching story, "God's Outcast," by Silas K. Hocking. Also "Personal Reminiscences of Dr. John Stoughton," by his daughter. *The Leisure Hour* contains a series of pictures on "The Worries of Life," by Thomas W. Couldery. No. 3, Monthly supplement to *The Girl's Own Paper*. "Her Highland Laddie." A story of a girl's faith. It is instructive and healthful reading. The January number of *The Boys' Own Paper* is the third part of a new volume. It has a large coloured plate of the Irish Regiments of the British Army, and is full of the description of reading and instruction

and amusement always welcomed by our boys. *The Child's Companion* and *Little Dots*. Always bright, and are especially so in January number. The pictures are very pretty, and will give joy to the little ones. *Light in the Home*, *Friendly Greeting*, and *The Cottager*, are good average numbers.

The Quiver for January is a very full number. Among other good things, it contains, "Illustrated Articles;" "New Year's Greeting, to Our Readers;" "My Life Work—caring for the Sailors," Agnes Weston; Pictures for the People with splendid likeness of Lord Herschell. *Great Thoughts* is a cabinet of treasures every month. It is difficult to summarise its contents, every page is rich in information and instructiveness. January contains a talk with Dr. Bevan, of Australia; also an article on George Muller and his Orphan Colony. *Helping Words* commences a new volume and has likeness and articles by Rev. J. P. B. Power, M.A.; and sketch of Fanny Crosby, to whom *The Christian World* is indebted for many of its most beautiful Hymns.

Various Magazines. *The New Orthodoxy*. A monthly. Elliot Stock. January number contains Paper by the Editors, "What can I believe concerning my own Nature and Relations;" also Lesson Helps for busy teachers. *Light and Truth*. A new era for Ireland and a solemn message for England. Marshall Brothers, Paternoster Row. *Protestant Alliance*, edited by Dr. Rev. W. Kennedy Moore and *No Popery Cry* by the Rev. J. M'Ghee, M.A. These deserve a wide circula-

tion and the times demand it. *In His Name*. *Ragged School Union Magazine*. *Life and Light*. *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack*,

Our Own Magazines. *The Baptist Irish*. "A Word about Jesus," a sermon preached by Pastor Chas. Spurgeon in the Baptist Chapel, Harcourt Street, Dublin. *Baptist Magazine* contains a sermon by Rev. J. E. Greenhough, M.A., "A New Heaven and a New Earth." With *The Sword and Trowel* is presented the first part of the Life of C. H. Spurgeon.

The Baptist Handbook, for 1898, increases in bulk and importance every year. The Baptist Churches are greatly indebted to Dr. Booth, and we can scarcely think of a Baptist minister or church secretary who will allow themselves to be without this informing and helpful book. It shows an increase in every department of the denomination. The number of churches is now 2,947, as compared with 2,924 a year ago; the membership is returned at 364,779, as against 360,112; the Sunday-school scholars as 527,616, against 519,126; and teachers as 51,800, against 50,721. The present number of local preachers is 5,021, and the pastors in charge 2,066. Sitting accommodation is provided for 1,293,459. The largest church is still by far the Metropolitan Tabernacle, with 4,487 members. Thirty-seven ministers and missionaries have died during the year, including no fewer than three workers on the Congo.

FORETASTES OF HEAVEN.

MR. GOLDING, a little before his death, when his brother said to him, "You seem to enjoy foretastes of heaven," replied, "Oh, this is no longer a foretaste; this is heaven! I not only feel the climate, but I breathe the fine ambrosial air of heaven, and soon shall enjoy the company." The last words he was heard to utter were, "Glory, glory, glory!" He died in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. F. E. Blackaby, from Stow-on-the-Wold, to Zion Church, Chatham.

Rev. G. W. Ball, from Salcombe, o Brixham.

Rev. H. Frank Griffin, from Cambridge, to Bridlington Quay.

Rev. W. L. Tweedie, from Cork, to Northcote Street Church, Stockton.

Rev. Alex. Bremner, from Dumfries, to Lossiemouth.

Rev. James Mursell, from Derby, to Downs Chapel, Clapton.

Rev. John Edmonds, from Tabernacle Church, Grimsby, to West Green Church, Tottenham.

Rev. T. Idwal Jones, from Llanely, to Pwllheli.

Rev. E. Harden, from Rawdon College, to Wellington.

Rev. Alex. Corbet, from Greenock, to Lansdowne Church, Bourne-mouth.

Rev. W. H. Davies, from Grantown, N.B., to Queen Square, Brighton.

Rev. J. T. Jones, from Bangor College, to Llanfair Mahafarn Church, Anglesey.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. Walter Wynn, a purse of gold from the church at Earby-in-Craven; Mrs. Wynn, a tea service.

Mr. Sturdy, a purse of money from Woodmansey Church, in recognition of twenty-three years' service as Sunday-school superintendent.

Mrs. Swift and Miss Richmond, an album and reference Bible each from

Barrowden Church, in recognition of services as organists.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Pilcher, a silver cruet-stand from Ashford Christian Endeavour Society, on their marriage.

Rev. G. M. Rice, a roll-top desk and a purse of gold from Lineholm Church, on removing to Gildersome.

Rev. F. Cunliffe, £10 from Gold Street Church, Walgrave, on removing to Kettering.

Rev. M. Ashby, £12 from Breachwood Green Church, Welwyn.

NEW CHAPELS.

A new place of worship has been built at Bleddfa, near Tenbury, by the church of which Rev. W. D. Young is the pastor. At the opening services Revs. T. D. Jones and James Williams (former pastor) preached.

A new chapel has been erected at Tenison Road, Cambridge, at a cost of £1,500, £480 for the site. At the opening service, conducted by Rev. J. P. Wiles, £30 was contributed for the Building Fund. About £1,100 has yet to be raised.

A new chapel, erected at a cost of £5,000, has been opened at Merthyr Tydvil (Rev. D. Price).

Memorial-stones have been laid of a new English chapel at Senghenydd, Glam.

A chapel in the Italian Renaissance style is being built at Birchcliffe. It will seat 1,000, and with the site will cost £10,000, of which £1,000 is in hand. On the slope at the side will be built a lecture room.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A new church has been formed at Stevenage in connection with Hitchin Church; services are held in the Lyric Hall. For some time the pulpit will be supplied from Regent's Park College.

Mr. Thomas Noel Honeybond, a member of the Voluntary Preachers' Union of West Midland Association, has accepted an invitation from Zion Church, Birmingham (the cause with which Rev. Arthur O'Neill was connected until his death), to conduct services for three months.

Mr. Sidney W. Ennals, of Regent's Park College, has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for work in China, but scarcity of funds prevents him being sent out until a vacancy occurs. He has in the meantime accepted the pastorate of the church in Queenstown, Cape Colony.

Mr. Herbert F. Chipperfield, a deacon of Mount Pleasant Church, Northampton, has accepted the pastorate at Stantonbury. At a service presided over by Rev. J. T. Brown, the charge to the pastor was given by Rev. W. E. Goodman, and that to the church by Rev. S. Cheshire. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Frank Smythe, Messrs. R. Cleaver, J. P., and A. P. Hawtin.

CANADA.—The Baptist Year Book of the Maritime Provinces of Canada reports 474 churches, with 50,424 members, to which were added 2,342 new members by baptism during the year. There are 580 Sunday-schools with 28,914 pupils, and 7,391 enrolled adults. "The churches of the Maritime Province are," says the *Boston Watchman*, "divided as follows: Nova Scotia, 211 churches, with 29,230 members; New Brunswick, 176 churches, with 18,872 members; Prince Edward Island, 27 churches, with 2,322 members. The largest number of baptisms was in Nova Scotia, 1,514; New Brunswick,

690; Prince Edward Island, 120. In 1895 there were in all the provinces 2,729 baptisms; in 1896, 2,580; in 1897, 2,324.

BAPTISMS.

- Attleborough*, Warwickshire.—December 5, One, by W. Satchwell.
- Aberdeen*, Academy-street.—January 2, Four, by A. S. Rigg.
- Bildeston*, Suffolk.—January 2, Two, by E. T. Beecten.
- Bradfield*, Suffolk.—January 2, Two, by W. Dixon.
- Burslem Tabernacle*.—December 26, Three, by R. A. Burrows.
- Braintree*, Essex.—December 12, Two, by A. Curtis.
- Bratton*, Wilts.—December 26, Two, by W. Fry.
- Cheltenham*: Cambray. — December 26, Seven by A. B. Phillips.
- Devonport*: Morice square.—December 26, Four, by A. A. Harnier.
- Derby*: Junction-street.—December 19, Five, by P. A. Hodgell.
- Dundee*: Ward-road.—December 12, Three, by D. Clark.
- Devonport*, Pembroke-street. — January 2, Three, by G. H. F. Jackman.
- Elland Edge*.—December 31, One, by T. R. Lewis.
- Huddersfield*. Lockwood.— December 29, Eight.
- Glasgow*: Springburn.—January 2, One, by J. Horne.
- Glasgow*: Cambridge-street.—December 8, Seven by E. Last.
- Gravel*, Radnorshire.—December 5, Five, by W. D. Young.
- Hail Weston*, Hunts.— December 19, One, by W. E. Davies.
- Huddersfield*: Primrose Hill.—December 12, Four, by W. J. Dyer.
- Hull*: Beverley-road.—December 19, Five, by J. S. Griffiths.
- Heywood*: Rochdale-road.—December 26, Two, by J. Dunckly.
- Kegworth*.— December 19, Nine, by T. Adamson.
- Liverpool*: Old Swan.—December 12, Three, by E. Walter.
- Leeds*: Armley.— December 12, Three, by W. Sumner.
- Leamington Spa*: Clarendon-street. — December 30, Six, by F. Johnson.
- Leeds*, Burley-road.—December 26, Six, by F. W. Walter.
- Leamington Spa*: Warwick-street. — December 26, Four, by A. Phillips.
- Manchester*: Coupland-street.— December 28, Four, by C. H. Watkins.

Maesteg: Zion.—December 1 Three, by W. Harries.
Nantymoel: Horeb (English).—December 12, Six, by T. D. Matthias.
Netherfield, Nottingham.—January 2, Four, by A. Gibson.
Narberth.—December 19, Ten, by J. A. Thomas.
Newark-on-Trent.—December 19, Five, by E. B. Shepherd.
Oldham: Pitt-street.—December 26, Two by W. Hughes.
Paignton.—December 19, Two, by W. F. Price.
Pole Moor, near Huddersfield.—January 2, One, by T. Iles.
Risca, Mon., Betbany.—January 2, Two, by T. Thomas.
Rochdale: Milnrow-road.—December 26, Two, by D. O. Davies.
Rugby.—December 26, Two, by J. Young.
Sheffield: Cemetery-road.—December 27, Five, by E. Carrington.
Stockton-on-Tees: Wellington-street.—December 22, Nine, by F. J. Feltham.
Sunderland: Enon.—December 26, Three, by G. Wilson.
Sittingbourne Tabernacle.—December 26, Four, by J. Doubleday.

Statham.—December Six, by B. V. Bird. A.T.S.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—December 29, Fourteen, by E. F. Blackaby.
Velindoe, Radnorshire.—January 2, Four, by W. G. Mansfield.

LONDON DISTRICT.

Clapham, Grafton-square.—December 26, Eleven, by T. Hanger.
East Plumstead.—January 9, Four, by J. Seeley.
Blackheath, Shooter's Hill-road.—December 19, Ten, by W. L. Mackenzie.
Porter's Bar, N.—December 15, Two, by J. Dupr e.
Iliderton-road, South Bermondey.—December 15, Five, by E. Howe.
Penge Tabernacle.—December 29, Three, by J. W. Bond.
Slough.—January 4, Five, by S. Cousins.
Vicarage-road, Leyton.—December 26, Six, by G. T. Bailey.
Wandsworth-road.—December 26, Twelve, by E. Henderson.

THE PUBLICAN AND THE PHARISEE.

"SEE," said an Evangelist to a penitent who was slow in taking comfort, "see how even a publican was accepted when he cried for mercy." "Ah," said the other, "but I have been a greater sinner than a publican; I have been a Pharisee." "Well," was the answer, "since God was so glad to hear a publican say, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner!' how glad would he be to hear a Pharisee say so?"

DYING WORDS.

A PAST number of the *Quarterly Review* has a curious article on the dying moments of distinguished characters. The case of Cardinal Wolsey is well known. The morning before he died, he asked Cavendish the hour, and was answered past eight. "Eight of the clock," replied Wolsey, "that cannot be—eight of the clock;—nay, nay, it cannot be eight; for by eight of the clock shall you lose your master." The day he miscalculated—the hour came true. On the following morning as the clock struck eight his troubled spirit passed from life. Boerhaave lay feeling his pulse till some new published work which he wished to read had arrived. He read it, and exclaiming that the business of life was past, died. Miss Linley died singing, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Napoleon fought some battle over again, and the last words he uttered were *t te d'arm e*. Lord Tenterden, who passed straight from the judgment-seat to his death bed, fancied himself still presiding at trial, and expired with, "*Gentlemen of the Jury, you will now consider your verdict.*" Dr. Adam, the author of the "*Roman Antiquities*," imagined himself in school, distributing praise and censure among his pupils: "*But it grows dark*," he said, "*the boys may dismiss*," and instantly died.

Spiritual Peace.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

“Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.”—John xiv. 27.

OUR Lord was now about to die, to depart from this world, and to ascend to his Father; he therefore makes his will; and this is the blessed legacy which he leaves to the faithful—“Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.”

We may rest well assured that this testament of our Lord Jesus Christ is valid. You have here his own signature; it is signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of the eleven apostles, who are faithful and true witnesses. 'Tis true a testament is not in force while the testator liveth, but Jesus Christ has died once for all; and now none can dispute his legacy. The will is in force, because the testator has died. It may, however, sometimes happen that a testator's wishes in a will may be disregarded, and *he*, powerless beneath the sod, is quite unable to rise and demand that his last will should be carried out. But our Lord Jesus Christ who died, and therefore made his will valid, rose again, and now he lives to see every stipulation of it carried out; and this blessed codicil, “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you,” is sure to all the blood-bought seed. Peace is theirs, and must be theirs, because he died and put the will in force, and lives to see the will fulfilled.

The donation, the blessed legacy which our Lord has here left, is *his peace*. This might be considered as being peace with all the creatures. God has made a league of peace between his people and the whole universe. “For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field: and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee.” “All things work together for good to them that love God.” Providence that was once estranged, and seemed to work counter to our welfare, has now become at peace with us. The wheels revolve in happy order, and bear us blessings as often as they turn. The words of our Lord may also refer to the peace which exists among the people of God toward one another. There is a peace of God which reigns in our hearts through Jesus Christ, by which we are bound in closest ties of unity and concord to every other child of God whom we may meet with in our pilgrimage here below. Leaving, however, these two sorts of peace, which I believe to be comprehended in the legacy, let us proceed to consider two kinds of peace, which in our experience resolve themselves into one, and which are surely the richest part of this benediction. Our Saviour here means peace *with God*, and with *our own conscience*. There is first, peace with God, for he “hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ”; he hath put away the wall which separated us from Jehovah, and now there is “peace on earth,”

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and "goodwill toward men." When sin is put away, God has no cause of warfare against his creatures: Christ has put *our* sins away, and therefore there is a virtual substantial peace established between God and our souls. This, however, might exist without our clearly understanding and rejoicing in it. Christ has therefore left us peace in the conscience. Peace with God is the treaty; peace in the conscience is the publication of it. Peace with God is the fountain, and peace with conscience is the crystal stream which issues from it. There is a peace decreed in the court of divine justice in heaven; and then there follows, as a necessary consequence, as soon as the news is known, a peace in the minor court of human judgment, wherein conscience sits upon the throne to judge us according to our works.

The legacy, then, of Christ is a twofold peace: a peace of friendship, of agreement, of love, of everlasting union between the elect and God. It is next a peace of sweet enjoyment, of quiet rest of the understanding and the conscience. When there are no winds above, there will be no tempests below. When heaven is serene, earth is quiet. Conscience reflects the complacency of God. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, by whom also we have received the atonement.

I propose this morning, if God the Holy Spirit shall graciously assist, to speak of this peace thus:—first, its *secret ground-work*; then its *noble nature*; thirdly, its *blessed effects*; fourthly, its *interruptions and means of maintenance*; and then I shall close by some words of *solemn warning* to those of you who have never enjoyed peace with God, and consequently never have had true peace with yourselves.

I. First, then, THE PEACE WHICH A TRUE CHRISTIAN ENJOYS WITH GOD AND HIS CONSCIENCE HAS A SOLID GROUNDWORK TO REST UPON. It is not built upon a pleasing fiction of his imagination, a delusive dream of his ignorance; but it is built on facts, on positive truths, on essential verities; it is founded upon a rock, and though the rains descend and the winds blow, and the floods beat upon that house, it shall not fall, because its foundation is secure. When a man hath *faith in the blood of Christ* there is but little wonder that he hath peace, for indeed, he is fully warranted in enjoying the most profound calm which mortal heart can know. For thus he reasons with himself: "God hath said, "He that believeth is justified from all things;" and, moreover, that "he that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ *shall be saved.*" Now, my faith is unfeignedly fixed in the great substitutionary sacrifice of Christ, therefore I am now justified from all things, and stand accepted in Christ as a believer. The necessary consequence of that is, that he possesses peace of mind. If God has punished Christ in my stead, he will not punish me again. "Being once purged I have no more conscience of sin." Under the Jewish ceremonial, mention was made of sin every year; the atoning lamb must be slaughtered a thousand times, but "this man, having made one atonement for sins, for ever sat down at the right hand of the majesty in the heavens." How, I ask, can that man tremble who believes himself forgiven? It were strange, indeed, if his faith did not breathe a holy calm into his bosom.

Again, the child of God receives his peace from another golden pipe, for a sense of pardon has been shed abroad in his soul. He not only believes his forgiveness from the testimony of God, but he has a sense of pardon. Do any of you know what this is? It is something more than a belief in Christ; it is the cream of faith, the full ripe fruit of believing, it is a high and special privilege which God gives after faith. If I have not that sense of pardon I am still bound to believe, and then, believing, I shall by and by advance to the seeing of that which I believed and hoped for. The Holy Spirit sometimes sheds abroad in the believer a consciousness that he is forgiven. By mysterious agency he fills the soul with the light of glory. If all the false witnesses on earth should rise up and tell the man at that time that God is not reconciled to him, and that his sins remain unforgiven, he would be able to laugh them to scorn; for, saith he, "the love of God is shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Spirit." He feels that he is reconciled to God. He has come from faith up to enjoyment, and every power of his soul feels the divine dew as it gently distils from heaven. The understanding feels it, it is enlightened; the will feels it, it is subjected to the will of God; the heart feels it; it is fired with holy love; the hope feels it, for it looks forward to the day when the whole man shall be made like its covenant head Jesus Christ. Every flower in the garden of humanity feels the sweet south wind of the Spirit, as it blows upon it, and causes the sweet spices to send forth their perfume. What wonder, then, that man has peace with God when the Holy Ghost becomes a royal tenant of the heart, with all his glorious train of blessings? Ah! poor tried soul, what peace and joy unspeakable would reign in your soul if you did but believe on Christ? "Yes," say you, "but I want God to manifest to me that I am forgiven." Poor soul, he will not do that at once; he bids you believe Christ *first*, and then he will make manifest to you the pardon of your sin. It is by faith we are saved, not by enjoyment; but when I believe Christ, and take him at his word, even when my feelings seem to contradict my faith, then, as a gracious reward, he will honour my faith by giving me to feel that which I once believed when I did not feel it.

The believer also enjoys, in favoured seasons, such an intimacy with *he Lord Jesus Christ*, that he cannot but be at peace. Oh! there are sweet words which Christ whispers in the ears of his people, and there are love-visits which he pays to them, which a man would not believe even though it should be told unto him. Ye must know for yourselves what it is to have fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. There is such a thing as Christ manifesting himself to us as he does not unto the world. All black and frightful thoughts are banished. "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine." This is the one all-absorbing feeling of the spirit. And what wonder is it, that the believer has peace when Christ thus dwells in his heart, and reigns there without a rival, so that he knows no man, save Jesus only. It were a miracle of miracles if we did not have peace; and the strangest thing in Christian experience is that our peace is not more continued, and the only explanation of our misery is, that our communion is broken, that our fellowship is marred, else would our peace be like a river, and our righteousness like the waves of the sea.

That venerable man of God, Joseph Irons, who but a little while ago ascended to our Father in heaven, says, "What wonder that a Christian man has peace when he carries the title-deeds of heaven in his bosom!" This is another solid groundwork of confidence. We know that heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people, and the Christian can sometimes cry with the apostles, "Thanks be unto the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." Feeling that God has given him the meetness, he discovers that this preparation is a warrant for the hope that he shall enter into the dwelling-place of the glorified. He can lift his eye above, and say, "Yon bright world is mine, my entailed inheritance; life keeps me from it, but death shall bring me to it; my sins cannot destroy the heaven-written indentures; heaven is mine; Satan himself cannot shut me out of it. I must, I shall be where Jesus is, for after him my spirit longs, and to him my soul is knit." Oh, brethren, it is not a marvel when all is blest within, and all is calm above, that justified men possess "a peace with God which passeth all understanding."

You will perhaps be saying, well, but the Christian has troubles like other men—losses in business, deaths in his family, and sickness of body! Yes, but he has another groundwork for his peace—an assurance of the faithfulness and covenant fidelity of his God and Father. He believes that God is a faithful God—that whom he hath loved he will not cast away. All the dark providences to him are but blessings in disguise. When his cup is bitter, he believes that it is mixed by love, and it must all end well, for God secures the ultimate result. Therefore, come foul, come fair, come all weathers, his soul shelters itself beneath the twin wings of the faithfulness and power of his Covenant God. The sanctified spirit is so resigned to his Father's will that he will not murmur. To him, as Madame Guyon was wont to say,—“It is equal, whether love ordain his life or death appoint him weal or woe.” He is content to take just what his Father sends him, knowing that his Father understands him better than he understands himself. He gives up the helm of his ship to the hand of a gracious God; and he, himself, is enabled to fall asleep softly in the cabin; he believes that his Captain hath power over winds and waves; and when he sometimes feels his ship rocking in the storm, he cries with Herbert—

“Though winds and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it; he doth steer,
Even when the bark seems most to reel.
Storms are the triumph of his art;
Sure he may hide his face, but not his heart.”

No wonder, then, that he has peace, when he can feel this, and know that he who hath begun the good work, has both the will and the power to perfect it, unto the day of Christ.

II. Having hurriedly unveiled the secret groundwork of the Christian's peace, we must dwell for a few minutes upon its NOBLE CHARACTER.

The peace of other men is ignoble and base. Their peace is born

in the purlieus of sin. Self-conceit and ignorance are its parents. The man knows not what he is, and therefore thinks himself to be something—when he is nothing. He says—"I am rich and increased in goods," while he is naked, and poor, and miserable. Not such is the birth of the Christian's peace. *That* is born of the Spirit. It is a peace which God the Father gives, for he is the God of all peace; it is a peace which Jesus Christ bought, for he has made peace with his blood, and he is our peace; and it is a peace which the Holy Spirit works—he is its author and its founder in the soul.

Our peace, then, is God's own child, and God-like is its character. His Spirit is its sire, and it is like its Father. It is "*my peace*," saith Christ! not man's peace; but the unruffled, calm, the profound peace of the Eternal Son of God. Oh, if we had but this one thing within our bosoms, this divine peace, a Christian were a glorious thing indeed; and even now kings and mighty men of this world are as nothing when once compared with the Christian; for he wears a jewel in his bosom which all the world could not buy, a jewel fashioned from old eternity and ordained by sovereign grace to be the high boon, the right royal inheritance of the chosen sons of God.

This peace, then, is divine in its origin; and it is also *divine in its nourishment*. It is a peace which the world cannot give; and it cannot contribute towards its maintenance. The daintiest morsels that ever carnal sense fed upon, would be bitter to the mouth of this sweet peace. Ye may bring your much fine corn, your sweet wine, and your flowing oil; your dainties tempt us not, for this peace feeds upon angels' food, and it cannot relish any food that grows on earth. If you should give a Christian ten times as much riches as he has, you would not cause him ten times as much peace; but probably, ten times more distress; you might magnify him in honour, or strengthen him with health; yet, neither would his honour or his health contribute to his peace; for that peace flows from a divine source; and there are no tributary streams from the hills of earth to feed that divine current; the stream flows from the throne of God, and by God alone is it sustained.

It is, then, a peace divinely born and divinely nourished. And let me again remark, it is *a peace that lives above circumstances*. The world has tried hard to put an end to the Christian's peace, and it has never been able to accomplish it. I remember, in my early childhood, having heard an old man utter in prayer, a saying which stuck by me—"O Lord, give unto thy servants that peace which the world can neither give nor take away." Ah! the whole might of our enemies cannot take it away. Poverty cannot destroy it; the Christian in his rags can have peace with God. Sickness cannot mar it; lying on his bed, the saint is joyful in the midst of the fires. Persecution cannot ruin it, for persecution cannot separate the believer from Christ, and while he is one with Christ his soul is full of peace. "Put your hand here," said the martyr to his executioner, when he was led to the stake, "put your hand here, and now put your hand on your own heart, and feel which beats the hardest, and which is the most troubled." Strangely was the executioner struck with awe, when he found the Christian man as calm as though he were going to a wedding.

feast, while he himself was all agitation at having to perform so desperate a deed. Oh, world! we defy thee to rob us of our peace. We did not get it of thee, and thou canst not rend it from us. It is set as a seal upon our arm; it is strong as death and invincible as the grave. Thy stream, O Jordan, cannot drown it, black and deep though thy depths may be; in the midst of thy tremendous billows our soul is confident, and resteth still on him that loved us, and gave himself for us. Frequently have I had to remark, that Christians placed in the most unfavourable circumstances are, as a rule, better Christians than those who are placed in propitious positions. In the midst of a very large church of persons in all ranks, with the condition of most of whom I am as thoroughly conversant as man can well be, I have observed that the women who come from houses where they have ungodly husbands, and trying children—that the young people who come from workshops where they are opposed and laughed at—that the people who come from the depths of poverty, from the dens and kens of our city, are the brightest jewels that are set in the crown of the church. It seems as if God would defeat nature—not only make the hyssop grow on the wall, but make the cedar grow there too—he finds his brightest pearls in the darkest waters, and brings up his most precious jewels from the filthiest dung hills.

“ Wonders of grace to God belong.
Repeat his mercies in your song.”

And this I have found too, that often the more disturbed a Christian man is, the purer is his peace; the heavier the rolling swell of his griefs and sorrows, the more still, and calm, and profound is the peace that reigns within his heart. So then, it is peace divinely born, divinely nourished, and one which is quite above the influence of this poor whirling world.

Further, I must remark briefly upon the nature of this peace, that it is *profound and real*. “The peace of God,” saith an apostle, “that passeth all understanding. This peace not only fills all the senses to the brim, till every power is satiated with delight, but the understanding which can take in the whole world, and understand many things which are not within the range of vision, even the understanding cannot take in the length and the breadth of this peace. And not only will the understanding fail to compass it, but *all* understanding is *outdone*. When our judgment hath exerted itself to the utmost, it cannot comprehend the heights and depths of this profound peace. Have you ever imagined what must be the stillness of the caverns in the depth of the seas, a thousand fathoms beneath the bosom of the floods, where the mariners’ bones lie undisturbed, where the pearls are born, and corals that never see the light, where the long lost gold and silver of the merchants lie sprinkled on the sandy floor—down in the rock caves, and the silent palaces of darkness where the waves dash not, and the intruding foot of the diver hath never trodden? So clear, so calm is the peace of God, the placid rest of the assured believer. Or lift up your eyes to the stars. Have you never dreamed a sweet dream of the quietude of these noiseless orbs? Let us mount beyond the realm of noise and riot, let us tread the noiseless highway of the silent orbs. The thunders are far below us, the confused

tumult of the crowd defiles not the sanctity of this wondrous quiet. See how the stars sleep on their golden couches, or only open their bright eyes to keep watch upon that stormless sea of ether, and guard the solemn boundaries of the reign of peace. Such is the peace and calm that reigns in the Christian's bosom. "Sweet calm," one calls it; "perfect peace," David calls it; another one calls it "great peace." "Great peace have all they that love the law, and nothing shall offend them." Last year—I tell you now a secret of my own heart—I had one text which thrust itself upon my recollection many times a day. I dreamed of it when I slept: when I awoke it went with me, and I verified it, and rejoiced in it; "His soul shall dwell at ease." It is my promise now. There is such an *ease*—quite consistent with labour, with agony for the souls of men, with an earnest desire for yet greater attainments in divine life; there is such an ease—it is not to be gained by all the appliances of luxury, by all the aggrandisement of wealth—an ease in which "not a wave of trouble rolls across the peaceful breast," but all is calm and all is clear, and all is joy and love. May we evermore dwell in that serene atmosphere, and never lose our hold of this peace.

Lest there should be any of you who do not understand what I have said, I will try and say it over again briefly and in example. Do you see that man? He has been taken up before a cruel tribunal; he is condemned to die. The hour draws nigh: he is taken to prison, and placed there with two soldiers to guard him, and four quarternions of soldiers outside the door. The night comes on: he lies down, but in how uncomfortable a position! Chained between two soldiers! He lies down and he falls asleep—not the sleep of the guilty criminal, whose very sense of dread makes his eyelids heavy, but a calm sleep which is given by God, and which ends in an angelic vision, by which he is delivered. Peter sleeps, when the death sentence is above his head, and the sword is ready to penetrate his soul. See you another picture? There are Paul and Silas yonder: they have been preaching, and their feet are thrust in the stocks for it. They will die on the morrow; but in the midnight they sing praises unto God, and the prisoners hear them. One would have thought in such a loathsome dungeon as that, they would have groaned and moaned all night long, or that at best they might have slept; but no, they sang praises to God, and the prisoners heard them. There is the peace—the calm, the quietude of the heir of heaven. I might give you another picture—of our ancient Nonconformists, in the days of that most persecuting Queen Elizabeth. She cast into prison, among very many others, two of our forefathers, of the name of Greenwood and Barrow. They were caused to lie in that loathsome and stinking dungeon—the Clink Prison—shut in one huge room with maniacs, murderers, felons, and the like, compelled to listen to their frightful conversation. One day there came a warrant that they must die. The two men were led out, and tied to the cart, and were about to be taken away to death; but they were no sooner outside the gate than a messenger rode up. The Queen had sent a reprieve. They were taken back; calmly and quietly they returned to their prison, and the next day they were taken to Newgate, and, just as suddenly, there came a second mess-

enger, to say they must be taken away to Tyburn to die. They were again tied to the cart; they ascended the scaffold; the ropes were put round their necks, and they were allowed to stand in that position and address the assembled multitude, and bear witness to the liberty of Christ's church, and to the right of private judgment among men. They concluded their speech, and a second time that wretched Queen sent them a reprieve, and they were taken back a second time to the dungeon, and there lay in Newgate, but only for a few days more, and then a third time they were taken out, and this time they were hanged in reality; but they went as cheerfully to the scaffold on each occasion as men go to their beds, and seemed as joyous as though they were going to a crown rather than to a halter. Such specimens all the churches of Christ can show. Wherever there has been a true Christian, the world has tried its best to put out his peace; but it is a peace that can never be quenched—it *will* live on, what halter about its neck, with the hot pincers tearing away its flesh, with the sword in its very bones; it will live, till, mounting from the burning bush of earth, this bird of paradise shall wear its glittering plumage in the midst of the garden of paradise.

III. Having detained you longer on this point than I thought I should do, I hasten to the third point, THE EFFECTS OF THIS DIVINE PEACE.

The blessed effects of this divine peace are, first of all, *joy*. You will notice that the words "joy" and "peace" are continually put together; for joy without peace were an unhallowed and an unhappy joy—the crackling of thorns under a pot, unsound, mere flames of joy, but not the red glowing coals of bliss. Now, divine peace gives joy to the Christian; and *such* joy! Have you ever seen the first gleam of joy when it has come into the eye of the penitent? It has been my happy lot to pray with many a convinced sinner, to witness the deep agony of spirit, and deeply to sympathise with the poor creature in his trouble for sin. I have prayed and have exhorted to faith, and I have seen that flash of joy, when at last the hopeful word was spoken, "I do believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart." Oh! that look of joy! It is as if the gates of heaven had been opened for a moment, and some flash of glory had blazed upon the eye and had been reflected therefrom. I remember my own joy, when I first had peace with God. I thought I could dance all the way home. I could understand what John Bunyan said, when he declared he wanted to tell the crows on the ploughed land all about it. He was to fall to hold, he felt he must tell some one. Oh! there was joy in the household that day, when all heard that the eldest son had found a Saviour and knew himself to be forgiven—bliss compared with which all earth's joys are less than nothing and vanity. As the counterfeit to the real coin, so are the base joys of earth to the real joy which springs from peace with God. Young man! Young woman! if you could have a bliss such as you never knew before, you must be reconciled to God through the blood of Christ; for till then, real joy and lasting pleasure you can never know.

The first effect of this peace, then, is joy. Then follows another—*love*. He that is at peace with God through the blood of Christ is

constrained to love him that died for him. "Precious Jesus!" he cries, "help me to serve thee! Take me as I am, and make me fit for something. Use me in thy cause; send me to the farthest part of the green earth, if thou wilt, to tell to sinners the way of salvation. will cheerfully go, for my peace fans the flame of love, that all that I am and all I have shall be, *must be*, for ever thine."

Then next, there comes an anxiety after *holiness*. He that is at peace with God does not wish to go into sin, for he is careful lest he should lose that peace. He is like a woman that has escaped from a burning house; he is afraid of every candle afterwards, lest he should come again into the like danger. He walks humbly with his God. Constrained by grace, this sweet fruit of the Spirit, peace, leads him to endeavour to keep all the commandments of God, and to serve his Lord with all his might.

Then again, this peace will *help us to bear affliction*. Paul describes it as a shoe. As he says, "Your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of *peace*." It enables us to tread on the sharpest flints of sorrow, yea, on adders, and on serpents also; it gives us power to walk over the briars of this world, and our feet are not wounded; we tread the fires, and we are not burned. This divine shoe of peace makes us walk without weariness, and run without fainting. I can do all things when my soul is at peace with God. There are no sufferings that shall move my soul to pain, no terrors that shall blanch my cheek, there are no wounds that shall compel me to an ignominious fear when my spirit is at peace with God. It makes a man a giant—swells the dwarf to a Goliath size. He becomes mightiest of the mighty; and while the weaklings creep about this little earth, bowed down to the very dust, he strides it like a Colossus. God has made him great and mighty, because he has filled his soul with peace, and with overflowing joy.

More might I tell you of the blessed effects of this peace; but I shall be content, after I have simply noticed that this peace gives *boldness at the throne*, and access to a Father's mercy-seat. We feel we are reconciled, and therefore we stand no longer at a distance, but we come up to him, even to his knees, we spread our wants before him, plead our cause, and rest satisfied of success, because there is no enmity in our Father's heart to us, and none in ours to him. We are one with God, and he is one with us, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

IV. And now I have a practical duty to perform, and with this I shall close, after having said a few words to those who know nothing of this peace. The practical remarks I have to make are upon the subject of **INTERRUPTIONS OF PEACE**.

All Christians have a right to perfect peace, but they have not all the possession of it. There are times when gloomy doubts prevail, and we fear to say that God is ours. We lose a consciousness of pardon, and we grope in the noonday as in the night. How is this? I think these interruptions may be owing to one of four causes.

Sometimes they are due to *the ferocious temptations of Satan*. There are periods when, with unexampled cruelty, Satan assaults the children of God. It is not to be expected that they will maintain perfect peace while they are fighting with Apollyon. When poor Christian was

wounded in his head, and in his hands, and in his feet, no wonder that he did groan exceedingly, and as Bunyan hath it, "I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then, indeed, he did smile, and look upward; but it was the dreadfullest fight that ever I saw." Mark, there is no such thing as a disturbance of the reality of the peace between God and the soul; for God is always at peace with those who are reconciled to him by Christ; but there is a disturbance of the enjoyment of that peace, and that is often affected by the howlings of that great dog of hell. He comes against us with all his might, with his mouth open ready to swallow us up quick, and were it not for divine mercy he would do so. It is but little marvel that sometimes our peace is affected when Satan is fierce in his temptations.

At another time a want of peace may arise from *ignorance*. I do not wonder that a man who believes Arminian doctrine, for instance, has little peace. There is nothing in the doctrine to give him any. It is a bone without marrow; It is a religion that seems to me to be cold, sapless, marrowless, fruitless—bitter and not sweet. There is nothing about but the whip of the law; there are no grand certainties—no glorious facts of covenant love, of discriminating grace, of Almighty faithfulness, and suretyship engagements. I will never quarrel with the man that can live on such stones and scorpions as conditional election, haphazard redemption, questionable perseverance, and unavailing regeneration. There may be some, I suppose, who can live on this dry meat. If they can live on it be it so; but I believe many of our doubts and fears arise from doctrinal ignorance. You have not, perhaps, a clear view of that covenant made between the Father and his glorious Son, Jesus Christ; you do not know how to spell the word "gospel" without mixing up the word "law" in it. Perhaps you have not learned fully to look out of self to Christ for everything. You do not know how to distinguish between sanctification, which varies, and justification which is permanent. Many believers have not come to discern between the work of the Spirit and the work of the Son; and what marvel, if ye are ignorant, that ye sometimes lack peace? Learn more of that precious Book, and your peace shall be more continual.

Then again, this peace is usually marred by *sin*. God hides his face behind the clouds of dust which his own flock make as they travel along the road of this world. We sin, and then we sorrow for it. God still loves his child, even when he sins; but he will not let the child know it. That child's name is in the family register; but the Father clasps up the book, and will not let him read it till he thoroughly repents again, and comes back once more to Jesus Christ. If you can have peace, and yet live in sin, mark this, you are unrenewed. If you can live in iniquity, and yet have the peace in your conscience, your conscience is seared and dead. But the Christian man, when he sins, begins to smart; if not the very moment he falls, it is not long before his Father's rod is on his back, and he begins to cry,

"Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his Word?"

Once more : our peace may be interrupted also by *unbelief*. Indeed, this is the sharpest knife of the four, and will most readily cut the golden thread of our enjoyments.

And now, if ye would maintain unbroken peace, take advice from God's minister this morning, young though he be in years. Take advice, which he can warrant to be good, for it is Scriptural. If ye would keep your peace continual and unbroken, look always to the sacrifice of Christ; never permit your eye to turn to anything but Jesus. When thou repentest, my hearer, still keep thine eye on the cross; when thou labourest, labour in the strength of the Crucified One. Everything thou doest, whether it be self-examination, fasting, meditation, or prayer, do all under the shadow of Jesus' cross; or otherwise, live as thou wilt, thy peace will be but a sorry thing; thou shalt be full of disquiet and of sore trouble. Live near the cross and your peace shall be continual.

Another piece of advice. Walk humbly with your God. Peace is a jewel; God puts it on your finger; be proud of it, and he will take it off again, Peace is a noble garment; boast of your dress, and God will take it away from you. Remember the hole of the pit whence you were digged, and the quarry of nature whence you were hewn; and when you have the bright crown of peace on your head, remember your black feet; nay, even when that crown is there, cover it and your face still with those two wings, the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. In this way shall your peace be maintained.

And again, walk in holiness, avoid every appearance of evil. "Be not conformed to this world." Stand up for truth and rectitude. Suffer not the maxims of men to sway your judgment. Seek the Holy Spirit that you may live like Christ, and live near to Christ, and your peace shall not be interrupted.

As for those of you who have never had peace with God, I can entertain but one sentiment towards you, namely, that of pity. Poor souls! poor souls! poor souls! that never knew the peace which Jesus Christ gives to his people. And my pity is all the more needed, because you do pity yourselves. Ah! souls, the day is coming when that God to whom you are now an enemy, shall stare you in the face. You *must* see him; and he is a "consuming fire." You must look into that blazing furnace, and sink, and despair, and die. Die, did I say? Worse than that. You must be cast into the pit of damnation, where dying were a boon that can never be granted. Oh! may God give you peace through his Son! If you are now convinced of sin, the exhortation is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." Just as thou art, thou art bidden to put thy trust in him that did die upon the tree; and if thou doest this, thy sins shall all be forgiven now, and thou shalt have peace with God; and, ere long, thou shalt know it in thine own conscience and rejoice. Oh! seek this peace and pursue it; and above all, seek the Peace-maker, Christ Jesus, and you shall be saved. God bless you for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"I MOURN but do not murmur," was the chastened expression of a Christian lady in the midst of deep distress and painful bereavement.

The Rev. Stephen Small's Temptations ; OR, THE STORY OF A BAPTIST PERVERT.

CHAPTER III.—TURNED ASIDE.

THE incident that served to bring Stephen Small to his senses can be briefly told. It was his habit to visit his members in both villages, and specially to pay attention to those who were laid upon beds of affliction. Among these was a poor woman who had not only been for many years a widow, but who was afflicted with that most painful disease—cancer in the throat. For twelve months she could take little else but slops, and during a good part of that time she was confined to her bed. So poverty stricken too was she, that she thought more of a penny than most people do of a shilling, and was glad to eke out a livelihood in any way that she and an only daughter that waited upon her could devise, and was specially thankful for the contributions, however meagre, of her poor neighbours, who practically sympathised with her in her prolonged sufferings. Once, when visiting her, he consoled with her and wondered how she could endure so much pain so long, and yet appear to enjoy the spirit of resignation. Then the secret came out. Looking at him, with her sweet face—a face that betokened the peace that possessed her soul—she said :

“Do you wonder, Mr. Small ? Why should you ? Is there not a God who is above us all ?”

That thought took possession of the minister's mind. It was just what in substance he had been preaching ever since he had occupied the pulpit, and yet, when dire adversity came home to him, he seemed ready to forget that over-ruling power which was this poor creature's comfort, and from which she drew consolation in the agonising hours of day and the wakeful hours of wearisome nights. What the Lord meant by so suddenly blasting his prospective nuptial happiness he could not understand, but that He was “above it all” was unquestionable. Why then did he not draw from the same source the consolation that this tried Christian woman did in her long, deep, painful trial. Thoroughly ashamed of himself, he felt that she had taught him a lesson that deserved to be stored up in his mind. Yes ; what she said was true. “God was above us all,” and in that sweet thought he must strive to rest. That He had some good, wise, and gracious purpose in view in thus calling his loved one away there could be no doubt, and if so, however great might be the darkness of the present, he might rest assured that in the future the true light would shine.

Thus delivered from atheistic doubts and rebellious feeling, for two years Stephen Small remained in his lodgings and did a

good work, not only in the villages over which he was pastor, but in other districts in which his services were required. But now came a greater temptation than any to which he had hitherto been subjected, and it came in a form that none would have expected. In a town in which he had been called upon to serve as a representative of the Association to which he belonged, it was his lot to be located for two or three days at the house of a Churchman who had a daughter in whom he became interested. Though strict church people, his hosts were not beyond taking in a representative of another denomination when beds and board were required. The secretary had made application to the members of various denominations to accommodate the delegates, and thus Mr. Small became the guest of Mr. Green. But Mr. Small had not been in the house one evening before he found out that Episcopalian principles permeated every member of the household. Though charitable enough to board a Dissenter, they had no particular liking for Nonconformity in any shape, and Miss Green was as strong in this matter as any other member of the family. Still, strange to say they "took to each other," with the result that on a subsequent visit to this town, when preaching for a brother minister, he ventured to call upon her, got her to take a walk with him, and finally became engaged to her. I have packed this bit of news in a sentence simply because it is on what followed that I wish to dwell upon more in detail. Mr. Green, being blessed with half-a-dozen daughters, was not sorry to hear of the betrothment of his eldest one, even to a dissenting min-

ister, though he sincerely declared privately to a church friend that had such an offer been made, he would have preferred handing her over to a curate with good prospects in the established church. But one thing he stuck to, and from this decision he could not be shaken. He solemnly affirmed that if his daughter was married to Mr. Small she should be married at church, and if Mr. Small had not love enough for her to agree to that he might look elsewhere for a wife, and find one where he could. A conversation held by the suitor with Miss Green showed clearly that she endorsed her father's views on this subject, and nothing that Mr. Small could say served to alter her mind on the matter. Having conscientious scruples on this point, she declared that if she was married to Mr. Small it must be at their parish church: or a spinster still she would remain.

Now, to do Mr. Small justice, this decision went very much against his grain. He had a shrewd idea of what might follow. Not only would he act against his Nonconformist creed and set a bad example to his flock, but he would be accused of inconsistency, inasmuch as when one of his members had once done such a thing he had publicly condemned it, and got into hot water in consequence. And now what would happen if he did the same thing himself? He would be condemned on all hands, and no family would triumph more than the one that had been the subject of his severe castigation. But, alas! for fallen human nature, sad to relate, love triumphed over principle, and the Nonconformist inhabitants of Harefield and Mickleton were perfectly

astounded when one Saturday they read in their weekly paper that their minister had actually been united in the bonds of matrimony at the Parish Church of Grindmill, in the town of Starkley, to Miss Emma Green, the eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Green, builder, and churchwarden of the said church. Had Mr. Small heard all the various comments that were made on his extraordinary proceeding, he would not by any means have been flattered. Suffice it, however, to say that by epistolary correspondence, he heard enough to justify him in sending in his resignation as pastor forthwith, which, to his surprise and indignation, was accepted at the first church meeting which was called. The fact was that, although Mr. Small had not a few sincere friends in the villages in which he had been favoured to labour for some few years, and that with a moderate amount of success, the members of the respective churches were staunch Baptists, and could not overlook the fact that, whatever the new Mrs. Small might be, in submitting for her sake to be married at the Parish Church, her husband had practically ignored his former teachings, and was no longer worthy of being the minister of churches that, up to date, had been noted for their strict adherence to Nonconformity.

As may be anticipated, the news rapidly spread, and the Rev. Stephen Small found himself in possession of a church wife with no means to support her, and no Dissenting church likely to give him a call. His best friends gave him "the cold shoulder," and, after the honeymoon was over and he returned to the paternal

mansion, he found himself at his wits' end in considering how he should proceed. Something must be done, but what? It was certain that if he made any application for a vacant Baptist Church the story of his marriage would be told, and thus prove fatal to his prospects. Trade he had none to fly to, and he was too poor, and without sufficient capital, to purchase a business and furnish a new home. Only one thing remained and that was to become, as his father-in-law and wife advised him to be, a candidate for "holy orders," and other members of the family beside, strenuously urged him to pursue the same course.

And just as Jonah seemed providentially to find a ship that was going to Tarshish when he "fled from the presence of the Lord," so a door seemed to be opened to him for thus entering into the Established Church. When Dissenters rejected him as a pervert, in the exuberance of its charity the Church of England through the rector of the parish church of Grindmill, offered to receive him with open arms into the fold. The Rev. Amos Hodges, M.A., in the time of his trouble gave him a call, assured him of his sympathy, and tried to cheer him up with the offer of taking him on as one of his curates if he would only consent to be episcopally ordained, and "read up" for that purpose. To be fair to Mr. Small I must record that it was some time before he could be brought round. But by persuading himself in some way, that I must confess I cannot understand, that after all he might do some service in a church as well as in a chapel, he was ultimately, after the requisite examination, to his

wife's delight, ordained by the Bishop of the diocese in the usual fashion; and thereby "received authority to execute the office of a Deacon in the Church of God committed unto him in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

It might be supposed that the parvert's troubles were now at an end, but alas! he had to learn, by bitter experience, that they were only just beginning. True to his promise the rector took him on as a curate, but only to "play second fiddle." His son-in-law, the Rev. James Narrowhead, was curate number one, and as he was well connected, and had entered the Church with the view of being promoted to "a good living" he soon showed Mr. Small that he was expected to do all the drudgery, while he himself took the light and prominent work, expected from one who had such good prospects. And then the salary given was by no means up to the mark. It amounted to

£70 per annum only, whereas, when a Dissenting minister and unmarried, Mr. Small's stipend had reached at least £110 a year.

But what grieved him most was to find that he was rarely permitted to preach, and that when he did so the rector gumbled at him for preaching extemporaneously and not using a manuscript, as was his own custom. Then many of the aristocratic Church people, having become acquainted with his past history, and finding out that he had only entered the Church as a port of refuge, gave him, in many unmistakeable ways, to understand that they were not exceedingly anxious to receive his services, and treated him accordingly. Thus, altogether, the enlightened reader will perceive that in changing his quarters the Rev. Stephen Small had not improved his position: but worse was still to come, the recital of which must be left for the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

THE LOVE OF GOD IN GIVING HIS SON FOR US.

LIKE as, if a man give a penny who hath a great deal of money in his purse, it is not so much as one who giveth it having but the penny only, as when the woman of Zarepath gave Elijah the handful of meal, having no more for herself and her son: even so the wonderful great love of God towards mankind appeared in this, that having but one only Son and not many sons, He would vouchsafe to give Him for a ransom, for a redemption for us most wretched and vile sinners.

GOOD MANNERS IN THE CHURCH.

As the material sanctuary had outward ornaments—as gold, silver, precious stones, silk, purple, fine linen, and such like—so the spiritual sanctuary which now consisteth not of wood and stone, but of the souls of Christians, besides religion, which is the inward beauty, must have also the outward ornaments, which are good manners and comely behaviour, that nothing may be wanting unto the due honour and dignity thereof.

Anecdotal Illustrations and Meditations from C. H. Spurgeon's Works.

Gathered by PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, Cardiff.

A NEW SERIES.

BE CHRISTIANS EVERY DAY.

DO not keep your religiousness for Sabbath day, or retain your prayerfulness for one day of the week. Many people say, "*We have been to church*;" and when "*going to church*" is over, their religion is over too. At this day we are surrounded by persons whose godliness is circumscribed within the four wall of their tabernacle, their church, their chapel, or whatever else they like to call the building. Religion means to many the observance of certain ceremonials at stated times. They put on different clothes, and tread another floor, and *then their religion begins*. Do they put on different garments on the Sabbath because they are different men, or, because they wish to be thought so? There is such a thing as "*a Sunday religion*," and he that has it will be lost. The religion which only lives in our religious assemblies, how can it serve our turn? Shall we be in the meeting all the week? Shall we die in the place of worship? In all probability we shall die in our beds at home, and there we need a household godliness. Prayer on Sunday is well enough, but better far is the supplication that waits upon God continually; which every day serves and lives and continually worships God. Our Sabbath Day prayer should abound; but the week days equally need prayer, and should be saturated with prayer. Grace is for streets and shops as well as for sanctuaries. It is well when God rules our thoughts as much in the shop as in the prayer meeting; when we are as much under the governance of our Lord Jesus Christ, when we are busy in the family, as when we are sitting in the church of God. Oh, let us see to this! Our Master has left us a good example, that we should follow in His steps. On the day after the Sabbath He rose very early in the morning; while it was yet dark, and wended His way through the shadows to find a place for fellowship with the Father. Live the life of a Christian every day, or, thou art not a Christian at all.

PRAYER AND BLESSING.

There is always a connection, even if we do not see it, between that great crowd on Sunday, and the pleadings of the saints; a most intimate connection between the flocking converts of the ministry and those secret prayers which follow and precede it. There is such a

connection that the two cannot be parted. God will not send great blessings in the way of open conversions if secret prayer be neglected. Let the preacher or the church forbear to pray, and God will forbear to bless. I earnestly entreat you to be, above all things, earnest in prayer. When the blessing has really come, and souls are being saved on all sides, then we are to redouble our cries toward heaven, that the Merciful Presence may be retained and enjoyed to a still higher degree.

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Open the gates of the day with the uplifted hands of prayer. Prayer should be our companion at all times. Pray when you are pining for a blessing; pray when you have newly obtained a blessing. "Pray without ceasing."

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Put prayer first of all. Early in the morning pray. Go nowhere till thou hast prayed. Attempt nothing till thou hast prayed. Look no man in the face till thou hast seen the face of God. Speak with none till thou hast had speech with the Most High. Go not to thy labour with thy loins ungirt with the girdle of devotion, lest thou fail therein. Take not thou to running till thou hast in prayer laid aside every weight, lest thou lose the race. We cannot, we must not, think of entering upon a day, or upon an enterprise, without first saying, "Bring hither the ephod; let us ask counsel of the Lord!" We can do nothing without our God: let us attempt nothing without Him. Imitate thy Saviour, who rose a great while before day, to get alone with His God, that for Him prayer might perfume the morning dew, and sweeten the first breath of the dawn.

On the lone mountain's side,
Before the morning's light,
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,
And rose refreshed with might.

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Prayer must not come from the *roof* of the mouth, but from the *root* of the heart.

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Pray David's prayer if you would sing David's song. Pray for a blessing, and your prayer will be a blessing. In the very seeking of a benediction grace is put into action, and is strengthened by the exercise.

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Pray for those who do not pray for themselves. Some one prayed for you when you were yet unsaved: return that effectual prayer to the Treasury of the Church by pleading for others. Plead hard for the hard heart which never pleads.

* * * *

Pray for your minister, and you will be praying for yourself. Whatever blessing he obtains will appear in his ministry, and you will be a partaker of it.

Prayer breathes in the air of heaven, and praise breathes it out again. Thus we have heavenly respiration, and by it we live unto God.

Prayer and praise, with sins forgiven,
Bring down to earth the bliss of heaven.

Prayer bringeth heaven down to man, and carrieth man up to heaven. Prayer is God's rod which fetches forth streams of blessing from the Rock of affliction.

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Prayer knocks till the door opens. Open it will, for so runs the promise of our faithful God, "To him that knocketh it shall be opened." "If the angel opened the door of the prison to let Peter out, it was prayer that opened the door of heaven to let the angel out."

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Prayer moves the hand that moves the world. Listen to *Martin Tupper*:

"Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and being;
Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of Mercy.
Prayer is the magic sound that saith to Fate, 'So be it';
Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of Omnipotence."

* * * *

Prayer oils the wheels of the waggons of life. Try the effect of it when the wheels begin to creak. A missionary in a heathen land had grown sadly weary and discouraged. He was going forth to his work with a joyless face, when his young wife called him back, went to him, put her hands on his shoulders, and, with tears in her eyes, said, "O Willie, Willie! much work and little prayer is hard work." Then she led him to a private room, and there, kneeling down, prayed with him as only one who loved with a true and heavenly love could pray. From that room he went forth strong in the strength which never failed him; never again was he tempted to sever work from prayer.

* * * *

Prayer rightly offered is richly answered. Says *Gurnall*: "Prayer, like Jonathan's bow, returns not empty; never was faithful prayer lost. No tradesman trades with such certainty as the praying saint. Some prayers, indeed, have a longer voyage than others, but then they return with richer lading at last; the praying soul is a gainer by waiting for an answer."

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PRAYER should be pillared on PROMISES, and pinnacled with PRAISES.

Prayer without Words can win;
Words without Heart are sin.

Partridge has well said: "She also prayed, who touched Christ's garment's hem with reverent faith; ay, and was answered, too, although no word escaped her." A sigh, a groan, a tear is often truest prayer, and most successful pleading. Look up in prayer.

Virtue that Heals.

A LEARNED and eloquent minister of wide repute, in a discourse on a Sunday morning, thus apostrophized virtue: "O virtue, if thou wast embodied how all men would love thee." His colleague, in the afternoon, in the course of his sermon rejoined as follows: Virtue *has* been embodied. Did all men love her? No, she was despised and rejected of men; who, after defaming, insulting, and scourging her led her to Calvary, where they crucified her between two thieves."

Thank God! this rejection and crucifixion of virtue in the person of Christ, has become the virtue of the soul.

There are all kinds of virtue in Christ. However numerous and virulent and long-continued the physical ills, Jesus was their antidote. The eye covered with darkness, He opened; the ear deaf to music, He unstopped; the tongue lost to language, He unloosed; the arm that was withered He made whole; the feet that were lame He made to walk; the leper He cleansed; the demoniac He dispossessed; the sick He healed; and the dead He raised to life. The miseries incident to humanity were all removed. The least germ of bodily ill had its destruction in Christ.

There were moral and spiritual virtues in Christ. The maladies of the mind—numerous as its emotions and powers; the deformities of character—spread over every part; all the heart and life impurities are subject to Him. He had the virtue of wisdom, holiness, love, mercy, strength, peace, eternal life. "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." (Col. i. 19.)

In everything that respects Christ there was virtue. In the types and sacrifices, and prophecies and promises that apply to Him; in His birth, baptism, temptations, prayers, tears, agonies, death, burial, resurrection and ascension; in His look, shadow, word, touch, teaching and blood. Gracious influence in every part of Christ's life and history. All His garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia. His name is as ointment poured forth. The sweetness of His person fills creation.

The virtues in Jesus are for communication. Every grace is for a bestowment. In Him is "all fulness"; and out of that fulness we receive, "and grace for grace" (John i. 16). Whatever may be the want there is the abundant supply. Christ is a satisfying experience all through life. With us in duty and trial, in the furnace, through the river, up to the Throne, and our song for ever and ever.

The Puritan Brooks may well write: "The greater Charm is said to have a tree full of pearls hanging by clusters; but what is the great charm's tree to Christ, our Tree of Life, who hath all variety and

plenty of fruit upon Him? The happinesses that comes to believers by Christ are so many that they cannot be numbered; so great, that they cannot be measured; so copious, that they cannot be defined; so precious, that they cannot be valued: all which speaks out the fulness and all sufficiency of Christ."

There must be personal application to receive Christ's virtues. It was so in the days of His flesh. So must each go to Jesus; and going they will receive. No disappointments to humble faith.

The most desperate diseases were subject to Christ. Nothing was beyond the reach of His power. The same is true of the maladies of the soul. The deceitful and desperately wicked heart He can make the seat and centre of holiness and the throne of God. The most depraved have been renewed. Never was a sinner whom Christ could not heal.

A minister in Scotland thus addressed a dying smuggler: "My friend, you and I are strangers to each other. We have never met before. We shall never see each other again till we meet at the bar of God. Of course, I can have no motive to say anything to you but what I believe to be the truth. Now, if I should tell you that I had in my pocket a medicine that I was sure would cure you of your sickness, and make you well again, would you believe me and take that medicine?" "I would most gladly," said the sick man. "Well my friend, I have no such medicine to heal the sickness of the body," replied the minister, "but I have a medicine that will most certainly heal the diseases which sin has brought upon your soul, and make it fit to enter heaven. I will not trouble you with any words of mine. Listen while I tell you what God has said about this in His own blessed Book. And when you listen, *believe* the words that you hear, and they will save your soul." The minister began, slowly and clearly, to quote in his hearing such passages of Scripture as these: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for us." "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in nowise cast out." "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." While the minister was repeating these words he saw a great change pass over the face of the dying smuggler. The look of sorrow and despair passed away, and a look of calm, quiet peace, of hope and joy, took the place of it. Raising himself on his bed of straw, with his hands lifted up, he exclaimed, "I believe it; and immediately fell back and died.

Reader, are you healed? Whatever thy character, a believing application to Christ will be all-efficacious. And—glad thought—you may have *instant* salvation. "Look, and live." Touch the hem of Christ's garment, and there is immediate virtue. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." (John iii. 15.)

Appledors.

D. THOMPSON.

“Antipas, my Faithful Martyr.”

(Rev. ii. 13.)

By REV. T. G. ATKINSON.

NOTHING is more striking in the terms of these epistles, or messages, to the churches—and nothing is more encouraging—than what they reveal to us of the individual knowledge of the Lord of the Churches, Who walks among them “with eyes like a flame of fire,” and shews by the words He speaks that He knows *everything*. His oversight of the churches includes every detail. He takes account of all there is to praise, as well as to blame, and makes allowances where, perhaps, he can neither praise nor blame.

“*I know thy works*”—He says this to every one of the churches, and it is, undoubtedly, true of all the churches to-day. The Master is still presiding over them, and in Spirit is still among them—from His throne in heaven He beholds all the works in which His servants are engaged. Some of them very imperfect works; all of them (at the very best) unworthy works, in the measure of their appropriateness to the advancement of His Kingdom, even though prompted by highest motives, and therefore “*accepted of Him*.” He knows them all, not leaving out one little effort put forth in His name with a view to His glory.

The special interest of Christ’s Word of Knowledge, which He speaks here, is that He knows all the difficulties amidst which (in many cases) His work is done. There are such in every sphere of labour—in some there are many and great difficulties. And, as at Pergamos, there are even those who are set as witnesses for Christ, and labour in extending His Kingdom “*where Satan’s seat is*—in places which seem to be the very throne of the great enemy of mankind.

Jesus knows it. He knows the many rebuffs to their faith and zeal which are dealt out to His servants. He knows all about the quiet course of opposition, and even of subtle persecution, which is carried on by unbelievers and scoffers. He knows how many times this has wrung sighs from the heart, and forced tears from the eyes, and yet it has only compelled the tried labourer to bend his knees at the throne of grace, and ask for a renewed “supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ” to enable him to hold on his way, and not to relinquish the glorious struggle in which he is engaged. “*I know*,” says the Master, that all these terrible hindrances notwithstanding, and though thou dwellest “*where Satan’s seat is*” thou hast been brave and true as a witness of My word, “*thou has not denied My faith*,” but hast steadfastly upheld the honour of My name.

The point of commendation conveyed by these words of Christ is found in the example of one among this community of Christians who had suffered death as a witness for his Lord.

"*Antipas, my faithful martyr.*" They were all commended as having the same spirit of fidelity, but to him had been granted the distinction of actually sealing his testimony with his blood; and when he was slain in their very midst, it did not frighten them out of their faith. "They were in nothing terrified by their adversaries," but remained faithful notwithstanding, holding fast the name of Jesus.

It is somewhat curious that we know absolutely nothing of the life story of this "faithful martyr." The various historians of the early church give us interesting accounts of many of these zealous and devoted Christians—Ignatius, Polycarp, and others—but concerning Antipas, these historians are completely silent. We may, however, as Dr. French as well admitted, construct his character from the literal form of his name, which means "*against all.*" It is no very great stretch of fancy to suppose that the name was given him because of this brave, independent character, one who dared for Christ's sake to stand out against all; as another in later days proclaimed himself "Athanasius, against the world!" Thus also, in earlier days, the prophet Jeremiah lamented his position of antagonism: "Thou hast made me a man of strife and contention *to the whole earth!*" This is the necessary position of an eminently godly man set in the midst of "a world which lieth in the Wicked One." This is the true disciple spirit for to-day, but alas! so many of us "seem to come short of it." Shall not this message of Christ arouse us to action? .

The lesson of the message is obvious. We only need to take it home to our hearts. In every church there is need of those who will be faithful and true, even in the midst of all temptation to unfaithfulness and indifference—those who will, if need be, "dare to stand alone." And if they so stand, amid influences which are contrary to them—even it like Paul and his Master, they are forsaken of those who should have stood with them—here is the express assurance of the Master Himself, that He knows all about it, and He will see to it that *bye and bye* these faithful workers and witnesses "shall in no wise lose their reward."

Sandhurst.

HOW TO HEAR THE GOSPEL.

ROWLAND HILL paid a visit to an old friend a few years before his death, who said to him, "Mr. Hill, it is just *sixty-five* years since I first heard you preach, and I remember your text and part of your sermon. You told us that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of different preachers who preached the same gospel. You said, 'Suppose you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a legacy left you, would you employ the time in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not; you would be giving all ear to hear if anything was left to you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the gospel.'"

Good advice, well worth remembering *sixty-five* years!

“Thou art my Peace.”

THOU art my peace : I lift mine eyes to Thee,
I see Thee bleeding ; dying on the tree,
I hear Thy mournful cry. “ ’twas all for me.”
Thou art my peace.

Thou art my peace : I lay my trembling hand
Upon Thy blessed Cross, and fearless stand
Amidst the darkness of this weary land.
Thou art my peace.

Thou art my peace : Thy face I cannot see ;
My faith ebbs low, troubled my heart must be ;
My life is sure, ’tis hid in God with Thee.
Thou art my peace.

Thou art my peace, though heart and hand may fail,
Though storm and rain, and angry strife prevail,
My life is sure, anchored within the veil.
Thou art my peace.

Thou art my peace—a while, a little while
Of wandering here, though many an earthly will
May draw me back, and hold me from Thy smile.
Thou art my peace.

Thou art my peace : Thou wilt not change to me ;
Oh ! make me ever closer cling to Thee
Until that hour when I Thy face shall see.
Be Thou my peace.

FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG.

CHRIST THE ONLY OBJECT OF FAITH WHICH JUSTIFIETH

LIKE as when the children of Israel were bidden of Moses to look up to the brazen serpent, neither could the serpent have helped them except they had looked up, nor yet their looking upward have profited them unless they had directed their eyes upon the said serpent, as the only object set up to the same purpose for them to behold so our faith, in like case, directed to the body of Jesus Christ our Saviour, is the only means whereby Christ’s merits are applied unto us and we are now justified before God.

THE Christian needs no more, if only he have God for his friend, a sufficiency for his wants, and a safe arrival at his Father’s house in peace.—*Bickersteth.*

“Who loved Me and gave Himself for Me.”

JESUS, my Saviour and my friend,
 Whom should I love?
 Compared with Thee, who died for me
 That I might ever live with Thee.

'Twas love that brought Thee from on high,
 With men to dwell,
 Who Thee disowned, and wickedly
 A murderer preferred to Thee.

Yet Thou didst not revenge display,
 To Thy worst foes;
 But to Thy Father, God in heaven,
 Then prayed that they may be forgiven.

Though Thou art now exalted high,
 Thou'rt gracious still,
 And waiting sinners to receive,
 Who seek Thy face, and Thee believe.

And yet how many careless live,—
 Heed not Thy call,
 Thy gracious invite they refuse,
 Thy love and mercy they abuse.

O may Thy love my heart constrain,
 To follow Thee;
 And glorify Thy Name until
 From earth I'm called with Thee to dwell.

J. DORE.

THE FRUITS OF ADOPTION.

(a) ON GOD'S PART. *Love* towards the adopted (Psa. ciii. 13). *Provision* for them (Psa. lxxxiv. 11). *Protection* (Zech. ii. 8). *Guidance* (Hosea xi. 1-3. Rom. viii. 14). *Correction* (Heb. xii. 5-11).

(b) ON OUR PART. *Holiness* (2 Cor. vi. 18, vii. 1; 1 John iii. 1-3). *Love* for the Father (Rom. viii. 15); *Love* to all God's family (1 John v. 1).

BIRTHDAYS.

DR. ARNOLD died on the morning of his forty-seventh birthday, June 13, 1842. What a Sunday was that at Rugby! He had "lived so as to be missed."

Reviews.

The Story of John E. Paton, told for Young Folks; or thirty years among South Sea Cannibals. Re-arranged and edited by the Rev. James Paton, B.A. Fifth edition, completing thirty-fifth thousand. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

The editor says of this Young Folks edition it has been recast and illustrated in the hope and prayer that the Lord will use it to inspire the boys and girls of Christendom with a whole-hearted enthusiasm for the conversion of the heathen world to Jesus Christ. In that prayer we heartily join. Dr. Paton says, since I entered the field thirty-four years ago, by God's blessing on the united labours of our missionaries, He has given us about 14,000 converts, and about 200 of them are engaged as native teachers. The work is one that will sure to be read by everyone, young and old. It is instructive, inspiring, and its events bring glory to our gospel and gratitude and praise to God. It should have a place in all our family and Sunday school libraries.

The Gospel of Common Sense. By Stephen Claye. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co.

We were, from the title of this book, expecting something that would perhaps have corrected some errors and have enlisted common sense on the side of the gospel. The writer has made an unsparing attack on many things, but he has not disclosed his remedy, but says should there be need, the questions here raised will be considered at length in a future volume. We shall watch for its coming month.

No. 4 of the monthly supplement to the *Girls Own Paper* gives, under the title *Quatrefoil*, a very interesting Tale for Our Girls of Four Countries. By Elva D'Sterre-Keeling.

The Baptist Almanack. The twenty-seventh year of publication.

Besides all the usual almanack information, it contains a mass of Denominational matter; also good short articles on religious subjects, and good likenesses of Pastors J. W. Ewing, Archibald G. Brown, and our late brother, J. E. Meeres.

Also by the same publishers, Robert Banks and Son, Racquet Court, *The Congregational Almanac and Directory.* Full of material for service.

Part 28 of *The Treasury of David.* By C. H. Spurgeon. Binding cases, vols. 1 to 12, are now ready at 1s. 4d each, post free 1s. 6d. The part 28 carries us through to the 113 psalm. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

Part 2, by the same publishers, of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography.* Compiled from his diary, letters and records, by his wife, and his private secretary. This part contains good likenesses of his father and mother, his early religious impressions and difficulties.

The Quiver, for February, has a contribution from the Duke of Devonshire on Hospital Claims and Reforms, and a very beautiful illustrated paper by F. M. Holmes—The Prince and the Bluecoat Boys. The March number promises to be one of extra interest, and will also contain the third coupon enabling the possessors to obtain a copy of Dean

Farrer's Early Days of Christianity for one shilling and sixpence.

Great Thoughts. Without doubt one of the most useful magazines of the age. We have sometimes tried to summarise its contents but have failed. Its stories, so good; its many gems; its sketches of eminent men and women; its many good illustrations, make this month an excellent number. By the same publishers *Helping Words*, also the *Prize Reciter*, for Band of Hope members.

Religious Tract Society's serials—*The Boys Own Paper.* Part 228 begins two new serial stories of thrilling interest, and the part, as usual, is full of the instructive—the startling—blending amusement, fun, and the useful. *The Child's Companion*, and *The Little Dots*, are full of the wise and beautiful for the little ones. *Friendly Greeting* contains a splendid

picture of Bruce and the spider, and *The Leisure Hour* and *Sunday at Home* are full of most informing and healthful literature, well written, and finely illustrated. *The Cottager and Artisan*, *Light in the Home*, are also to hand.

The Treasury of Religious Thoughts (American). A good average number. The English publisher's name left off from this number; is this an oversight? *Our Messenger for the Times*, a Bugle Call to the Free Churches. By Rev. John Thomas, M.A., of Liverpool. Copies for free distribution, three shillings per hundred. *The Protestant Alliance Official Organ.* England needs at this time a wider circulation of such works as this alliance organ.

We have also received *The Sword and Trowel*, *The Baptist Magazine*, and *The Irish Baptist Magazine*.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. Sydney Jones, from Toxteth Tabernacle, Liverpool, to East End Tabernacle, Bow.

Rev. Charles Joseph, from Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth, to St. Andrew's Street Chapel, Cambridge.

Rev. W. H. Davies, from Grantown, Scotland, to Queen's Square Chapel, Brighton.

Rev. G. S. Read, from Lewisham, to Brentwood Tabernacle.

Rev. H. Neander Richards, from Abercwmboy, to Penfal Church, Bridgend.

Rev. G. Howard James, from Woodborough Road, Nottingham, to Osmaston Road, Derby.

Rev. J. D. Hughes, from the Welsh Chapel, Tylorstown, to Moriah Welsh Chapel, Dowlais.

Rev. C. P. Thomas, from Aberyst-

wyth College, to English Church, Montgomery.

Rev. John S. Geale, from Queen Square Chapel, Brighton, to Herne Bay, Kent.

Rev. F. W. Walter, from Leeds, to Park Road Church, Ryde.

Rev. T. Howell Williams, from North Wales College, to Ruabon.

Rev. Hugh Gunn, from Coatbridge, to Great Victoria Street Church, Belfast.

Rev. Walter Mursell, from Blackburn, to Coats Memorial Church, Paisley.

Rev. Isaac Watts, organising secretary of the North Bucks and North Oxon Federation of the Free Church Councils, has resigned the Pastorate of Bridge Street Church, Banbury, in order to devote himself entirely to Free Church Council work. His ministry closes March 20.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. W. J. Tomkins, a purse with £21 from Rushden Church.

Mr. Henry Ridley, a marble time-piece from Garland Street Church, Bury St. Edmunds.

Mr. W. Coxon, an inkstand, from Melbourne Senior Class, in recognition of twelve years' services as teacher.

Rev. A. and Mrs. Harris, gold badges from the Christian Endeavour Society, Modbury, South Devon.

Mr. C. Dunnett, a purse of money from the church at Grundisburgh, in recognition of 28 years' services as musical conductor. Mr. A. Fry, a marble timepiece and address from the church at Keynsham.

Rev. E. E. Coleman, a bicycle, from Chelsea Street Church, Nottingham, on the completion of ten years' pastorate; Mrs. Coleman, a lounge and foot rug from the ladies of the church.

MISCELLANEOUS

CWMYOY ANNIVERSARY. — On Christmas Day the Sunday-school anniversary and scholars' treat took place at Henllan Baptist Chapel, and was numerously attended. Trays were taken by the following ladies: Mrs. Lewis, Upper-Henllan, assisted by Miss Thomas; Mrs. Williams, Graigddu, assisted by her daughter and Miss Williams, of Nantygwithel; Miss Griffiths, of Maesyberren, assisted by Miss Edwards, of Gardener's Hall, Llanthewy; and Miss Sarah Evans, of Mayesberren; other friends who made themselves generally useful being Mrs. Williams, Nantygwithel; Mrs. Williams, Troedymon; Mrs. Williams, Henllan Cottage; Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, Henllan Cottage, and Mr. Peter Lewis, deacon of Henllan Church. After tea the scholars went through an interesting programme, consisting of recitations, dialogues, and singing. In the recitations and dialogues they were assisted by a few members of the congregation.

The meeting was presided over by Mr. T. G. Griffiths, Maesyberren, the superintendent of the Sunday-school. Pastor, J. R. Smith.

PARIS, 27, RUE HUMBOLDT, JANUARY, 1898.—A very interesting movement has lately begun among the Priests of the Church of Rome in France. Till then it was only in isolated cases that they had come to the gospel light. Now a number of them are shaking off the fetters that have enchained them so long. They come from widely different parts of the French territory, Normandy, Picardy, Gascony, the Pyrenees, Marseilles. Eight of them are studying at present for the ministry in Protestant theological colleges. Others are already at work, such as M. Bonhomme, who has undertaken Evangelistic work in his former parish; M. Fluet, who is on board the Mission boat of the MacA.P. Mission; M. Mezereau, who is in charge of a station of the same Mission in the neighbourhood of Paris. Others are still in the Roman Priesthood, but are groping after light and truth.

BAPTISMS.

Belfast, Antrim-road.—January 30, Five; February 2, Two, by C. S. Donald
Barnmouth, N. Wales.—January 19, Eight; January 20, Four, by B. A. Evans
Burslem Tabernacle.—January 30, Four, by R. A. Burrows
Bury, Lancashire; Chesham.—January 29, One; February 6, Two, by F. J. Greening
Cardiff: Long-cross-street.—January 30, Nine, by W. T. Lee
Cambridge, Eden Chapel.—January 30, Five, by J. Jull
Cardiff, Hope, Canton.—January 30, Six, by T. W. Medhurst
Dundee: Ward-road.—January 23, Five, by D. Clark
Dunfermline: View-field-place.—January 23, Six, by J. T. Hagen
Elland Edge, Yorks.—February 6, Four, by T. R. Lewis
Grantown, N.B.—January 18, One, January 23, One, by W. H. Davies

- Glasgow**, Frederick-street.—January 9, One, by E. Aubrey
Glasgow: Cambridge-street.—January 30, Eight, by E. East
Cold Inn, Pem.—January 29, Three, by E. Gravell
Cwm: Tbirzah.—January 30, Five, by J. J. Young
Hither Green, Brightside-road.—January 30, Three, by A. Dice
Ibstock, Leicester.—January 30, Four, by A. E. Johnson
Jersey, Vauxhall.—January 16, Four, by Wm. Bonser
Largo, Fife.—February 6, One, by William Pulford
Leamington Spa: Clarendon.—February 3, Four, by F. Johnson
Leylstone: Forest-row.—January 30, Two, by R. S. Morris
Leeds.—January 30, Two, by F. W. Walter
Leicestershire: Hose.—January 3, Two, by A. A. Coombs, B.A.
Leeds: Hunslet Tabernacle.—January 23, Four, by J. Rigby
Leeds: York-road.—January 23, Two, by C. Riseborough
Mirfield, Yorkshire.—January 19, Nine, by J. Kitchener
Moriah, Risca.—January 23, Four, by J. O. Jenkins
Manchester: Coupland-street.—January 30, Two, by C. H. Watkins
Melbourn, Cambs., Zion.—January 30, Twelve, by R. A. Belsham
Merthyr Tydfil: Morlais, English.—January 23, Eleven, by E. G. Thomas
Merthyr Vale.—January 23, Five, by H. P. Jones
Mold, Flints.—February 6, Two, by T. Morgan
Norfolk: Pulham, St. Mary.—January 30, Two, by D. Stannard
Newham, Glos.—January 26, Two; January 30, Seventeen, by J. George
Noddja Abersychan.—January 30, Three, by O. Tidman
Oswestry, Sa'op-road.—January 16, Four, by M. M. Thompson
Pentre, Glam., Zion, English.—January 16, Five, by D. G. Morris
Pontypridd, Glam.—January 30, Two, by E. E. Probert
Paignton, Devon.—January 20, One, by W. F. Price
Pole Moor, near Huddersfield.—February 6, Two, by T. Isles
Princes Risboro', Bucks.—February 3, Two, by J. H. Markham
Risca, Mon.; Bethany.—February 6, One, by T. Thomas
Rushden: Old Chapel.—January 24, Six, by W. J. Tomkins
Southport Tabernacle.—January 12, Seven, by T. Li. Edwards
Sunningdale, Berks.—January 16, Four, by F. Burnett
South Bank, Yorks.—January 23, Two, by D. M. Pryse
Sheffield: Cemetery-road.—January 30, One, by C. Carrington
Tamworth, Staffs.—January 23, Five, by T. Bartle
Tony Pandy: Bethel English.—February 6, Five, by D. Davies
Talywain, Mon.—January 16, Two, by J. Morgan
Ystalyfera, Zoar.—January 2, Three, by W. Jones
Waterfoot: Bethel.—January 23, Four, by A. D. Garrow

LONDON DISTRICT.

- Abbey-street, Bermondsey.—January 30, Three, by A. V. S. Chandler
 Clapham Junction, Providence.—January 30, One, by R. E. Sears
 East Plumstead.—January 23, Fourteen, by F. Seeley
 Grafton-square, Clapham.—January 20, Five, by T. Hanger
 The Lighthouse, Bow Common, E.—February 3, Eleven, by T. J. Hazard
 Lewisham-road, S.E.—February 3, Four, by Wearham
 Mansion House Mission, Camberwell-road, S.E.—January 30, Eleven, by G. W. Linnear
 Putney.—January 30, Eight, by S. H. Wilkins
 Penge Tabernacle.—February 2, Eight, by J. Boud
 Woolwich Tabernacle.—January 2, Seven; January 11, Seven, by J. Wilson

AN EVEN TEMPER.

A FRIEND once found Wilberforce in great agitation, looking for a despatch he had mislaid, for which one of the Royal Family was waiting. At the moment, as if to make it still more trying to his temper, a disturbance was heard in the nursery overhead. "Now," thought the friend, "surely for once his temper will give way." The thought had hardly passed through his mind, when Wilberforce turned to him and said, "What a blessing it is to hear those dear children: only think what a relief, among other hurries, to hear their voices, and to know they are well."

Grace Reviving Israel.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon."—Hosea xiv. 5, 6, 7.

[N reading this passage, does it ever fail to charm you? How full of beauty, and how full of poetry it is! Every word is a figure. Fair flowers that adorn, and corn that enricheth the fields; the olive tree, and the vine; the scent of the wine of Lebanon, and all rich things are here gathered and clustered together, to set forth the beauty of Israel under the reviving influences of God's favour. And as this one portion of Sacred Writ is full of poetry, the like holds good of all the Word of God. There is no book so poetic in its character as the Book of Inspiration. We had rather, for poetry's sake, lose all the books that have ever been written by all the poets that ever lived, than lose the sacred Scriptures; yea, if a collection could be made of all the gems of all the noted books; could they all be bound into one volume, there could not be found so many beauties as lie here, some of them hidden, and others of them manifest, in this most blessed volume of Revelation. Altogether apart from the sublimity of the matters treated, and the glory of the doctrines, the style itself is enough to make the book precious to every reader. It is a wondrous book; it is the book of God; yea, as Herbert says, "the god of books." It is a book full of stars; every page blazes with light, from almost every sentence there beams forth some beautiful metaphor, some glorious figure.

In expounding the words of the text, we shall observe, first, *the promise of grace made to Israel, notwithstanding Israel's sin*: "I will be as the dew unto Israel." Secondly, *the influence of divine grace sweetly set forth in divers metaphors*; and thirdly, *the effect of divine grace on those around*: they that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine; the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon."

I. Here is a PROMISE OF GRACE MADE TO THE CHRISTIAN: "I will be as the dew unto Israel." I need not remind you that the Christian (under the similitude of Israel, as I shall presently show you), is here compared to a plant, which cannot be watered by any water that is found on earth, a plant which needs heavenly watering, even the dew from above. Hypocrites may be watered by

natural religion. Formalists may get their supply from the wells and springs of earth: but the Christian is a plant which can only be supported by dew from heaven. He feels that though the river of Egypt might be turned to his roots, he could not grow; though all the water in its floods, and though the ocean itself might be brought to irrigate him, yet he could get no genial moisture, no true growing power, from all that could be had on earth. He needs to have his dew from heaven. "Well," says God to Israel, "thou art of thyself dewless, and stupess, and motionless, and thou hast no moisture. Thou canst not obtain any of thine own, nor can mortals give it thee; but do thou stand still where I have planted thee, and I will water thee every moment. I, the Lord will keep thee; I will be as the dew unto thee." That Eastern figure, *dew*—for it is essentially Eastern, and not so well to be understood in this country—has in it several beauties.

You will notice, first of all, that grace, like the dew, *often comes down imperceptibly* into man's heart. When did the dew tell us that it was about to fall? Whoever heard the footsteps of the dew coming down upon the meadow grass? Whoever knew when it was descending? We see it when it has fallen; but who saw it come? And so with Christianity: it is very often imperceptible in its operations. True it is sometimes like the rattling hail pelting on the windows: the sinner knows when it comes by stormy convictions, and by troubled feelings within; but quite as often the work of grace in man's heart is like the "still small voice," which few hear, and of which even the man himself is partially unconscious; not as to its operation perhaps, but as to its nature, feeling that there is a something in his heart, though not positively sure that it really comes from God. Christian! despise not spiritual things, because thou hearest not a sound therewith. Much that God doeth, he doeth in silence. There is a plant which bursts with the sound of a trumpet; but full many a flower called beautiful, openeth in silence, and no man heareth the sound thereof. There be some Christians who seem bound to make a noise in the world, they were made for that purpose; but there be far more who have to blush unseen; whose glory it is, not to "waste their sweetness," though to "perfume the desert air," and to make it sing and blossom like the garden of the Lord. Beloved, you may perhaps fancy that you have not grace, because it has not come upon you in terrible excitements and in awful convictions. I beseech you, do not distrust the power of grace because it has stolen imperceptibly into your hearts. Mark the promise: "I will be as the dew unto Israel."

Again, if the dew is sometimes imperceptible, *it is always sufficient*. If God waters the earth with dew, foolish would be the man who should go afterwards to water after his Maker. And God's grace, when it comes upon man's heart, is all-sufficient. What he giveth unto Israel, his own chosen people, is always enough for them. They sometimes think they want something more; they never really do; and what else they want, or think they want, it is better for them still to want. God is sufficient.

And the dew, too, when it is required, is *constant*. God may, if he pleases, withhold the dew, that he may make a nation fear before him; but he usually sendeth the dew in its appointed time, and each

morning beholdeth the pearly drops shed forth from the hand of God ; and so, Christian, God will be thy dew. As thou wantest grace, so shalt thou find it.

" All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withhold
No real good from upright souls."

But it is superfluous for me to tell you what is the meaning of this figure. You all know it ten times better than I do, or at least you ought, for I am sure this text has been preached from times enough, and you are always hearing the metaphor used. Like many of God's metaphors, it is so simple, so glorious, it arrests our attention at first sight—"I will be as the dew unto Israel." Instead of explaining, therefore, allow me to question you concerning it. Are you, my dear friends, of the number here mentioned who belong to Israel? You ask me what is meant by Israel. I reply that, historically, Israel means God's elect, his chosen ones: "Israel have I loved, but Esau have I hated." But as you cannot tell that you are God's elect, except by signs and marks, I must tell you another meaning of Israel. *Israel* means a *man of prayer*. The name of "Israel" was given to Jacob because he "wrestled with the angel and prevailed." Are you a man of prayer? Come now, answer the question, each one of you for yourselves. Are you men of prayer, and women of prayer? Alas! some of you may use a form of prayer, but it hath no life in it. You ask, do I object to forms of prayer? I answer, no. I believe that sometimes forms of prayer, moulded according to the mind of the Spirit, are offered up with the vital breath of the same Spirit of God. Far be it from me to say that because you use a form of prayer, therefore you do not pray at all; this, however, I remind you, your form of prayer is merely a vehicle, that moveth not except as it drawn. Of itself it is like a steam engine, motionless till the furnace is heated; or rather, it is like the carriage which is drawn by the steam engine, being linked thereto with chains. A form of prayer is a heavy material thing, which prayer has to drag after it. It is no help to prayer, but rather a burden to it. There may be prayer with the huge cumbrous thing called the form attached, but the form is distinct in every sense from the power. The prayer is the spirit, the life, the desire, the wish, the agonising panting with God to obtain the blessing. I ask you not whether you use a form of prayer, or whether you utter extempore prayers; for you may speak extemporaneously in prayer, and talk as much nonsense, ay, and a great deal more than you would if you used a prescribed form; you may avoid formality, and become frivolous. It is not uttering spontaneous words that is prayer, any more than repeating a litany. But I ask you, do you pray? If you are prayerless, then you have no right to call yourselves God's elect. God's people are a praying people. They are in Israel a wrestling race; and unto them the promise is made—"I will be unto them as the dew unto Israel."

Yet one more hint: *Israel may represent those who have chosen a better portion*, who have given up the mess of pottage, who have sold that to
men whose portion is in this life," and are looking to the recom-

pense in another world. Art thou, my hearer, one of those who are content with a mess of pottage? Is it enough for thee if thy dish be filled with dainty meat, thy wine-cup full, thine income steady, and thy back clothed with goodly raiment; and dost thou then care nothing for the things to come? Is thy whole soul set on the things of earth? Then I warn thee. Though thou mayest talk about being elect, thou art none of God's elect unless thou hast set thine affections on things above and not on things on the earth. If thou art trying to make the best of things in this world, rejecting or even slighting that one object which ought to be thine only one, to make the best of the next world, and dost not leave this in God's hand for him to take care of, thou art none of his. Unless thou hast renounced the pottage, and taken Christ to be thine all and heaven thy portion, thou hast no well-founded hope, and thou hast no right to take this promise to thyself—"I will be as the dew unto Israel." But thou who abhorrest the world, thou who spendest thy time in prayer, thou mayest take this to thyself: and in thy most barren and dry moments, thou mayest urge this at the mercy-throne—"I will be as the dew unto Israel."

II. THE INFLUENCES OF DIVINE GRACE IN THE SOUL ARE HERE SET FORTH IN METAPHOR—"I will be as the dew unto Israel." What is the effect? Although grace is imperceptible in its coming, it is discernible enough in its fruits.

The very first effect of grace in the heart is, *that it makes us grow upward.* We shall "grow as the lily." This refers to the daffodil lily, which on a sudden, in a night, will spring up. There may have been no lilies at all in a field, but after a shower of rain the lilies may be seen springing up everywhere, and the ground will appear perfectly covered with their yellow hue. Mark, that is what grace does in a man's soul. Wherever grace comes, its first operation is to make us grow up. It is a remarkable fact, that young Christians grow upward faster than any other Christians. They grow upward in their flaming love, mighty zeal, ardent hopes, and longing expectations. Sometimes, indeed, our old friends step in and say, "Ah! young man, you are growing a great deal too fast; you are springing too rapidly upward; you will have a bitter frost to nip you a little presently." Very well, that is true enough; but that frost will come quite soon enough, without any of your frosty breath going before it. Let the young grow when they can; do not give them a piercing nip with your freezy fingers. Let them thrive while they can. You may tell us we shall hurt our constitutions, and by-and-bye we shall not be so zealous; nevertheless, let us alone till our constitutions are hurt, suffer us to be zealous while we can. You know very well, with all your prudence, you would give a king's ransom if you could to-morrow have your juvenile ardour over again; and yet you quarrel with us because we grow upward. Why, it is the effect of grace to grow upwards. The very first thing that grace does for us is to make us grow upward in *love.* Oh! what sweet love that is that we have in the early morning of life! There is not a prayer-meeting, but we are there; there is not a lecture, but oh how sweet it is to us; there is scarce a good deed to be done, but we must be engaged in it; we are so earnest; we are growing so fast. "They shall grow as the lily"; that is the promise.

So when you see the promised fulfilled, my dear aged friends, do not be peevish or rebuke the young people, because they grow up and flourish in the courts of the Lord's house.

There is a second effect. After they have been growing upward, *they have to grow downward*. While "he shall grow as the lily," he shall "cast forth his roots as Lebanon likewise. God will not have his people all flower and foliage; he wants them also to take deep root and throw out strong fibres. After a few years, when we have been growing up in ardent piety, it usually happens that some doubt crosses the mind, or some affliction comes, which, if it does not chill our ardour, yet sometimes checks our energy, and we do not grow so fast as we should. Well, what is the effect? Are we really hurt or injured thereby? I trow not. Growing down is quite as good as growing up. I will not say it is better. The most blessed growth in grace is to be growing up and growing down—to be rooted in humility, and yet growing up in zeal; but usually the two do not come together. Sometimes we grow up, and at other times we grow down. We are such poor mortals, we cannot attend to two things at once. So sure as ever we take to shooting up, the devil come and tries to prevent us growing down; and if we are growing down, he generally keeps us from growing up. Well, if we cannot do two things at once, what a mercy it is that we can do one at a time, by God's grace! After having grown up, the Christian grows down; "he casts forth his roots as Lebanon"; that is, he gets less in his own esteem. He was nothing once; but he now begins to be less than nothing. He thought humbly of himself before; but now he thinks worse of himself than ever he did. If you ask him now what is his character, although he said he was "a poor sinner and nothing at all" before; now he will tell you that he thinks he is the poorest of sinners, for he has not grown one atom the richer all the time he has served his Lord. He is still poor in spirit, and perhaps poorer than ever he was. Blessed is it to grow downward!

And let me remind you, my dear friends, that growing downward is a very excellent thing to promote *stability*. Perhaps that is the exact meaning of the passage. When we are first brought to God we are like the lily, wafted about by the wind; afterward we grow downwards, and become firm. I am fully convinced that the prevailing lack of this age is not so much in respect to growing upwards as growing downwards. Whenever I look abroad on the aggregate assemblies of religious people, I am obliged to hold a large number of my hearers in supreme contempt. Are you not one day crowding to hear me preach what I think the truth, and another day cramming a place where a man is preaching the very opposite to what I hold to be true? The fact is, some of you have no idea of what fundamental truth in theology is. The popular cry is for liberality of sentiment, and if a man happens to say a hard word against anything he thinks essentially wrong, he is accounted a bigot directly. Many of you shrink from the imputation of bigotry, as if it were more awful than heresy in regard to the faith. You would as soon be called a common informer as be called a bigot. I beseech you, do not be appalled at a taunt. Do not be a bigot, but do not be ashamed of being called one. A

man ought to have stable principles, and not be ever shifting about from one set of opinions to another. He ought not to be hearing a Calvinistic minister in the morning, and saying, that is good, and then going in the evening to hear an Arminian minister, and saying, that is good. We are often told by some ministers, in their drawing rooms, that God will not ask in the day of judgment what a man believed, for, if his life has been correct, it will not much matter what doctrines he held. I am at a loss for the authority on which they base such laxness. I wonder who told them that was the truth. I have read my Bible through, and I have never found a text that could absolve my judgment from its allegiance to my Maker. I hold, that to believe wrongly is equally as great a sin in the sight of heaven as to act wrongly. Error is a crime before God, and though there is liberty of conscience, so far as man and man are concerned, there is no liberty of conscience with God. You are not free to believe truth, or to believe error just as you like. You are bound to believe what God says is truth, and on your soul's peril be it, that you believe two things that are contrary, or confound the positive and the negative, where *faith* is the evidence of justification, and *unbelief* the seal of a sinner's doom. Methinks God will say to you at last, "Man, I gave thee brains; I endowed thee with reason; how couldst thou suppose thyself less responsible for the use of thy brains than for the use of thy tongue?" One man says, "Yes"; another says "No"; and because it is the fashion to call out "Liberality, liberality, liberality," thou dost assent to both, and joining the crowd thou art sincere in neither. Thou oughtest rather to say, "I believe that what I hold is true, and if I did not, I should not avow it; and believing it to be true, I cannot hold that the opposite is true, nor can I be continually going to hear one doctrine at one time and another at another; my conscience demands that I distinguish between things that differ."

My dear friends, do try to grow down; strive to get a good hold of the rocky doctrines of free grace; do not give them up; keep fast hold of them. When you believe a thing upon genuine conviction, do not shrink from the avowal because an ill name is applied to it; say rather,

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

Well, what next? After the Christian has become confirmed in his doctrine, and has received the truth in the love of it, what next? Why the next thing is, *he makes a profession*. "His branches shall spread." He has been a lily straight up, with no branches at all; but now his roots have struck deep into the ground, like the cedars of Lebanon; and the next thing he does is to send forth branches. He says, "I am a Christian; I cannot keep it a secret; I must let somebody know I am a child of God." He goes to a prayer-meeting, and he is asked to pray. There is one branch spread. He goes to join a church, there is another branch: he sits down to the Lord's supper, there is another branch. And so the little lily, which was at first but

a tiny plant, now grows into a tree, and his branches spread. That is a blessed effect of grace, believe me, when it leads you to come forth from your obscurity, and let the world know what you are. I have no patience with some of you who talk about being secret Christians. I should think a man a deserter if he were to say, "Well, I am a soldier, but I do not like anybody to know it." I should think that he did not belong to one of our good regiments surely, or he would not be ashamed of his colours. But there are many now-a-days that you scarce know whether they are Christians. Shall I tell you why? The awful fact is, that they are *not* Christians. "No man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel." You know what the consequence would be if he did,—it would burn a hole through so sure as it was a candle; and no man can have grace in his heart and keep it a secret. I am sure it must come out; it is one of the things that cannot be concealed. You shall not tell me you can walk into worldly company, and never let it be known that you are a Christian; that you can live for months in a house, and keep it dark that a Christian is living there. If that is the case, I tell you the angels do not know it; for it is not a fact. He that is a child of God will be discovered; his conduct will be different from the rest of men. "Thy speech betrayeth thee," said the maid to Peter. And our speech will betray us if we are disciples. I beseech you, let me stir you up my young friends, to make a more open profession of your faith. The Saviour has done much for you; do not be ashamed of him, I implore you, but begin to make a profession of Christ Jesus, your Lord.

Having joined the church, and made a profession, what is the next effect of grace for the believer then? Why it is to make him *beautiful* as "the olive tree." The most beautiful thing in the world is a Christian. Shall I tell you what kind of beauty he has? His beauty is the beauty of an olive tree; and that consists, first, *in its fruitfulness*. The most beautiful olive tree a man can grow is the one that bears the most; and the most beautiful Christian in the Church is the one that abounds most in good works. Besides, the olive is an evergreen; and so is the Christian. He has an olive-green beauty. He has a beauty which does not fade away, as it does from other trees, but lives for ever. Ah! my friends, we sometimes put one of our members before others because of his wealth, and at times we show a little partiality to another because of his eloquence, and to another because of his talents; but I take it that God ranks us all according to our fruitfulness. The most beautiful tree in a garden is the one that bears the most fruit: and there is a promise given to a Christian that after his branches have spread, his beauty shall be as the olive tree; that is, he shall grow and be laden with fruit.

The olive tree, I have told you before, is evergreen; and so is the beauty of the Christian. Alas for the beautiful Christians we have in some of our places of worship on Sunday! Glorious Christians! Oh! if they could be packed up and sent to heaven just as they are, or provided their appearances were true indications of their state, what a blessed thing it would be! But alas, alas! on the Monday they have not the same sort of dress they had on Sunday, and therefore they have not the same kind of actions. Oh! dear friends, there

is so much mere Sunday religion in these days! Now, I like a Monday religion, and a Tuesday religion, and a Wednesday religion, and I Thursday religion, and a Friday religion, and a Saturday religion. I do not think the religion of the pulpit, or the religion of the pen is to be relied upon. I think it is the religion of a draper's shop, the religion of a corn exchange, religion in the house, religion in the street, and the religion of a fireside that proves us to be God's children. But how would some of you come off if you were weighed in these balances? Fine fellows, with your feathers on, on Sunday; but poor creatures when you are in your undress, in your religious *dishabille* on Monday! Ye are not well arrayed then; but ah! if ye were Christians, ye would be always well arrayed: yea, you would be always beautiful as the olive tree.

Again, "His smell shall be as Lebanon." Now, I take it, the smell means the report which shall go out concerning a man. As you walk up Lebanon, it is said that the flowers of the aromatic herbs there cast up a most delicious perfume. You need not touch a flower—you can smell it at a distance. And so with the true Christian. Without seeking for it, he will obtain a blessed name among his brethren, and some name also amongst the world. "His beauty shall be as the olive tree."

Once more, "His smell shall be as Lebanon. Did you ever know a flower at all concerned about its odour, or about what people think of it? Did you ever hear a rose have a law-suit with a thorn, because the thorn said the rose did not smell sweetly? No, certainly not. The rose went silently on, casting up its perfume, and left Mr. Thorn alone. Now, at times, with all ministers, and with all Christians, there will be all manner of reports and hard sayings; but I have found a great gain by letting the fellows alone. When they are tired, they will have done, I dare say, and I am sure they will not much hurt us. If there be anything amiss in us, we are much obliged to them, and we will try and mend it: but if they have lied about us, it is a satisfaction to us, as far as we are concerned, to know that they are liars, and we pray God that they may not have a portion in "the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Beloved, you never need be very much concerned what men shall say of your character; only take care that in the midst of reproach you are without guile or guilt. Live, live, live,—that is the way to beat all slanderers and all calumniators. Keep straight on with what you think is right, and in due time your light shall burst forth as the morning, and your brightness as the sun in his strength. "His beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon." Wherever the Christian goes he will cast a perfume about him, and when he is gone he will leave some savour behind which will be remembered.

III. Thus far we have spoken concerning the benefits of grace to the Christian himself: more briefly will I now address you CONCERNING THE BENEFITS OF GRACE TO OTHERS.

The text says, "They that dwell under his shadow shall return." I am sure, my dear friends, if you have Christian principle in your heart, you will not like a selfish religion. Though you will hold it to be a duty continually to examine yourself, and to see that you also are

sound in the faith, you will not confine your religion to yourself. You may perhaps take the maxim that Christianity should begin at home; but you will never think of improving on it by thinking that it ought to end there. I like an expansive religion. I should not like to attend a chapel where all the preaching was meant for me—where all I heard comforted me. I should not like to go where there was not a scrap for me, but all for my brethren, nor where there was not something for the poor sinner. I could not afford to attend a place where I should always hear that which was exclusively for the saint, or exclusively for the sinner. If a man left half his congregation without a word, I should doubt whether he would give me the right one. But there are some people so selfish that, provided they go to heaven it is enough—they are in the covenant. They are the dear people of God—generally dear at any price; a peculiar people—awfully peculiar they are, certainly; they are so different from other people—there is no doubt about that. They say it is equal whether God ordains man's life or man's death. They would sit still to hear man damned, and I do believe they would sing a song over hell itself and hail its jubilee. They seem to have no feeling for anyone but themselves. They have dried the heart out of them by some cunning sleight of hand; they have taken away the marrow from the bones of godliness, and wrapped themselves entirely up in self. But true Christianity will be expansive and care for others.

Come, then, ye men of generous hearts, ye of glowing charity, here is a promise for you—you have some who dwell under your shadow. Are you a minister? your people sit under your shadow on the Sabbath. Are you a father? your children come and dwell under your shadow. Are you a master? your workmen dwell under your shadow; you have often prayed for their salvation; you have often yearned for the conversion of their souls. Mother! you have often pleaded for the deliverance of a daughter from her sin. "They that dwell under his shadow shall return." If you want to do good to your neighbours, and to bring them to Christ, set your own heart much upon the Saviour. The more of Christ a man has, the more useful will he be in his day. If you were to look out all the ministers that have been useful, you will not find that they were distinguished by great talent so much as by great grace. God can bless a poor unsophisticated countryman to the salvation of hundreds, if he has grace; and a man ever so learned may preach in vain, with great periods and stupendous sentences, if he has none. Do you, then, seek to prove that promise—"I will be as the dew unto Israel;" and so doing, you will get this other promise fulfilled—"They that dwell under your shadow shall return: shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon."

I have no time to dwell upon these points—"they shall revive as the corn," or "they shall return"; but I must just make a remark upon that sweet thought—"they shall grow as the vine." We will transplant the Eastern metaphor into a Western soil. Vines, with us, grow up by the side of walls, they could not grow up themselves if there were not some prop against which they could lean for support. Now, I have often thought this is an explanation of that text—"Train up a

child in the way he should go." Do you try all you can by God's grace to train up your child like you would a vine; and here is the promise. "It shall grow as the vine." Oh! I have thought, what a pretty sight it is to see an aged Christian, who, in his youth, was a Sabbath-school teacher, still a member of the Church; and there are nine or ten young men in the Church, perhaps, and they walk up and down the chapel, and go and talk to him, and comfort him. Do you not see how that is? Why, when the young man was a strong oak, he let those pieces of ivy grow around him; and those young Christians entwined and grew around him like the vine; and now he has become an old man the wind would come and blow the oak down, but the ivy that is twisted around it shields him from the blast and keeps him upright. So with aged Christians, when they have served their God well in their day and generation they shall have comforts from others who have grown around them like the vine, and shall be sheltered by them in their old age. May those of us who are young always seek to cheer the aged! Let us never despise them; let us try as much as we can to grow around them, that we may tower upwards by their means and that they may be comforted by our adherence. "They shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine."

Lastly, "The scent thereof shall be as Lebanon." The Christian man shall not allow others to grow up by him, but by a godly-conversation he shall spread the sweetness of perfume wherever he goes. I know some dear saints of the Lord who, if they come to my house for five minutes, leave a refreshing savour behind them for five weeks. They come and talk to me of the things of the kingdom, and I have not forgotten their sweet influence on my spirit for a long time after they have gone. It is said of the wine of Lebanon, that if you pour some into a glass the flavour of it will remain for a long time after the wine is gone. And you know of old wine casks, that it is long before the taste of the wine departs out of them. So with the old Christian; he has got a savoury conversation; he talks of the things of the kingdom, and leaves a perfume behind him which lasts for weeks afterwards, and you say, "Oh how I wish that man of God would come to my house again; what a sweet savour there was about him!" This is not the case with every one. Many of you, when you go and see your friends, sit and tittle tattle all the afternoon, and on the Lord's Day you break the Sabbath as much as if you had sought diversion in the park, although you cry out so much against those who go there. How many there are who utterly waste their time by unprofitable chat in their own houses! Let me solemnly warn you concerning this—"They that feared the Lord spake often one to another"—not about one another. When you meet together, there is too little talk about Christ Jesus, the glory of his kingdom, and the greatness of his power. Ministers come in for their share of fulsome praise or offensive scandal, but brethren, these things ought not to be so.

Beloved, if you are true Christians—that is the point—you will leave a scent behind you in your conversation; and when you are dead, there will still be a sweet savour left. Ah! there was good old wine

in this pulpit once; there was good old wine in this house of God once; and I can see the stains of it here now. Yea, there is the perfume of holy Whitfield in this place to-night; I am sure there is. I can fancy his shade looking down this evening upon this hallowed spot. I am sure he rejoices to see the multitude keeping holyday here; and there is to me, somehow, a kind of solemn awe throughout this place. I wonder how I dared to come here, to stand where he once stood, "whose shoes' latchet I am unworthy to unloose." Oh, dear friends, it is something to leave a scent behind you as long as he has done. You may all do it in a measure. In one of Whitfield's sermons (I like to read them continually, for I can find none like them), he speaks of some young man who said, "I will not live in my old father's house, for there is not a chair or a table there but smells of his piety." That is what you should endeavour to do, to make your house so smell of piety, that a wicked man cannot stop in it; to make it so holy, that without obtrusively telling your sentiments, it should make ungodly men uncomfortable in it; you should so live, that your name in your private circles, if not elsewhere, may be mentioned with honour, and it may be said of you, "Ah! he was one who reflected his Master's image, and who sought to adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things."

I may have spoken to you in what you may think an odd style to-night, but I have spoken earnestly, right on; I never pretend to preach to you eloquently, but I have only thrown out thoughts I wish you to remember, and God grant that you may find them to your profit.

But I am well aware that I am preaching to a great many who know nothing about the things of which I have been speaking. What shall I say to them? Oh! my dear hearers, I should like to strike beneath the floor of this pulpit, and get Whitfield to rise up and preach to you for five minutes. How he would plead with you! how he would stretch forth his hands, the tears rolling down his cheeks; and how he would cry out in his usual impassioned manner "Come, sinners, come; God help you to come to Jesus Christ!" and then he would go on to tell you how the heart of Christ is big enough to take big sinners in, and how the blackest and the filthiest—the devil's castaways even, are welcome to Christ. And I think I see him pressing the poor convinced sinners into the fold. I think I see him doing as the angels did with Lot, taking them by the shoulders, and saying, "Run, run for your life; look not behind you; stay not in all the plain!" I cannot do it as he could; but, nevertheless, if these lips had the language which the heart would speak, I would plead with you for Jesus' sake, that you would be reconciled to God. I have, I trust, some here who are crying for a Saviour; they feel they want him: God has brought them to this state, they feel their need of him. Sinner! if thou wantest Christ, Christ wants thee: if thou hast a desire after Christ, Christ has a desire after thee. What sayest thou, poor soul, wilt thou take Christ just as he is? Come! bundle out all thy righteousness: come! pack up all thy goodness and cast it out of doors. Take Jesus, Jesus only, to be thy salvation; and I tell thee, though thou wert black as night, and filthy as a demon, while thou art yet in the land of the living, if thou dost now take Christ as thy Saviour, that Christ

will be enough for thee, enough to clothe thee, enough to purge thee, enough to perfect thee, and enough to land thee safe in heaven. But if you are self-righteous, I have no gospel for you except this,—

“Not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to save.”

☞ Sinners of all sorts and sizes! sinners black, sinners blacker, sinners blackest! sinners filthy, sinners filthier, sinners filthiest! sinners bad, sinners worse, sinners worst! all ye who can take to yourselves the name of sinners! all of you who can subscribe to that title! I, in God's name, preach to you that “he is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him”; and if by faith and prayer you are enabled to come to him this night, there is not a sinner who feels his need of a Saviour who may not this night have that Saviour. God has given him first, and he will not deny him second. He who is freely proclaimed in revelation, is freely commended to you in ministration.

“True relief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.”

O God! save souls! O God! save souls! Amen! Amen!

“JUST AS I AM.”

AN Indian and a white man at worship together, were both brought under conviction by the same sermon. The Indian was shortly after led to rejoice in pardoning mercy. The white man, for a long time, was under distress of mind, and at times ready to despair, but he was at last brought also to a comfortable experience of forgiving love. Some time after, meeting his *red* brother, he thus addressed him, “How is it that I should be so long under conviction, when you have found comfort so soon?” “Oh, brother,” replied the Indian, “me tell you. There come along a rich prince. He proposed to give you a *new coat*. You look at your coat and say, ‘I don't know, my coat pretty good. I think it will do a little longer.’ He then offer me new coat. I looked on my *old blanket*. I say, ‘This good for nothing.’ I fling it right away, and accept the beautiful garment. Just so, brother, you try to keep your own righteousness for some time; you loathe to give it up; but I poor Indian, had none; therefore, I glad at once to receive the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.”

STOOP! STOOP!!

WHENEVER Franklin saw any one receive a mortification from carrying his head too high, he used to recommend a prudent humility, by relating this circumstance:—“When I was leaving the library of Dr. Mather, at Boston, U.S., once, by a narrow passage in which a beam projected from the roof, we were talking, until Mather suddenly called out, ‘Stoop! stoop!!’ Before his guest observed the warning, his head struck sharply against the beam when his friend remarked:—‘You are young, and have the world before you; stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.’”

The Rev. Stephen Small's Temptations ;

OR, THE STORY OF A BAPTIST PERVERT.

CHAPTER IV.—SACERDOTAL BONDAGE.

“ONCE a clerk in holy orders, a clerk for ever.” This ancient saying, ecclesiastically, is as true to-day as it was centuries ago. Notwithstanding the power which recent Parliamentary legislation has given Bishops to exercise discipline on clergymen who may have been convicted of neglect of duty, crime, or immorality, the clergyman, on account of his episcopal ordination, remains, in the eyes of the law, a clergyman still, and can as such, when the period of discipline has expired, resume his functions without any further formality. This makes the gulf between church and dissent so wide, as to render it impossible to bridge it over, and this the Rev. Stephen Small was made to feel, when, as time rolled on, he was brought to writhe under the bondage of Church and State.

“Please Mr. Small, the Rector wants to see you,” was the message delivered at the paternal mansion one fine summer’s morning.

Leaving the breakfast table, Mr. Small forthwith sped to the Rectory, to hear what his reverence had to say.

“Good morning, sir,”

“Good morning, Mr. Small ; I hope you are well,” said the Rector, in rather a pompous tone and air.

“Very well, thank you, sir, and I trust you are the same.”

“Yes ; I am glad to say I am nothing amiss, except a twinge of gout now and then ; but that kind of disease you know, in our family, is hereditary, and I must expect to battle with it. But now to come to the point. I and my wife, and Mr. Narrowhead and his wife, are going to the seaside for a fortnight, the day after to-morrow, and that being the case, I wish you to do certain things, which my son-in-law, on account of going with us, cannot do.”

“And what may they be, sir ?”

“Well ! you know our parish is rather extensive, and requires a large amount of clerical visitation. Now you may probably be aware, that in a couple of months the Bishop of the diocese is coming round to confirm the young people who have been baptized, and thus constitute them members of the Church. Now, what I want you to do, is this. While we are away, please visit every household, and procure as good a turn out as you can. According to my calculation, we ought to have, at least, a hundred boys and girls to present to the Bishop for the laying on of hands ; and it is only by personal calls and persuasion that we can reach that number. Then, moreover, I have received notices that there will probably be a dozen children to be baptized, and as most of them may come on the week-days, you will kindly perform the ceremony.”

"But what about the Sundays, sir; am I to occupy the pulpit?"

"No, sir!" said Mr. Small's employer, with something like a frown. "I shall relieve you entirely of that responsibility; you will have plenty to do outside without preparing sermons, and I have, therefore, arranged with a neighbouring clergyman, an old friend of mine, to perform that duty. He will see you before each service, and tell you what part you must take in reading the lessons and prayers, or going through the liturgy. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, I understand you very well; but I am sorry that you have made arrangements for me simply to read on the Lord's Day, and not to preach."

"And why are you sorry, Mr. Small?"

"Because I love preaching, sir, and used to delight in it when I was a Dissenting Minister, and I had a hope that when I joined the Church I should have as much liberty in that line as I had when I was the Pastor of Baptist churches.

"That shows how ignorant you were of our system," replied the Rector. "You must be aware, Mr. Small, that in the Episcopalian Church we have to climb from the lowest rung of the ladder, and that unless we have capital and patronage at command, such is the competition, as in the case of barristers and other professions, there is little probability of any young clergyman making headway, however great his ability. Now take my own case, I took 'holy orders,' as did my father and grandfather, and some of my ancestors had done before me. But how had I to begin? I had to be a curate, as you are,

and remained so until I was made a Priest, and through influence was 'inducted into a living.' By the same influence I have risen until I have become the Rector of this church, and it may be that I may become a Dean, or even a Bishop, if a Conservative Government is in power and my friends succeed to office. The same may be said with regard to my son-in-law, Mr. Narrowhead. He is well connected, I may say highly connected, and I should not be surprised if even in the end he gained a higher position than myself. But how did he begin? He came here to be a curate with a salary of £100 a year, which is now raised, since he has married my daughter, to £220 that he may keep up his position. But what chance have you? You have no patronage, and have simply been taken into the Church because the Dissenters turned you out. I do not wish, Mr. Small, to be offensive in saying these things, but I may tell you that it was only through the urgent solicitations of your father-in-law, Mr. Green, our esteemed churchwarden, that I took you on at all, and that being the case the least that can be expected of you is that you will obey my orders, and I trust you will do so."

All this was bitterness and gall to Mr. Small, but the bitterest pill remained still to be swallowed.

"And now, with regard to preaching, Mr. Small," said the Rector, with a dignified air, "I may as well be plain with you, the reason I have asked my friend to come and preach during my absence is because some of the most prominent and distinguished members of our congregation have privately informed me that they do not care for your preach-

ing at all, inasmuch as they look upon it as mere rant. If, like most of us, you took a well-written paper into the pulpit and read a short discourse calculated to suit all classes, though you have been a Dissenter, you might be tolerated, but when you give us an extemporaneous sermon, and throw yourself into all kinds of gymnastic attitudes, and frighten respectable people out of their wits with your solemn exhortations and warnings, it is not reasonable to suppose that they are likely to stand it. So you see, after all, I am your friend in putting a stop to what might in the end bring you to grief.

"Then, to encourage you, think of your advantages in joining us. By giving you ordination you have entered into the apostolic succession. By baptising infants you have the power transferred to you, as the Book of Common Prayer says, of making them 'members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven.' After Confirmation, should you become a Priest—as possibly you may be—in their dying hours you can give them complete absolution from all their sins, and thus be the medium of conferring eternal benefits upon numbers of the human race." But having said this the Rector, looking at his gold watch, remarked, "I must now dismiss you, as I have made an appointment and the time is up. Good morning, sir, and be sure and give my kind regards to your father-in-law and wife," and before Mr. Small could say a word in reply he was stiffly bowed out.

To say that Mr. Small was astounded at this interview is to say the least. Whatever might be his faults, he was in reality a

Christian man. He no more believed the sacerdotal teachings of his Rector than he believed that the moon was made of yellow cheese. Then, why, may it be asked, did he enter the Church of England at all? Simply because he had miscalculated his position. He had fallen desperately in love with Miss Green, and never supposed for one moment but that, when married, he would convert her to his views, take her back with him to Harefield and Mickleton; instead of which both these churches had summarily rejected him, and thrown him out upon the world to get a living as best he could. Exasperated for the time being at the harsh treatment which, in his infatuation, he thought he had received, and influenced by his environment, he was led to listen to the persuasions of church relations and friends to take orders in the Church, only to repent of his folly when he found that it was too late.

Then to add to his miseries, his wife, after marriage, turned out to be anything but what he expected. Half a head taller than himself, with a strong will of her own, which was often displayed to the discomfort of her younger sisters, over whom she professed to rule, she soon showed Mr. Small that it was her determination to be master, and that she had no more inclination to join a Dissenting community than she had to become a member of the Mahomedan fraternity. A churchwoman she had been brought up, a churchwoman she had lived, and a churchwoman she hoped to die. If she had married a Dissenting minister, she candidly confessed she had done so, not with the hope of being transformed into a

Dissenting minister's wife, but rather of turning the Dissenting minister into a Church parson; and, so far, she had triumphed, and was not at all likely to forsake the faith of her forefathers.

It will thus be seen that the Rev. Stephen Small, by his unlucky marriage, had by no means improved his prospects, and had his chosen wife not really been attached to him, his case would have been miserable indeed. But it was bad enough as it was. Before marriage Miss Green was often dreadfully afflicted with neuralgia, which by no means tended to sweeten a temper, which, at its best, was anything but amiable; and when she was likely to become a mother, the disease became so intolerable as to make her own life, and that of her husband, a life of martyrdom. Her temper, in fact, became so unbearable, as at last to lead his father to give broad hints to Mr. Small, that it was time for

him to begin to look out for a home of his own; and he thought if his salary was not large enough, it would be well for him to consider what methods he could devise to add to his income.

Altogether the Rev. Stephen Small found himself to be a most miserable man. His best friends had forsaken him. He was looked down upon by the *elite* of the Church people amongst whom he ministered. He was forced to conform to rites and ceremonies that he invariably abhorred. He felt that in performing them he was acting as an apostate, who deserved the condemnation both of God and man. Moreover, the temptation to take to himself an Episcopalian wife, had well nigh brought him to abject poverty; already his clothes were becoming seedy, and what to do, or where to turn, in order to increase his finances, he knew not.

(To be continued.)

Kafiristan:

A GREEK COLONY IN CENTRAL ASIA.

THIS most interesting people of Greek origin, driven by Mohammedan hatred into the inaccessible mountains, bounded north and west by Badakhshan and the Hindu Kush, on the south by snow-capped Himalayan Mountains, and on the east by the mountains which separates it from Bajour and Chitral.

Their mountain homes can only be approached by four paths, three, however, are almost impassable, the only open way being by the Chaha Serai.

Three rivers flow through the country and meet at the Chaha Serai, and flow into the Cabul River just below Jelallabad.

Their towns are situated on the banks of the rivers; the principal ones are called Ve, Hamish, Prom, Samanist. The capital is Vama, perched high up on the mountain side.

The origin of this most interesting people was matter of deep interest to Elphinstone, Burns, Massou, and Wolfe. They believe

themselves to be descendants of Macedonian Colonies, founded by Philip, and that they were driven back, step by step, to their present impregnable mountain home, and isolated from the outside world by Mohammedan oppression.

They pride themselves upon being brothers to the European, and welcomed with open arms the two Christians who managed to visit them.

Their religion is hero worship. Each clan has its own hero. Crime is almost unknown amongst themselves, and adultery is punished by death to man and woman when the crime is suspected. The head of each tribe is called to Vama, and in a large open space is a large stone figure of Hintra, the principal god, seated, with his hand stretched out. Each head man of each clan steps forward and places a rod into the hand of Hintra; if the rod shakes the guilty person belongs to his clan, is searched for and both are put to death.

Since the days of Baber, Sixteenth Century, the most intense hatred has existed between these Greeks and the Mohammedans, and no quarter is ever given to a Mohammedan. No Greek can become a citizen of the country until he has killed a Mohammedan with his own hand, and no man is permitted to marry until he has won his citizenship.

They are born robbers of the Mohammedans; they set forth in strong parties to rob the caravans; if they win, all Mohammedans are slain; if they are overcome, they are sold as slaves, and fetch three times the price of an ordinary slave.

They are tall, well-built, reddish skin, with brown hair; their clothing is made of sheep and goat skins down to the knee, long stockings, and shoes, and turban made of goats-hair. They live in houses with stone foundations, three storeys high, made of wood. They sit in chairs and use tables. Glass beads are very valuable.

The women do all the work—dig and till the ground, grind the corn, carry burdens, and tend the cattle. Their marriage laws are very singular. Men buy their wives by height, paying £4 for every four inches of height, and every home keeps a strict record of growth of their daughters annually in a book, so that when the marrying time comes and the young woman, wishing to save her lover, bends her knees and reduces her height—for she is publicly measured—the father, with the record before him, says “not so, last year she was so high; she cannot be less now.” So short women are much sought after.

The men shave their heads and faces, but have long moustachios. Their weapons are bows and arrows, and daggers. They do not bury their dead, but place the body in a box and put it in a cave for twelve months, then it is thrown to the birds and wild beasts, and a great feast is given as an atonement for the sins of the deceased.

They are supposed to number about two million, located in the very midst of Mohammedans. They are longing to come into touch with Europeans, believing themselves to be our brothers. If we could only get the Gospel of Christ carried to them, they are ready to be taught and would welcome with open arms any messenger with the good news. Up to the present the Amir of Cabul blocks the way, but the

Gospel must reach them, and then once converted to Christ, throwing away their arms, their fearless courage will be used in witnessing and suffering as missionaries of the Cross.

I trust I have said enough of this people to lead many to prayer that God may be pleased to open the door to the preaching of the Gospel to this Greek Colony in Asia.

Red Hill.

GEORGE DAVIES.

Arrow Points.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK.

A FAST life means swift death.

* * * *

Beside Christ's Cross can come no curse.

* * * *

It takes more than a good ship to make a good sailor.

* * * *

If Christ is near you need not fear.

* * * *

Those who draw nigh to God in this life will not be driven from Him in the next.

* * * *

The longest night will end in light.

* * * *

Family affection is the best preventative of family friction.

* * * *

He that lives a Christian life will die a Christian death.

* * * *

Satan's friends are the Lord's enemies.

* * * *

There can be no Spiritual fruitfulness without the root principles of righteousness, truth, and love.

* * * *

When Christ's dear name is loved,

And His blest Will obeyed,

However dark or wild the storm,

Why need we feel afraid?

The mighty Christ of Calvary

Redeems for all Eternity.

Bass River, Nova Scotia.

The Heavenly Song.

BY REV. R. C. ROBERTS.

"And they sung, as it were, a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts and the elders, and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth."—*Rev. xiv. 3.*

SINGING is the only religious exercise engaged by us here below, which will be continued among the blessed throughout eternity. Prayer is limited to the present life. There will be no supplications made by poor, needy souls in heaven, for none will be in need there. Hunger and thirst, and sorrow, we are told, will be unknown among its blessed inhabitants. Nor will prayer be offered either by the lost, for the door of mercy will be eternally closed, and all hope of forgiveness for ever abandoned. Preaching also pertains to this world. There will be no necessity of preaching to the redeemed in glory, and no messenger of peace will ever be permitted to go and preach the gospel of salvation to the lost in perdition. The two ordinances Jesus Christ instituted, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, belong exclusively to the Church of Christ on earth. The happy seasons often enjoyed at the Lord's table in commemorating the Saviour's death have caused some to feel a little regret that that ordinance will not form a part of the heavenly worship. But we shall not need any symbols to aid us to remember our Lord, as we shall see Him face to face. But singing will continue throughout eternity, only however, among the redeemed. Very painful is the contrast presented between the exercise of the lost and the saved in the future state. Weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth will be that which poor condemned souls will do through the countless ages, reproaching themselves and others for their folly and wickedness. But heaven will be full of the sweetest music, harpers harping with their harps, and the new song sung by the 144,000 which were redeemed from the earth.

We shall consider, first, the song; second, the singers; and, in the third place, where they learned it.

1. First then, note the song. It is called "A new song." John, the writer of this book of Revelations, does not here record the words of it, but we have strong reasons for believing that the theme of it is the same as the song he breaks forth into at the commencement of this book, when he says, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father." It is an ascription of praise to Christ as the Saviour of mankind. It is the song of redeeming love, old and yet ever new. Of what else could they sing? What theme more appropriate? Angels, as well as the redeemed, adorn Jesus Christ.

“Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry, to be exalted thus.
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply, for he was slain for us.”

They sung a *new* song. It was new in that it was the song of redemption, consequently differed from what had been sung previously. It is very probable that anthems of adoration have been sung in heaven from the time the angelic choir celebrated the praises of God when the foundations of the earth were laid, but this song of redemption was a different song, and never would have been sung then if man had not fallen and Christ had not died. This song strikes notes that no other song can ever strike, and refers to glories of the Divine character which never would have been revealed but for the work of our redemption. In this aspect of it the song is new; it will continue new; it will never lose its freshness; the singers will never want to exchange it for another. One of our hymn writers says:

“When in scenes of glory
I sing the new, new song,
‘Twill be the old, old story,
That I have loved so long.”

There are old hymns and old tunes sang by us and our forefathers before us, scores, if not hundreds of times, and they are as sweet and melodious to-day as when we first sang them. So will it be with this new song of redemption in glory. It will surpass every other. It is the song sang to the Lamb that was slain and that liveth again, and who hath redeemed us to God by His blood. The unanimous voice of all in heaven is, that He is “worthy to receive power, and riches and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.”

II.—The singers. Several things may be pointed out.

1. Their number. A hundred and forty and four thousand. This number does not include the whole of the saved. It is evidently symbolic of a vast innumerable multitude. It continually increases by the redeemed, who are being gathered home one by one. Mr. Moody says that there was a time when a solo was sung in heaven, namely, when Abel, the first redeemed soul, went there. There was no one who could join him in the song of redemption. But in course of time another went home to glory, and so there was a duet, and by to-day there is a large choir, for they have been going up for six thousand years, and they sing of Him who died to save from death and hell.

2. The singing is described as being loud. “Like the sound of many waters.” Mr. Spurgeon, preaching from these words in the Music Hall, Royal Surrey Gardens, upwards of forty years ago, describing the loudness of the song, asks: “Have you never heard the sea roar, and the fulness thereof? Have you never walked by the sea-side when the waves were singing, and when every little pebble-stone did turn chorister to make up music to the Lord God of hosts? And have you never, in time of storm, beheld the sea, with its hundred hands, clapping them in gladsome adoration of the Most High? Have you never heard the sea roar out His praise, when the winds were holding carnival—perhaps singing the dirge of mariners, wrecked far out on the stormy deep, but far more likely exalting God

with their hoarse voice, and praising Him who makes a thousand fleets sweep over them in safety, and writes his furrows on their youthful brow? Have you never heard the rumbling and booming of ocean on the shore, when it has been lashing into fury and has been driven upon the cliffs? If you have, you have a faint idea of the melody of heaven. It was 'as the voice of many waters.' But do not suppose it is the whole of the idea. It is not the voice of one ocean, but the voice of many, that is needed to give you an idea of the melodies of heaven. You are to suppose ocean piled upon ocean, sea upon sea, the Pacific piled upon the Atlantic, the Arctic upon that, the Atlantic higher still, and so ocean upon ocean, all lashed to fury, and all sounding, with a mighty voice, the praise of God. Such is the singing of heaven." It must be a grand sight and sound to see and hear thousands of human voices joining in one song of praise to God. One reason, according to Dr. Watts, why the song of heaven will be so loud, is, that every one there will seek to sing the loudest of the loud. He says:

" The loudest of the loud I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace."

2. The singing is also said to be sweet. Noise must not be mistaken for music. There may be a voice like many waters without the least melody. The great preacher already referred to, preaching once in a certain place, gave out the hymn in which are the following two lines:

" Then shall we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song."

And they bawled it out with all the lung power they had. After finishing, Mr. Spurgeon said to them, " My friends, you may be able to sing sweeter, but never *louder* than you have done to-night." The song, however, John heard was sweet as well as loud. It was " The voice of harpers harping with their harps." Of all musical instruments the harp is considered the sweetest. Its melody can scarcely be expressed. Such is the music of heaven. No jarring note, no discord, but all one glorious, harmonious song.

3. Again, the singers and the song then will be in perfect agreement. No discrepancy between the life of the singer and the words he sings. There are hymns occasionally sang in the public worship of the Sanctuary which it is difficult to understand how the ungodly, who have not trusted in Christ, can consistently sing them. Here, for example, is a verse, which a man, who does not know what faith in Christ means, joins in.

" E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

And again, can there be greater incongruity than for a man, who has not decided for Christ, joining in the hymn:

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

Let the reader, again, only think of that beautiful hymn on prayer, and he will at once be impressed of the inconsistency of a person, who never bows the knee in prayer, singing the following verse :

" O let my hands forget their skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy-seat."

But the new song is only sung by the redeemed. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood," &c. "Thou art worthy," is their cry, "for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood," &c. How desirable is it that we should seek to live holy, godly lives, then we can join heartily in our hymns of praise, and feel that the sentiments expressed in them are ours.

4. The choir of heaven is also described as faultless, not simply in their singing, but in their lives. "They are without fault before the throne of God." When here on earth they all had faults as we have to-day. But now they are perfect. Every stain removed; every sin forgiven. "Without fault." So shall it be with us at the end, if we but trust in Christ. We shall be washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

III.—Note, finally, where this song is to be learned. The text informs us "no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth." The new song must be begun here below, or we shall never sing it above. The choristers of the redeemed in heaven have all had their rehearsals on earth. The music of this song can never be read at first sight. It has to be learned, and that in this world. Its sweet melody is to be learned at Calvary, and only by those who go to Christ for salvation. Reader, begin to learn this song now, and then you will be able to sing it on your pilgrimage, in the valley, and before the Throne of God.

Pembroke Dock.

AM I A CHRISTIAN?

EVIDENCE of piety is not so much to be sought in high emotions of any kind, as in real humility, self-distrust, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, sorrow for sin, and a continual effort, in every-day life, to regulate our thoughts, feelings, and conduct, by the word of God. It is the nature and not the degree of our affections which is to be regarded in the examination of our evidences. The best way to know our feelings is, to see how they influence the conduct. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Always look upon those as the best comforts which have most of these two effects—those that make you least and lowest, and most like a child, and those that most determine you to deny yourself, and to spend and be spent in the service of your Master.

Reviews.

The New Order of Nobility by Fred. A. Rees. Author of "Plain Talks on Plain Subjects." A. H. Stockwell & Co., 17, Paternoster Row.

All who have read and profited by "Plain Talks on Plain Subjects" will heartily welcome this new volume. The writer has the gift of saying good things in a straight, concise and manly style. The New Order of Nobility are brought before us by honour not by heritage, by merit not by mercy, by worth not by wealth, by virtue not by valour, by piety not by property. Such is the description of this new and true aristocracy.

The Song of the Shepherd. Meditations on the Twenty-third Psalm. R. S. Duff, D.D., Minister of Free St. George's Church, Glasgow. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, 21, Paternoster Square, E.C., and Edinburgh.

The writer tells his readers that the meditations were delivered from the pulpit some years ago, but as time passes one returns to this favourite portion of Scripture with undiminished zest and with a growing sense of its preciousness as a source of comfort. These words are confirmed in our feelings as we read again another volume on the shepherd psalm. Dr. Duff has in eleven well-thought out and beautiful chapters produced a volume of sweet and profitable meditations.

Mumpen, and other Stories, by Joseph Laing Waugh. Author of "A Little Child shall lead them." Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.

Five stories reprinted by the kind permission of the proprietors of the

People's Friend, Scottish Society and Dumfries Herald. Nice, instructive stories with sound, good moral teaching. Published at 1/6, will sure to be read with interest by our young people.

Some Foundation and Scripture Truths briefly opened out with illustrative examples together with Divine unfoldings in the words of the Holy Ghost himself. In two parts, written and compiled by Robert Brown. William Wileman, 29, Bouverie Street, E.C.

We have great confidence when we say that every believer reading this work will derive instruction, comfort and soul establishing therefrom. It contains twenty-three chapters on solemn and weighty subjects and all written in harmony with the old old story of Jesus and his love. The chapter on Jesus Christ the Anointed Saviour, the Lord Our Righteousness, the Precious Corner Stone, the Second Coming of our Lord, are full of Scriptural teaching, and will well repay the attention of the devout reader.

Jesus is God. Compiled by M. 4th Edition, revised and enlarged.

We are glad to see that a fourth edition has been called for, and we wish for it a very extensive circulation. It may be obtained by order of any bookseller, or direct from M., Woodside, Walton Park, Clevedon, England.

Part 29 of *The Treasury of David*, by C. H. Spurgeon. Also Part 3 of the *Autobiography of C. H. Spurgeon*. Compiled from his diary. Letters and records by his wife and his private

secretary. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. Part 29 of *The Treasury* carries us through to the 117 Psalms, and Part 3 of *The Autobiography* contains the most interesting account of Conversion. *Baptism and Church Membership*. The March number of *The Quiver*, (Cassell & Co.) is distinguished by a large presentation picture of "Christ Blessing Little Children." Also the third coupon which with January and February entitles its possessor to a bound copy of De Travers Early Days of Christianity, and with other valuable contents. Has a chapter by Dr. Parker, "Little Comments on Great Texts." *The Great Thoughts* for March is, as usual, crowded with good things. Great thoughts indeed. It is impossible to summarise its contents, but we are bound to say it is one of the best monthlies of the day, and he who reads is much enriched thereby. Number 10, volume 15.

The Treasury of Religious Thought.
Treat and Co., New York.

A very timely article on the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, and a good Paper on Young People's Work.

The Book of Job. Translated direct from the Hebrew Text into current English, by Ferrar Fenton, assisted by Henrik Borgstrom. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

Mr. Fenton's foundation of the New Testament Scripture, having been very favourably received, it is now proposed to produce the entire Old Testament. The first issue is the Book of Job, price Sixpence.

Triune Rays, an address delivered to the London Strict Baptist Association, by Robert Edward Sears. Banks and Son, Raquet Court, Fleet Street.

The Religious Tract Society's Serials *The Girl's Own* with its most interesting monthly supplement. Story for girls, Amy's Deliverance, by Mrs. Jerome Mercier,

and the unsurpassed *Child's Companion* and *Little Dot*. *The Leisure Hour* and *Sunday at Home* always good, with *Light in the Home*, *Friendly Greetings* and the *Cottager and Artisan*.

We are requested to insert the following notice, which we most gladly do:

"This week the Religious Tract Society's *Boy's Own Paper*, the well-known pioneer of high-class serial reading for boys, reaches its 1,000th WEEKLY NUMBER, a fact worthy of special notice, considering the number of boy's journals—good, bad and indifferent—that have appeared and disappeared during the past twenty years. The *B.O.P.*—which was started in answer to the appeals of judges, magistrates, schoolmasters, parents and others, with the sole idea of producing a paper that, while sufficiently attractive to win and hold the interest of boys of all classes, should yet be of genuine literary and artistic excellence and high moral tone—caught on from the first, soon reaching a circulation of nearly 200,000; and it still holds its own as the premier boys' journal throughout the English-speaking world. It has subscribed for two Lifeboats at £600 each; has given £400 to one of the Children's Wards of the London Hospital; and £750 to form a "Gordon Memorial" ward at Dr. Barnardo's Homes, &c. The editor, Mr. G. Andrew Hutchison, is receiving well-deserved congratulations.

We have also to hand, notice of a Dictionary of the Bible, edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D. The illustration with which is incorporated Preparations, a very good monthly. The Bible Society's *Monthly Reporter* and *Gleanings for the Young*, *National Righteousness*, *Helping Words*, *Life and Light*, the *Monthly Record of the Protestant Evangelical Mission* and Dr. Barnardo's *Night and Day*, with a letter from her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. We are sure our readers will sympathise and give practical help to Dr. Barnardo in his noble gigantic work.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. J. C. Carlile, from John Street, Edgware Road, to Salem Church, Folkestone.

Rev. W. O. Williams, from Aberestwith College, to the English Church at Cefnmawr, Wrexham.

Rev. A. O. Shaw, from Frithelstock to Budleigh Salterton.

Rev. A. J. D. Farrar, B.A., from Regent's Park College, to Leamington Street Church, Blackburn.

Rev. I. L. Near, from Centenary Church, March, to Christ Church, Ashton Park, Birmingham.

Rev. G. James, from Bridgend, to Goodwick, Pem.

Rev. Henry Jones, from Bangor College, to Maesyberllan, Brecon.

Rev. R. Martin, from Midland College, Nottingham, to Conisborough.

Rev. S. J. Robins, from Blakeney, to Scapegoat Hill, York.

Rev. W. Knight Chaplin, Poplar and Bromley Tabernacle, to Major Road Chapel, Stratford.

Rev. J. C. Forth, from Carley Street Chapel, Leicester, to Kirby Muxloe.

Rev. G. W. Brooker, from Leigh Church, Bolton, to East Street Church, Southampton.

Rev. Henry Jones, from North Wales College, to the English Church, Maesyberllan, Breconshire.

Rev. H. J. Preece, from Maidenhead, to Tewkesbury.

Rev. E. H. Brown, from Twickenham, to Wells, Somerset.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. James Mursell has been recognised as pastor at Downs Chapel, Clapton. Among those present were Revs Arthur Mursell (uncle of the pastor), E. Henderson, and R. H. Snellgrove. Mr. Mursell, in his reply, indicating the spirit in which he hoped to pursue his labours, said he wished to be not only the minister in the pulpit, but the friend of the people in their homes.

Rev. E. C. Monk has been recognised as pastor of Zion Church, Tenterden. Revs. J. Whitaker G. Monk (father of the pastor), J. Archer, T. G. Atkinson and W. W. Haines took part.

Rev. H. Frank Griffin has been recognised as pastor at Bridlington. Revs. T. G. Tarn and T. S. Burros took part.

Rev. R. Walker has been recognised as pastor of the church at Maidenhead. Revs. G. P. Gould, J. Dann, J. Cave, C. Hobbs, J. Aubrey and H. J. Preece took part.

Rev. R. E. Chettleborough has been recognised as pastor of Hockliffe street Church, Leighton Buzzard. Revs. C. Spurgeon, A. Barber, C. A. Eastwood, J. T. Frost, A. J. Grant, G. D. Hooper and Frank Thompson took part.

Rev. G. M. Rice has been recognised as pastor at Gildersome. Professor Medley, of Rawdon College, preached. Alderman Joseph Brooke, J.P., presided over the meeting, which was addressed by Revs. C. W. Skemp, T. A. Plant, T. Porritt, H. Ellis, F. W. Turner and J. Haslam.

Rev. S. Pilling, late of Blackpool, has been recognised as pastor of Barry road Church, East Dulwich,

Revs. Peter Thompson, W. R. Skerry, Dr. Ray, Dr. Downen and E. Henderson took part.

PRESENTATIONS.

Mrs. Charles Spurgeon, tea service from South Street Dorcas Society, Greenwich.

Mrs. H. Walker, an inlaid work-table from Prince's Street Church, Northampton.

Rev. G. Howard James, an illuminated address, books, &c., from various societies connected with Woodborough Road Church, Nottingham, on leaving; Mrs. James, clock.

Mr. J. W. Young, an oak roll-top desk from Stratford Road Church, Birmingham.

Rev. L. C. Parkinson, B.A., *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, from George Street Church, Nottingham, in acknowledgment of his services in helping to clear off the debt on the improvement fund.

Mr. Flavell, a purse of gold from Carlton Church; Mrs. Flavell, a music stool and book rack.

Mr. John Speak, a Bible from Blake Dean Church, Hebden Bridge, in recognition of forty years' services as choir-master.

NEW CHAPELS.

Memorial-stones have been laid of the new church at Lowestoft (Rev. J. M. Hamilton). The old chapel, erected in 1852, mainly by the efforts of Sir Morton Peto, has been found inadequate. The new building will accommodate 700 worshippers, and occupies a central site. Rev. C. Browne preached; at the public meeting Alderman White, Judge Willis, Q.C., and Mr. H. P. Gould took part; £208 was realised at the services. The new building will cost £5,000, towards this £1,500 has been collected; the old chapel premises realised £1,020. A loan of £500 has been made by the Baptist Building Fund.

RECENT DEATH.

The Rev. R. C. Roberts, Pembroke Dock, writes:—"One of the oldest members of Bush Street Baptist Church, viz., Ann Nicholas entered into her eternal rest on Monday morning, February 28, 1898, at the residence of her nephew, Mr. James John, High Street, Pembroke Dock. She was born March 4th, 1808, so was entering on the eve of her 91st year. She was baptised over 60 years ago at Molleston, and during that long period adorned the doctrine of the Gospel by her consistent life. She was most faithful in her attendance at the services of the sanctuary both on week evenings and Sundays.

Her funeral took place on Thursday afternoon at the new cemetery, when her pastor was assisted in the service by the Rev. W. A. Edwards, Congregational minister. The funeral sermon was preached by the writer from the following words, which our departed sister had selected, and which were strikingly appropriate of her. "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thine house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BAPTIST UNION SPRING ASSEMBLY.—Monday, April 25.—3 p.m. First Session, Bloomsbury Chapel. Devotional Service to be conducted by the retiring president, Rev. E. G. Grange, F.R.A.S., who will introduce his successor, Rev. S. Vincent, to the chair. Reception and adoption of Report of Council. Elections: (1) vice-president; (2) council; (3) officers and auditors. 5.30 p.m. Public soirée in library, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C. (tickets one shilling each, may be had at No. 5 Office, 19, Funnell Street, E.C.) 6.45 p.m. Home Mission and Church Extension meeting in Great Hall. Chairman, Mr D. Clarke, Mayor of High Wycombe, chairman of the Home Mission Committee. Speakers, Rev. J. W. Ewing,

M.A., B.D., of London; Rev. F. G. West, of Liverpool, and Rev. T. R. Williams, of Bristol.

Tuesday, April 26.—3.30 p.m. Second Session, Bloomsbury Chapel. Public worship and president's address.

Wednesday, April 27.—3 p.m. Third Session, Bloomsbury Chapel. Public questions.

Thursday, April 28.—10 a.m. Fourth Session, Bloomsbury Chapel. (1) Paper by Rev. J. T. Forbes, M.A. of Edinburgh, on 'Nonconformity, in Fiction and in Fact'; (2) Paper by Rev. S. W. Bowser, B.A., of Birkenhead, on 'The Instruction of our Young People in Free Church and Denominational Principles'; (3) At 12.15 p.m., closing address by Rev. J. Clifford, D.D., of London.

The proceedings at the annual meetings of the Baptist Missionary Society in April will commence with a prayer-meeting on the 21st, at which Professor Marshall will give the address. Mr. William Angus, J.P., of Newcastle, will preside over the members' meeting on the morning of the 26th: the *soiree* at Cannon-street Hotel will have for its chairman Mr. Alfred Billson, M.P., and for speakers Rev. W. E. Winks and two missionaries of the Society. The annual sermon will be preached by Principal Henderson, of Bristol College, in Bloomsbury Chapel, on Wednesday morning, 27th, and that to young people in the evening in Regent's-park Chapel by Rev. C. Silvester Horne. The Thursday's annual meeting in Exeter Hall will be presided over by Dr. George Smith, of Edinburgh, secretary of the Free Church of Scotland Missions, with Dr. Joseph Parker and two missionaries as speakers. On the 29th the Missionary Breakfast Conference will be held in Exeter Hall, when Mr. W. R. Rickett will be the chairman and Rev. Robert Lewis will read a paper, whilst at the Young People's Meeting, Mr. E. P. Collier, J.P., of Reading, will preside.

Dr. Booth, the esteemed secretary

of the Baptist Union, has intimated to the Council his intended resignation; advancing years and weakened health have made this step inevitable. Dr. Booth has held this important position since 1887.

The Spring Meeting of the Kent and Sussex Baptist Association, was held at Eynsford, March 9th. The afternoon meeting was presided over by Councillor Finch, and a paper was read by pastor E. A. Tydeman on "Our message to the unconverted," and was spoken to by Revs Mace, Walker, Blake, Smith, Rudget, R. H. Powell, and others. The Evening Meeting was presided over by the Rev. J. Jackson of Sevenoaks, and addresses by pastors J. H. Blake, D. Mace, Greenwood, Esq., and others. The Meetings were very pleasant and profitable.

BAPTISMS.

- Aldershot*.—February 27, One, by F. G. Keinp
Belper.—February 27, Four, by H. Collard
Biddeston, Suffolk.—February 20, Three; February 27, Two, by E. Beckett
Bishop's Stortford.—February 24, Nine, by W. Walker
Burslem.—February 27, Four, by R. A. Burrows
Banbridge, co. Down.—January 30, One; February 13, Seven, by M. V. F. Dawson, M.A.
Belfast: Antim-road.—February 20, Seven, by C. S. Donald
Chester: Milton-street.—March 1, One, by W. Povey
Church, Lanc.: Ernest-street.—March 2, Three, by E. M. Durbin
Cardiff: Hope Chapel.—February 27, Three, by T. W. Medhurst
Derby: Junction-street.—February 27, ½ Five, by P. A. Hudgell
Desborough.—February 27, Two, by I. Near
Dundee: Ward-road.—February 20, Three, by D. Clark
Devonport: Pembroke-street.—February 13, Four, by G. H. F. Jackman
Glasgow: Kelvinside-avenue.—February 14, Seven, by A. W. Bean
Glascoed, Pontypool, Mon.—February 6, Four; March 6, Two, by D. Rees

Glasgow: Frederick-street. — February 13, Two, by E. Aubrey
Glasgow: Cambridge-street. — February 20, Three, by E. Last
Greenock: Orangefield. — February 27, One, by B. J. Cole
Harston, Cambs. — February 27, Two, by F. Potter
Hebden Bridge. — February 20, Four, by J. Gay
Ibstock. — February 27, Three, by A. E. Johnson
Kingshorpe. — March 6, Five, by F. Neal
Knighthon. — February 6, Two, by W. Williams
Kelso, N.B. — February 13, One, by J. W. Kemp
Kirkintilloch. — February 27, Three, by C. Chrystal
Leamington. — February 27, Five, by A. Phillips
Leeds: Burley-road. — February 27, Seven, by F. W. Walter
Leicester: Providence, Newark-street. — February 20, Two, by A. E. Realfit
Melbourn: Cambs., Zion. — February 27, Three, by R. A. Belsham
Morley: Leeds. — February 27, Ten, by Chas. Welton
Mill Hill, Laucs. — March 2, Three by F. Oliver
Mountain Ash: Nazareth — February 10, Five, by E. V. Tidman
Newport, Mon.: Dockpool-road. — February 27, Three, by A. T. Jones
Okehampton. — February 20, Three, by G. J. Whiting
Resolven, Bethania. — February 20, Two, by D. C. Davies
Rhayader, Radnorshire. — January 31, One; February 20, Six, by W. E. Thomas
Ramsgate, Cavendish. — February 27, Three, by T. Hancocks

Slough, Bucks. — March 3, Three, by Theo. Cousens.
Sunderland: Enon. — March 6, Two, by G. Wilson
Swansea: Gorse-lane — February 13, Three; 27, Seven, by E. P. Davy
Southampton: Carlton. — February 27, Two, by N. T. J. Miller
Stourport. — February 20, Ten; February 27, Nine, by R. Evans
Swansea: Carmarthen-road. — February 27, Eight, by I. Lloyd
Tonbridge, High-street. — February 27, Four, by James H. Blake
Worcester. — February 27, Four, by J. B. Johnston, M.A.
Wigan: Scarisbrick-street. — February 27, Eleven; March 6, Six, by J. Bennett

LONDON DISTRICT.

Chiswick, Annondale-road. — February 27, Five, by A. G. Edgerton
Greenwich, South-street. — March 3, Nine, by F. M. Smith
Harold street Tabernacle, North Brixton. — February 13, Nine, by J. Creer
New Cross-road, S.E. — March 6, Two, by T. Jones
New Southgate, N. — February 27, Seven, by G. Freeman
Stoke Newington, Devonshire-square. — February 27, Five, by G. P. McKay
Stoke Newington, Bouverie-road. — February 27, Four, by W. Mitchell
Stratford-grove. — February 27, Three, by W. H. Stevens
Woolwich Tabernacle. — March 6, Five, by J. Wilson

HOW HARD IT IS TO BE CONTENT.

WHEN I was young, an old gentleman asked me, "When is a person rich enough?" I replied, "When he has a thousand pounds." "No." "When he has ten thousand," I asked. "No." "When then?" "When he has a little more than he has got—and that is never." So it too often is. If we once allow the beginnings of a covetous spirit, our desires will always keep in advance of our possessions. He only is truly rich who is truly contented."

TEACHERS.

The diligent and pious teacher, who properly instructeth and traineth the young, can never be fully rewarded with money. If I were to leave my office as preacher, I would next choose that of schoolmaster or teacher, for I know that, next to preaching, this is the greatest, best, and most useful avocation; and I am not quite sure which of the two is the better, for it is hard to reform old sinners, with whom the preacher has to do, while the young tree can be made to bend without breaking.—*Luther*.

Sin Immeasurable.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

“Who can understand his errors?” Psalm xix. 12

WHAT we know is as nothing when compared with what we know not. The sea of wisdom has cast up a shell or two upon our shore, but its vast depths have never known the footstep of the searcher. Even in natural things we know but the surface of matters. He that has travelled the wide world over, and has descended into its deepest mines, must yet be aware that he has viewed but a part of the mere crust of this world; that as for its vast centre, its mysterious fires and molten secrets, the mind of man hath not as yet conceived them. If you will turn your eyes above, the astronomer will tell you that the undiscovered stars, that the vast mass of worlds which form the milky way, and the abundant masses of nebulae—that those vast clusters of unknown worlds, as infinitely exceed the little that we can explore, as a mountain exceeds a grain of sand. All the knowledge which the wisest men can possibly attain in a whole life-time, is no more than what the child may take up from the sea with his tiny cup, compared with the boundless waters which fill their channels to the brim. Why, when we are at the wisest, we have but come to the threshold of knowledge, we have taken but one step in that race of discovery which we may have to pursue throughout all eternity. This is equally the case with regard to things of the heart, and the spiritual things which concern this little world called man. We know nothing but the surface of things. Whether I talk to you of God, of his attributes, of Christ, of his atonement, or of ourselves and our sin, I must confess that as yet we know nothing but the exterior; that we cannot comprehend the length, the breadth, the height of any one of these matters.

The subject of this morning—our own sin, and the error of our own hearts, is one which we sometimes think we know, but of which we may always be quite sure that we have only began to learn, and that when we have learned the most we shall ever know on earth, the question will still be pertinent, “Who can understand his errors?”

Now, this morning I propose first of all, very briefly indeed, to *explain the question*; then at greater length to *impress it upon our hearts*; and lastly we will *learn the lessons which it would teach us*.

I. First, then, let me EXPLAIN THE QUESTION.—“Who can understand his errors?”

We all acknowledge that we have errors. Surely we are not so proud as to imagine ourselves to be perfect. If we pretend to perfec-

tion we are utterly ignorant, for every profession of human perfection arises from perfect ignorance. Any notion that we are free from sin should at once discover to us that we abound in it. To vindicate my boast of perfection, I must deny the Word of God, forget the law, and exalt myself above the testimony of truth. Therefore, I say, we are willing to confess that we have many errors, yet who amongst us can understand them? Who knows precisely how far a thing may be an error which we imagine to be a virtue? Who among us can define how much of iniquity is mingled with our uprightness—how much of unrighteousness with our righteousness? Who is able to detect the component parts of every action, so as to see the proportion of motive which would constitute it right or wrong? He were indeed a crafty man who should be able to unmask an action and divide it into essential motives which are its component parts. Where we think we are right, who knows but what we may be wrong? Where even with the strictest scrutiny we have arrived at the conclusion that we have done a good thing, who among us is quite sure that he has not been mistaken? May not the apparent good be so marred with internal motive as to become real evil?

Who again can understand his errors, so as always to detect a fault when it has been committed? The shades of evil are perceptible to God, but not always perceptible to us. Our eye has been so blinded and its vision so ruined by the fall, the absolute black of sin we can detect, but the shades of its darkness we are unable to discern. And yet the slightest shadow of sin is perceptible to God, and that very shade divides us from the Perfect One, and causes us to be guilty of sin. Who amongst us has that keen method of judging himself, so that he shall be able to discover the first trace of evil? "Who can understand his errors?" Surely no man will claim a wisdom so profound as this. But to come to more common matters by which perhaps we may the more understand our text. Who can understand the *number* of his errors? The mightiest mind could not count the sins of a single *day*. As the multitude of sparks from a furnace, so innumerable are the iniquities of one day. We might sooner tell the grains of sand on the sea-shore, than the iniquities of one man's life. A life most purged and pure is still as full of sin as the sea is full of salt. And who is he that can weigh the salt of the sea, or can detect it as it mingles with every fluid particle? But if he could do this, he could not tell how vast an amount of evil saturates our entire life, and how innumerable are those deeds, and thoughts, and words of disobedience which have cast us out from the presence of God, and caused him to abhor the creatures which his own hands have made.

Again, even if we could tell the number of human sins, who, in the next place, could estimate their *guilt*? Before God's mind the guilt of one sin, and such an one as we foolishly call a little one—the guilt of one sin merits his eternal displeasure. Until that one iniquity be washed out with blood, God cannot accept the soul and take it to his heart as his own offspring. Though he has made man, and is infinitely benevolent, yet his sense of justice is so strong, and stern, and inflexible, that from his presence he must drive out his dearest child if one single sin should remain unforgiven. Who then amongst us can

tell the guilt of guilt, the heinousness of that ungrateful rebellion which man has commenced and carried on against his wise and gracious Creator. Sin, like hell, is a bottomless pit! Oh, brethren, there never lived a man yet who really knew how guilty he was; for if such a being could be fully conscious of all his own guilt, he would carry hell in his bowels. Nay, I often think that scarcely can the damned in perdition know all the guilt of their iniquity, or else even their furnace might be heated seven times hotter, and Tophet's streams must be enlarged to an unmeasurable depth. The hell which is contained in a single evil thought is unutterable and unimaginable. God only knows the blackness, the horror of darkness, which is condensed into the thought of evil.

And then again, I think our text would convey to us this idea. Who can understand the peculiar *aggravation* of his own transgression. Now answering the question for myself, I felt that as a minister of Christ I cannot understand my errors. Placed where multitudes listen to the Word from my lips, my responsibilities are so tremendous, that the moment I think of them, a mountain presses upon my soul. There have been times, when I wished to imitate Jonah and take ship and flee away from the work which God had thrust upon me; for I am conscious that I have not served him as I ought. When I preach most earnestly, I go to my chamber and repent that I have preached in so heartless a manner. When I have wept over your souls, and when I have agonized in prayer, I have yet been conscious that I have not wrestled with God as I ought to have wrestled, and that I have not felt for your souls as I ought to feel. The errors which a man may commit in the ministry are incalculable. There is no hell thinks that shall be hot enough for the man who is unfaithful here. There can be no curse too horrible to be hurled upon the head of that man who leads others astray when he ought to guide them in the path of peace, or who deals with sacred things as if they were matters of no weight, but of slight importance. I bring here any minister of Christ that lives, and if he be a man really filled with the Holy Spirit, he will tell you that when he is bowed down with the solemnity of his office, he would give up the work if he dare; that if it were not for something beyond, mysterious impulses that drive him forward, he would take his hand from the plough and leave the field of battle. Lord have mercy upon thy ministers, for, beyond all other men, we need mercy.

And now I single out any other member of my congregation, and whatever be your position in life, whatever your education, or the peculiar providences through which you have passed, I will insist upon it that there is something special about your case which makes your sin such sin, that you cannot understand how vile it is. Perhaps you have had a pious mother who wept over you in your childhood, and dedicated you to God when you were in your cradle. Your sin is doubly sin. There is about it a scarlet hue which is not to be discovered in an ordinary criminal. You have been directed from your youth up in the way of righteousness, and if you have gone astray, every step you have taken has been not a *step* to hell but a *stride* thither. You do not sin so cheaply as others. Other men's scores run

up fast ; but where there are pence put down for other sinners there are pounds put down for you, because you know your duty but you do it not. He that breaks through a mother's bosom to hell goes to its lowest depths. There is in hell a degree of torture, and the deepest should surely be reserved for the man who leaps over a mother's prayers into perdition. Or you may never have this to account for ; but you may have an equal aggravation. You have been at sea, sir. Many times you have been in danger of being shipwrecked. You have had miraculous escapes. Now every one of these shipwrecks has been a warning to you. God has brought you to the gates of death, and you have promised that if he would save your wretched soul that you would lead a fresh life—that you would begin to serve your Maker. You have lied to your God. Your sins before you uttered that vow were evil enough ; but now you break not only the law but your own covenant which you voluntarily made with God in the hour of sickness. You have, some of you perhaps, been thrown from a horse, or have been attacked by fever, or in other ways have been brought to the very gates of the grave. What solemnity is attached to your life now ! He that rode in the charge of Balaklava and yet came back alive—saved alive where hundreds died—should from that time consider himself to be a God's man, saved by a singular Providence for singular ends. But you too have had your escapes, if not quite so wonderful, yet certainly quite as special instances of God's goodness. And now every error you commit becomes unutterably wicked, and of you I may say, "Who can understand his errors ?"

But I might exhaust the congregation by bringing up one by one. Here comes the father. Sir, your sins will be imitated by your children. You cannot therefore understand your errors, because they are sins against your own offspring—sins against the children that have sprung from from your own loins. Here is the magistrate. Sir, your sins are of a peculiar dye, because standing in your position, your character is watched and looked up to, and whatever you do becomes the excuse of other men. I bring up another man who holds no office in the state whatever, and who perhaps is little known among men. But, sir, you have received special grace from God, you have had rich enjoyment of the light of your Saviour's countenance ; you have been poor, but he has made you rich—rich in faith. Now when you rebel against him, the sins of God's favourites are sins indeed. Iniquities committed by the people of God become as huge as Olympus, and reach the very stars. Who among us, then, can understand his errors ; their special aggravations, their number, and their guilt ? Lord, search thou us and know our ways !

II. I have thus tried briefly to explain my text ; now I come to **THE IMPRESSING OF IT ON THE HEART**, as God the Holy Spirit shall help me.

Before a man could understand his errors there are several mysteries which he must know. But each one of these mysteries, methinks is beyond his knowledge, and consequently the understanding of the whole depth of the guilt of his sin must be quite beyond human power. Now the first mystery that man must understand is *the fall*. Until I know how much all my powers are debased and depraved, how thoroughly my will is perverted and my judgment turned from its

right channel, how really and essentially vicious my nature has become, it cannot be possible for me to know the whole extent of my guilt. Here is a piece of iron laid upon the anvil. The hammers are plied upon it lustily. A thousand sparks are scattered on every side. Suppose it possible to count each spark as it falls from the anvil; yet who could guess the number of the unborn sparks that still lie latent and hidden in the mass of iron? Now, brethren, your sinful nature may be compared to that heated bar of iron. Temptations are the hammers; your sins the sparks. If you could count them (which you cannot do) yet who could tell the multitude of unborn iniquities—eggs of sin that lie slumbering in your souls? Yet must you know this before you know the whole sinfulness of your nature. Our open sins are like the farmer's little sample which he brings to market. There are granaries full at home. The iniquities that we see are like the weeds upon the surface soil; but I have been told, and indeed have seen the truth of it, that if you dig six feet into the earth, and turn up fresh soil, there will be found in that soil six feet deep the seeds of the weeds indigenous to the land. And so we are not to think merely of the sins that grow on the surface, but if we could turn our heart up to its core and centre, we should find it as fully permeated with sin as every piece of putridity is with worms and rottenness. The fact is that man is a reeking mass of corruption. His whole soul is by nature so debased and so depraved, that no description which can be given of him even by inspired tongues can fully tell how base and vile a thing he is. An ancient writer said once of the iniquity within, that it was like the stores of water which it is believed are hidden in the depth of the earth. God once broke up the fountains of the great deep, and then they covered the mountains twenty cubits upward. If God should ever withdraw his restraining grace, and break up in our hearts the whole fountains of the great depths of our iniquity, it would be a flood so wondrous, that it would cover the highest tops of our hopes and the whole world within us would be drowned in dread despair. Not a living thing could be found in this sea of evil. It would cover all, and swallow up the whole of our manhood. Ah! says an old proverb, "If man could wear his sins on his forehead, he would pull his hat over his eyes. That old Roman who said he would like to have a window into his heart that every man could see within it, did not know himself, for if he had had such a window he would soon have begged to have a pair of shutters, and he would have kept them shut up I am sure; for could he ever have seen his own heart, he would have been driven raving mad. God, therefore, spares all eyes but his own that desperate sight—a naked human heart. Great God, here would we pause and cry, "Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me. Thou desirest truth in the inward parts, and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom. Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

A second thing which it will be needful for us to understand before we can comprehend our errors is *God's law*. If I just describe the law for a moment, you will very readily see that you can never hope by any means to fully understand it. The law of God, as we read it in

the ten great commandments, seems very simple, very easy. When we come, however, to put even its naked precepts into practice, we find that it is quite impossible for us to keep them in the full. Our amazement, however, increases, when we find that the law does not mean merely what it says, but that it has a spiritual meaning, a hidden depth of matter which at first sight we do not discover. For instance, the commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," means more than the mere act—refers to fornication and uncleanness of any shape, both in act, and word, and thought. Nay, to use our Saviour's own exposition of it, "He that looketh upon a woman to lust after her, committeth adultery already with her in his heart." So with every commandment. The bare letter is nothing, compared with the whole stupendous meaning and severe strictness of the rule. The commandments, if I may so speak, are like the stars. When seen with the naked eye, they appear to be brilliant points; if we could draw near to them, we should see them to be infinite worlds, greater than even our sun, stupendous though it is. So it is with the law of God. It seems to be but a luminous point, because we see it at a distance, but when we come nearer where Christ stood, and estimate the law as he saw it, then we find it is vast, immeasurable. "The commandment is exceeding broad." Think then for a moment of the spirituality of the law, its extent and strictness. The law of Moses condemns for offence, without hope of pardon, and sin, like a millstone, is bound around the sinner's neck, and he is cast into the depths. Nay, the law deals with sins of thought—the imagination of evil is sin. The transit of sin across the heart leaves the stain of impurity behind it. This law, too, extends to every act—tracks us to our bed-chamber, goes with us to our house of prayer, and if it discovers so much as the least sign of wavering from the strict path of integrity, it condemns us. When we think of the law of God we may well be overwhelmed with horror, and sit down and say, "God be merciful to me, for to keep this law is utterly beyond power; even to know the fulness of its meaning is not within finite capacity. Therefore great God cleanse us from our secret faults—save us by thy grace, for by the law we can never be saved."

Nor yet, even if you should know these two things, should you be able to answer this question; for, to comprehend our own errors, we must be able to understand *the perfection of God*. To get a full idea of how black sin is, you must know how bright God is. We see things by contrast. You will at one time have pointed out to you a colour which appears perfectly white; yet it is possible for something to be whiter still; and when you think you have arrived at the very perfection of whiteness, you discover that there is still a shade, and that something may be found that is blanched to a higher state of purity. When we put ourselves in comparison with the apostles, we discover that we are not what we should be; but if we could bring ourselves side by side with the purity of God, O what spots! what defilements should we find on our surface! while the Immaculate God stands before us as the bright back-ground to set out the blackness of our iniquitous souls. Ere thou canst know thine own defilement those eyes must look into the unutterable glory of the divine character.

Him before whom the heavens are not pure—who chargeth the angels with folly—thou must know him before thou canst know thyself. Hope not, then, that thou shalt ever attain to a perfect knowledge of the depths of thine own sin.

Again: he that would understand his errors in all their heinousness must know the mystery of *hell*. We must walk that burning marl, stand in the midst of the blazing flame; nay, feel it. We must feel the venom of destruction as it makes the blood boil in each vein. We must find our nerves converted into fiery roads, along which the hot feet of pain shall travel, hurrying with lightning pace. We must know the extent of eternity, and then the unutterable agony of that eternal wrath of God which abides on the souls of the lost, before we can know the awful character of sin. You may best measure the sin by the punishment. Depend upon it, God will not put his creatures to a single pang more pain than justice absolutely demands. There is no such thing as sovereign torture or sovereign hell. God does not stretch his creature on the rack like a tyrant; he will give him but what he deserves, and, perhaps, even when God's wrath is fiercest against sin, he does not punish the sinner so much as his sin might warrant, but only as much as it demands. At any rate, there will not be a grain more of wormwood in the cup of the lost than naked justice absolutely requires. Then, O my God! if thy creatures are to be cast into a lake that burneth with fire and brimstone—if into a pit that is bottomless lost souls must be driven, then what a hideous thing sin must be. I cannot understand that torture, therefore I cannot understand the guilt that deserves it. Yet am I conscious that my guilt deserves it, or else God would not have threatened me with it, for he is just and I am unjust; he is holy and righteous and good, and he would not punish me more for my sin than my sin absolutely required.

Yet once more—a last endeavour to impress this question of my text upon our hearts. George Herbert saith very sweetly:—"He that would know sin let him repair to Olivet, and he shall see a man so wrung with pain that all his head, his hair, his garments bloody be. Sin was that press and vice which forced pain to hunt its cruel food through every vein." You must see Christ sweating, as it were, great drops of blood; you must have a vision of him with the spittle running down his cheeks; with his back torn by the accursed whip; you must see him going on his dolorous journey through Jerusalem; you must behold him fainting under the weight of the cross; you must see him as the nails are driven through his hands and through his feet; your tearful eye must watch the throes of the grim agonies of death; you must drink of the bitterness of wormwood mingled with the gall; you must stand in the thick darkness with your own soul exceeding sorrowful even unto death; you must cry yourself that awful earth-startling cry of "Lama sabachthani;" you too must, as he did, feel all that weight of God's almighty wrath; you must be ground between the upper and nether millstones of wrath and vengeance; you must drink of the cup to its last dregs, and like Jesus, cry—"It is finished;" or else you can never know all your errors, and understand the guilt of your sin. But this is clearly impossible and undesirable. Who wishes to suffer as the Saviour suffered, all the horrors which he en-

dured? He, blessed be his name, has suffered for us. The cup is emptied now. The cross stands up no longer for us to die thereon. Quenched is the flame of hell for every true believer. Now no more is God angry with his people, for *he* has put away sin through the sacrifice of himself. Yet I say it again, before we could know sin we must know the whole of that awful wrath of God which Jesus Christ endured. Who, then, can understand his errors?

III. I hope to have your patient attention but a few moments longer while I make THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION, by touching upon the lessons which are drawn from such a subject as this.

The first lesson is—Behold then the folly of all hope of salvation by our own righteousness. Come hither, ye that trust in yourselves. Look to Sinai, altogether in a smoke, and tremble and despair. You say that you have good works. Alas! your *good* works are evil, but have you no *evil* ones? Do you deny that you have ever sinned? Ah! my hearer, art thou so besotted as to declare that thy thoughts have all been chaste, thy desires all heavenly, and thine actions all pure? Oh, man, if all this were true, if thou hadst no sins of commission, yet, what about thy sins of omission? Hast thou done all that God and that thy brother could require of thee? Oh these sins of omission! The hungry that you have not fed, the naked that you have not clothed, the sick ones, and those that are in prison that you have not visited—remember it was for sins like these that the goats were found at the left hand at last. Not for what they did do, but for what they did not do—the things they left undone, these men were cast into the lake of fire. Oh, my hearer, have done with thy boasting; pull out those plumes from thine helmet thou rebellious one and come with thy glory dragging in the mire, and with thy bright garment stained, and now confess that thou hast no righteousness of thine own—that thou art all unclean, and full of sin.

If but this one practical lesson were learned, it were sufficient to repay this morning's gathering, and a blessing would be conveyed to every spirit that had learned it. But now we come to another—*how vain are all hopes of salvation by our feelings*. We have a new legalism to fight with in our Christian churches. There are men and women who think they must not believe on Christ till they feel their sins up to a most agonizing point. They think they must feel a certain degree of sorrow, a high degree of sense of need before they may come to Christ at all. Ah! soul, if thou art never saved till thou knowest all thy guilt, thou wilt never be saved, for thou canst never know it. I have shown thee the utter impossibility of thy ever being able to discover the whole heights and depths of thine own lost state. Man, don't try to be saved by this feelings. Come and take Christ just as he is, and come to him just as thou art. "But, Sir, *may I* come? I am not invited to come." Yes you are, "Whosoever will, let him come." Don't believe that the invitations of the gospel are given only to characters; they are, some of them unlimited invitations. It is the duty of every man to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. It is every man's solemn duty to trust Christ, not because of anything that man is, or is not, but because he commanded to do it. "This is the command of God, that ye believe on Jesus Christ whom he has sent.

"O, believe the promise true,
God to you his Son has given."

Trust now in his precious blood, you are saved, and you shall see his ace in heaven. Despair of being saved by feeling, since perfect feelings are impossible, and a perfect knowledge of our own guilt is quite beyond our reach. Come, then to Christ, hard-hearted as thou art, and take him to be the Saviour of thy hard heart. Come, poor stony conscience, poor icy soul, come as thou art; he will warm thee, he will melt thee.

" True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy."

But again. Another sweet inference—and surely this might well be the last—is this: what grace is this which pardons sin?—sin so great that the most enlarged capacity cannot comprehend its heinousness. Oh! I know that my sins reach from the east even to the west—that aiming at the eternal skies they rise like pointed mountains towards heaven. But then, blessed be the name of God, the blood of Christ is wider than my sin. That shoreless flood of Jesu's merit is deeper than the heights of mine iniquities. My sin may be great, but his merit is greater still. I cannot conceive my own guilt, much less express it, but the blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, cleanseth us from all sin. Infinite guilt, but infinite pardon. Boundless iniquities, but boundless merits to cover all. What if thy sins were greater than heaven's breadth, yet Christ is greater than heaven. The heaven of heavens cannot contain him. If thy sins were deeper than the bottomless hell, yet Christ's atonement is deeper still, for he descended deeper than ever man himself as yet hath died—even damned men in all the horror of their agony, for Christ went to the end of punishment, and deeper thy sins can never plunge. Oh! boundless love, that covers all my faults. My poor hearer, believe on Christ now. God help thee to believe. May the Spirit now enable thee to trust in Jesus. Thou canst not save thyself. All hopes of self-salvation are delusive. Now give up, have done with self, and take Christ. Just as thou art, drop into his arms. He will take thee, he will save thee. He died to do it, and he lives to accomplish it. He will not lose the spirit that casts itself into his hands and makes him his all in all.

I think I must not detain you longer. The subject is one which might command a far larger mind than mine, and better words than I can gather now, but if it has struck home I am thankful to God. Let me echo again and again the one sentiment I wish for all to receive, which is just this. We are so vile that our vileness is beyond our own comprehension, but nevertheless, the blood of Christ hath infinite efficacy, and he that believeth in the Lord Jesus is saved, be his sins ever so many, but he that believeth not must be lost, be his sins ever so few.

God bless you all for Christ's sake.

The Rev. Stephen Small's Temptations ;

OR, THE STORY OF A BAPTIST PERVERT.

CHAPTER V.—SET FREE.

AT last the Rev. Stephen Small felt that he could bear it no longer. Eighteen months had passed over his head since he had become a curate in the Establishment, at the termination of which he had become a father, and in spite of sundry hints that his presence was no longer required in his father-in-law's mansion, he seemed as far off, if not farther off, removal than ever. But he might have borne this degradation in the hope of something turning up, were it not for the fact that the pangs of a stinging conscience caused him to suffer terribly. The more he dwelt upon his own conduct in giving up principles for a wife, and conforming to doctrines and usages which his past teaching and present observation led him to believe that his life was practically a living lie, the more he despised himself, and the more wretched he became. He had in past years strenuously denounced the union of Church and State, and yet he had allied himself to it. He had taught his flock that sacerdotalism was one of the worst of evils that could encroach upon the liberties of a free people, and yet he served unto two Episcopalian clergymen who were sacerdotalists to the core. He had dwelt strongly upon the obligation of believers only to be baptised, and yet had de-

meant himself by sprinkling infants, and using a formula that was as much opposed to the truth of the living God as any ceremony possibly could be. Then he no more believed in confirmation and absolution than he believed in the transmigration of souls, or that men would be saved by being drowned in the river Ganges. Yet all this, and much more, he had stooped to, in order to gain and keep a wife, who, instead of proving his "better half," had sought to tyrannize over him, until he felt that his ardent passion for her was gradually growing less and less, and he wondered where it would all end. Thus in every respect he came to the conclusion that he had sacrificed liberty for bondage, and forsaken the cause of Christ for the satisfaction of human passion.

Still, as I have said, though a backslider, he was a Christian, and subsequent events proved this to be the case. It was well for him that he could not find a comfortable nest either in his father-in-law's home or in the Episcopalian Church. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and Stephen Small was destined by this discipline to prove this to be the fact. It is possible that if the Rector had been an evangelical clergyman, who understood the Gospel and could square his

conscience by swallowing the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England intact, and Mrs. Small had followed in her chief pastor's wake, that like many more, Stephen Small might have been induced to have remained in clerical bondage, and have been, metaphorically, buried in the State Church, as most apostates are who have turned their backs upon congregationalism and sought for a home within its fold. But matters had now reached a climax and to his credit, be it said, that feeling how far he had gone astray without the slightest prospect of getting any other place whatever, after much confession of his sin before God, he determined to cast himself upon His mercies, and ere his new-born babe was two months old, astonished his wife, her whole family, as well as the Rector and the people of Starkley, by sending in his resignation as curate, and declaring it to be his intention, at all risks and costs, to separate himself from the Establishment, and once more enter the Nonconformist community, whether he became again one of its ministers, or whether he did not.

As he had done this without consulting his wife, it is needless perhaps to add that in spite of her affection for him, her rage knew no bounds. As soon as she heard of it, from his own lips she declared that, she would live with him no longer; and faithful to her Church she kept her word. Mr. Green told him that he must forthwith leave his house; and he was only sorry that he had ever been induced to comply with his request, to consent to give him his daughter's hand. To say that Stephen Small did not feel the severity of this blow, would be to

affirm that he had not within him the instincts of human nature. He did feel it and that most acutely. In spite of her temperament he loved his wife, and he deeply loved his child, and to be shut out from the enjoyment of both was a hard trial to endure. Then came the temptation, should he reverse his course? Might he not have been too hasty, and have blasted the future happiness of all concerned? Whatever the Rector, his father-in-law, or his wife might be, they were evidently sincere in their convictions, and had acted according to the light they had received. Whoever was to blame, it certainly was himself. He felt that, and like Peter, when Christ looked at him, "he went out and wept bitterly." Still on reflection he had the consciousness that he was doing right, suffer what he or others might. It was not right to continue in a course which his conscience and the Bible told him was wrong, and this he was led clearly to see, by reading the words. "For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be the yof his own household. He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of Me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me; and he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of Me. He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." These precious words proved as balm to his wounded soul; and taking lodgings with the little sum that he had managed out of his small earnings, by strict economy to

store up ; he cast himself upon the Lord believing that in spite of all his shortcomings the Lord still cared for him.

And in this respect he was not mistaken in the town in which he lived, and where as a curate he had served under such inauspicious circumstances was a Non-conformist merchant, who though not a Baptist was delighted to hear of a man who, whatever his errors may have been, was prepared to suffer for conscience sake. So calling upon Mr. Small one afternoon he said :

"You will not know me Mr. Small."

"No sir, I have not that pleasure."

"Well you soon will have if it be a pleasure at all. My name is Lord, and I am a timber merchant, whose yard is in Gonerby Street. Now I have read about your case in the public papers and as I did so, felt proud to think that at least we have one minister in this town who is prepared to sacrifice his all for his convictions. Now I suppose you have nothing to do?"

"Nothing whatever, sir."

"And no Dissenting Church has given you a call or is likely to."

"Not that I am aware of, sir."

"Then I hope you will not feel pained if I make you an offer. A clerk of mine has just left, and I am in want of another to supply his place. He received two pounds per week, and if you choose to accept the situation I would gladly give you that, if you knew its duties. But as you do not, I can only offer you thirty shillings at present, with the stipulation that if you become conversant with them, as soon as ever you are worth that sum to me, it shall be raised to the same amount gladly.

What do you say to my offer, Mr. Small?"

"Say, sir!" said Stephen, with glistening eyes, and joyous countenance; "say, sir! Why, I accept it with pleasure, and return thanks to the Lord, Who has put it into your heart to make me the offer."

"Well! I take no credit to myself, Mr. Small; none whatever. The fact is, I like to see pluck and consistency, and when I hear so many seeking to howl you down, and know what you must suffer for conscience sake, it gives me joy to think that an opportunity is afforded me of lending you a helping hand. I have no doubt that in the course of twelve months you will be very useful to me, and then we shall be quits; so please present yourself at my office on Monday next, at eight o'clock, and consider yourself engaged."

"Was he dreaming, or was it a reality?" was the first question that Mr. Small asked himself, as the good-natured timber merchant left. Only an hour before he had been so cast down, that he had been sorely tempted to take certain steps that need not be mentioned, until, on reading the Word, the verses quoted, had cheered his weary soul. And how quickly the help had come, which thousands out of employment were intensely seeking. Truly, God was good to the soul that waited upon Him, and he could now once more engage in work, with a fair remuneration, and with a clear conscience.

Without saying a word, except to his landlady, he entered upon his duties as a timber merchant's clerk, and in spite of sundry innuendoes that reached his ears from Church quarters, he soon found himself at home in his new busi-

ness, and got on even more quickly than his employer expected. But one thing cut him to the heart. Anxious that his wife and child should not be a burden to her parents, on the termination of the first month of his engagement, he sent, with a kind note, a goodly part of his earnings, assuring her that he would feel glad, not only if she would accept it, but that he would be delighted to have a home of his own, and induct her in it as its mistress. But, to his surprise, the letter, with its enclosure, was returned in a new

envelope, with no answer. It was quite evident, that not only his wife, but the Green family, had entirely cast him off, and on account of his conduct in turning his back upon their well-loved Church, had determined to ignore him, and even his money, for ever. It was a bitter pill to swallow, but conscience told him that he was only reaping the fruit of his own doings, and he must bear the trial according to the grace given unto him.

(To be continued.)

“WHAT O’CLOCK IS IT?”

WHEN I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute-finger and the hour-hand, and described to me the figures on the dial-plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions in a game of marbles.

“Stop, William!” said he; “I have something more to tell you.”

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn; for I thought I knew all about the clock as well as my father did.

“William,” said he, “I have taught you to know the time of the day; I must teach you how to find out the time of your life.”

All this was strange to me; so I waited impatiently to hear how my father would explain it; for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles.

“The Bible,” said he, “describes the years of a man to be threescore and ten, or fourscore years. Now life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the forescore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you arrive at fourteen years old, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock; at thirty-five it will be five o'clock; at forty-two it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine it will be seven o'clock, should it please God to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life; and looking at the clock may remind you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, William, is only known to Him to whom all things are known.”

Never, since then, have I heard the inquiry, “What o'clock is it?” nor do I think I ever looked at the face of a clock—without being reminded of the words of my father.—*Day Star.*

Anecdotal Illustrations and Meditations from C. H. Spurgeon's Works.

Gathered by PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, Cardiff.

A NEW SERIES.

LAW AND TERRORS DO BUT HARDEN.

I BELIEVE that to the most of men the terrors of the law, although they ought to be exceedingly terrible, have but little restraining power. I met with a story the other day which showed me, if nothing else, the utter powerlessness of terror for curbing the heart from sin. It is pretended by some that it is necessary that men who commit murder should be capitally executed in order to deter others from crime. There is not, however, I believe, the shadow of a hope that the execution of a murderer will ever produce any such effect. Three traitors were once executed in this country—THISTLEWOOD was one of them—and when the executioner smote off the head of the first man and held it up, saying, "This is the head of a traitor," there was a shudder running through the multitude, a chill, cold feeling, which was perceptible even by the executioner. When he killed the next man, and held up the head in like manner, it was evidently looked upon with intense curiosity and awe, but with nothing like so much thrilling emotion as the first. And, strange to say, when the third head was smitten off, the man was about to hold it up, but he let it drop, and the crowd with one voice cried, "Aha! butter fingers!" and laughed. Would you have supposed that an English crowd, on seeing a poor man die, could have become so hardened in so short a time, as actually to make a joke of such an incident? Yet so it is; law and terrors of themselves never do and never will produce any other effect than to drive men to sin, and make them think lightly of it. I would not, therefore, advise a Christian, if he would get rid of his sins, to indulge continually in the thought of the punishment: but let him adopt a better process; let him go and sit at the cross of Christ, and endeavour to draw evangelical repentance from the atonement which Christ has offered for our guilt. I know of no cure for sin in a Christian like an abundant intercourse with the Lord Jesus. Dwell much with Him, and it is impossible for you to dwell much with sin.

"RESCUE THE PERISHING."

Oh! hast thou ever thought how many souls sink to hell every hour? Did the dreary thought that the death-knell of a soul is tolled by every tick of yonder clock, ever strike thee? Hast thou ever considered that myriads of thy fellow creatures are in hell now, and that myriads more are hastening thither? and yet dost thou sleep? What! physician, wilt thou sleep when men are dying? Sailor, wilt thou sleep when the wreck is out at sea, and the life-boat is waiting for hands to man it? Christian, wilt thou tarry while souls are being lost? I do not say that thou canst save them—God alone can do that, but thou mayest be the instrument; and wouldest thou lose the opportunity of winning another jewel for thy crown in heaven? Wouldst thou sleep while work is to be done, and while men are being damned?

SEE JESUS.

Christ Jesus cast into the river of God, makes all the streams more sweet; and when the believer sees God in the person of the Saviour, he then sees the God whom he can love, and to whom with boldness he can approach.

A PARABLE.

When a man hides behind the Most High, God Himself bids defiance to that man's adversaries, and their rage is all in vain. There came a watery torrent down upon a little mill, and threatened to sweep it away; but wisdom fitted up a wheel, and allowed as much of the water as might be needed to turn the wheel, and grind the miller's grist. As for the rest, it was turned aside. "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee: the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain." So shall it be when that great torrent of trouble comes; a part of it shall be used to grind our corn, and make us rich and fat in the things of God; the rest of it shall run harmlessly by. We shall hear its noise: but that shall be all. Wherefore, in patience let us possess our souls.

"OWE NO MAN ANYTHING."

DEBT MAKES FRET. That is to say, when a man is *honest*; but many seem quite comfortable under it. Alas, for their stupefied consciences! "Once upon a time," says BACON, "a merchant died that was *very far in debt*. His goods and household stuff were set forth to sale. A stranger would needs buy a pillow there, saying, 'This pillow, sure, is good to sleep on, since *he could sleep on it that owed so many debts.*'" DEBTS ON NEW CHAPELS should drive sleep from the eyes of *honest deacons*, even as it does from the eyes of all honest ministers; keep free from bebt.

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE.

I had a curious experience in conversing with two ladies who were very deaf. We went for a drive in a carriage, and as soon as the rumbling of the wheels began, they could everything that I said,

so we could easily carry on a conversation while there was a great noise; but inside their own drawing room it was not so easy for them to hear. And I do believe that, when God puts His people into a rumbling tumbrel of affliction, they can hear His voice much better than at other times. It seems odd and strange; but it is strangely true: they are most at peace when in the thick of the fight, never so safe as when in danger, and never so much in danger as when apparently safe. God's people are a mass of contradictions, a paradox, and a riddle; let the believer read that riddle as he can, for no one else will. The believer has "a strong-hold in the day of trouble," giving safety and perfect peace.

THE BIBLE.

WHAT is the world?—A wondering maze,
Where sin has track'd ten thousand ways,
Her victims to ensnare.
All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
Bearing their baubles, or their loads,
Down to eternal night:
—*One* humble path, that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep ascends
From darkness into light.

Is there a guide to show that path?

THE BIBLE: He alone, who hath

The Bible, need not stray.

Yet he who hath, and will not give
That heavenly guide to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

TEMPERS ARE CATCHING.

The New England farmer advises those who have horses, cattle, &c., to be kind to them. "It is much less labour," he says, "to take care of animals that are docile and quiet, than those that are uneasy and fractious. *They will soon catch the spirit of your own temper.* If your words and actions are kind and gentle, they will come to their places with confidence, and allow you to handle them pretty much as you please."—*Penny Gazette.*

Pride is the master that with a long lash urges a man through life, *Envy* bends another to the rack; *Lust* crowds some down a livid path, paved with coals of fire; and *Ambition*, like a "mounting demon in the soul," hurries many along the rocky cliffs of reckless adventure to certain and signal ruin. Thus Satan, personated in some of the looser passions which crowd the human heart, grasps, controls, and counts his slaves by millions.

And the Peace of God.

BY REV. J. HUNT COOKE.

IN that beautiful passage in the Epistle to the Philippians iv 7, which speaks of the "peace of God which passeth all understanding," we should notice that it begins with the word 'and,' that is to say, it is connected with something that has gone before. The verse immediately previous reads. "Be careful for nothing but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Then follows "And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." There are four things mentioned here, they are the steps up to that Divine peace which is the home of the soul, by mounting these we attain the beautiful palace.

I. FAITH. Be careful for nothing. At the time this translation was made the word careful meant full of care. We are commanded to cast all our care upon Him. It does not mean "be careless" but gain the habit of leaving all your cares with God, the small as well as the great for others as well as for yourself. for the body as well as for the soul, with the blessed feeling that He will make all things to work together for good. When we are able to trust in God for all things we take the first step towards entering into the peace that passeth all understanding.

II. PRAYER. By this is meant here, the habit of the soul of looking to God amidst all the changes of life, and in thought calling upon Him for help. The precept is to pray without ceasing. This is no perplexity to the experienced believer, who constantly has God in all his thoughts, and does not cease to remember Him. Thus when there is any duty to be done, or any annoyance to be born, or any sin, to be sorrowed over, or any anxiety felt for others, in the closet of his heart almost without words, he speaks of it to an ever present God. When this continuous sense of the great loving Father being near, and receiving our petitions, though it may be with groanings which cannot be uttered, is found then we take the second step towards entering into the peace that passeth all understanding,

III. SUPPLICATION. There are times when the habitual prayer finds a formal utterance, as in the time of prayer, or the prayer meeting or the gathering for worship. This appears in this passage to be the distinction between supplication and prayer. Some commentators have given other meanings to the two words, such as that prayer is for self, and supplication for others. But the view here given is probably the right one. To attain a healthy piety there must be times when

the prayerful spirit finds utterance. United supplication is a power with God, and a joy to the Christian. And when the habit is attained of shaping into words and pouring them out as to a God who listens, we take the third step towards entering into the peace that passeth all understanding.

IV. **THANKSGIVING.** Here it is that many fail. They stay on the third step, and go no further. The precept is that in everything there is to be thanksgiving. The Apostle directed "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice." The lives of redeemed persons are to be lives of praise, and praise is gladsome. Surely if we are to trust God for everything, and in prayer and supplication take to Him all our circumstances we may well be thankful. Paul knew what it was with a back smarting with stripes, and when flung into a filthy prison, to be able to praise God with thanksgiving. There is not a circumstance in life that the true believer cannot find to be an occasion for gratitude. So when he can trust God for all things, pray to Him amidst all circumstances, and praise Him whatever may happen, he will not fail to gain the indescribable benediction of finding a home in the glorious palace of the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

IN THE KING'S KEEPING.

BY DR. RAY PALMER.

JESUS, Lord, we hail Thee King!
 To Thy name hosannas sing!
 Ever with Thy day's return,
 Thoughts of Thee within us burn;
 Till we seem Thy voice to hear,
 Till we know that Thou art near.

Faithful Shepherd, let us share
 Day by day Thy tender care;
 In temptation's fearful hour
 Save us from its deadly power;
 Thou for us Thyself didst give,
 Teach us how for Thee to live.

Father, be our daily Guide!
 Jesus, keep us near Thy side;
 Spirit while we search the mine
 Opened in the Word divine,
 Let the sacred page grow bright,
 Glowing in Thy perfect light.

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

A TRAVELLER in Asia Minor, in a time of distressing drought, found a vase of water under a little shed by the roadside for the refreshment of the weary traveller. A man in the neighbourhood was it the habit of bringing the water from a considerable distance, and filling the vase every morning, and then going to his work. He could have no motive to do this, but a kind regard to the comfort of the weary travellers, for he was never there to receive their thanks, much less their money. This was benevolence.

On the Wings of the Sunshine.

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

ON the golden wings of the sunshine cometh the flowers,
Yellow and purple—primroses, violets, all
Studding with beautiful jewels Nature's bare bowers,
Rubies and amethysts by the bright sunbeams let fall.
On the golden wings of God's sunshine cometh my flowers—
Patience, gentleness, truth, faith, gladness and love;
Chasing the Winter of death, bringing Spring hours,
Specimen blossoms strayed from the gardens above.
On the golden wings of the sunshine cometh the songs,
Cuckoos that tell of revival, and thrushes that sing
Music that almost to summer's glad season belongs,
Waking an anthem meet for the courts of their King.
On the golden wings of God's sunshine cometh the praise,
Telling the bliss of my heart, the uprisings of joy;
Songs that increasing and swelling, my powers upraise
To the Jehovah, a gladness no clouds must destroy.
On the golden wings of the sunshine cometh the breath,
Fragrant with sweetness, perfumes of hearts that are pure.
Lord, let Thy sunshine, quickening life amid death,
Draw from my garden those sweets that for ever endure.
On the golden wings of the sunshine cometh the time
Mortals call summer; and Lord on Thy sunbeams of grace,
Cometh the Summer that ends not, the genial clime,
Where we shall dwell in the unclouded light of Thy face.

A MONTH'S WAGES FOR AN OLD TESTAMENT,

A PRESBYTERIAN missionary in India, writing to the board, mentions the conversion of a Mohammedan to the Christian religion. He is a middle-aged man, well acquainted with the doctrines of the Koran.

"Passing one day through Futtegurh on a pilgrimage to Mecca, writes the missionary, "he met our native preachers, who brought him to me for conversation. I advised him to stop and learn more of this good way, and offered him service as a *chaukidar*. He accepted, and brought his wife and family with him. From that time he has been diligent in studying the Bible and attending all the religious services. And frequently I have seen him at ten and eleven o'clock at night, sitting at the gate, reading his Bible by the light of a small taper. Such was his love for the Bible, that he actually paid three rupees for a copy of the Old Testament, though his income is only three-and-a-half rupees per month. This was unknown to me, or I would have presented him with one."

The Book of Life.

BY REV. D. THOMPSON.

“Written in the Book of Life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.”—Rev. xiii. 8.

THESE are marvellous words full of gracious meaning. Although their connexion is lucid, having to do with a period of abounding sin and of great trial to saints, yet the words gave untold experiences. Indeed the surrounding gloom makes them more bright, and the fiery trial increases their preciousness. The words receiving the faith-grip of the heart, give joy and strength. They are one of the shadows of the Cross—a resting place for the soul of “great delight, and fruits immortal” of sweetest taste.

This “Book of Life” is not a fiction, nor, we conceive only a figure; but a *spiritual* reality—a celestial counterpart of our terrestrial books. Mortal eyes cannot read its pages, but they may be read by angel eyes; and the golden leaves be turned over by ransomed hands. Indeed the *Lamb's* Book may be the *Bible* of the skies, and give important lessons to the Glorified. Whether or not this be so it is certain that Christ in His Person and Work, will be an eternal lesson. To “know Him, and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death,” will be a “knowledge unspeakable and full of glory.” Seeing “Him as He is and make like unto Him.”

The late Rev. Dr. James Hamilton, in his book, “The Lamp and the Lantern,” has written eloquently on “The Illuminated Bible.” How every part of scripture has had illustration in spiritual renewal. Let every verse blessed by God be marked, and how unnumbered the subjects for thought and gratitude! And if this be so anent the Bible of earth, what can we say of the “Book of Life” as read in heaven. We are lost for figures—“a number which no man will be able to number.” Christ is the Lamb slain before the *existence* of evil, and too, thousands of years before the existence of any part of scripture, so that countless numbers were saved by oral means. And be it remembered every name in the Lamb's Book has got a history that will light up the glory of the skies, and thrill with glad notes the song of the redeemed. And are we not justified in saying that the “Book of Life” was complete from all eternity?—that the names in it were believers in all time? that, although to us there are an addition to the number of the saved, yet really the names in the “Book of Life,” were always there? and that to the Divine eye there are no additions or erasures? This is not an idle speculation, for believers are chosen in Christ *before* the foundations of the world;” nor is this truth profitless, for we are predestinated to be conformed to the image of His Son;” neither is it without strength and comfort to the soul, inasmuch as we are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.” Thus may our souls love: O what love that had no

beginning! O what mercy which is from everlasting! O what a Lamb for sacrifice laid on the altar of eternity! How "Christ and Him crucified" has ever had the look of the Godhead! The divine Trinity are changeless "without the shadow of a turning." The subject is mysterious, but on the other side of the Jordan, we shall see light in God's light," and "known even has we are known."

There is another book mentioned in Rev. v., to which we make a passing reference. It is "sealed with seven seals," containing the deep secrets of Providence. None was found worthy to open it save Jesus. His Mediatorship constitutes Him "Head over all things;" gives Him "all power in heaven and on earth," and by Him "all things consist." So that all events are in Christ's keeping, and at His disposal. How comforting then, is the thought, that the Lamb who has the "Book of Life," has also the "Book of Providence." So that each child of God may say, "Thou tellest my wanderings; put Thou my tears into Thy bottle: are they not in Thy Book!"

Thank God! if mortal eyes cannot see all the numbered names in the "Book of Life," the eye of the mind—guided by the printed page, can see many of them. By the help of the sacred Scriptures, giving the names of the sainted Antideluvians, Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles; by the help of Church History, giving the Confessors, Martyrs, and Reformers of the dark and middle ages; by the help of modern biography, giving the eminent Saint lives; and by the *known* living Christians—companions and associates in this vale of tears; we say by a knowledge of these persons, we can attain a blessed acquaintance with the children of God. Thus the "Book of Life," in a sense, is open to us on earth, so that ere we enter the Golden Gates, increased knowledge of the eminent and the good, *prepares* us for enlarged recognitions and reciprocations. And in the grand Communion Service of "the General Assembly and Church of the first-born which are written in heaven," how blessed it will be—with the glorified Lamb in the midst—to have fellowship with the unnumbered ones we had learned to know and love—see their faces, and join in their songs of praise. A devout writer says, "Death does not sever the ties that bind Christian hearts together on the earth. We shall meet again in the after life, and remember each other and love each other as before, and take up the old threads of affection, and go on weaving love's webs for ever." Also the ever-to-be remembered Harriet Newell, in one of her letters, nicely says, "There is a world, my sister, beyond this mortal state, where souls cemented in one common union, will dwell together, and never more be separated." In harmony with these words, may be given the dying words of the heroine, Mrs. Gilmour, wife of the soul-loving Mongolian Missionary: "Well, Jamie, I am going, I suppose. I'll soon see you there. It won't be long." Her husband saying that she would not much want him there, she fondly said she would. "I think I'll sit at the gate and look for your coming." If these things be so—and to our minds they are delightful—let us seek to grow in our knowledge of the good—get to know their names and their histories—and hail every effort to make them known.

Appledore.

Our One Life.

"Occupy till I come,"—LUKE xix. 13.

'TIS not for man to trifle! Life is brief,
 And sin is here.
 Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
 A dropping tear.
 We have no time to sport away the hours,
 All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not *many* lives, but only *one* have we—
 Frail, fleeting man!
 How sacred should that one life ever be—
 That narrow span!
 Day after day fill'd up with blessed toil,
 Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,
 No vacant dream;
 No fable of the things that never were,
 But only seem.
 'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
 Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night—
 No idle tale;
 No cloud that floats along a sky of light,
 On summer gale.
 They are the true realities of earth—
 Friends and companions even from our birth.

O, life below—how brief, and poor, and sad!
 One heavy sigh.
 O, life above—how long, how fair, and glad!
 An endless joy.
 Oh, to have done for aye with dying here;
 Oh, to begin the living in yon sphere!

O, day of time, how dark! O, sky and earth,
 How dull your hue!
 O, day of Christ, how bright! O, sky and earth,
 Made fair and new!
 Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green;
 Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene!

Reviews.

God's Measure and other Sermons, by Rev. J. T. Forbes, M.A., Edinburgh. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, Edinburgh and London; Paternoster Square.

A volume of sermons which will be read, and will profit the reader. The one on the Conditions of Church Prosperity, and the one on the Insensible Loss of Spiritual Influence, are witnesses to the heart and spirituality of the writer. Of the whole fourteen sermons in this volume we think them exceptionally good.

A Dream of Paradise, A poem by Robert Thompson, formerly clergyman of the Church of England, and former Pastor of the Baptist Church, Tonbridge. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Dream is expressed in eight cantos and sections, and describes in deep, thoughtful poetry, the lift of the dreamer from Earth to Heaven. The writer has, with great skill and heart, produced a book which must carry the reader's soul *Onward, Upward, and Heavenward*.

Hymns from East and West: being Translations from the Poetry of the Latin and Greek Churches, arranged in the Order of the Christian Year, with Hymns for Sundays and Week Days, by Rev. John Brownlie, author of "The Hymns of the Early Church," &c., &c. James Nisbet & Co., Berners Street.

This collection and renderings of the Early Latin and Greek Church, is a very welcome and valuable addition to the volume published two years ago by the same compiler, some

of which have been placed in our Permanent Hymnals.

Missionary Expansion of the Reformed Churches, by the Rev. J. A. Graham, M.A., Missionary of the Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild, at Kalimpong, India. London, A. and C. Black, Soho Square; Edinburgh, R. and R. Clark, Limited.

This is a volume of the Guild Library. It is profusely illustrated, containing 145 pictures, amongst which are good likenesses of many of the heroes of the Mission Fields, and 8 maps; a catalogue of the engravings, and a good index of contents, which is a mass of information on Mission subjects. We think it should be in the hands of all interested in the salvation of the heathen. The marvellous low price of the book places it within the reach of all.

Memorial Leaves. A selection from the Papers of Cecil Burns (Mrs. Dawson Burns), with a Biographical Sketch. Prepared for Private Circulation. The Ideal Publishing Union, Paternoster Row.

The memory of the Just is indeed Blessed. Mrs. Cecil Burns was with her sainted mother, Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour, one of the Lord's Heroines, a true labourer in the Harvest Fields, and she being dead, yet speaketh. The chapters on Mrs. C. L. Balfour, and the paper read at the Council of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, by Mrs. Dawson Burns, in 1889, on "Woman's Official Position in the Church," will be read and preserved by many readers,

Life of the late Mr. George Muller, compiled by F. G. Warne. *The Resurrection Body*. The last sermon ever preached by Mr. George Muller, at Bethesda Chapel. Sunday evening, October 3rd, 1897. London Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row; Bristol, W. F. Mack and Co. One Penny each.

No doubt they will find thousands of interested and grateful readers, as well as the general public, for all feel a true servant of Christ. A standard bearer and a big-hearted philanthropist, has been called from the Harvest Field to the Divine Master's Presence.

The Christian Pictorial. A Religious Illustrated Weekly, Vol. 10, September, 1897 to February, 1898. London, Alexander and Shephard, 21, Furnival Street, E.C.

This beautiful volume makes us say always cheerful, for wherever we look, it is brightness within and without. The good objects and societies reported; the well-known faces which greet us; the interesting places we have visited, and associate with joyous, happy days; the complete indexes; the multitude of pictures, and the additional charm in this volume, of "The Pilgrim's Progress," retold and illustrated for the young—all enclosed in bright, durable binding. The Rev. David Davies has done his work well, and we hope the *Pictorial* may long continue, and largely increase its subscribers.

The Treasury of David by C. H. Spurgeon. Part 30 contains The Introduction by the Editor, and the Index of Contents of Volume 6, and comments and expounds from Psalms 119 to 124. Covers are now ready for Volume 5. Price 1/4 per post free 1/6. Also Part 4 of the *Autobiography of C. H. Spurgeon*. Compiled from his Diary, Letters and Records by his wife and private secretary. All must be pleased with the style and get up of this work, as well as with its truly profitable contents. The print is large and clear. The

Engravings are first-class, every one must be satisfied and profited. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

The Treasury of Religious Thoughts. (American.) No. 12, vol. 15. Containing Index, and is a good number. Now would be the time to subscribe for the next part of vol. 16 of this very worthy Magazine.

How the Blessing Came, by a Town Vicar. Marshall Brothers, Paternoster Row.

Might be profitable if read and prayed over by some of our ministers who seek the blessing in other ways than those of the Town Vicar.

Believers Baptism, by Rbt. Brown, Book Society, Paternoster Row. Also Two Letters by the same writer, to a lady who was under conviction of Sin, and was seeking after God. W. Wileman, Bouverie Street. The former on Baptism is just the thing to give away on Baptismal occasions, and the Two Letters price one Halfpenny, a good enclosure for our letters to friends.

The Quiver leads off with a very informing glimpse of Child Life in Heathen Lands, by D. E. Woolmer. It has a good likeness of Rev. F. B. Meyer, and a worthy contribution of usual excellence, on "see how large a letter I have written unto you with mine own hand."

A New Volume of *Great Thoughts*, will commence in May. Here are some of the promised Contents. "A Charming Story of a Literary Life," by Rowland Grey. "Some of the younger American Poets," by the Editor '*Helps to Preachers and Teachers*' by John Ruskin. "A Great Social Problem," by Rev. A. T. Palmer, &c., &c. "Helping Words" has an Easter Meditation, (Illustrated) by Rev. Samuel Vincent. "The Footsteps of Truth," with a good likeness of Rev. John McNeill, and the "Christian Ambassador," by Russell Hurditch, sound and Scriptural Reading.

We have also Good Wishes and Prayers for the success, *In His Name, Night* by Dr. Barnado. The British and Foreign Bible Societies' *Monthly Reporters*, and Bible Societies' *Gleanings for the Young. Some Prize Reciters. Life and Light*. Also the Report of the Industrial Farm Colony, Duxhurst, Reigate, by Lady Henry Somerset. *The Baptist Magazine* gives a likeness of the late Dr. E. Parker. *The Sword and Trowel*, a good likeness and brief History of our worthy brother Tydeman; and the *Irish Baptist* leads with a good Paper by Pastor J. Dinner Gilmore. "How to join the Christian Church."

The Serials of the Religious Tract Society are to hand. *The Sunday at Home. The Leisure Hour. Friendly Greetings. Light in the Home. The Child's Companion and Little Dots. The Cottager and Artizan.*

The Boys' Own and *The Girls' Own Papers*, also the Monthly Supplement to the *Girls' Own Paper*, No. 6. *A Caged Nightingale*. These various Books are doing untold good among all classes. This worthy Society has completed the 100th year of its History. Early on a May morning, 1799, some 40 gentlemen most of them ministers assembled at St. Paul's Coffee House, and the result was the formation of The Religious Tract Society. The first Tract was written by the Rev. David Bogue. The British and Foreign Bible Society is an offspring of the Religious Tract Society. It was founded by Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala. It is proposed to celebrate the Centenary by raising a sum of at least £50,000 for its world wide work, and we most sincerely and earnestly pray God speed them.

HOW WE MUST USE THE THINGS OF THIS WORLD.

As a traveller useth his staff in his journey, as long as it doth further him so long he will carry it with him, but when it hindereth him, then he casts it away; so, likewise, must we use the things of this life—namely, as long as they are helps to further and make us fit for the kingdom of heaven; but if they be any hindrance to us in the spiritual regiment of Christ, we must renounce them and cast them away, be they never so precious to us.

"THE THREE VOLUMES."

LIFE is a story in volumes three,
"The past," "the present," "the yet to be."

The first is finished and laid away,
The second we're reading day by day.

The third and last of the volumes three
Is locked from sight. God keepeth the key.

BOASTING.

EMPTY casks make most sound. Shallow rivers make most noise. The shadow of the sun is largest when his beams are lowest. "Do you think you have any real religion?" asked a young Pharisee of an aged Christian. "Nothing to speak of," was the wise reply.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. Frank H. Richardson, A.T.S., from Regent's Park College, Up to well, Norfolk.

Rev. George Freeman, from New Southgate, to Westbourne-grove, Church.

Rev. Ambrose Lewis, A.T.S., from Cardiff College, to Mount Pleasant English Church, Maescywmmer.

Rev. H. G. James, from America, to Temple English Church, Pontypridd.

Rev. A. G. Jones, Ph. D., from Sarn, to Builth.

Rev. Samuel Lindsay, from Bur-ray, Orkney, to Coatbridge.

Rev. W. Jenkins, from Buckley, to Farnworth.

Rev. W. H. Rose, from Providence Church, Reading, to Carmel Church, Anglesey Road, Woolwich.

Rev. G. Armitt, from Rawdon College, to Long Preston and Hellfield, Churches.

Rev. W. S. Wyle, from Burton Chapel, Stogursey, to Marlborough and Salcombe.

Rev. C. T. Byford, from Harmonds-worth, to Wraysbury.

Rev. A. H. Sutherland, from Dun-oon College, to Stockbridge, Edin-burgh.

Rev. I. O. Stalberg, from Penarth, Cardiff, to Bunyan Church, Norbiton, Kingston-on-Thames.

Rev. G. Buckley, from Sutton-in-the-Elms, to Longford, near Coventry.

Rev. E. M. Andrews, from Shep-shed, to Ramsbottom, Manchester.

Rev. A. J. Edwards, from the English Church at Bloemfontein, to Brown Street, Salisbury.

Rev. Walter Hackney, M.A., of

Birmingham, has accepted the invitation to join the tutorial staff of the Pastors' College, and will enter upon his duties after the summer vacation.

Rev. M. A. Jones, minister of Eldon Street Welsh Church, Moorfields, has, owing to the weak state of his health, resigned his pastoral charge and removed to Lalnburpur Bank, near Carnarvon.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. W. J. Tomkins has been recognised as pastor of Mountsorrel and Quorn churches. Revs. F. T. Smythe, W. F. Harris, S. P. Carey, J. Cornish, and J. T. Brown took part.

Rev. F. Jones has been ordained pastor of Howey Church. Mr. T. J. James delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. J. Jones addressed the church.

Rev. J. Spanswick, late of Longford, as been recognised as pastor at Weston-by-Weedon. Rev. T. Phillips preached in the afternoon, and Rev. J. T. Brown presided over a meeting in the evening.

Rev. G. Buckley, late of Hanley, has been recognised as pastor of Salem Chapel, Longford. Revs. F. Overend, W. Chapman, J. R. Mitchell and J. R. Godfrey took part.

PRESENTATIONS.

At the closing service in connection with the ministry of Rev. W. Knight Chaplin at Poplar and Bromley Tabernacle, he received presentations from the Sunday School, the Band of Hope and the Christian Endeavour Society, and a roll-top pedestal writing-table and an address from the church. Mr. Chaplin has commenced

his ministry at Major Road, Stratford.

Presentations have been made:—Rev. Sydney J. Jones, a mahogany secretaire with chair to match, from the congregation at Toxteth Tabernacle, Liverpool, on resigning the pastorate: Mrs. Jones, a silver kettle.

Rev. G. H. James, a purse with sixty guineas, a gold watch and inkstand from Woodborough Road Church, Nottingham, on resigning the pastorate, and an illuminated address from Nottingham Baptist Union; Mrs. James, a silver afternoon tea-service.

Mr. T. Bignell, a standard lamp and purse of gold from Orpington Church, in recognition of seventeen years' services.

Mr. R. Spencer White, a writing cabinet and an illuminated address from the teachers and friends of Barking Road Tabernacle, Plaistow, in recognition of many years of service.

NEW CHAPELS.

The new chapel at Oadby, Leicestershire, has been opened with a sermon by Rev. J. G. Greenhough. Alderman Wood presided at an evening, which was addressed by Revs. W. G. Branch (pastor), R. F. Handford, F. Jones, W. Evans and Mr. J. L. Ward. Mr. J. Matthews, treasurer of the Building Fund, said the site had been given by Mrs. J. G. Ellis, and the total cost was £2,350, of which £1,688 had been paid or promised. That afternoon's collection had realised £33, and with the sale of the old chapel, they hoped soon to clear off the deficit, of which Alderman Wood had promised the last £50.

A plot of land facing the fountain at Tunbridge Wells, has been purchased for the erection of a new place of worship and lecture-hall, in connection with St. John's Road Church (Rev. J. Mountain). Plans have been prepared, and building operations will be commenced in September.

IRELAND.—A site has been secured for a place of worship in Belfast, making the fourth church in that city in connection with the Irish Baptist Home Mission. A fifth church has had its location for over a year in another district of Belfast. Land has also been secured in Londonderry, on which to build a chapel, which will be opened, it is expected, before the end of the current year.

BAPTISMS.

- Aldershot*.—March 14, Two, by F. G. Kemp
Ayr: Fort-street.—March 13, Three, by H. D. Brown
Aberystwyth: Alfred-place.—February 27, Two, by T. Williams, B.A.
Briton Ferry.—March 16, Five, by R. Powell
Barawell, Suffolk.—March 24, Two, by G. F. Wall
Bettws, Salop.—March 27, Three, by W. G. Mansfield
Braintree, Essex.—March 20, One, by A. Curtis
Burslem: Tabernacle.—March 28, Two, by R. A. Burrows
Birchcliffe: Hebden-bridge.—April 3, Three, by J. Gay
Carmarthen Tabernacle.—March 31, Three; April 3, Twenty-one, by E. U. Thomas
Cheltenham: Cambay Chapel.—March 30, Six, by A. W. Phillips
Coalville: Ashby-road.—March 27, Two, by J. H. Grant
Crewe: West-street.—March 24, Two, by T. B. Field
Cefn Mawr Tabernacle.—March 6, Six, by R. E. Williams
Clarendon.—March 8, Two, by F. Johnson
Dronfield.—March 20, Six, by C. J. Rendell
Dundee: Ward-road.—March 13, Two, by D. Clark
Dunfermline: Viewfield.—March 27, Three, by J. T. Hagen
Earlestown, Lancs.—March 13, Six; March 17, One, by F. E. Miller
Glasgow: Cambridge-street.—March 20, Five; March 30, Eight, by E. Last
Greenock: Orangeheld.—March 27, Three, by B. J. Cole
High Wycombe.—March 13, Eight, by C. Hobbs
Knighton.—March 6, Four, by W. Williams
Kelso, N.B.—March 20, One, by W. Kemp
Manchester: Coupland-street.—March 13, One (from Germany); 27, Five (from the Sunday-school), by C. H. Watkins

Melbourn, Cambs.: Zion.—March 7, Three, by R. A. Belsham
Nantmaver: Buckley.—March 23, Two, by W. Jenkins
Nantymoel.—March 27, Five, by T. D. Matthias
Newbury.—March 27, Seven, by G. J. Knight
Okehampton.—March 20, Six, by G. J. Whiting
Pembroke Dock: Bush-street.—April 3, Two, by R. C. Roberts
Pole Moor, near Huddersfield.—April 3, Four, by T. Iles
Ramsgate: Cavendish.—March 27, Five, by T. Hancock
Sheffield: Cemetery-road.—March 20, Three, by E. Carrington
Slough, Bucks.—March 31, Five, by Theo. Cousens
Treforest: Calvary.—March 13, Two, by E. Lewis
Tring: New Mill.—March 13, Five, by H. J. Martin
Tubermore, co. Londonderry.—March 20, Two, by G. Marshall
Waterfoot: Bethel.—March 27, Two, by A. D. Garrow
Tonbridge.—March 13, Three, by J. H. Blake

LONDON DISTRICT.

Barking Tabernacle, E.—March 9, Seven, by H. Trueman
Brightside-road, Hither Green.—March 27, Four, by A. Dice
Clapham, Grafton-square.—March 27, Four, by T. Hanger
Clapham Junction, Providence, Meyrick-road.—March 27, One, by R. E. Sears
East Plumstead.—March 13, Five, by J. Seeley
Ilderton-road, South Bermondsey.—March 27, Eight, by T. E. Howe
Raleigh Park.—March 20, Three, by A. Dickerson
Totteridge-road, Enfield Highway.—March 27, Eight, by A. W. Welch
Stratford Grove.—March 27, Three, by W. H. Stevens
Twickenham.—March 7, Seven, by S. Jones

TRANSIENT GREATNESS.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, that wonderful scholar, of whom it is said that he "surpassed the whole human race in genius," upon being requested in his declining years to explain some passages in his chief mathematical work, could only reply that "he knew it was true once." It is also said of that celebrated military commander, the first Duke of Marlborough, that when the history of his own campaigns were read to him to beguile the tedious hours in the evening of life, he, wholly unconscious of his own part in the matter, would exclaim from time to time: "Who commanded?"

THE SECULARIST AND LADY.

A PRETENDED freethinker has been repeating a number of absurdities to prove that men have no souls. The company seemed contented with staring at him, instead of replying. He addressed a lady, and asked her, with an air of triumph, what she thought of his philosophy.

"It appears to me, sir," she replied, "that you have been employing a good deal of talent to prove yourself a beast."

RESULTS ARE GOD'S.

DUTIES are ours: events are God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of a miserable, tempting, dying creature. On this consideration only can he securely lay down his head and close his eyes.—*Cecil*.

A Revival Sermon.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

“Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt.”—Amos ix. 13.

GOD'S promises are not exhausted when they are fulfilled, for when once performed, they stand just as good as they did before, and we may await a second accomplishment of them. Man's promises, even at the best, are like a cistern which holds but a temporary supply; but God's promises are as a fountain, never emptied, ever overflowing, so that you may draw from them the whole of that which they apparently contain, and they shall be still as full as ever. Hence it is that you will frequently find a promise containing both a literal and spiritual meaning. In the literal meaning it has already been fulfilled to the letter; in the spiritual meaning it shall also be accomplished, and not a jot or tittle of it shall fail. This is true of the particular promise which is before us. Originally, as you are aware, the land of Canaan was very fertile; it was a land that flowed with milk and honey. Even where no tillage had been exercised upon it the land was so fruitful, that the bees who sucked the sweetness from the wild flowers produced such masses of honey that the very woods were sometimes flooded with it. It was “A land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil olive, and honey.” When, however, the children of Israel thrust in the ploughshare and began to use the divers arts of agriculture, the land became exceedingly fat and fertile, yielding so much corn, that they could export through the Phœnicians both corn, and wine, and oil, even to the pillars of Hercules, so that Palestine became, like Egypt, the granary of the nations. It is somewhat surprising to find that now the land is barren, that its valleys are parched, and that the miserable inhabitants gather miserable harvests from the arid soil. Yet the promise stands true, that one day the very letter of Palestine shall be as rich and fruitful as ever it was. There be those who understand the matter, who assert that if once the rigour of the Turkish rule could be removed, if men were safe from robbers, if the man who sowed could reap, and keep the corn which his own industry had sown and gathered, the land might yet again laugh in the midst of the nations, and become the joyous mother of children. There is no reason *in the soil* for its barrenness. It is simply the neglect that has

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been brought on, from the fact, that when a man has been industrious, his savings are taken from him by the hand of rapine, and the very harvest for which he toiled is often reaped by another, and his own blood spilt upon the soil.

But, my dear friends, while this promise will doubtless be carried out, and every word of it shall be verified, so that the hill-tops of that country shall again bear the vine, and the land shall flow with wine, yet, I take it, this is more fully a spiritual than a temporal promise; and I think that the beginning of its fulfilment is now to be discerned, and we shall see the Lord's good hand upon us, so that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt.

First, I shall this morning endeavour to explain my text as a *promise of revival*; secondly, I shall take it as a *lesson of doctrine*; then as a *stimulus for Christian exertion*; and I shall conclude with a *word or two of warning* to those whose hearts are not given to Christ.

I. First, I take the text as being A GREAT PROMISE OF SPIRITUAL REVIVAL. And here in looking attentively at the text, we shall observe several very pleasant things.

1. In the first place, we notice a promise of *surprising ingathering*. According to the metaphor here used, the harvest is to be so great that, before the reapers can have fully gathered it in, the ploughman shall begin to plough for the next crop—while the abundance of fruit shall be so surprising that before the treader of grapes can have trodden out all the juice of the vine, the time shall come for sowing seed. One season, by reason of the abundant fertility, shall run into another. Now you all know, beloved, what this means in the church. It prophecies that in the Church of Christ we shall see the most abundant ingathering of souls. Pharaoh's dream has been enacted again in the last century. About a hundred years ago, if I may look back in my dream, I might have seen seven ears of corn upon one stalk, rank and strong; anon, the time of plenty went away, and I have seen, and you have seen, in your own lifetime, the seven ears of corn thin and withered in the east wind. The seven ears of withered corn have eaten up and devoured the seven ears of fat corn, and there has been a sore famine in the land. Lo, I see in Whitfield's time, seven bullocks coming up from the river, fat and well-favoured, and since then we have lived to see seven lean kine come up from the same river; and lo! the seven lean kine have eaten up the seven fat kine, yet have they been none the better for all that they have eaten. We read of such marvellous revivals a hundred years ago, that the music of their news has not ceased to ring in our ears; but we have seen, alas! a season of lethargy, of soul-poverty among the saints, and of neglect among the ministers of God. The product of the seven years has been utterly consumed, and the Church has been none the better. Now, I take it, however, we are about to see the seven fat years again. God is about to send times of surprising fertility to his Church. When a sermon has been preached in these modern times if one sinner has been converted by it, we have rejoiced with a suspicious joy; for we have thought it something amazing. But, brethren, where we have seen one converted, we may yet see hundreds; where

the Word of God has been powerful to scores, it shall be blessed to thousands; and where hundreds in past years have seen it, nations shall be converted to Christ. There is no reason why we should not see all the good that God has given us multiplied a hundred-fold; for there is sufficient vigour in the seed of the Lord to produce a far more plentiful crop than in any we have yet gathered. God the Holy Ghost is not stinted in His power. When the sower went forth to sow his seed, some of it fell on good soil, and it brought forth fruit, some twenty fold, some thirty fold, but it is written, "*Some a hundredfold.*" Now, we have been sowing this seed, and thanks be to God, I have seen it bring forth twenty and thirty fold; but I do expect to see it bring forth a hundred fold. I do trust that our harvest shall be so heavy, that while we are taking in the harvest, it shall be time to sow again; that prayer meetings shall be succeeded by the enquiry of souls as to what they shall do to be saved, and ere the enquirers' meeting shall be done, it shall be time again to preach, again to pray; and then, ere that is over, there shall be again another influx of souls, the baptismal pool shall again be stirred, and hundreds of converted men shall flock to Christ. Oh! we never can be contented with going on as the churches have been during the last twenty years. I would not be censorious, but solemnly in my own heart I do not believe that the ministers of our churches have been free from the blood of men. I would not say a hard word if I did not feel compelled to do it, but I am constrained to remind our brethren that let God send what revival he may, it will not exonerate them from the awful guilt that rests upon them of having been idle and dilatory during the last twenty years. Let all be saved who live *now*; what about those that have been damned while we have been sleeping? Let God gather in multitudes of sinners, but who shall answer for the blood of those men who have been swept into eternity while we have been going on in our canonical fashion, content to go along the path of propriety, and walk around the path of dull routine, but never weeping for sinners, never agonizing for souls. All the ministers of Christ are not awake yet, but most of them are. There has come a glad time of arousing, the trumpet has been set to their ear, and the people have heard the sound also, and times of refreshing have come from the presence of the Lord our God; but they have not come before they were needed, for much did we require them; otherwise surely the Church of Christ would have died away into dead formality, and if her name had been remembered, it would have been as a shame and a hissing on the face of the earth.

2. The promise, then, seems to me to convey the idea of surprising ingatherings; and I think there is also the idea of *amazing rapidity*. Notice how quickly the crops succeed each other. Between the harvest and the ploughing there is a season even in our country; in the east it is a longer period. But here you find that no sooner has the reaper ceased his work, or scarce has he ceased it, ere the ploughman follow at his heels. This is a rapidity that is contrary to the course of nature; still it is quite consistent with grace. Our old Baptist churches in the country treat young converts with what they call summering and wintering. Any young believer who wants to join the church in sum-

mer, must wait till the winter, and he is put off from time to time, till it is sometimes five or six years before they admit him; they want to try him, and see whether he is fit to unite with such pious souls as they are. Indeed among us all there is a tendency to imagine that conversion must be a slow work—that as the snail creeps slowly on its way, so must grace move very leisurely in the heart of man. We have come to believe that there is a more true divinity in stagnant pools than in lightning flashes. We cannot believe for a moment in a quick method of travelling to the kingdom of heaven. Every man who goes there must go on crutches and limp all the way; but as for the swift beasts, as for the chariots whose axles are hot with speed, we do not quite understand and comprehend that. Now, mark, here is a promise given of a revival, and when that revival shall be fulfilled this will be one of the signs of it—the marvellous growth in grace of those who are converted. The young convert shall that very day come forward to make a profession of his faith; perhaps before a week has passed over his head you will hear him publicly defending the cause of Christ, and ere many months have gone you shall see him standing up to tell to others what God has done for his soul. There is no need that the pulse of the Church should for ever be so slow. The Lord can quicken her heart, so that her pulse shall throb as rapidly as the pulse of time itself; her floods shall be as the rushing of the Kishon when it swept the hosts of Sisera in its fury. As the fire from heaven shall the Spirit rush from the skies, and as the sacrifice which instantly blazed to heaven, so shall the Church burn with holy and glorious ardour. She shall no longer drive heavily with her wheels torn away, but as the chariot of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, she shall devour the distance in haste. That seems to me to be one of the promises of the text—the rapidity of the work of grace, so that the plougher shall overtake the reaper.

3. But a third blessing is very manifest here, and one indeed which is already given to us. Notice the *activity of labour* which is mentioned in the text. God does not promise that there shall be fruitful crops without labour; but here we find mention made of ploughmen, reapers, treaders of grapes, and sowers of seed; and all these people are girt with singular energy. The ploughman does not wait, because, saith he, the season has not yet come for me to plough, but seeing that God is blessing the land, he has his plough ready, and no sooner is one harvest shouted home than he is ready to plough again. And so with the sower; he has not to prepare his basket and to collect his seed; but while he hears the shouts of the vintage, he is ready to go out to work.

Now, my brethren, one sign of a true revival, and indeed an essential part of it is the increased activity of God's labourers. Why, time was when our ministers thought that preaching twice on Sunday was the hardest work to which a man could be exposed. Poor souls, they could not think of preaching on a week-day, or if there was once a lecture, they had bronchitis, were obliged to go to Jerusalem, and lay by, for they would soon be dead if they were to work too hard. I never believed in the hard work of preaching yet. We find ourselves able to preach ten or twelve times a week, and find that we are the

stronger for it,—that in fact, it is the healthiest and most blessed exercise in the world. But the cry used to be, that our ministers were hardly done by, they were to be pampered and laid by, done up in velvet, and only to be brought out to do a little work occasionally, and then to be pitied when that work was done. I do not hear anything of that talk now-a-days. I meet with my brethren in the ministry who are able to preach day after day, day after day, and are not half so fatigued as they were; and I saw a brother minister this week who has been having meetings in his church every day, and the people have been so earnest that they will keep him very often from six o'clock in the evening to two in the morning. "Oh!" said one of the members, "our minister will kill himself." "Not he," said I, "that is the kind of work that will kill no man. It is preaching to a sleepy congregation that kills good ministers, but not preaching to earnest people." So when I saw him, his eyes were sparkling, and I said to him, "Brother, you do not look like a man who is being killed." "Killed, my brother," said he, "why I am living twice as much as I did before; I was never so happy, never so hearty, never so well." Said he, "I sometimes lack my rest, and want my sleep, when my people keep me up so late, but it will never hurt me; indeed," he said, "I should like to die of such a disease as that—the disease of being so greatly blessed." There was a specimen before me of the ploughman who overtook the reaper—of one who sowed seed, who was treading on the heels of the men who were gathering in the vintage. And the like activity we have lived to see in the Church of Christ. Did you ever know so much doing in the Christian world before? There are grey-headed men around me who have known the Church of Christ sixty years, and I think they can bear me witness that they never knew such life, such vigour and activity, as there is at present. Everybody seems to have a mission, and everybody is doing it. There may be a great many sluggards, but they do not come across my path now. I used to be always kicking at them, and always being kicked for doing so. But now there is nothing to kick at—every one is at work—Church of England, Independents, Methodists, and Baptists—there is not a single squadron that is behindhand; they have all their guns ready, and are standing, shoulder to shoulder, ready to make a tremendous charge against the common enemy. This leads me to hope, since I see the activity of God's ploughmen and vine dressers, that there is a great revival coming,—that God will bless us, and that right early.

4. We have not yet, however, exhausted our text. The latter part of it says, "The mountains shall drop sweet wine." It is not a likely place for wine upon the mountains. There may be freshets and cataracts leaping down their sides; but who ever saw fountains of red wine streaming from rocks, or gushing out from the hills. Yet here we are told that, "The mountains shall drop sweet wine;" by which we are to understand that conversions shall take place in unusual quarters. Brethren, this day is this promise literally fulfilled to us. I have this week seen what I never saw before. It has been my lot these last six years to preach to crowded congregations, and to see many, many souls brought to Christ; it has been no unusual thing for us to see the greatest and noblest of the land listening to the word of

God; but this week I have seen, I repeat, what mine eyes have never before held, used as I am to extraordinary things. I have seen the people of Dublin, without exception, from the highest to the lowest, crowd in to hear the gospel. "I have known that my congregation has been constituted in a considerable measure of Roman Catholics, and I have seen them listening to the Word with as much attention as though they had been Protestants. I have seen men who never heard the gospel before, military men, whose tastes and habits were not likely to be those of the Puritanic minister, who have nevertheless sat to listen; nay, they have come again—have made it a point to find the place where they could hear the best—have submitted to be crowded, that they might press in to hear the Word, and I have never before seen such intense eagerness of the people to listen to the Gospel. I have heard, too, cheering news of work going on in the most unlikely quarters—men who could not speak without larding their conversation richly with oaths—have nevertheless come to hear the Word; they have listened, and have been convinced, and if the impression do not die away, there has been something done for them which they will not forget even in eternity. But the most pleasing thing I have seen is this, and I must tell it to you. Hervey once said, "Each floating ship, a floating hell." Of all classes of men, the sailor has been supposed to be the man least likely to be reached by the Gospel. In crossing over from Holyhead to Dublin and back—two excessively rough passages—I spent the most pleasant hours that I ever spent. The first vessel that I entered, I found my hands very heartily shaken by the sailors. I thought, "What can these sailors know of me?" and they were calling me "*brother*." Of course, I felt that I was their brother too; but I did not know how they came to talk to me in that way. It was not generally the way for sailors to call ministers, brother. There was the most officious attention given, and when I made the enquiry, "What makes you so kind?" "Why," said one, "because I love your Master, the Lord Jesus." I enquired, and found that out of the whole crew there were but three unconverted men; that though the most of them had been before without God, and without Christ, yet by a sudden visitation of the Spirit of God they had all been converted. I talked to many of these men, and more spiritual, heavenly-minded men I never yet saw. They have a prayer-meeting every morning before the boat starts, and another prayer-meeting after she comes to port; and on Sundays, when they lay-to off Kingston or Holyhead, a minister comes on board and preaches the gospel; the cabins are crowded; service is held on deck when it can be; "and," said an eyewitness to me, "The minister preaches very earnestly, but I should like you to hear the men pray; I never heard such praying before," said he; "they pray with such power, as only a sailor can pray." My heart was lifted up with joy, to think of a ship being made a floating Church—a very Bethel for God. When I came back by another ship I did not expect to see the like; but it was precisely the same. The same work had been going on. I walked among them and talked to them. They all knew me. One man took out of his pocket an old leather-covered book in Welch—"Do you know the likeness of that man in front?" said he. "Yes,"

I said; "I think I do: do you read these sermons?" "Yes, sir," replied he; "we have had your sermons on board this ship, and I read them aloud as often as I can. If we have a fine passage coming over, I get a few around me, and read them a sermon." Another man told me a story of a gentleman who stood laughing when a hymn was being sung; and one of the men proposed that they should pray for him. They did, and that man was suddenly smitten down, and began on the quay to cry for mercy, and plead with God for pardon. "Ah! Sir," said the sailors, "We have the best proof that there is a God here, for we have seen this crew marvellously brought to a knowledge of the truth; and here we are, joyful and happy men, serving the Lord."

Now, what shall we say of this, but that the mountains drop sweet wine? The men who were loudest with their oaths, are now loudest with their songs; those who were the most darling children of Satan have become the most earnest advocates of the truth; for, mark you, once get sailors converted, and there is no end to the good they can do. Of all men who can preach well, sailors are the best. The sailor has seen the wonders of God in the deep; the hardy British Tar has got a heart that is not made of such cold stuff as many of the hearts of landmen; and when that heart is once touched, it gives great big beats; it sends great pulses of energy right through his whole frame; and with his zeal and energy what may he not do, God helping him and blessing him?

5. This seems to be in the text—that a time of revival shall be followed by a very extraordinary conversion. But, albeit, that in the time of revival, grace is put in extraordinary places, and singular individuals are converted, yet these are not a bit behind the usual converts; for if you notice, the text does not say, "the mountains shall drop wine" merely, but they "shall drop *sweet* wine." It does not say that the hills shall send forth little streams; but *all the hills shall melt*. When sinners, profligate and debauched persons, are converted to God, we say, "Well, it is a most wonderful thing, but I do not suppose they will be very first-class Christians." The most wonderful thing is, that these are the best Christians alive; that the wine which God brings from the hills is sweet wine; that when the hills do melt they *all* melt. The most extraordinary ministers of any time, have been the most extraordinary sinners before conversion. We might never have had a John Bunyan, if it had not been for the profanity of Elstow Green; we might never have heard of a John Newton, if it had not been for his wickedness on shipboard. I mean he would not have known the depths of Satan, nor the trying experience, nor even the power of divine grace, if he had not been suffered wildly to stray, and then wondrously to be brought back. These great sinners are not a whit behind those who have been trained under pious influences, and so have been brought into the Church. Always in revival you will find this to be the case, that the converts are not inferior to the best of the converts of ordinary seasons—that the Romanist, and the men who have never heard the gospel, when they are converted, are as true in their faith, as hearty in their love, as accurate in their knowledge, and as zealous in their efforts, as the best of persons who have ever been

brought to Christ. "The mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt."

II. I must now go on to the other point very briefly—WHAT IS THE DOCTRINAL LESSON WHICH IS TAUGHT IN OUR TEXT; AND WHAT IS TAUGHT TO US BY A REVIVAL? I think it is just this—that God is absolute monarch of the hearts of men. God does not say here *if men are willing*; but he gives an absolute promise of a dwelling. As much as to say, "*I have the key of men's hearts; I can induce the ploughman to overtake the reaper; I am the master of the soil—however hard and rocky it may be I can break it, and I can make it fruitful.*" When God promises to bless his Church and to save sinners, he does not add, "if the sinners are willing to be saved!" No, great God! thou ledest free will in sweet captivity, and thy free grace is all triumphant. Man *has* a free will, and God does not violate it! but the free will is sweetly bound with the fetters of the divine love till it becomes more free than ever it was before. The Lord, when he means to save sinners, does not stop to ask them whether they mean to be saved, but like a rushing might wind the divine influence sweeps away every obstacle; the unwilling heart bends before the potent gale of grace, and sinners that would not yield, are made to yield by God. I know this, if the Lord willed it, there is no man so desperately wicked here this morning that he would not be made now to seek for mercy, however infidel he might be; however rooted in his prejudices against the gospel, Jehovah hath but to will it, and it is done. Into thy dark heart, O thou who hast never seen the light, would the light stream; if he did but say, "Let there be light," there would be light. Thou mayest bend thy fist and lift up thy mouth against Jehovah; but he is thy master yet—thy master to destroy thee, if thou goest on in thy wickedness; but thy master to save thee now, to change thy heart and turn thy will, as he turneth the rivers of water.

If it were not for this doctrine, I wonder where the ministry would be. Old Adam is too strong for young Melancthon. The power of our preaching is nought—it can do nothing in the conversion of men by itself; men are hardened, obdurate, indifferent; but the power of grace is greater than the power of eloquence or the power of earnestness, and once let that power be put forth, and what can stand against it? Divine Omnipotence is the doctrine of a revival. We may not see it on ordinary days, by reason of the coldness of our hearts: but we *must* see it when these extraordinary works of grace are wrought. Have you never heard the Eastern fables of the dervish, who wished to teach to a young prince the fact of the existence of a God? The fable hath it, that the young prince could not see any proof of the Existence of a First Cause: so the dervish brought a little plant and set it before him, and in his sight that little plant grew up, blossomed, brought forth fruit, and became a towering tree in an hour. The young man lifted up his hands in wonder, and he said, "God must have done this." "Oh, but," said the teacher, thou sayest, "God has done this, because it is done in an hour: hath he not done it when it is accomplished in twenty years?" It was the same work in both cases; it was only the rapidity that astonished

his pupil. So, brethren, when we see the church gradually built up and converted, we lose the sense perhaps of a present God; but when the Lord causes the tree suddenly to grow from a sapling to a strong tall monarch of the forest, then we say, "This is God." We are all blind and stupid in a measure, and we want to see sometimes some of these quick upgoings, these extraordinary motions of divine influence, before we fully understand God's power. Learn, then, O Church of God to-day, this great lesson of the nothingness of man, and the Eternal All of God. Learn, disciples of Jesus, to rest on him: look for your success to *his* power, and while you make your efforts; trust not in your efforts, but in the Lord Jehovah. If ye have progressed slowly, give him thanks for progress; but if now he pleases to give you a marvellous increase, multiply your songs, and sing unto him that worketh all things according to the counsel of his will.

III. I now desire, with great earnestness, as the Holy Ghost shall help me, to make the text A STIMULUS FOR FURTHER EXERTION.

The duty of the Church is not to be measured by her success. It is as much the minister's duty to preach the gospel in adverse times as in propitious seasons. We are not to think, if God withholds the dew, that we are to withhold the plough. We are not to imagine that, if unfruitful seasons come, we are therefore to cease from sowing our seed. Our business is with act, not with result. The church has to do her duty, even though that duty should bring her no present reward. "If they hear thee not, Son of man, if they perish they *shall* perish, but their blood will I not require at thine hands." If we sow the seed, and the birds of the air devour it, we have done what we were commanded to do, and the duty is accepted, even though the birds devour the seed. We may expect to see a blessed result, but even if it did not come we must not cease from duty. But while this is true so far, it must nevertheless be a divine and holy stimulant to a gospel labourer, to know that God is making him successful. And in the present day we have a better prospect of success than ever we had, and we should consequently work the harder. When a tradesman begins business with a little shop at the corner, he waits awhile to see whether he will have any customers. By-and-bye his little shop is crowded; he has a name; he finds he is making money. What does he do? He enlarges his premises; the backyard is taken in and covered over; there are extra men employed; still the business increases, but he will not invest all his capital in it till he sees to what extent it will pay. It still increases, and the next house is taken, and perhaps the next: he says, "This is a paying concern, and therefore I will increase it." My dear friends, I am using commercial maxims, but they are common-sense rules, and I like to talk so. There are, in these days, happy opportunities. There is a noble business to be done for Christ. Where you used to invest a little capital, a little effort, and a little donation, invest more. There never was such heavy interest to be made as now. It shall be paid back in the result cent. per cent.; nay, beyond all that you expected you shall see God's work prospering. If a farmer knew that a bad year was coming, he would perhaps only sow an acre or two; but if some prophet could tell him,

"Farmer, there will be such a harvest next year as there never was," he would say, "I will plough up my grass lands, I will stub up those hedges: every inch of ground I will sow." So do you. There is a wondrous harvest coming. Plough up your headlands; root up your hedges; break up your fallow ground, and sow, even amongst the thorns. Ye know not which shall prosper, this or that; but ye may hope that they shall be alike good. Enlarged effort should always follow an increased hope of success.

And let me give you another encouragement. Recollect that even when this revival comes, an instrumentality wilt still be wanted. The ploughman is wanted, even after the harvest, and the treader of grapes is wanted, however plentiful the vintage; the greater the success the more need of instrumentality. They began at first to think in the North of Ireland that they could do without ministers; but now that the gospel is spread, never was there such a demand for the preachers of the gospel as now. Proudly men said in their hearts, "God has done this without the intervention of man." I say, they said it proudly, for there is such a thing as proud humility; but God made them stoop. He made them see that after all he would bless the Word through his servants—that he would make the ministers of God "mighty to the pulling down of strongholds." Brothers and sisters, you need not think that if better times should come, the world will do without you. You will be wanted. "A man shall be precious as the gold of Ophir." They shall take hold of your skirts, and they shall say, "Tell us what we must do to be saved." They shall come to your house; they shall ask your prayers; they shall demand your instructions; and you shall find the meanness of the flock become precious as a wedge of gold. The ploughman shall never be so much esteemed as when he follows after the reaper, and the sower of seed never so much valued as when he comes at the heels of those that tread the grapes. The glory which God puts upon instrumentality should encourage you to use it.

And now I beseech and intreat you, my dear brother and sisters, inhabitant of this great City of London, let not this auspicious gale pass away without singular effort. I sometimes fear lest the winds should blow on us, and we should have our sails all furled, and therefore the good ship should not speed. Up with the canvas now. Oh! put on every stitch of it. Let every effort be used, while God is helping us. Let us be earnest co-workers with him. Methinks I see the clouds floating hither; they have come from the far west, from the shores of America; they have crossed the sea, and the wind has wafted them till the green isle received the showers in its northern extremity. Lo! the clouds are just now passing over Wales, and are refreshing the shires that border on the principality. The rain is falling on Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire; divine grace is distilling, and the clouds are drawing nearer and nearer to us. Mark, my brethren, they tarry not for men, neither stay they for the sons of men. They are floating o'er our heads to-day. Shall they float away, and shall we still be left as dry as ever? 'Tis yours to-day to bring down the rain, though 'tis God's to send the clouds. God has sent this day over this great city a divine cloud of his grace. Now, ye Elijahs, pray it down! To your knees, believers, to your knees. *You* can bring it down, and

only you. "For this thing will I be enquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them." "Prove me now herewith," saith the Lord of hosts, "and see if I will not open the windows of heaven, and give you such a blessing that you shall not have room to contain it." Will you lose the opportunity, Christians? Will you let men be lost for want of effort? Will you suffer this all-blessed time to roll away unimproved? If so, the Church of one thousand eight hundred and sixty is a craven Church, and is unworthy of its time; and he among you, men and brethren, that has not an earnest heart to-day, if he be a Christian, is a disgrace to his Christianity. When there are such times as these, if we do not every man of us trust in the plough, we shall indeed deserve the worst barrenness of soul that can possibly fall upon us. I believe that the Church has often been plagued and vexed by her God, because when God has favoured her she has not made a proper use of the favour. "Then," saith he. "I will make thee like Gilboa; on thy mount there shall be no dew; I will bid the clouds that they rain no more rain upon thee, and thou shalt be barren and desolate, till once again I pour out the Spirit from on high." Let us spend this week in special prayer. Let us meet together as often as we can, and plead at the throne; and each man of you in private be mighty with your God, and in public be diligent in your efforts to bring your fellow-men to Christ.

IV. I have done, when I have uttered a WORD OF WARNING to those of you who know not Christ.

I am aware that I have many here on Sabbath mornings who never were in the habit of attending a place of worship at all. There is many a gentleman here to-day, who would be ashamed in any society, to confess himself a professor of religion. He has never perhaps, for a long time heard the gospel preached; and now there is a strange sort of fascination that has drawn him here. He came the first time out of curiosity—perhaps to make a joke at the minister's expense; he has found himself enthralled; he does not know how it is, but he has been all this week uneasy, he has been wanting to come again, and when he goes away to-day, he will be watching for next Sabbath. He has not given up his sins, but somehow they are not so pleasurable as they used to be. He cannot swear as he did; if an oath comes out edgeways, it does not roll out in the round form it used to do; he knows better now. Now, it is to such persons that I speak. My dear friends, allow me to express my hearty joy that you are here, and let me also express the hope that you are here for a purpose you do not as yet understand. God has a special favour to you, I do trust, and therefore he has brought you here. I have frequently remarked, that in any revival of religion, it is not often the children of pious parents that are brought in, but those who never knew anything of Christ before. The ordinary means are usually blessed to those who constantly attend them, but the express effort, and the extraordinary influence of the Spirit, reach those who were outside the pale of nominal Christians, and made no profession of religion. I am in hopes it may meet you. But if you should despise the Word which you have heard; if the impression that has been made—and you know it has been made—should die away, one of the most awful regrets you

will ever have when you come to your right sense and reason in another world will be the feeling that you had an opportunity, but that you neglected it. I cannot conceive a more doleful wail than that of the man who cries at last in hell, "The harvest is past—*there was a harvest*; the summer is ended—*there was a summer*—and I am not saved." To go to perdition in ordinary times is hell; but to go from under the sound of an earnest ministry, where you are bidden to come to Christ, where you are entreated with honest tears to come to Jesus—to go there after you have been warned is to go not to hell merely, but to *the very hell of hell*. The core and marrow of damnation is reserved for men who hear the truth, and feel it too, but yet reject it, and, are lost! Oh! my dear hearer, this is a solemn time with you. I pray that God the Holy Spirit may remind you that it may be now or never with you. You may never have another warning, or if you have it, you may grow so hardened that you may laugh at it and despise it. My brother, I beseech thee, by God, by Christ Jesus, by thine own immortal welfare, stop and think now whether it be worth while to throw away the hallowed opportunity which is now presented to thee. Wilt thou go and dance away thine impressions, or laugh them out of thy soul? Ah! man, thou mayest laugh thyself into hell, but thou canst not laugh thyself out of it.

There is a turning point in each man's life when his character becomes fixed and settled. That turning point *may* be to-day. It may be that there shall be some solemn seat in this hall, which if a man knew its history he would never sit in it,— a seat in which a man shall sit and hear the Word, and shall say, "I will not yield; I will resist the impression; I will despise it, I will have my sins, even if I am lost for them." Mark your seat, friend, before you go; make a blood-red stain across it, that next time we come here we may say, "Here a soul destroyeth itself." But I pray the rather that God the Holy Spirit may sweetly whisper in thy heart—"Man, yield, for Jesus invites thee to come to him." Oh, may my Master smile into your face this morning, and say, "I love thy soul; trust me with it. Give up thy sins, turn to me." O Lord Jesus, do it! and men shall not resist thee. Oh! show them thy love, and they must yield. Do it. O thou Crucified One, for thy mercy's sake! Send forth thine Holy Spirit now, and bring the strangers home; and in this hall grant thou, O Lord, that many hearts may be fully resigned to thy love, and to thy grace!

SACRIFICE AN INSPIRATION OF SONG.

If those who complain of want of comfort in their religion would addict themselves to some form of self-sacrificing labour for Christ, they would soon begin to experience the purest and sweetest joys the religious life affords. Gladness is a fruit that grows in the soil of service. The Christian sings at his *work*. Of old, "when the burnt-offering began, the Song of the Lord began," and sacrifice is still the inspiration of religious song.—*Halsey*.

MEN are frequently like tea. Their real strength and goodness is not drawn out till they have been for a short time in hot water.

The Rev. Stephen Small's Temptations ;

OR, THE STORY OF A BAPTIST PERVERT.

CHAPTER VI.—ONCE MORE IN HARNESS.

MR. SMALL, a gentleman in a trap outside wishes to see you."

Two years had passed away since the events recorded in the last chapter, and we still find Mr. Small in the timber merchant's service. But so useful had he proved himself to be to his employer, that his salary had been raised three times without so much as asking for it, so that now it had reached the handsome sum of £200 per year, being £130 more than he received when a curate in the Establishment. The last rise had not been given him above a month, when the errand boy employed in the office delivered the above message, and Mr. Small accordingly went out to see why he was wanted.

"You have not seen me before, Mr. Small," said a middle-aged gentleman, holding out his hand for a shake, as he spoke to him.

"No, sir; please what may be your business; anything in the timber line?"

"Not exactly," said the other, laughing; my business is more in the soul-saving line. I am come to ask you one question. Would you like once more to enter the ministry?"

"What, sir! Do you mean in the Established Church?"

"No, sir; for from all reports I have heard, I imagine you have

had enough of that. To come to the point at once, would you like to become, as at first, a minister of a Baptist Church?"

"That depends, sir, upon whether I should take it to be the Lord's call. But to be plain with you, may I presume to ask what you are aiming at?"

"I see you are puzzled, Mr. Small, and perhaps I ought to ask your pardon for bringing the matter before you so suddenly. But the fact is, I am in a hurry, and all that I have to say is, that if you think you would like once more to become a preacher of the Gospel of Christ, my father, who is the pastor of the Baptist Church at Swanshore, is ready to give you a chance. He is getting very old and enfeebled, and needs an assistant. From a friend who knows you well, and who has given a good report of you to him, he authorises me to say, that as for the benefit of his health, in accordance with the advice of his medical man, he is going out for a month, he wishes you to occupy the pulpit during his absence; and then, if the people and yourself agree, he would be pleased to make an arrangement, if it be possible, for you to become a kind of co-pastor. What do you say to this, Mr. Small?"

So amazed was Mr. Small at

this unexpected proposal, that he candidly confessed he did not know what to say. Never since he had been so unwise as to turn his back upon Dissent, and become a clergyman, had one single request been made to him to occupy the pulpit of any Dissenting chapel whatever, though he had attended several; and when it was known that he had entered into the timber business, people naturally supposed that he had given up the idea of preaching altogether. And besides that, nobody seemed to care to have him, for let men say what they will, a pervert is rarely trusted, either by the community he leaves or the one he joins. Moreover, it was well-known that Mr. Small was separated from his wife and child, and whatever might be the cause, the fact looked suspicious, so that it was hardly likely that his preaching services would be required in any Dissenting quarter.

But, further than all this, he, himself had given the idea up, believing that the Lord had cast him aside as a potter rejects his worthless clay. To think, therefore, that in such an uncalled for way, he should be once more desired to enter the ranks of ministerial Dissent, was marvellous, and the thought became more and more wonderful to him when he learned who it was that so earnestly and kindly solicited his services.

The Rev. Edward Crystal was an aged minister in the town of Swanshore, who for upwards of half a century had "borne the burden and heat of the day." He had left college to become the pastor of the church when it was in a low condition, and by a consistent life, and steady plodding work, had so prospered, as not only to

be the chief factor in building a new chapel in the town, and adding to the membership by hundreds, but also to make himself a felt power in the district around, in "aiding every good word and work." For such a man, therefore, to ask a looked-upon apostate in the hour of physical need to come to his assistance, was what Mr. Small could not understand, and therefore, the only answer he could give the worthy minister's son, was, that on the day following, he would take the train, and have an interview with him.

True to his engagement, he appeared at the Manse at the appointed time, and was received by Mr. Crystal with Christian courtesy and cordiality.

As they sat in the old gentleman's parlour by the fireside, the aged minister said:—

"From what I learnt from my son, Mr. Small, you were surprised that I should ask you to supply my pulpit for me for a month with a view to a co-pastorate."

"I was indeed, sir."

"And why should you be?"

"Because, sir, to speak plainly, like Saul of old, 'I had played the fool and erred exceedingly.'" Taken up with the charms of a young church-woman, whom I afterwards found, to my sorrow, was in no sense fitted to be a helpmeet for me, and then, through my infatuation, being led astray to the extent of becoming an apostate and joining the Episcopalian Church, where doctrines were taught, and practices indulged in that I loathed. I never thought it likely that I should be trusted by Nonconformists again. Hence my surprise at your communication."

"But you repented doing so, did you not?"

"Repented, sir! I can assure you I did. I may tell you, what I have never told any one before, that many a sleepless night have I spent mourning and weeping over my folly."

"That I believe; and if report is true, as soon as opportunity was afforded to you, you sent to your wife a sum of money towards her support, that she might not be burdensome to her family, whether she chose to live with you again or not."

"That is true, sir, and more than that, at least half-a-dozen times have I made overtures to her which were rejected."

"Well, then, you have done all you can; and I do not see why you should continually be blamed. Thank God there is always opportunity for every erring man to repent, however egregiously he may have fallen; and the Lord never intended that your case should be an exception to the rule. Of course, I regard it as a foolish thing for you to have done what you did, and I would not say a word in excuse of it; but after all we are all prone to sin, for the Apostle says: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Peter thought he stood, and yet he "denied his Lord and Master with oaths and curses." The best of us have no reason to boast, but rather to exclaim "by the grace of God I am what I am." But now let me tell you why I have sent for you. When you were at Harefield you were the means of the conversion of a rough drunken man of the name of Rubber. Soon after you became a minister of the Church Establishment he removed here, and has proved a very useful member amongst us. We have talked together a great deal about

your case, and the good the Lord was pleased to accomplish by you in the two villages in which you formerly laboured. Somehow or other I could not get the thought of you out of my mind, and after consulting my deacons and church and acquainting them with the whole of the circumstances, so far as we knew them, we unanimously resolved to give you a fresh trial, unless you feel it to be the path of duty to keep to secular labour altogether.

"How much I appreciate your kindness, Mr. Crystal, words cannot express," replied Mr. Small. "In fact, I could hardly sleep last night for thinking about it. God knows my heart, pervert as I have proved, to be free once more to preach His word in the Denomination I most love, would be more to me than "thousands of gold and silver." Still, the temptation comes over me to believe that in my present condition I am not worthy to open my mouth in the name of the Lord; and that if I do so, it is probable that some who listen to me may be tempted to think so too. This, at present, is my drawback; and so far as I know, I have no other."

"If it be not an act of impertinence, may I ask you, Mr. Small, what salary Mr. Lord gives you?"

"O! it is no act of impertinence at all, sir. I receive £200 a year."

"Supposing that I can only offer you one-half of that sum, would you be willing to serve us?"

"The question of salary, sir, I am happy to say, has never entered my head. That to come down to such a sum would, in a worldly point of view, be a serious loss no sane man would question. But when I remember that the great Apostle Paul 'counted all

things but loss that he might win Christ and be found in Him,' and wrought day and night as a tent-maker to earn a humble living rather than be burdensome to the churches amongst which he ministered, I think nothing of the 'come down,' but rather would cry, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?'"

"Come, lad," said Mr. Crystal, rising from his chair, and tapping his visitor on the shoulder, "I see thou hast the real grit in thee after all. What I have said has been only to test thee. Come for the month's trial—ask the Lord to help thee; do thy best, and depend upon it in the end we shall not differ about thy wages."

For the month's trial accordingly, Stephen Small came and preached to a large congregation with much acceptance. His first text expounded from a feeling heart was taken from Hosea xiv. 4: "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely, for

mine anger is turned away from Him." The Holy Spirit's influence accompanied the word, and each successive service showed that whatever man might think, God had not forsaken His servant who in deep humility and true contrition of soul had again turned to Him. As the result of the month's services, not fewer than forty persons, old and young, were led to decide for Christ, the consequence being that Mr. Small not only accepted an unanimous call to be co-pastor with his venerable friend, but also began his official work by receiving fifty pounds more per annum than Mr. Crystal had led him to expect. It was true that this was fifty pounds less than he received in Mr. Lord's service, but for this he cared little, inasmuch as it gave proof to the world that he had not been induced to make the change for the questionable advantage of "filthy lucre."

(To be continued.)

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

A POOR but pious woman called upon two elegant young ladies, who regardless of her poverty, received her with Christian affection, and sat down in the in the drawing-room to converse with her upon religious subjects. While thus employed, a brother, a dashing youth, by chance entered, and appeared astonished to see his sisters thus engaged. One of them instantly started up, and exclaimed, "Brother, don't be surprised; this is a king's daughter, though she has not yet got her fine clothing."

AN EMBLEM OF SPRING.

THE Jews have a beautiful custom when they enter a cemetery in order to bury any one of their people. They bend themselves, we are told, three times towards the earth; then, taking the grass of the grave they are going to dig, and casting it behind them they chant these words of the prophet (Isa. lxvi. 14): "Thy bones shall spring up again like grass, O my brother." To-day we take, so to speak, hands-full of the grass and the flowers with which the spring has re-clothed our fields, and amidst these concerts of nature's revival, and the life which makes itself heard around us during this season of marvels, and causes us to cry out, "Resurrection! resurrection!"—*Professor Gaussens.*

Gloucester, "no Mean City."

ONE of the first places a visitor inspects, naturally enough, is its magnificent Cathedral, its kingly and aristocratic tombs, its Whispering gallery over the entrance of the perpendicular Lady chapel, where if two lovers indulge in confidential intercourse at one end they are certain to their discomfiture to be heard at the other. The fine Tower of the Cathedral, its nave, massive pillars, ornamental roof, fine glowing Eastern coloured glass window, cloisters and lavatories with which the Monks used to be so familiar, chapter house and library, the remains of the old monastery, the infirmary arches, and above all, the view of its exterior on a fine summer day from the spacious lawn in its front, are all objects of interest to Nonconformists as well as those who belong to the Episcopalian Church. History informs us that Oliver Cromwell, however, had not reverence either for the Cathedral or the city. When battering away at both, on behalf of the Commonwealth, he was said to have paid the city the compliment that "there were more churches than godliness in Gloucester," a remark, I fear, that might even pertain to it and to many more such cities in the present day. But leaving the Cathedral with all its historical associations, the visitor will find opposite it, in Westgate Street, the Shire Hall in which the Assizes are held, and where upwards of half-a-century ago Mr. George Jacob Holyoake was tried for "blasphemy" and received the sentence of six months' imprisonment, after making a speech of nine hours' duration in defence of atheistic principles; a relative of the writer at the same being tried with him for selling Robert Owen's and other infidel publications, and receiving a month's imprisonment for his pains. If my memory serves me aright, at the termination of the trial both were handcuffed together and then marched off to suffer their respective terms of incarceration in her Majesty's gaol. I have always regarded the whole affair as a travesty of religion unworthy of a so-called Christian nation. Happily in these days of civil and religious liberty no such scenes are ever likely to be enacted, a more enlightened view of practical Christianity having been embraced by all classes of the people in this country.

Leaving the renowned "Cross" where the four principle streets of the city meet, and turning into Southgate Street on the left-hand side, the inn may be seen in which the Rev. George Whitfield was born, and in which for a time he assisted his widowed mother. This business he afterwards left, on account of his conversion, for Pembroke College, Oxford, and at the age of twenty-one preached his first sermon in his native city. It appears to have been a very remarkable one, for this is Whitfield's account of it. In a letter to a friend he says: "Some few mocked, but most for the present seemed struck; and I have since heard that a complaint had been made to the Bishop that I drove fifteen mad the first sermon. The worthy prelate, I am informed, wished that the madness might not be forgotten before next Sunday."

On the other side of the street, and not far from the inn, is a still

more remarkable building, being the veritable house in which Robert Raikes was born. It is a large quaint old-fashioned house, marked with black ornamental stripes as houses used to be centuries ago, but I presume the painting is modern, as it looked very new to me. As the recognised founder of Sunday schools, Robert Raikes no doubt did a great work, but what he did must not be confounded with the more advanced Sunday school work of the present day. The most that he aimed to do was to teach ragged children to read, give them simple lessons from the New Testament, learn portions of the Church Catechism, and Watts's hymns and moral songs, teach them to come to his school with clean hands and faces and hair combed, and march them up in rank-and-file to church in the morning and afternoon if they were disposed to go. Add to this that they were merely taught in a house, and we can easily judge how great the disparity existed betwixt Sunday school work as carried on now, and then. Still this humble beginning bore fruit, for in less than four years he tells us: "From being idle, ungovernable, profligate, and filthy in the extreme, they say the boys and girls are become not only more cleanly and decent in their appearance, but are greatly humanised in their manners, more orderly, tractable and attentive to business, and of course more serviceable than they ever expected to find them. Cursing and swearing and other vile expressions which used to form the sum of their conversation are now rarely heard among them." A very good beginning certainly, but what would this good man have thought if he had lived to see the progress which the Sunday school system has made in all parts of the world since he wrote those words, and paid his teachers to humanize these ragged waifs!

Space would fail me to dwell upon other objects of interest that may be seen in this ancient city, such as the Young Men's Christian Association, the Municipal School of Art with its Roman remains, the Guildhall built on the site of the old Blue Coat School, its covered market, its immense waggon works, its fine range of pottery shops, its docks and the river Severn, along the banks of which for many miles beautiful walks may be taken. Enough has been given to show that it is no "mean city" in which our brethren the Baptists have, I am glad to say, a strong hold.

Brunswick Road Chapel, which will seat 1,100 persons, and the Raikes Memorial School attached to it—erected chiefly through the exertions of one of its late pastors, the Rev. John Bloomfield—with its fifteen class-rooms, are buildings of which the denomination may well be proud. Altogether, including the branch stations, there are 900 scholars, nearly 100 of whom are members of the Society of Christian Endeavour, and between 30 and 40 are associates. The platform in front of the pulpit is invariably decorated with flowers, and the organ with the choir occupy a part of one of the side galleries. It is now 25 years since the alteration in the chapel was effected. This enlargement altogether, with the Raikes Memorial School, cost (including £1,000 for interest) £8,000. It is gratifying to learn that £80 alone remains of the cost originally incurred, and no doubt this will soon be wiped off under the supervision of its persevering pastor and wife, the Rev. W. E. and Mrs. Rice. H. W.

Hints for Teachers and Workers.

JESUS AND THE SABBATH.

Read, Matt. xii. 1-13.

INTRODUCTION.—Christ is here reproofing the blindness of the Pharisees concerning their interpretation of the use of the Sabbath. They were always trying to entrap Him, but He by Scripture and reason confounded them, (Read verses 3 to 7). The point raised by the Pharisees was that the disciples had profaned the law by their rubbing the corn in their hands, which they thought was equivalent to threshing. How soon these men could find fault with, as they thought, the slightest external transgression of the law, yet their hearts were far from mercy, love, and humility. They forgot that the mere external ritual could, and may be sacrificed for real works of love and charity and the necessity of man's absolute needs. The Great Teacher gave illustrations regarding all necessary work—helping a sheep out of a pit, man with withered hand, sick and dying, works of necessity. It is right to do good on the Sabbath, but all unnecessary labour should be stringently avoided, the Sabbath is a day of rest and holy meditation. Let us apply a few lessons from this subject.

- I. Christ's Authority on the Sabbath.
- II. Seek to rely in the Scriptures for all rule and Christian practice.
- III. It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath.
- IV. All unnecessary work must be avoided, remember the Sabbath is a day of rest to the uttermost for man and beast.

Plymouth,

THOMAS HEATH.

THE QUIET CORNER.

To some minds the quiet corner is the place of choice resort, while to others the circle of friends, the business mart, the excited amusement, is the attraction.

To insure the quiet we need the peaceful mind, the mind at rest through simple trust in the Saviour, reconciled to God, having peace with God through the blood of the cross, having the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Spirit.

The quiet corner may be one of meditation in Gospel truths as taught by the Spirit, and as heard by communion with the Father, who says, "Draw nigh unto Me, and I will draw nigh unto you."

The quiet corner may be one of suffering. Isolated by prostrate weakness, bitter sorrow, and painful suffering. Soothed, sustained, and comforted by the presence and love of Jesus, and by the anticipations of heaven.

Bedford.

W. ABBOTT.

“Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, to-day and
for ever.”—*Hebrew.*

HOW cheering to God's people here
On earth below,
Amid the changing scenes of life
And deepest woe,
To know there's One who ever loves
Nor change doth know.

With us long doth He bear, though oft
We turn aside,
From Him who suffering in our stead
Was crucified,
That He might save our souls from woe,
On Calvary died.

Although we so unworthy are,
And faithless prove,
Preferring oft the things of earth
To those above,
Yet still to us He doth display
Unchanging love.

His heart is set upon us still,
His love so great,
Though ours is faint and cold, yet His
Doth not abate,
That we to Him may yield our hearts,
Long He doth wait.

When we within the silent grave
Forgotten lie
By all on earth, yet not by Him
Above the sky,
His love again will call us forth
To dwell on high.

Dear Saviour, who art e'er the same,
Help us to prove
Our heart's affections set on Thee,
And things above,
In heaven or earth that there is none,
Whom we so love.

J. DORE.

Our Annual Denominational Meetings.

WE are well served by the Freeman and Baptist in the full reports given of our business proceedings, and the verbatim reports of the *Prayers, Speeches, and Sermons*. Baptist Foreign Missionary Society reports, Baptisms in India, 682; in China, 545. In Elementary Day Schools, 10,518 children, 462 teachers. Sunday Schools, regular attendance, 14,014; voluntary teachers, 1,145. In China, 293 stations, 25 missionaries, 76 native evangelists. Palestine, five stations, one missionary. Western Africa, 30 missionaries and one lady. In finance, £10,000 has been received in answer to an appeal to the Churches, and our future policy to be no special appeals except for special objects. Arrangements will be made for all the churches to be visited in the autumn. Total receipts, £78,546 6s. 9d., the largest income ever received in any one year of the society's existence.

The Baptist Tract Society Sermon preached by J. G. Greenbough, M.A. We are glad to know this society is of growing power and importance.

The Bible Translation Society meeting, held at the Mission House. Dr. Lloyd George presided, and all must feel thankful for the comprehensive and stirring address by the Rev. David Davis.

The meeting of the Baptist Building Fund was presided over by the Rev. Samuel Vincent. The fund commenced with £900, and has reached £51,692, and has distributed £286,000, and only suffered a loss of £73.

The Baptist Union meetings were well attended and enthusiastic. The President's address on Christian Unity was sound. Vital for unity in connection with the Truth, but severe in its condemnation of Sacerdotalism and Priestism. The Rev. S. Vincent was elected president, and Rev. James Spurgeon, D.D., vice-president, on Dr. Booth's resignation. A resolution was moved by Rev. Charles Williams, of Accrington, and seconded by Rev. J. R. Wood, of Holloway, and was received by all standing. The election of new secretary postponed till the autumn.

The closing meeting at Bloomsbury Chapel was a crowded one. An excellent paper was read by the Rev. S. W. Bowser, on the Systematic Teaching of Denominations, and Free Church Principles specially, in the Family, the Sunday School, and the Church. Mr. Maddox, gave an animated account of his fight for Nonconformity with the parish squire and the parish priest; and Dr. Clifford delivered an address—*an oration*, on Christianity in Greater Britain, in which he kept the attention of his audience charmed for one hour and a half.

The Great Fire at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

THIS took place at the time the Annual Meetings of the Pastors College were being held, and in the brief space of one hour and half the spacious building was completely destroyed. We are happy to say no lives were lost, and that most of the historic documents and valuable treasures have been saved, but the pulpit and platform, so famous for the many years from which the glorious Gospel was preached with such power and success, has been destroyed. Dr. Gill's pulpit was scorched and singed, but saved so as by fire. We are informed that the building is insured for £20,000, and the furniture for £2,000. The walls and the stone staircases which led to the galleries are still standing. On the Sunday morning following the fire, the service was held in Exeter Hall, and the Pastor speaking with deep feeling, preached from the words of Isaiah: "Our holy and our beautiful house where our fathers praised Thee is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste." Our prayers and deepest thankful sympathies are with the Pastor and his flock, and all must be moved with deepest interest towards them. The Tabernacle is not only of great historic interest, and was built for the greatest Gospel preacher of modern times, but the church as for all time a great history. It commenced in the year 1652. Within the first half century of its history it had three pastors—William Riches, Benjamin Keach, and Benjamin Stinton, followed by the ministry of Dr. Gill for fifty-two years; and then by Dr. Rippon for sixty-three years, and in later days by the Rev. Dr. Angus and the Rev. James Smith. Of the faithful and unparalleled success of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon it is needless to speak, but we record with profound gratitude to Almighty God our great joy for the blessing which has rested on the ministry of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. We are also thankful that he is able to contradict the report that the sad event had produced various and painful effects on his health. It is cheering to note that the Secular Press have opened their columns for contributions for the new building.

Contributions for Rebuilding Fund may be sent to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, or T. H. Olney, Esq., Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, E.C.

We should have had a notice in our last issue, but the type for our Magazine had been set up.

 THANK GOD FOR A GOOD MOTHER.

YEARS ago a poor family of four, father, mother, and two boys, lived in the rocky town of Ashford. They had a little farm which the father and boys attended to, but the good man fell ill and the wife had to do his work. She milked the cow and made the butter, and often took a turn at the plough, while the boys were learning to read. She did not forget to teach them the love of God. For years they went four miles to chapel on Sunday. The boys became famous ministers. One of them, the Rev. Samuel Nott, D.D., the other, the honoured President of Union College, Eliphalet Nott, D.D., LL.D., has moulded the lives of hundreds of young men, who were trained in his classes. The mother of these two stars in the church lived to bless God for the boys she taught at the plough.

CHRIST shows us how to reach the masses: by reaching the units. Half the Gospel of John is taken up with the accounts of seventeen personal interviews.

 THE WEEK-NIGHT SERVICE.

MANY Christians do not appreciate it; indeed it is a great waste of time unless there be some positive advantage to be gained. The French nation, at one time, tried having a Sabbath only once in ten days. The intelligent Christian finds he needs a Sabbath every three or four days, and so builds a brief one on the shore of a week-day, in the shape of an extra religious service. He gets grace on Sabbath to bridge the chasm of worldliness between that and the next Sabbath, but finds the arch of the bridge very great, and so runs up a pier midway to help sustain the pressure. There are one hundred and sixty-eight hours in a week, and but two hours of public service on Sunday. What chance have two hours in a battle with one hundred and sixty-eight?—*Talmage*.

 WHO CAN PAY MY DEBT?

A SOLDIER in the Russian army was heavily in debt, and one day, while he was in the guard-room, he jotted down an account of his liabilities; and after he had written the items one after another, he looked at them and despondingly penned the words, "Who can pay all these?" He fell asleep, and the Czar of that day came into the guard-room, and, looking over the shoulder of the sleeping soldier, read that question, "Who can pay all these?" He then took a golden pencil-case, and wrote, "I can and will. The Czar." When the soldier awoke he found that his lord and master had stepped in, and at one stroke had removed all his debts. So with my dear Lord.—*A. G. Brown*.

 FREE GRACE, NOT WORKS.

WORKS can have no share in our justification, because they are done from improper motives, or done in an imperfect manner, and therefore cannot recommend themselves, much less the sinful doers of them, to infinite purity. Nay, if God should enter into strict justice, I fear our very best works would deserve punishment, and to think that those works which deserved punishment can merit either in whole or part is surely a great mistake. It seems to be as safe as to fancy that the addition of some dross will enhance the value or increase the lustre of gold. Were I possessed of all the righteous acts that have made saints and martyrs famous in all generations, I would renounce them all in point of justification before God, and would depend alone upon the atonement and righteousness of Christ, and ascribe all my salvation to His free unmerited grace.—*Hervsey*.

Reviews.

David Hume, by Henry Calderwood. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, Edinburgh and London.

One of the volumes of the famous Scots series, published at 1s. 6d. each, and embracing such historic men as John Knox, Walter Scott, Thomas Carlyle, Hugh Miller, Norman Macleod, and others. In chapter seven it is shown that Hume, with all his scepticism, was a witness for Christianity, and the preface, etc., proves a probability that a renewed study of Hume's writings may lead to a fairer interpretation of some of the doubters of the present day.

Light in the East. By Bishop Thoburn. Morgan and Scott, Paternoster Buildings.

A most interesting work, full of information describing the remarkable movement which is now taking place among the lower castes in North India. The preface says, and the contents show, that in some respects this is the most extraordinary movement which has yet been witnessed in the Foreign Field. Light is truly bursting forth in the East.

The Elector, King and Priest, Andrew Simon Lamb. James Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

A sequel to *A Briton's Birthright*, by the same author. The subject of which it treats is of special value as an exposition of the views of an English Churchman, who in his preface says, "The subject of Idolatry in our National Church is one which concerns all. Not only Churchmen but Nonconformists also. A question

with which every Protestant elector has to do, and which demands his serious, immediate and practical attention."

Some voluminous and Awakening Truths for the earnest consideration of the Careless and Unenlightened Souls. Founded upon Deut. 33, 29, and Psalms 50, 22. By Robert Brown. William Wileman, 27, Bouverie Street.

This tract is worthy the perusal of every thoughtful man, and though it is all about the Old Truths, it is written in a new and original strain.

We are glad to receive the valuable address delivered at the Spring Assembly of the Baptist Union, by Rev. Samuel Vincent. Subject: "Christian Unity."

Part 5. *Autobiography of C. H. Spurgeon*. Compiled from his Diary, Letters and Records by his wife and his private secretary. This part is embellished with engravings of the exterior and interior of the cottage at Teversham, where the pastor first preached. Also skeletons of sermons, also *fac-simile* reproductions of highly adorned title pages with characteristic inscriptions written by Mr. Spurgeon. Part 31 of *The Treasury of David*, verses 9 to 40 of 119 Psalm. Covers for vols. 1 to 5. Post free 1/4. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

Religious Tract Society's publications. The *Girls' Own* maintains its place as a first-class magazine for girls, containing healthy amusement and useful information and

cheerful reading. The May number contains the excellent contribution by Lilly Watson on the "Sorrows of Girlhood," also the Monthly Supplement of the *Girls' Own Paper*, No. 7. *A Flower of Light*, by Sarah Doudney. These stories are well written, and create additional interest in the *Girls' Own Paper*. The *Sunday at Home* contains "In Memoriam of George Muller," by Mary Rowles Jarvis; "George Muller at Home," by James Baker (with illustrations); and "George Muller," by Richard Glover, D.D., with portrait. *The Boys' Own* (beautiful frontispiece). "Wise and Otherwise," "A Study of Bird Life," and is full to the last page of good things for boys. We commend to our readers the useful periodicals, *The Leisure Hour*, *Friendly Greetings*, *Light in the Home*, *The Cottager and Artisan*, *The Little Dots*, and *The Child's Companion*.

The Quiver leads off with an illustrated Paper by F. M. Holmes. Our May Meetings. On the front page is our worthy Secretary of our Foreign Missionary Society, Mr. A. H. Baynes. *This is our Annual Report*. The May number contains the first Coupon of six, which will entitle the holder to a copy of Dr. Geikies Holy Land and the Bible for 3s. 6d., post free.

Great Thoughts. New volume commence with May, a part in which good things are literally piled up. We call attention to the final clearance of the volumes of the first series, offered at two shillings each.

The Prize Reciter has a likeness and piece by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. *Helping Words* has two brief papers and likenesses of Rev. Alfred Rowlands, B.A., and Paul Berhardt.

Issues in which we take sincere interest. *The Bible Societies Reporter*, also *Gleanings for the Young*. The *Protestant Alliance Official Organ*, this monthly is doing good service. *The Home Magazine*, with its leaders on men who are moving the world, with illustrations, John McNeil, &c. *In His Name. Ragged School Union Magazine, Supreme Scenes in our Lord's Life* — Gethsamene, Calvary, and Olivet. Rev. Robert Tuck, B.A. "Our Message for the Times," "A Bugle Call to the Free Churches," by Rev. John Thomas, M.A. *The Springing Well, or Waters that fail not*, a new illustrated penny monthly paper for the people. Alfred Holmes, 14, Paternoster Row. *The Log Book*, a record of work done among homeless children. Also *Night*, by Dr. Barnardo. We are desirous of saying to our readers that Dr. Barnardo's funds are considerably behind, and help is very much needed.

Our Own Magazines. *The Baptist* has a likeness and sketch of Rev. Charles Brown. *The Irish Baptist* reports the Baptist Union Meetings of Ireland. *The Sword and Trowel* contain the Annual Paper concerning the Lord's Work in connexion with the Pastors' College; also statistics of the Churches, summary of results, balance sheets, &c., &c.

"AND HE DIED."

A CERTAIN libertine, of most abandoned character, happened to stroll into a church, where he heard the fifth chapter of Genesis read, stating that such and such persons lived so long a time, and yet the conclusion was, they "died." Seth lived 912 years, "and he died;" Enos, 905, "and he died." The frequent repetition of the words, "he died," notwithstanding the great length of years they had lived, impressed him so forcibly with the thought of death and eternity, that, through Divine grace, he became an exemplary Christian.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. E. Poole Connor, from Aldershot, to Borough-road Church, Southwark.

Rev. S. J. Robins, from Blakeney, to Scapegoat-hill Church, Golcar.

Rev. R. Lloyd, from Castletown, to Llandaff-road Church, Cardiff.

Rev. A. Douglas Brown, from Herne Bay, to Splott-road Church, Cardiff.

Rev. J. Lloyd Williams, from Glashury-on-Wye, to Bethany English Church, Treherbert.

Rev. H. J. Milledge, from Gamlingay, to Brighton-road Chapel, Croydon.

Rev. C. H. Marsack Day, from Bridport, to Bartholomew-street Church, Exeter.

Rev. W. Harries, from Maesteg, to Cornwall-road Chapel, Cardiff.

Rev. J. Wheldon Davies, from Baptist College, to St. Mellon's Church, Cardiff.

The Manchester Baptist College Committee have appointed Rev. J. T. Marshall, M.A., Principal of the College, and invited Rev. H. Ellis, M.A., of Farsley, to succeed Prof. Marshall as tutor.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. G. W. Brooker, from Leigh, Lancashire, has been recognised as pastor of East-street Church, Southampton. Rev. B. J. Gibbon, the late pastor (now of Bloomsbury), preached.

Rev. D. Jones, of Bangor College, has been ordained to the pastorate of the churches at Caersalem and Lampeter, Revs. Dr. Morris, R. B. Jones and W. T. Francis took part.

Rev. John Field has been recognised as pastor of Kislingley.

Revs. J. T. Brown, R. A. Selby, W. Adams, and A. Parker took part.

Rev. G. Woodvine Ball has been recognised as minister at Balham. Rev. W. Emery gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. G. D. Evans addressed the church. Revs. S. Lyne, W. F. Price, F. T. Almy and J. Appleyard took part.

Rev. C. V. Thurston has been recognised as pastor of Shiffnal Church. Revs. G. Lampard and L. Jones took part.

Rev. Alexander Corbet has been recognised as pastor of Lansdowne Church, Bournemouth. Revs. J. W. Ewing, S. Flemington, H. C. Leonard, Principal Gould, W. V. Robinson, T. J. Hiley and T. Evans took part.

Rev. J. P. Gibbens has been recognised as pastor of Napier-road, Tottenham. Revs. J. Box, F. C. Holden, J. Clark, E. White and E. Mitchell took part.

Rev. S. Hassall has been ordained to the pastorate at Sussex-street Church, Brighton. Rev. D. Davies gave the charge to the pastor.

Rev. J. S. Geale has been recognised as pastor at Herne Bay. Rev. C. Spurgeon preached, and Revs. T. Hancock and H. K. Kempton took part.

PRESENTATIONS.

At a social gathering of members and friends held at East Parade Church, Horsham, a testimonial was presented to Mr. W. R. Chesterton, and much regret expressed that he felt it necessary to relinquish the student pastorate.

Mr. Thomas James, deacon and Sunday-school superintendent at Horeb Church, Blaenavon, an

illuminated address, a gold medal and a purse of gold, in recognition of twenty years' services.

Rev. A. H. Tolhurst, a bicycle from Carey Hall Church, Leicester.

Rev. J. D. Hughes, a gold watch and purse of gold from Herman Church, Pontygywaith, fountain pen from the Band of Hope, and an address from the Rhondda Valley and district ministers; Mrs. Hughes, a gold brooch from the church, a biscuit barrel from the Sunday-school, and a lady's companion from the Band of Hope.

Rev. T. Roberts, a purse of gold and an ebony stick from the Welsh churches at Middlesborough and Stockton-on-Tees, on leaving for Bridgend, and a travelling bag from Stockton Welsh Sunday-school.

Miss E. M. Oakley, silver salt cellars from Union Church, Perrygreen, on her marriage.

Rev. J. Peet, a tea and coffee service from Zion Church, Trowbridge; on his marriage; Mrs. Peet, a work Table.

Rev. C. Joseph, 100 guineas and an illuminated address from Lake-road Church, Portsmouth, on leaving for Cambridge.

NEW CHAPELS.

The new Welsh chapel has been opened at Barry Dock. Revs. R. W. Rees (pastor), J. Howells and W. R. Jones took part in the services. A residence for the pastor has also been constructed on land immediately adjoining the building.

Services in connection with the opening of a new chapel at Moss, Wrexham, have been held. Revs. J. R. Jones and P. Williams preached in Welsh, and Rev. Jesse Roberts in English.

A new chapel, capable of holding 500 persons, has been opened in Alcester-road, King's Heath. The total cost of building, including site and schools, was £7,000, of which sum upwards of £870 had been received from the church at Moseley,

and from the congregation and friends at King's Heath £3,241. The London Building Fund has promised a loan of £500. A like sum is to be forthcoming from the Birmingham Building Fund. The opening service was conducted by Rev. J. G. Greenough.

BAPTISMS.

- Aberavon* (English).—April 24, Six, by W. Jones
Birmingham: Christ Church, Six Ways, Aston.—April 27, Six, by I. L. Near
Beverley.—April 10, Three, by T. Gardiner
Blaenywem.—April 10, Five, by W. E. Harries
Brecon: Kensington.—April 8, Three, by S. Jones
Buckley, Flint.—April 10, One, by W. Jenkins
Bradford-on-Avon: Zion.—April 24, Five, by E. E. Smith
Bargoed (English).—April 8, One, by W. Davies
Belfast: Antrim-road.—April 17, Three, by C. S. Donald
Batley.—May 8, Twelve, by F. Wynn
Beaufort: Bethany.—May 8, One, by A. Tovey
Cheltenham: Cambray.—May 4, Eight, by H. A. B. Phillips
Cotton End, Beds.—March 27, Seven; April 8, One, by W. H. Smith
Cambridge: Mill-road.—April 24, Six, by R. W. Ayres
Carmarthen: Nantgaredig.—April 17, Seven, by T. Thomas
Cleus, Suffolk.—May 1, Four, by W. Tooke
Crickhowell, Breconshire.—April 17, Three, by W. M. Yorwerth
Cardiff: Ely River.—May 1, Two, by J. H. Lewis
Clay Cross.—May 1, Two, by W. R. Ponton
Desborough.—May 1, Four, by I. Near
Dundee: Ward-road.—April 17, Two, by D. Clark
Dolau, Llanfihangel, Radnor.—April 24, Two, by W. D. Young
Elland.—May 1, Six, by T. R. Lewis
Enfield Town, N.—April 24, Nine, by G. W. White
Forest Row, Sussex.—April 24, Two, by B. S. Morris
Gorse Lane, Swansea.—May 8, Three, by E. P. Davy
Glasgow: Kelvinside-Avenue.—April 18, Seven, by A. W. Bean
Greenock: Orangefield.—April 17, Two, by B. J. Cole
Great Sampford, Essex.—April 10, Two, by G. Hider
Glasgow: Cambridge-street.—April 24, Five, by E. Last

Glasgow: Springburn.—May 1, Two, by J. Horne
Golgar, Huddersfield.—May 1, Seven, by W. Gay
Horwich, Lancashire.—May 1, Two, by E. Davies
Hull: Beverley-road.—April 24, Four, by J. S. Griffiths
High Wycombe.—May 8, Five, by C. Hobbs
Halifax, Bellon-lane.—April 24, Five, by F. Slater
Hinkley.—April 24, Seven, by P. Williams
Hill Cliffe, Warrington.—April 10, Thirteen, by J. S. Hughes
Hemyock.—April 17, One, by J. L. Smith
Jersey, Vauxhall.—April 17, One, by W. Bonser
Kirkintilloch.—April 3, Seven; April 24, Five, by C. Chrystal
Kirton-in-Lindsay.—April 20, Four, by W. Smith
Knighton.—April 3, Thirteen, by W. Williams
Llanclwydau.—April 3, One, by M. Jones
Llanfrynach.—April 10, Five, by T. W. Chance
Leeds, Burley-road.—April 24, Six, by F. W. Walter
Mills Hill, Lancs.—April 13, Two, by F. Oliver
antgwyn, Radnorshire.—April 14, Three; 16, One; 17, Two, by T. D. Jones
Nantyglo, Bethlehem.—April 17, Four, by D. Lewis
Norwich, Oxford Hill.—April 24, Three, by W. Gill
Nuneaton.—April 24, Eleven, by J. R. Mitchell
Pisgah Talywain, Mon.—May 8, Five, by J. Morgan
Pole Moor, near Huddersfield.—May 1, One, by T. Iles
Stantonbury, Bucks.—April 27, Four, by H. F. Chipperfield
Sunderland, Enou.—May 1, Four, by G. Wilson
Stourton.—April 8, Four, (in the river), by G. J. Whiting

Sunnyside, Lancs.—March 31, Six, by A. Tildsley
Summersham, Hunts.—April 24, Six, by G. Sneesby
Sawerby Bridge.—May 8, One, by J. Fox
Stockton-on-Tees, Wellington-street.—May 3, Seven, by F. J. Feltham
South Leigh.—April 17, One, April 24, Five, by D. Tait
Sutton-in-Craven, Yorkshire.—April 24, Twelve, by F. W. Pollard
Tamworth.—April 24, Five, by Mr. Lloyd
Treforest, Calvary.—April 10, Two, by E. Lewis
Worcester.—April 24, Ten, by J. D. Johnston, M.A.
Workington.—April 24, Nine, by J. H. Brooksbank
Winchester, City-road.—April 17, Five, by A. W. Wood

LONDON DISTRICT.

Chiswick, Annandale-road, W.—April 17, Four, by A. G. Edgerton
East Plumstead.—April 17, Eleven, by J. Seeley
East Ham.—April 21, Five, by R. Sloan
East Molesey, S.W.—April 17, Four, by G. F. Harper
Greenwich, South-street.—April 28, Nine, by C. Spurgeon
Highgate, N.—April 17, Two, by J. H. Barnard
Twickenham.—April 24, Three, by S. Jones
Mansion House Mission, Camberwell-road, S.E.—April 10, Three, by G. W. Linnear
Onslow Chapel, S.W.—April 3, Nine, by J. Garden
Penge i abernacle, S.E.—April 27, Five, by J. W. Boud
Waltham Abbey.—April 28, Five, by G. Kilby

HE STOOD IN HIS PLACE.

AN old man, who late in life was brought to poverty, was obliged to make a living by violin playing in the streets of Vienna. One morning he was so weak that he could not play, and in despair he sat by the way-side in tears. A gentleman stopped, and finding the cause of his grief, took up his violin and going into the road, played most exquisite music until a crowd assembled, then he asked for alms. The people gave so much that the old beggar was amazed, until he heard that the player was Bucher, the greatest of violinists. He had taken the poor man's place, assumed his burden, and provided for his needs, as Christ came to us, bearing our sorrows and sins, and making provision for all we need.

PRESIDENT EDWARDS, when he came to die—his last words, after bidding his relations good-bye, were, "Now, where is Jesus of Nazareth, my true and never-failing Friend?" And so saying, he fell asleep.

Special Thanksgiving to the Father.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light : who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son."—Col. i. 12, 13.

THIS passage is a mine of riches. I can anticipate the difficulty in preaching and the regret in concluding we shall experience this evening because we are not able to dig out all the gold which lies in this precious vein. We lack the power to grasp and the time to expatiate upon that volume of truths which is here condensed into a few short sentences.

We are exhorted to "give thanks unto the Father." This counsel is at once needful and salutary. I think, my brethren, we scarcely need to be told to give thanks unto the Son. The remembrance of that bleeding body hanging upon the cross is ever present to our faith. The nails and the spear, his griefs, the anguish of his soul, and his sweat of agony, make such tender touching appeals to our gratitude—these will prevent us always from ceasing our songs, and sometimes fire our hearts with rekindling rapture in praise of the *man* Christ Jesus. Yes, we *will* bless thee, dearest Lord ; our souls are all on fire. As we survey the wondrous cross, we cannot but shout—

"O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak."

It is in a degree very much the same with the Holy Spirit. I think we are compelled to feel every day our dependence upon his constant influence. He abides with us as a present and personal Comforter and Counsellor. We, therefore, do praise the Spirit of Grace, who hath made our heart his temple, and who works in us all that is gracious, virtuous, and well-pleasing in the sight of God. If there be any one Person in the Trinity whom we are more apt to forget than another in our praises, it is God the Father. In fact there are some who even get a wrong idea of Him, a slanderous idea of that God whose name is LOVE. They imagine that love dwelt in Christ, rather than in the Father ; and that our salvation is rather due to the Son and the Holy Spirit, than to our Father God. Let us not be of the number of the ignorant, but let us receive this truth: We are as much indebted to the Father as to any other Person of the Sacred Three.

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He as much and as truly loves us as any of the adorable Three Persons. He is as truly worthy of our highest praise as either the Son or the Holy Spirit.

A remarkable fact, which we should always bear in mind, is this,—in the Holy Scriptures most of the operations which are set down as being the works of the Spirit, are in other Scriptures ascribed to God the Father. Do we say it is God the Spirit that quickens the sinner who is dead in sin? it is true; but you will find in another passage it is said, “The Father quickeneth whom he will.” Do we say that the Spirit is the sanctifier, and that the sanctification of the soul is wrought by the Holy Ghost? You will find a passage in the opening of the Epistle of St. Jude, in which it is said, “Sanctified by God the Father.” Now, how are we to account for this? I think it may be explained thus. God the Spirit cometh from God the Father, and therefore whatever acts are performed by the Spirit are truly done by the Father, because he sendeth forth the Spirit. And again, the Spirit is often the instrument—though I say not this in any way to derogate from his glory—he is often the instrument with which the Father works. It is the Father who says to the dry bones, live; it is the Spirit who, going forth with the divine word, makes them live. The quickening is due as much to the word as to the influence that went with the word; and as the word came with all the bounty of free grace and goodwill from the Father, the quickening is due to him. It is true that the seal on our hearts is the Holy Spirit; he is the seal, but it is the Eternal Father’s hand that stamps the seal; the Father communicates the Spirit to seal our adoption. The works of the Spirit are, many of them, I repeat it again, attributed to the Father, because he worketh in, through, and by the Spirit.

The works of the Son of God, I ought to observe are every one of them in intimate connection with the Father. If the Son comes into the world, it is because the Father sends him; if the Son calls his people, it is because his Father gave this people into his hands. If the Son redeems the chosen race, is not the Son himself the Father’s gift, and doth not God send his Son into the world that we may live through him? So that the Father, the great Ancient of Days, is ever to be extolled; and we must never omit the full homage of our hearts to him when we sing that sacred doxology,

“Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

In order to excite your gratitude to God the Father to-night, I propose to dilate a little upon this passage, as God the Holy Spirit shall enable. If you will look at the text, you will see two blessings in it. The first has regard to *the future*; it is a meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light. The second blessing, which must go with the first, for indeed it is the cause of the first, the effective cause, has relation to *the past*. Here we read of our deliverance from the power of darkness. Let us meditate a little upon each of these blessings, and then, in the third place, I will endeavour to show *the relation which exists between the two*.

I. The first blessing introduced to our notice is this—“God the Father has made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the

saints in light." It is a PRESENT BLESSING. Not a mercy laid up for us in the covenant, which we have not yet received, but it is a blessing which every true believer already has in his hand. Those mercies in the covenant of which we have the earnest now while we wait for the full possession, are just as rich, and just as certain as those which have been already with abundant loving-kindness bestowed on us; but still they are not so precious in our enjoyment. The mercy we have in store, and in hand, is after all, the main source of our present comfort. And oh what a blessing this! "Made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." The true believer is fit for heaven; he is meet to be a partaker of the inheritance—and that now, at this very moment. What does this mean? Does it mean that the believer is perfect; that he is free from sin? No, my brethren, where shall you ever find such perfection in this world? If no man can be a believer but the perfect man, then what has the perfect man to believe? Could he not walk by sight? When he is perfect, he may cease to be a believer. No, brethren, it is not such perfection that is meant, although perfection is implied, and assuredly will be given as the result. Far less does this mean that we have a right to eternal life from any doings of our own. We have a fitness for eternal life, a meetness for it, but we have no desert of it. We deserve nothing of God even now, in ourselves, but his eternal wrath and his infinite displeasure. What then, does it mean? Why, it means just this: we are so far meet that we are accepted in the Beloved, adopted into the family, and fitted by divine approbation to dwell with the saints in light. There is a woman chosen to be a bride; she is fitted to be married, fitted to enter into the honourable state and condition of matrimony; but at present she has not on the bridal garment, she is not like the bride adorned for her husband. You do not see her yet robed in her elegant attire, with her ornaments upon her, but you know she is fitted to be a bride, she is received and welcomed as such in the family of her destination. So Christ has chosen his Church to be married to him; she has not yet put on her bridal garment, and all that beautiful array in which she shall stand before the Father's throne, but notwithstanding, there is such a fitness in her to be the bride of Christ, when she shall have bathed herself for a little while, and lain for a little while in the bed of spices—there is such a fitness in her character, such a grace-given adaptation in her to become the royal bride of her glorious Lord, and to become a partaker of the enjoyments of bliss—that it may be said of the church as a whole, and of every member of it, that they are "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."

The Greek word, moreover, bears some such meaning as this, though I cannot give the exact idiom, it is always difficult when a word is not used often. This word is only used twice that I am aware of, in the New Testament. The word may be employed for "suitable," or, I think, "sufficient." "He hath made us meet"—sufficient—"to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." But I cannot give my idea without borrowing another figure. When a child is born it is at once endowed with all the faculties of humanity. If those powers are wanting at first, they will not come afterwards. It has

eyes, it has hands, it has feet, and all its physical organs. These of course are as it were in embryo. The senses though perfect at first, must be gradually developed, and the understanding gradually matured. It can see but little, it cannot discern distances, it can hear, but it cannot hear distinctly enough at first to know from what direction the sound comes; but you never find a new leg, a new arm, a new eye, or a new ear growing on that child. Each of these powers will expand and enlarge, but still there is the whole man there at first, and the child is *sufficient* for a man. Let but God in his infinite providence cause it to feed, and give it strength and increase, it has *sufficient* for manhood. It does not want either arm or leg, nose or ear; you cannot make it grow a new member, nor does it require a new member either; all are there. In like manner, the moment a man is regenerated, there is every faculty in his new creation that there shall be, even when he gets to heaven. It only needs to be developed and brought out; he will not have a new power, he will not have a new grace, he will have those which he had before, developed and brought out. Just as we are told by the careful observer, that in the acorn there is in embryo every root and every bough and every leaf of the future tree, which only requires to be developed and brought out in their fulness. So, in the true believer, there is a sufficiency or meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light. All that he requires is, not that a new thing should be implanted, but that that which God has put there in the moment of regeneration, shall be cherished and nurtured, and made to grow and increase, till it comes unto perfection and he enters into "the inheritance of the saints in light." This is, as near as I can give it to you, the exact meaning and literal interpretation of the text, as I understand it.

But you may say to me, "In what sense is this meetness or fitness for eternal life the work of God the Father? Are we already made meet for heaven? How is this the Father's work?" Look at the text a moment, and I will answer you in three ways.

What is heaven? We read it as an *inheritance*. Who are fit for an inheritance? Sons. Who makes us sons? "Behold what manner of love *the Father* hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." A son is fitted for an inheritance. The moment the son is born he is fitted to be an heir. All that is wanted is that he shall grow up and be capable of possession. But he is fit for an inheritance at first. If he were not a son he could not inherit as an heir. Now, as soon as ever we become sons we are meet to inherit. There is in us an adaptation, a power and possibility for us to have an inheritance. This is the prerogative of the Father, to adopt us into his family, and to "beget us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." And do you not see, that adoption is really the meetness for inheritance, it is the Father who hath "made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light?"

Again, heaven is an inheritance; but whose inheritance is it? It is an inheritance of the *saints*. It is not an inheritance of sinners, but of saints—that is, of the holy ones—of those who have been made saints by being sanctified. Turn then, to the Epistle of Jude, and

you will see at once who it is that sanctifies. You will observe the moment you fix your eye upon the passage that it is God the Father. In the first verse you read, "Jude, the servant of Jesus Christ, and brother of James, to them that are sanctified by God the Father." It is an heritage for saints: and who are saints? The moment a man believes in Christ, he may know himself to have been truly set apart in the covenant decree; and he finds that consecration, if I may so speak, verified in his own experience, for he has now become "a new creature in Christ Jesus," separated from the rest of the world, and then it is manifest and made known that God has taken him to be his son for ever. The meetness which I must have, in order to enjoy the inheritance of the saints in light, is my becoming a son. God hath made me and believers sons, therefore we are meet for the inheritance; so then that meetness has come from the Father. How meetly therefore doth the Father claim our gratitude, our adoration, and our love!

You will however observe, it is not merely said that heaven is the inheritance of the saints, but that it is "the inheritance of the saints *in light*." So the saints dwell in light—the light of knowledge, the light of purity, the light of joy, the light of love, pure, ineffable love, the light of everything that is glorious and ennobling. There they dwell, and if I am to appear meet for that inheritance, what evidence must I have? I must have light shining into my own soul. But whete can I get it? Do I not read that "every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down"—yea verily, but from whom? From the Spirit? No—"from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." The preparation to enter into the inheritance in light is light; and light comes from the Father of lights; therefore, my meetness, if I have light in myself, is the work of the Father, and I must give him praise. Do you see then, that as there are three words used here—"the *inheritance of the saints in light*," so we have a threefold meetness? We are adopted and made sons. God hath sanctified us and set us apart. And then, again, he hath put light into our hearts. All this, I say, is the work of the Father, and in this sense, we are "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

A few general observations here. Brethren, I am persuaded that if an angel from heaven were to come to-night and single out any one believer from the crowd here assembled, there is not one believer that is unfit to be taken to heaven. You may not be ready to be taken to heaven now; that is to say, if I foresaw that you were going to live, I would tell you were unfit to die, in a certain sense. But were you to die now in your pew, if you believe in Christ, you are fit for heaven. You have a meetness even now which would take you there at once, without being committed to purgatory for a season. You are even now fit to be "partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." You have but to gasp out your last breath and you shall be in heaven, and there shall not be one spirit in heaven more fit for heaven than you, nor one soul more adapted for the place than you are. You shall be just as fitted for its element as those who are nearest to the eternal throne.

Ah! this makes the heirs of glory think much of God the Father.

When we reflect, my brethren, upon our state by nature, and how fit we are to be fire-brands in the flames of hell—yet to think we are this night, at this very moment if Jehovah willed it, fit to sweep the golden harps with joyful fingers, that this head is fit this very night to wear the everlasting crown, that these loins are fit to be girded with that fair white robe throughout eternity, I say, this makes us think gratefully of God the Father; this makes us clap our hands with joy, and say, “Thanks be unto God the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.” Do ye not remember the penitent thief? It was but a few minutes before that he had been cursing Christ. I doubt not that he had joined with the other, for it is said, “*They* that were crucified with him reviled him.” Not one, but both; *they* did it. And then a gleam of supernatural glory lit up the face of Christ, and the thief saw and believed. And Jesus said unto him, “Verily I say unto thee, this day,” though the sun is setting, “*this day* shalt thou be with me in Paradise.” No long preparation required, no sweltering in purifying fires. And so shall it be with us. We may have been in Christ Jesus to our own knowledge but three weeks, or we may have been in him for ten years, or threescore years and ten—the date of our conversion makes no difference in our meetness for heaven, in a certain sense. True, indeed, the older we grow the more grace we have tasted, the riper we are becoming, and the fitter to be housed in heaven; but that is in another sense of the word,—the Spirit’s meetness which he gives. But with regard to that meetness which the Father gives, I repeat, the blade of corn, the blade of gracious wheat that has just appeared above the surface of conviction, is as fit to be carried up to heaven as the full-grown corn in the ear. The sanctification wherewith we are sanctified by God the Father is not progressive, it is complete at once; we are now adapted for heaven, now fitted for it, and we shall be by-and-bye completely ready for it, and shall enter into the joy of our Lord.

Into this subject I might have entered more fully; but I have not time. I am sure I have left some knots untied, and you must untie them if you can yourselves; and let me recommend you to untie them on your knees—the mysteries of the kingdom of God are studied much the best when you are in prayer.

II. The second mercy is a MERCY THAT LOOKS BACK. We sometimes prefer the mercies that look forward, because they unfold such a bright prospect

“Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood.”

But here is a mercy that looks backward; turns its back, as it were, on the heaven of our anticipation, and looks back on the gloomy past, and the dangers from which we have escaped. Let us read the account of it—“Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son.” This verse is an explanation of the preceding, as we shall have to show in a few minutes. But just now let us survey this mercy by itself. Ah! my brethren, what a description have we here of what manner of men we used to be. We *were* under the “power of darkness.” Since I have been musing on this text, I have turned these words over and over in

my mind—"the power of darkness!" It seems to me one of the most awful expressions that man ever attempted to expound. I think I could deliver a discourse from it, if God the Spirit helped me, which might make every bone in your body shake. "The power of darkness!" We all know that there is a *moral* darkness which exercises its awful spell over the mind of the sinner. Where God is unacknowledged the mind is void of judgment. Where God is unworshipped the heart of man becomes a ruin. The chambers of that dilapidated heart are haunted by ghostly fears and degraded superstitions. The dark places of that reprobate mind are tenanted by vile lusts and noxious passions, like vermin and reptiles, from which in open daylight we turn with disgust. And even *natural* darkness is tremendous. In the solitary confinement which is practised in some of our penitentiaries the very worst results would be produced if the treatment were prolonged. If one of you were to be taken to night and led into some dark cavern, and left there, I can imagine that for a moment, not knowing your fate, you might feel a child-like kind of interest about it;—there might be, perhaps, a laugh as you found yourself in the dark; there might for the moment, from the novelty of the position, be some kind of curiosity excited. There might, perhaps, be a silly joy. In a little time you might endeavour to compose yourself to sleep; possibly you might sleep; but if you should awake, and still find yourself down deep in the bowels of earth, where never a ray of sun or candle light could reach you; do you know the next feeling that would come over you? It would be a kind of idiotic thoughtlessness. You would find it impossible to control your desperate imagination. Your heart would say, "O God I am alone, alone, alone, in this dark place." How would you cast your eyeballs all around, and never catching a gleam of light, your mind would begin to fail. Your next stage would be one of increasing terror. You would fancy that you saw something, and then you would cry, "Ah! I would I could see something, were it foe or fiend!" You would feel the dark sides of your dungeon. You would begin to "scribble on the walls," like David before king Achish. Agitation would seize hold upon you, and if you were kept there much longer, delirium and death would be the consequence. We have heard of many who have been taken from the penitentiary to the lunatic asylum; and the lunacy is produced partly by the solitary confinement, and partly by the darkness in which they are placed. In a report lately written by the Chaplain of Newgate, there are some striking reflections upon the influence of darkness in a way of *discipline*. Its first effect is to shut the culprit up to his own reflections, and make him realize his true position in the iron grasp of the outraged law. Methinks the man that has defied his keepers, and come in there cursing and swearing, when he has found himself alone in darkness, where he cannot even hear the rattling of carriages along the streets, and can see no light whatever, is presently cowed; he gives in, he grows tame. "The power of darkness" literally is something awful. If I had time, I would enlarge upon this subject. We cannot properly describe what "the power of darkness" is, even in this world. The sinner is plunged into the darkness of his sins, and he sees nothing, he knows nothing. Let him remain there a little longer, and that joy of

curiosity, that hectic joy which he now has in the path of sin, will die away, and there will come over him a spirit of slumber. Sin will make him drowsy, so that he will not hear the voice of the ministry, crying to him to escape for his life. Let him continue in it, and it will by-and-by make him spiritually an idiot. He will become so set in sin, that common reason will be lost on him. All the arguments that a sensible man will receive, will be only wasted on him. Let him go on, and he will proceed from bad to worse, till he acquires the raving mania of a desperado in sin; and let death step in, and the darkness will have produced its full effect; he will come into the delirious madness of hell. Ah! it needs but the power of sin to make a man more truly hideous than human thought can realise, or language paint. Oh "the power of darkness!"

Now, my brethren, all of us were under this power once. It is but a few months—a few weeks with some of you—since you were under the power of darkness and of sin. Some of you had only got as far as the curiosity of it; others had got as far as the sleepiness of it; a good many had got as far as the apathy of it; and I do not know but some of you had got almost to the terror of it. You had so cursed and swore; so yelled ye out your blasphemies, that you seemed to be ripening for hell; but, praised and blessed be the name of the Father, he has "translated you from the power of darkness, into the kingdom of his dear Son."

Having thus explained this term, "the power of darkness," to show you what you were, let us take the next word, "and hath translated us." What a singular word this—"translated"—is. I dare say you think it is the process by which a word is interpreted, when the sense is retained, while the expression is rendered in another language. That is one meaning of the word "translation," but it is not the meaning here. The word is used by Josephus in this sense—the taking away of a people who have been dwelling in a certain country, and planting them in another place. This is called a translation. We sometimes hear of a bishop being translated or removed from one see to another. Now, if you want to have the idea explained, give me your attention while I bring out an amazing instance of a great translation. The children of Israel were in Egypt under taskmasters that oppressed them very sorely, and brought them into iron bondage. What did God do for these people? There were two millions of them. He did not temper the tyranny of the tyrant; he did not influence his mind, to give them a little more liberty; but he translated his people; he took the whole two millions bodily, with a high hand and outstretched arm, and led them through the wilderness, and translated them into the kingdom of Canaan; and there they were settled. What an achievement was that, when, with their flocks and their herds, and their little ones, the whole host of Israel went out of Egypt, crossed the Jordan, and came into Canaan! My dear brethren, the whole of it was not equal to the achievement of God's powerful grace, when he brings one poor sinner out of the region of sin into the kingdom of holiness and peace. It was easier for God to bring Israel out of Egypt, to split the Red Sea, to make a highway through the pathless wilderness, to drop manna from heaven, to send the whirlwind to drive out the kings; it

was easier for Omnipotence to do all this, than to translate a man from the power of darkness into the kingdom of his dear Son. This is the grandest achievement of Omnipotence. The sustenance of the whole universe, I do believe, is even less than this—the changing of a bad heart the subduing of an iron will. But thanks be unto the Father, he has done all that for you and for me. He has brought us out of darkness; he has translated us, taken up the old tree that has struck its roots never so deep—taken it up, blessed be God, roots and all, and planted it in a goodly soil. He had to cut the top off, it is true—the high branches of our pride; but the tree has grown better in the new soil than it ever did before. Who ever heard of moving so huge a plant as a man who has grown fifty years old in sin? Oh! what wonders hath our Father done for us! He hath taken the wild leopard of the wood, tamed it into a lamb, and purged away its spots. He has regenerated the poor Ethiop—oh, how black we were by nature—our blackness was more than skin deep; it went to the centre of our hearts; but, blessed be his name, he hath washed us white, and is still carrying on the divine operation, and he will yet completely deliver us from every taint of sin, and will finally bring us into the kingdom of his dear Son. Here, then, in the second mercy, we discern from what we were delivered, and how we were delivered—God the Father hath “translated” us.

But where are we now? Into what place is the believer brought, when he is brought out of the power of darkness? He is brought into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Into what other kingdom would the Christian desire to be brought? Brethren, a republic may sound very well in theory, but in spiritual matters, the last thing we want is a republic. We want a kingdom. I love to have Christ an absolute monarch in the heart. I do not want to have a doubt about it. I want to give up all my liberty to him, for I feel that I never shall be free till my self-control is all gone; that I shall never have my will truly free till it is bound in the golden fetters of his sweet love. We are brought into a kingdom—he is the Lord and Sovereign, and he has made us “kings and priests unto our God,” and we shall reign with him. The proof that we are in this kingdom must consist in our obedience to our King. Here, perhaps, we may raise many causes and questions, but surely we can say after all, though we have offended our King many times, yet our heart is loyal to him. “Oh, thou precious Jesus! we would obey thee, and yield submission to every one of thy laws; our sins are not wilful and beloved sins, but though we fall we can truly say that we would be holy as thou art holy, our heart is true towards thy statutes; Lord help us to run in the way of thy commandments.”

So, you see, this mercy which God the Father hath given to us, this second of these present mercies, is, that he hath “translated us out of the power of darkness into the kingdom of his dear Son.” This is the Father's work. Shall we not love God the Father from this day forth? Will we not give him thanks, and sing our hymns to him, and exalt and triumph in his great name?

III. Upon the third point, I shall be as brief as possible; it is to SHOW THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE TWO VERSES.

When I get a passage of Scripture to meditate upon, I like, if I can, to see its drift, then I like to examine its various parts, and see if I can understand each separate clause; and then I want to go back again, and see what one clause has to do with another. I looked and looked again at this text, and wondered what connection there could be between the two verses. "Giving thanks unto God the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." Well, that is right enough; we can see how this is the work of God the Father, to make us meet to go to heaven. But has the next verse, the 13th, anything to do with our meetness?—"Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son" Well, I looked it over, and I said I will read it in this way. I see the 12th verse tells me that the inheritance of heaven is the inheritance of light. Is heaven light? Then I can see my meetness for it as described in the 13th verse. He hath delivered me from the power of darkness. Is not that the same thing? If I am delivered from the power of darkness, is not that being made meet to dwell in light? If I am now brought out of darkness into light, and am walking in the light, is not that the very meetness which is spoken of in the verse before? Then I read again. It says they are saints. Well, the saints are a people that obey the Son. Here is my meetness then in the 13th verse, where it says "He hath translated me from the power of darkness into the kingdom of his dear Son." So that I not only have the light, but the sonship too, for I am in "the kingdom of his dear Son." But how about the inheritance? Is there anything about that in the 13th verse? It is an inheritance; shall I find anything about a meetness for it there? Yes, I find that I am in the kingdom of his dear Son. How came Christ to have a kingdom? Why, by inheritance. Then it seems I am in his inheritance; and if I am in his inheritance here, then I am meet to be in it above, for I am in it already. I am even now part of it and partner of it, since I am in the kingdom which he inherits from his Father, and therefore there is the meetness.

I do not know whether I have put this plainly enough before you. If you will be kind enough to look at your Bible, I will just recapitulate. You see, heaven is a place of light; when we are brought out of darkness, that, of course, is the meetness for light. It is a place for sons; when we are brought into the kingdom of God's dear Son, we are of course made sons; so that there is the meetness for it. It is an inheritance; and when we are brought into the inherited kingdom of God's dear Son, we enjoy the inheritance now, and consequently are fitted to enjoy it for ever.

Having thus shown the connection between these verses, I propose now to close with a few general observations. I like so to expound the Scripture, that we can draw some practical inferences from it. Of course the first inference is this: let us from this night forward never omit God the Father in our praises. I think I have said this already six times over in the sermon. Why I am repeating it so often, is that we may never forget it. Martin Luther said he preached upon justification by faith every day in the week, and then the people would not understand. There are some truths, I believe, that need to be

said over and over again, either because our silly hearts will not receive, or our treacherous memories will not hold them. Sing, I beseech you, habitually, the praises of the Father in heaven, as you do the praises of the Son hanging upon the cross. Love as truly God, the ever-living God, as you love Jesus the God-man, the Saviour who once died for you. That is the great inference.

Yet another inference arises. Brothers and sisters, are you conscious to-night that you are not now what you once were? Are you sure that the power of darkness does not now rest upon you, that you love divine knowledge, that you are panting after heavenly joys? Are you sure that you have been "translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son?" Then never be troubled about thoughts of death, because, come death whenever it may, you are meet to be a "partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light." Let no thought distress you about death's coming to you at an unseasonable hour. Should it come to-morrow, should it come now, if your faith is fixed on nothing less than Jesu's blood and righteousness, you shall see the face of God with acceptance. I have that consciousness in my soul, by the witness of the Holy Spirit, of my adoption into the family of God, that I feel that though I should never preach again, but should lay down my body and my charge together, ere I should reach my home, and rest in my bed, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and more, that I should be a "partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light." It is not always that one feels that; but I would have you never rest satisfied till you do, till you know your meetness, till you are conscious of it; until, moreover, you are panting to be gone, because you feel that you have powers which never can be satisfied short of heaven—powers which heaven only can employ.

One more reflection lingers behind. There are some of you here that cannot be thought by the utmost charity of judgment, to be "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." Ah! if a wicked man should go to heaven without being converted, heaven would be no heaven to him. Heaven is not adapted for sinners; it is not a place for them. If you were to take a Hottentot who has long dwelt at the equator up to where the Esquimaux are dwelling, and tell them that you would show him the aurora, and all the glories of the North Pole, the poor wretch could not appreciate them; he would say, "It is not the element for me; it is not the place where I could rest happy!" And if you were to take, on the other hand, some dwarfish dweller in the north, down to the region where trees grow to a stupendous height, and where the spices give their balmy odours to the gale, and bid him live there under the torrid zone, he could enjoy nothing; he would say, "This is not the place for me, because it is not adapted to my nature." Or if you were to take the vulture, that has never fed on anything but carrion, and put it into the noblest dwelling you could make for it, and feed it with the daintiest meals, it would not be happy because it is not food that is adapted for it. And you, sinner, you are nothing but a carrion vulture; nothing makes you happy but sin; you do not want too much psalm singing, do you? Sunday is a dull day to you; you like to get it over, you do not care about your Bible; you would as soon there should be no Bible at all. You would find that going to a

meeting-house or a church is very dull work indeed. Oh then you will not be troubled with that in eternity; do not agitate yourself. If you love not God, and die as you are, you shall go to your own company, you shall go to your jolly mates, you shall go to your good fellows; those who have been your mates on earth shall be your mates for ever; but you shall go to the Prince of those good fellows, unless you repent and be converted. Where God is you cannot come. It is not an element suited to you. As well place a bird at the bottom of the sea, or a fish in the air, as place an ungodly sinner in heaven. What is to be done then? You must have a new nature. I pray God to give it to you. Remember if now you feel your need of a Saviour, that is the beginning of the new nature. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ;" cast yourselves simply on him, trust in nothing but his blood, and then the new nature shall be expanded, and you shall be made meet by the Holy Spirit's operations to be a "partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light." There is many a man who has come into this house of prayer, many a man who is now present, who has come in here a rollicking fellow, fearing neither God nor devil. Many a man has come from the ale-house up to this place. If he had died then, where would his soul have been? But the Lord that very night met him. There are trophies of that grace present here to-night. You can say, "Thanks be to the Father, who hath brought us out of the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son." And if God has done that for some, why cannot he do it for others? Why need you despair, O poor sinner? If thou art here to-night, the worst sinner out of hell, remember, the gate of mercy stands wide open, and Jesus bids thee come. Conscious of thy guilt, flee, flee to him. Look to his cross, and thou shalt find pardon in his veins, and life in his death.

THE HOLY ONE OF GOD.

THERE have been men whose lives have shone through all time as examples respectively of some separate excellence, but their characters have shown a want of proportion, or a tendency to excess in some one quality, and as if to stain the pride of man, they have each in some flagrant instance failed in the very grace for which they were most renowned. In hours of darkness Abraham the true, equivocates. Job the patient, is insubmissive. Moses the meek, strikes the rock in anger. Elijah the fearless, hides in the desert from his foe. David the seraphic, plunges into the sins of the senses. Simon, called Peter, "a rock," for his strong and stern decision, has to be reminded that he might rather be called Jonas, "a dove," for the weak, scared, fluttering spirit he displayed in the storm of temptation. But in every act of every hour Christ is "the altogether lovely." "His life towers above the mist of centuries—the one perpetual miracle of history, the holy ideal of a perfect humanity."—*Charles Stanford.*

THE WORD OF GOD is a fiery shield. He who believes in the Word of God, overcomes all, and continues eternally secure against all misfortune. This shield shrinks not from the gates of hell, but the gates of hell tremble before it —*Luther.*

The Rev. Stephen Small's Temptations ;

OR, THE STORY OF A BAPTIST PERVERT.

CHAPTER VII.—A SATISFACTORY REUNION.

AS the Rector of Grindmill Parish Church had predicted, his son-in-law, the Rev. James Narrowhead, owing not so much to his merits as to patronage in high quarters shot ahead of him in ecclesiastical preferment, for soon after being admitted as a priest he was made a Dean, and ultimately, through the agency of the Prime Minister of the day, was elevated to a Bishopric and received in addition to other emoluments the modest sum of £5,000 a year. While inwardly wishing that such a slice of ecclesiastical luck had fallen to his share, there was at any rate this consolation in the matter, he could boast of having a son-in-law who had been made a Bishop, and to do him justice he did not fail to refer to it as opportunity afforded. His own salary was £700 a year, out of which he was called upon to pay one curate a hundred, and another eighty pounds per annum ; but as his wife had a goodly sum which she inherited from her parents in her own right, it cannot be said that after all the Rev. Amos Rodges, M.A., was very badly off. Still he would like to have been much better off, instead of which, as he expressed it, he strove to be content, and had no qualms of conscience whatever in setting his curates to do three-parts of the Church work in the

parish, while they endeavoured to live respectably on the miserable pittance which he was pleased to eke out to them.

But having done with him and all concerning him, I turn to matters of a more tragic character which relate to the Rev. Stephen Small and his interests. As we have seen, once more to his joy he had entered upon his proper sphere as a Baptist minister whose work was owned of God. For three years he remained steadfastly at his post, the one fly in his pot of ointment being, however, his separation from his wife. Not that he personally cared for her so much, for her treatment to him after all his overtures he looked upon as scandalous, but then he thought, and could not help but think, how much better it would have been for him had she reciprocated the real attachment he had at first entertained for her, and which had only been cooled by her temper and unwisely conduct. But a change was destined to be brought about which, although it did not produce all the results desired, once more brought them together.

"Have you heard the news, Mr. Small?" asked one of his members as he met him in the street on a fine autumnal morning.

"What news, Mr. Coulson?"

"About your father-in-law's death."

"What! my father-in-law's death!"

"Yes, if you will see this morning's *Swanshore Herald*, you will find a full account of it, and I am surprised that none of the family have sent you word."

With much prudence, Mr. Coulson said no more; and Mr. Small immediately proceeded to procure a copy of the paper.

He had not glanced over its broad pages above a minute before he came to the heading: "Sad death of a churchwarden at Starkley," and which ran thus:

"We regret to inform our readers that Mr. Thomas Green, late builder and churchwarden in Starkley, was found late at night on the 12th inst. in his shop dead. It was supposed at first that he had died suddenly of heart disease, but an empty bottle which had evidently contained laudanum was found in his pocket with a note addressed to his wife which ran as follows:—'My dear Hilda, When I am searched you will find this note and an empty bottle, which will show you how I have come to my end. For some weeks past, as you are aware, I have been unable to sleep at nights, but I did not tell you the cause. Unfortunately, I have entered into building speculations that I fear have proved my ruin, and I have not courage to face either my creditors or the Bankruptcy Court. But what grieves me most is that when all the assets are realised, and the furniture sold off (as it is almost sure to be) you will have nothing to fall back upon, and I cannot suggest what you and my daughters should do. I know I am a coward in leaving you thus to battle with life's difficulties

alone, but the temptation to get out of it all has become irresistible, and therefore with love to you all, I remain your unhappy husband, Thomas Green.'"

To affirm that the reading of this note stunned Mr. Small, is to say the least that can be said. Whatever his father-in-law might have been, and however disdainfully he had treated him, he could not forget that so long as he occupied the position of a clergyman in the Established Church he had treated him with much kindness, and that it was only owing to his daughter's temper that he desired them to both leave the paternal home. And now what would his wife do? That the jury would return a verdict of "suicide through temporary insanity" he had no doubt whatever; but what was his duty in relation to the case was the problem he was called upon to solve. Deep sorrow filled his heart for the bereaved family, but whether after the rebuffs he had received he could do anything to ameliorate their calamity was more than he could tell. Anyway he could consult Mr. Crystal on the subject.

After detailing the sad circumstances to him, he asked him, "Now, Mr. Crystal, if you were in my position, what would you do?"

"Do," said the venerable servant of Christ, "do! why the right thing to be sure."

"But what is the right thing, that is just what I want to know."

"It seems as easy to me as to breathe," said the senior pastor. "Do what the Scriptures tell you to do. Try to render all the help you can to the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and cast all your ill-feeling to the winds."

"But suppose when I went to the house they should slam the door in my face or decline my services, what then?"

"What then? Why you will have done all you could do, and will have a clear conscience between God and man. What in any case we have to do is to do right, whoever may be wrong."

The town of Starkley was ten miles from that of Swanshore, and to tell the plain truth, though he longed to see his little boy he had no desire to come in contact with his wife or any of the members of her family. His affection for her seemed to have completely died out. Five years and more, had elapsed since she had refused to live with him, or even to answer a single note that he had sent, and she might be even now as great a virago as ever.

Happily, however, the temptation to keep away was overcome by Mr. Crystal's advice, the perusal of the Scriptures and by prayer. Whatever his wife may have been, or might be, she was his wife still, and now was the time for him to show the power of practical Christianity if ever it could be shown. By the help of God's grace, therefore, crushing human feeling and the sense of the wrongs that he had received, he took the first convenient train and now found himself at his late father-in-law's house.

His heart beat somewhat wildly as he rang the bell, and his face was flushed, but great was his relief when his own wife came to the door, and flinging herself into his arms exclaimed, "O Stephen, how glad I am that you have come!"

"Are you really glad, Emma?"

"Glad! I should think I am, and I believe poor mother and all

of us will be, notwithstanding the manner in which we have treated you. But believe me it was not all my fault, though you may have thought it to have been so. For three or four years I have longed to be reconciled and to come and live with you again, but father said if I did he would disown me for ever, for he would rather see me in the grave than know that I was living in any place as the wife of a Dissenting minister, and as our Rector backed him up and I felt that I was not fit as a churchwoman to adapt myself to be a Dissenting minister's wife, I foolishly gave way, and I really don't deserve your love or pity, I don't indeed."

So unexpected was this confession, that for a few minutes Mr. Small was dumbfounded. At any rate he could hardly speak, but when he did speak it was in tones of compassion for his erring wife, which proved to demonstration that, hardened as he had been, his love for her had not entirely died out as he supposed; and when his little boy came in, a fine, chubby, rosy-cheeked lad, and was told to come forward and embrace his father, tears actually came into his eyes, and trembling with excitement he said, "Emma, let bygones be bygones. I am your husband still, and God helping me I will show it. Only cleave to me as a wife should o'at husband and I have no doubt in time all things will come right. I did once love you that is certain, and perhaps the old love may yet come back again."

And satisfactorily to record it did. Though the coroner's jury brought in as he anticipated a verdict of temporary insanity in relation to the suicide, and he felt that his conscience would

not permit him to attend the funeral and hear the curate read the words, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ," while Dissenting Christians who had lived consistent and useful lives were thought worthy only of "the burial of a dog," Stephen Small did all he could to persuade the creditors to come to favourable terms with the bereaved widow and her five unmarried daughters, and therefore by the exercise of all his influence in the course of a few months he was enabled to leave the family in a better position than was anticipated. Two of his wife's sisters set up an academy that gradually proved successful, one went out as a governess, and the rest removed to a humbler dwelling, where with what little property was left to them and help willingly supplied by Mr. Small himself, they lived together in comparative comfort. And better even

than this, Mrs. Small taught to realize what true Christianity was in contradistinction to semi-Popish forms and ceremonies, though at times, especially when suffering from neuralgic pains, she displayed tempers that were by no means angelic, yet after all proved a better Dissenting minister's wife than at one time could have been expected. It is true that two or three years glided on before she could see her way clearly to be baptised by her husband—and cast in her lot with the people of his choice. But to his great joy at last that time did arrive, and soon afterwards, owing to old age and increasing infirmity, Mr. Crystal took his departure to his heavenly home. Then chosen unanimously as sole pastor of the church with an augmented income, Mr. Small, remembering the way in which the Lord had led him, and enabled him by His grace to overcome his numerous conflicts, used gratefully to say that, "though he was Small by name and had too often proved himself to be small in action, yet the Lord true to His promise had with every temptation made a way for his escape."

(To be continued).

FRAILITY OF LIFE.

What is life! 'tis but a vapour ;
 Soon it vanisheth away :
 Life is like a dying taper :
 O my soul, why wish to stay ?
 Why not spread thy wings and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy ?
 See that glory ; how resplendent !
 Brighter far than fancy paints :
 There, in majesty transcendant,
 Jesus reigns, the king of saints.
 Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly,
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

Anecdotal Illustrations and Meditations from C. H. Spurgeon's Works.

Gathered by PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, Cardiff.

ALL ABOUT THE TABERNACLE.

THE first stone of the Metropolitan Tabernacle was laid on Tuesday, August 16th 1859. The first sermon was preached in the Tabernacle on Monday afternoon, March 25th, 1861, by C. H. Spurgeon. "After about a month of Opening Services, we began our regular work at the Tabernacle in May 1861, the whole building being FREE OF DEBT, and the accounts showing that £31,332 4s. 10d. had been received. Truly we serve a gracious God."

The Tabernacle was 146 feet long, 81 feet broad, and 62 feet high. There were some 5,500 sittings of all kinds. There was room for 6,000 persons without excessive crowding; and there were also a Lecture Hall holding about 900, Schoolroom for 1,000 children, six Class-rooms, Kitchen, Lavatory, and Retiring-rooms below stairs. There were a Ladies'-room for working meetings, Young Men's Class-room and Secretary's-room on the ground floor; three Vestries, for Pastor, Deacons, and Elders on the first floor, and three Store-rooms on the second floor.

The Holy and Beautiful House was "burned with fire," and all its "pleasant things" were "laid waste," on Wednesday, April 20th, 1898. We are certain the readers of THE BAPTIST MESSENGER will do all that lies in their power to help PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON, the beloved son of the ever illustrious CHARLES HADDEN SPURGEON, to re-build the Tabernacle, on a scale and in a style suitable for present necessities. "The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand."—*Isaiah xxxii. 8.*

FROM THE FIRST SERMON IN THE TABERNACLE.

May I entreat, in closing, your earnest prayer, each one of you, that in this house, as well as in all the places of worship round about, Christ may evermore be preached, and I may add my own sincere desire that this place may become a hissing and the abode of dragons, and

THIS PULPIT BE BURNED WITH FIRE,

or ever any other Gospel be preached here than that which we have received of the holy apostles of God; and of which Jesus Christ Himself is the Chief Corner Stone. Let me have your incessant prayers. May God speed every minister of Christ. But where there

is so large a field of labour, may I claim your earnest and constant intercession, that where Christ is lifted up, men may be drawn to hear, and afterwards drawn to believe, that they may find Christ the Saviour of our souls. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."—*Mark xvi. 16.* "Repent and be converted, every one of you," said Peter. Yet again said Paul to the jailor, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." God give us grace to believe, and unto Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

[The "sincere desire" of the preacher was gloriously realized. From "the first sermon in the Tabernacle," until the last sermon in the Tabernacle, no other Gospel was preached from its platform "save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."—T. W. M.]

WHAT IF THE GLORY OF THE LORD FILLS THE TABERNACLE?

Brethren, will you give me your attention while I try to picture to you what shall be the effect if God shall be pleased to fill this house with His glory? Where God is, man is forgotten. You will think little of the minister, save for his work's sake—you will talk the less of the man when you shall see the Master. This house shall cease to be called by my name, and shall be called by God's name. If God shall fill the place, it will be to your souls, not the house, where you can sit to hear this man or that, but the place where you shall see the beauty of God and enquire in His temple. You will love your Pastor; you will cherish your Elders; you will rally round your Deacons; you will, as a Church, recognise the bonds of your Church-relationship; but Pastor, Elders, Deacons, Church—all will be merged, and all forgotten if the glory of the Lord shall fill the house. This has been the effect always of great revivals; no man has been very apparent. When God blessed the world through

WHITEFIELD AND WESLEY,

who were they and what thought they of themselves? "Less than nothing they became when God was all in all." The upgoing of priests is the dishonouring of

THE HIGH PRIEST CHRIST JESUS;

but when priestcraft ceases to be, and is cast down, then the Lord is exalted alone in that day. May the Lord *here*, while He uses human instrumentality, yet let you see that it is "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts," *Zechariah iv. 6.*) This has indeed been MY MISSION, TO SHEW THE POWER OF GOD IN HUMAN WEAKNESS. I do acknowledge and confess what is so continually said of me. "*The man is not educated.*" GRANTED. "*His periods are unpolished.*" GRANTED. "*His manner is rough.*" BE IT SO, IF YOU WILL. "*Himself a fool!*" AY, AMEN, AND WHAT ELSE YOU CHOOSE. Gather together all the epithets in the catalogue of abuse—come, heap them *HERE*. But who hath done *THIS*, who hath saved souls, and called the people to His footstool? Why, if the instrument be mean, the more glory be to *HIM* that used it, and if the man be nothing,

"most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." (2 *Corinthians* xxii. 9.) Make me less and less; I pray you do it; let it be so; but still, O God, use Thou this poor ox-goad, make it still mighty to the slaying of Philistines, and make THY WORD still a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Let the Lord fill the house, and man will be forgotten.

PRAYER HEARD FROM THE TABERNACLE.

If one poor soul in this Tabernacle, far away at the back there, who cannot see, and perhaps can hardly hear, is moved to pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner," (*Luke* xviii. 13), that petition will touch the heart of the Son of God; even on the Throne of the highest heavens He will be refreshed, He always is when He hears a sinner pray.

ELECT SOULS IN THE TABERNACLE.

There is many an elect soul that my Lord is spying out over there in the first gallery, or up there in those boxes almost in the roof, or down below in the area, and Jesus is waiting and watching for them.

A THOUGHT COMING TO THE TABERNACLE.

I thought, when I stood here to-night to speak to you, "I am constantly coming to the Tabernacle to talk to this great throng," and something seemed to say to me, "You ought to glad to have such an opportunity." I thought, "Yes, and I *am* glad; and I will at my very best preach Christ to them as long as this tongue can move, for it is a delightful privilege to be allowed to tell men about my Master's pardoning love." But, oh, if He were here in bodily presence, He would do it much better than any of us can, for His heart is so much more full of love than our poor hearts are!

JESUS CHRIST THE CREED FOR THE TABERNACLE.

I would propose, (and O may the Lord grant us grace to carry out that proposition, from which no Christian can dissent) I would propose that the subject of the ministry of this house, as long as this platform shall stand, and as long as this house shall be frequented by worshippers, shall be the Person of Jesus Christ. I am never ashamed to avow myself a Calvinist, although I claim to be rather a Calvinist according to Calvin, than after the modern debased fashion. I do not hesitate to take the name of Baptist. You have there (pointing to the Baptistery) substantial evidence that I am not ashamed of that ordinance of our Lord Jesus Christ; but if I am asked to say *what is my creed*, I think I must reply, "IT IS JESUS CHRIST." My venerated predecessor, Dr. Gill, has left a "*Body of Divinity*," admirable and excellent in its way, but THE BODY OF DIVINITY to which I would pin and bind myself for ever, God helping me, is not His system of Divinity or any other human treatise, but CHRIST JESUS, Who is the sum and substance of the Gospel; Who is in Himself all Theology, the Incarnation of every precious truth, the all-glorious personal embodiment of the Way, the Truth and the Life." (*John* xiv. 6.)

Household Visitation.

WHEN some months ago in Gloucester, I paid three remarkable household visits.

With regard to the first, I have to go back more than half-a-century. Then on the space of ground now occupied by the cattle market, a lad in his teens might have been seen passing along on some errand. There he was met by the Superintendent of Parker's Row Baptist Sunday School, now known as that of a Brunswick Road. In a kindly manner and tone he was stopped by him and asked to go again to the Sunday School which he once attended. The promise to do so was made, and it turned out to be the turning-point of that lad's life. From attending the Sunday School as a scholar he became a teacher, a member of the minister's Bible Class, a minister of the Gospel, a writer for the press, and a pastor of several Baptist churches. The kind personal invitation had won the heart of a lad who was beginning to be sceptical, and who had no care whatever for attending any place of worship. To this good man's house I was invited to tea, and I was glad to find that although he had attained his eighty-fifth year, he was still tolerably hearty. In the course of conversation he informed me that he had been able to teach a Bible Class until he was eighty-two, and then he felt it was time to give up. I may also add as a singular fact that at the time this meeting took place between the lad and the superintendent, the mother of the lad, who was a Christian woman, was being led out in private prayer on behalf of her son who was thus checked in his worldly career and ultimately brought to decide for Christ. How truly this incident illustrates the passage, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days," and also another scripture, "A word spoken in due season how good is it!"

Another family that I called upon was one that had been deeply afflicted and whose multiplied sorrows would have made a good supplementary tract for the late John Ashworth's "Dark Hours." The mother was suffering from asthma and bronchitis. A daughter aged twenty-eight was partly paralysed both in her face and limbs and was nearly always ill. Another daughter had had to go into the Infirmary and undergo an amputation. A third daughter had recently died from fits and the medical attendant affirmed that had she lived she would have had to have gone into an asylum, and yet with all these sorrows that tell their own tale, the suffering was borne patiently, and the afflicted ones were not known to murmur. Sustained by the power of God they found the promise of Jesus true, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

A third visit was a most refreshing one. On her bed lay an aged Christian woman totally blind, who had reached her eightieth year. There she lay a widow, living on a small pension, unable to see my face but able to recognise my voice. When quoting to her the verse

“ Though painful at present
 ’Twill cease before long,
 And then O how pleasant
 The conquerors song ! ”

She replied with energy. “ But I have no pain. While I lie upon my bed the promises of the Bible comfort my soul : and the Word of God seems like a new book to me.” Her joyous countenance showed that she was expressing the inward feelings of her soul ; and every sentence she uttered showed clearly that in her darkness she was waiting patiently for the call to rise higher, and join Christ, her departed husband, and the spirits of the glorified in the land of light above.

Such, then, is the city in which our honoured brother, Mr. Rice and his esteemed partner are by Divine providence called upon to labour. The Church Manual shows that there are four mission stations to look after, a young peoples’ Society of Christian Endeavour as well as a Band of Hope. The details of work done are recorded in the Brunswick Road Monthly Magazine which is well circulated. The total number of members and communicants amount to 336. A Dorcas Society is doing its quiet and benevolent work. Young men and young womens’ Bible Classes lead the young people to the systematic study of the of the Scriptures ; and for all objects at home and abroad over £1,000 is recorded as having been raised during the year 1896. The Secretary’s report is most cheering, causing him to say in exuberant joyfulness “ The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad.” The Congregations are reported as continuing large and satisfactory, and that in spite of the small-pox epidemic. The Pastor’s helpful ministry is spoken of as constantly giving repeated evidence that the Gospel which he preaches is the power of God unto salvation unto those who believe. The poor, sick, and sorrow stricken are well looked after. Mrs. Rice’s indefatigable exertions cause her to be regarded as a kind of co-pastor, whose large share of direct personal help given to her husband in his multifarious works, calls for “ the affectionate indebtedness of the many services she renders.” Added to this as the vice-chairman of the Gloucester School Board, Mr. Rice has opportunities afforded him of aiding in educational work for the youth of the city. That Brunswick Road Baptist Chapel will again lift up its head under such a pastorate I can have no possible doubt : and as both Mr. and Mrs. Rice are also giving themselves to mission and evangelistic services on behalf of the denomination in various parts of the land, one can only hope that in the case of both in their endeavour thus to extend the Kingdom of Christ, “ strength will be given to them according to their day.”

H.W.

THERE is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence—so much is there in the way of doing things.—*Arthur Helps.*

The Power of Love.

WHAT a mighty force Love is in this great world of ours. It moves the hearts of men as nothing else will, and everywhere its triumphs are to be found. It was this Wonderful Power that our Heavenly Father set in active operation when He gave up His Only Begotten and well-beloved Son to the cruel torturing of Herod Palace, Pilate's Hall and Calvary's Hill. That a ruined, sinful world, might be redeemed from eternal destruction, and a way opened whereby deepest dyed sinners may be saved both from the power and penalty of sin.

What the law of Moses failed to do, the gospel of God's Son has done in every land and clime and its trophies are to be met with North, South, East and West. Cruei cannibal tribes and savage races of every name, can all bring in their company of saved men and women whose hearts and lives now tell forth the praise of Him who hath called them out of darkness into His marvellous light.

It was the *overpowering* mastery of this love that led the Great Apostle of the Gentiles to exclaim "The *love* of Christ constraineth us." 2 *Cor. v. 14.*

It constrained him (2 *Cor. xi. 23 to 28*), to suffer shipwreck, hunger, thirst, nakedness, peril, sword, imprisonment, stripes and death, and not only to suffer these, but to glory in it all, that the power of the Beloved One might rest upon him.

Some years ago I was staying at Cromer for my summer vacation, and there, was introduced to me, a lady who had been engaged on the Sabbath evening in teaching a class of rough unruly boys at a little Ragged School in Queen Street, just off the famous Seven Dials. She knew I was much interested in the place, as it afterwards became the the first Preaching Station of the St. Giles' Christian Mission with which I have been so closely associated for more than thirty years. This lady told me that she was a friend of Mrs. Sewell of "Mother's Last Words" fame, and that on one occasion she was telling Mrs. Sewell some of her experiences among her boys, and she became deeply interested and went and fetched her manuscript of "Mother's Last Words" and asked me to take it and read it aloud to my St. Giles' boys, and let her know if it produced any marked impression upon them, as she was in some doubt whether she should publish it or not. The next Sunday evening my lady friend, on seating herself in the class looked around and said to her scholars, "I have something very nice to read to you to-night, so you must all be very good." She then began the story, and before she was half way through several of the lads betrayed signs of emotion, and by the time she had finished nearly all the class were in tears. She had never seen them so affected

before; love had done its work, and produced an effect most highly gratifying.

Mrs. Sewell, of course, was told of this, and the result was that "Mother's Last Words" was soon in the publisher's hands, with the result as most people know, that more than a million copies have been circulated, and untold blessing has come to thousands from the perusal of this most touching and effective little tract.

Later on in the history of the St. Giles's Mission, we had in attendance at one of our schools an incorrigible boy that no one could do anything with. Sunday after Sunday he would entirely upset all the teaching, at last things became so bad that the unruly boy was publicly expelled from the school, but this procedure much affected one of the lady teachers who had charge at the time of a boy's class. She was led to make the delinquent the subject of long continued and earnest prayer, and seemed to be much impressed with the feeling that the lad should again be sought after and, if possible, led back to school. She at last got the consent of the superintendent to reinstate him in her class, she promising to be accountable for his good behaviour.

The boy, at length, was persuaded to return to school, but soon began as before to give signs of uproarious conduct. This intensely grieved his kind-hearted teacher, and two or three hot tears were seen by the troublesome lad to trickle down the young woman's face. This touched a chord in his heart, and love did its transforming work. From this time he became entirely altered, and before a great while he gave manifest proof of having given himself up to God.

He eventually became an earnest worker in the Mission, and was for several years the active Secretary of our Band of Hope.

It will be remembered by many of my readers, that some 30 years ago London was startled by the intelligence that the Fenians had made a determined attempt to blow up the House of Detention, Clerkenwell, and one of the men, I—A—, captured and placed under arrest, became an Informer, and turned Queen's Evidence, in consequence of which the rest of the gang who took part in the murderous work were soon taken in custody. This so infuriated the Fenian community in London, that they determined to reek vengeance on the traitor, and his life became daily imperilled. The Government sent him out of the country, but his poor wife and children were left in St. Giles in a destitute condition. They were discovered by one of our Lady Helpers in a starving condition, and much love and practical help was shown them all the time the husband was away.

The wife regularly attended the Gospel Services at King Street Hall, and the Word preached reached her heart, and she became a changed woman. On the man's return to his home, he was told in a most grateful manner by his wife of all the love and attention that had been shown both her and the children, and his heart was melted. He also attended the services, and very soon resolved to throw in his lot with the people of God.

He became a new man, and it was truly delightful to see his earnest endeavours to lead others aright. For more than 20 years he was constantly engaged as a Sabbath School teacher and Temperance

Worker, and I had no more faithful and attached friend in all St. Giles', than I—A—

When we first started work amongst the criminal classes, in 1857, a Home was opened in Great Earl Street, which had previously been a notorious public house and cock-fighting den, called "The Napoleon." Here we sheltered some of the earliest of our hopeful cases, and among these was a man who had been a most hardened criminal, having spent the best part of his life in gaol. But he evinced anxiety to forsake his old pals, and begin a new career of honesty and Godliness. He was treated with all kindness, as every inmate was. For the law of the House was *Love*. One evening he was found, sitting with his head buried in his hands, weeping. He was asked the cause of his tears and concern. He replied with much emotion, *I cannot stand it. I have never been treated in this manner before. His heart was broken. He could endure the lash, the solitary confinement, the stone quarries of Dartmoor and Portland, and not a tear was shed, but Love conquered him, doing far more than them all else beside.*

Oh, dear fellow workers in the great harvest field, think of this. You have one arrow more effective than the rest in your Gospel quiver. Its the arrow of *Love*. Pray over it, and use it continually, and you will find, to your unutterable joy, that it will stick fast in the hearts of the King's enemies, and lay wany a daring rebel low.

GEO. HATTON.

20, Guildford Road, Tunbridge Wells.

Call Them In.

By PASTOR J. CLARK.

Call them in! Call them in! from the world's Broadway,

The poorest, the greatest, the least;

Call them in! Call them in! from the byways of sin;

Call them in! to the Gospel Feast.

Call them in; Call them in! they have wandered far;

No excuse can be made for delay,

They are tempted without; they are trembling in doubt;

Call them in! Call them in! while you may.

Call them in! Call them in! 'tis the word of the Lord;

Can you turn a deaf ear to His voice?

Let the weary and sad, in the Saviour be glad;

The banquet is waiting,—Rejoice!

Call them in! Call them in! for the night draweth near,

And the storm will be fearful and wild,

With souls all aflame, in the dear Lord's name,

Call the father, the mother, the child.

Call them in! Call them in! ere in justice supreme,

The Master shall shut to the gate:

And too all who shall cry, there will come the reply:

FOR EVER, FOR EVER, TOO LATE.

Bass River, Nova Scotia.

Reviews.

June Magazines. *Great Thoughts* are enriched by presentation picture of E. W. Gladstone and interesting paragraphs of the great statesman.

The Religious Tract Societies' Depôt. A Talk with Dr. S. G. Green on the Centenary of the R.T.S., and likeness of Dr. Green and Rev. George Burder. The Religious Tract Societies' monthlies. *The Boys' Own* full of vigour, and a presentation plate, beautifully coloured, size 2ft. 9in. by 10in., of British moths. Will charm the boys. *The Girls' Own* publishes its eighth supplement, "A Village Schoolmistress," by Harriet Hughes, and makes an offer of the Charming Cora, bound handsomely, and bearing the signatures of the writer and the editor in their own handwriting to anyone who will procure six new subscribers.

Part 6 of C. H. Spurgeon's *Autobiography* (Passmore and Alabaster) receives special notice in *The Sunday at Home* by an article on the first 20 years of the life of the Tabernacle Pastor.

The Leisure Hour shows the same vigour as ever, and its story of the English Shires, by the Bishop of London. Cambridge is very interesting, and the illustrations very good.

The Cottager and Artisan, The Child's Companion, the Little Dots, and Friendly Greetings, will brighten every home into which they are admitted, and the summer number of the *Boys' Own Paper*, edited by our worthy friend, E. Andrew Hutchison, cannot fail to instruct and delight our boys. And the same pleasure will be expe-

rienced by our girls as they peruse the pages and examine the many pictures of the extra summer number of the *Girls' Own Paper*.—*The Honied Hours*. The summer number of the *Quiver* commences with an instructive and well illustrated and informing paper, "How Missionaries Travel," and all readers of the pictorial pages, "The Painter as Preacher; a chat about Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A.," will be greatly edified.

The Bible Societies' Reports contain abstract of reports, speeches, and likenesses of the speakers at the annual meeting of the society.

The Baptist Magazine, and Sword and Trowel are good numbers. We have also received *The Prize Reciter, Helping Words, Light in the Home, Life and Light*; also "A Friendly Controversy on Human Responsibility, and Preaching the Gospel to Sinners" (second edition of 10,000). Written in a good spirit, but every servant of the Lord must be fully persuaded in his own mind.

The Religious Tract Society have issued No. 8 of their very useful Present Day Tracts, "Culture and Christianity," by the Rev. M. Kaufmann, M.A.

We have received from Passmore and Alabaster, Part 32 of the *Treasury of David* for volume six, with comments on Psalm cxix. verses 41 to 80. Also "Is Jesus' Cross the way of Peace?" By W. Alf. Allen. Price 6d.

Bible Characters. Gideon to Absalom. By Alexander Whyte, D.D., author of "Bunyan Characters." &c. &c. Oliphant, Anderson and

Ferrier. 21, Paternoster Square, London.

The volume contains twenty-one essays on Old Testament Characters. The first, on Gideon, is admirable, and those on David in his Virtues, In his Vices, In his Graces, and In his Services, cannot fail to be read with attention and profit. Dr. Whyte is always instructive and worthy as a writer, but specially in Essays on

Character, whether taken from Bunyan's Pilgrims on Bible men and women.

Gladstone the Man. A Non-Political Biography. Illustrated. By David Williamson. Illustrated Second Edition. James Bawden, 10, Henrietta Street.

We recommend this shilling book to our readers.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. W. G. Butt, from Regent's-park College, to Stow-on-the-Wold.

Rev. A. E. Owen Jones, from Whitchurch, to Rye-hill Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Rev. W. Sanders, from Jerusalem Church, Rhymney, to the English church, Tabernacle, Tirphil.

Rev. W. Osborne, from Chatham, to Whitstable-on-Sea.

Rev. C. S. Rose, from the Pastors' College, to Coggeshall.

Rev. T. Knight, from the Pastors' College, to Chatteris.

Rev. C. H. Clapp, from the Pastors' College, to Horsham.

Rev. J. Gay, from Hebden Bridge, to Woodborough-road, Nottingham.

Rev. J. W. Humphreys, from Llanwrtyd Wells, to Welsh church, Rhosdda, Wrexham.

Rev. H. Howell Williams, from Bangor College, to the Welsh churches at Cefnbychan and Ruabon.

Rev. J. W. Kemp, from Kelso to Hawick.

Rev. H. Edwards, from Llanerchymedd, to Clwtybont and Sardis churches, Llanberis.

Rev. G. D. Hooper, from Luton, to Bournemouth.

Rev. J. W. Walker, from Rawdon College, to Todmorton.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. A. J. D. Farrer, M.A., of Regent's Park College, has been ordained to the pastorate of Leamington-street Church, Blackburn. Rev. W. Brock delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. Charles Williams addressed the church; Rev. J. E. Roberts, Principal Gould, J. Farquhar and F. Hibbert took part.

Rev. G. Armitt, of Rawdon College, has been recognised as pastor of Long Preston and Hellifield churches. Rev. W. Medley gave the charge to the pastor; Revs C. Cole and D^r Glass took part.

Rev. W. H. Bullen has received a hearty welcome on returning to the pastorate at Hillesley, which he vacated some sixteen years ago. Revs. T. R. Dann, A. A. Beckhurst, A. J. Parker, S. Mann, and J. Hardyman took part.

Rev. E. H. Brown, late of Twickenham, has been recognised as pastor at Wells, Somerset. Revs. T. Moss, W. Reed, J. L. Cooper (a former pastor), J. W. Padfield, H. Knee and G. W. Seager took part.

Rev. Howell H. Williams, of Bangor College, has been ordained to the pastorate at Ruabon. Principal Morris gave the charge to the pastor. Revs. E. Williams, T. M. Rees, A.

J. Parry, T. Morris, W. B. Jones, E. Jones, S. Lloyd Jones and Silas Morris took part.

Rev. F. T. Firminger has been recognised as pastor at Fakenham. Mrs. Firminger, who is a gold medalist in music, gave several vocal selections.

Rev. F. H. Richardson has been recognised as pastor at Upwell. Revs. W. B. Taylor, Principal Gould, S. Howard, A. S. Calley, and A. C. Batts (former pastor) took part.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. J. Rowlands, D.D., an illuminated address and a portrait of himself and wife in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ministry at Moriah Chapel, Llanelly.

Rev. T. S. Metrustry, a purse of sovereigns from Emmanuel Church, Irvine, on his marriage.

Mr. Alfred Brown, a chiming clock from Dalston-junction church, in recognition of services as church secretary.

Rev. R. G. Roberts, a silver tea and coffee service and tray from the church at Dolgelly, on his marriage.

Rev. W. Jones, a cheque for £42 13s. 1d. in recognition of services to the Home Mission Fund of the Monmouthshire Association.

Rev. A. A. Morgan, a lounge chair from the Christian Endeavour Society at Princess-street Church, Northampton.

Rev. Lewis T. Harry and Mrs. Harry, a purse of gold and an illuminated address from the church at Milton Hall, Kidderminster, on leaving for Honiton.

Rev. E. M. Andrews, an address and a purse of gold from Charnwood-road Church, Shepshed, on leaving for Ramsbottom Church, Lancashire.

NEW CHAPELS.

A new place of worship, in the Renaissance style of architecture, to seat 600, is to be erected for Scapegoat-hill Church, Golcar (Rev. S. J. Robins). At the ceremony of cutting

the first sod £70 was contributed, making £1,350 raised.

At Rayleigh services are being held in College House, pending the erection of a Tabernacle seating 1,000 on a site in Station-road.

Tenders have been accepted for the erection of a new church in Adnitt-road, Monk's-park, Northampton, the cost being £1,475. The church will seat 450. Land has been reserved in Lea-road for the future erection of Sunday-schools.

The chapel which has been erected at Llangeffin, at a cost of £2,000, as a memorial to Rev. Christmas Evans, has been opened. Revs. H. Hughes, T. Frimstone and E. Cefn Jones preached.

The church which has for two years held services in Swadlincote Town Hall has purchased a disused chapel in Wilmot-road. The opening services on Sunday were conducted by Mr. W. H. Mann, of the Pastors' College, and £7 7s. was realised for the building fund.

Foundation-stones of a new English chapel to be erected in Holton-road, Barry Dock, have been laid by Hon. D. T. Phillips, American consul at Cardiff. Revs. T. P. John, G. Coultas, W. G. Davies, J. Williams, B. J. M. Evans and Principal Edwards, D.D., took part in the proceedings.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IRELAND.

The Baptist Union of Ireland has met at Belfast. The total membership is 2,646, an increase on the year of 133. The number of baptisms was 265. New congregations have been organised during the year—at Killyleagh and Derry. Next year's meeting will be held at Banbridge.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

Services are now held—Sunday morning at the Conference Hall, Pastors' Cottage, and at the Memorial Hall, Stockwell Orphanage.

The Evening Service is continued at Exeter Hall.

BAPTISMS.

Aldershot Tabernacle.—May 15, Two, by F. G. Kemp
Aberthillery, Mon., Ebenezer.—June 5, Seven, by J. C. Hughes
Aberdeen, Academy-street.—May 29, Two, by W. S. Cheburn
Belfast, Antrim-road.—May 29, Two, by C. S. Donald
Bishop's Stortford.—May 26, One, by W. Walker
Burslem Tabernacle.—May 29, Two, by R. A. Burrows
Blackpool, Union Chapel.—May 25, Five, by the pastor
Bristol, Prewett-street.—May 26, Nine, by S. Thomas and J. Pugh
Barrow-in-Furness, Abbey-road.—May 29, Two, by W. Walker
Birkenhead Tabernacle.—May 23, Ten, by B. Cook
Beulah, Montgomeryshire.—April 29, Five, by T. D. Jones
Cardiff.—May 14, Two, by Z. H. Lewis
Crewe, West-street.—May 12, One, by T. Field
Carmarthen (English).—May 22, Three, by F. A. Mills
Cwmduad, near Carmarthen.—May 20, Three, by D. Richards
Carmarthen, Tabernacle.—May 29, Six, by E. U. Thomas
Cheshire, Ouston.—May 29, Three, by J. Hughes
Carlton, Notts.—June 5, Three, by A. Gibson
Coseley, Barkhouse.—June 1, Three, by W. Burnett
Devonport, Pemroke-street.—May 15, Four, by G. H. F. Jackman
Dunfermline.—May 15, Three, by J. T. Hagen
Edinburgh, Stockbridge.—June 2, Two, by A. H. Sutherland
Elland.—May 26, One, by T. R. Lewis
Fakenham.—May 8, One, by F. T. Fir-
 minger
Glasgow, Frederick-street.—May 15, One, by E. Aubery
Hither Green, Brightside-road.—May 29, Four, by A. Dice
Isle of Wight, Sandown.—May 29, M. L. Gaunt
Kirkintilloch.—June 5, Three, by C. Chrystal
Knighton.—May 10, Two; May 15, One, by W. Williams
Leamington, Warwick-street.—June 1, Two, by A. Phillips
Leeds, Burley-road.—May 29, Three, by F. W. Walter
Liverpool, Byrom Hall.—May 15 Ten; 29, Ten, by F. G. West
Long Sutton.—May 29, Six, by A. C. Batts
Lydney, Glos.—May 15, Ten, by E. Davis
Leominster.—May 29, Four, by J. Cole
Millom, Cumberlana.—June 5, Six, F. J. Mathieson
Manchester, Coupland-street.—May 22, Three, by C. H. Watkins
Morley, near Leeds.—May 15, Two, by C. Welton

Nelson, Carr-road.—June 7, Three, by A. S. Hollinshead
Northampton, College-street.—May 15, Thirteen, by P. H. Smith
Newport, Mon., Duckpool-road.—May 22, Three, by A. T. Jones
Port Elizabeth, Queen-street.—April 27, Two, by A. Hall
Radnorshire, Rhayader.—May 27, One, by E. Thomas
Redruth.—May 25, Four; June 1, One, by F. W. Reynolds
Ramsgate, Cavendish.—May 29, Three, by T. Hancock
Ryde, T. W., George-street.—May 29, Five, by E. B. Pearson
Pentre Ystrad, Rhondda Valley, Siloam.—May 29, Two, (English), by G. Farris
Ramsgate, Cavendish.—May 22, Five, by T. Hancock
St. Anne's-on-the-Sea.—May 15, Five, by J. W. Varley
Satterforth, Yorkshire.—May 15, Eight, by A. T. Greenwood
Somerset: Burnham.—May 22, Three, by H. V. Hobbs
Southampton, Carlton.—May 15, Two, by N. T. J. Miller
South Leith, N.B.—May 1, Two; 15, One, by D. Tait
St. Helens, Hall-street.—May 15, One, W. by Holroyd
Tonypandy, Bethel.—May 8, Two, by D. Davies
Wem, Salop.—May 4, Two, by D. W. Roberts
Yalding.—May 22, Two, by D. C. Chapman

LONDON DISTRICT.

Brentford Park Chapel.—May 22, Seven, by T. G. Pollard
Bermondsey, Abbey-street, S.E.—May 22, Three, by A. V. G. Chandler
Clapham Junction, Providence.—May 29, One, by R. E. Sears
Edgware-road, Church-street.—May 29, Four, by J. Tucker
Ealing Dean, W.—May 22, Four, by W. L. Gibbs
East Greenwich.—May 22, Five, by W. E. Wells
East Finchley, N.—May 11, Eight; May 15, Six, by J. J. Eristow
Lee, S.E.—May 29, Three, by J. W. Davies
Leyton.—May 29, Six, by G. T. Bailey
Slough: Bucks.—May 29, Four, by Theo. Cousens
South Bermondsey, S.E.—April 27, Eleven, by T. E. Howe
Stratford Grove, E.—May 29, Four, by W. H. Stevens
Twickenham.—May 9, Three, by S. Jones
Waltham Cross.—May 29, One, by T. Douglas
Westbourne Grove, W.—May 29, Two, by G. Freeman
Woolwich Tabernacle.—May 24, Twelve, by J. Wilson

Separating the Precious from the Vile.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"That ye may know how that the Lord hath put a difference between the Egyptians and Israel."—*Exodus, xi. 7.*

THE difference between the Egyptians and Israel was exceedingly manifest. At first sight it seemed to be very greatly to the advantage of Egypt. They had the whip in their hand, and poor Israel smarted under the lash. Egypt possessed the toil of the Israelites, the sons of Jacob made bricks, and the subjects of Pharaoh inhabited the houses which the sons of Jacob builded. How soon, however, were the tables turned! God wrought plagues in Egypt; but Goshen was spared. He sent a thick darkness over all the land, even darkness that might be felt; but in all the land of Goshen there was light. He sent all manner of flies and lice in all their borders; but throughout the habitations of Israel not a fly was to be seen, neither were they molested by the living things which crept upward from the quickened dust of the earth. The Lord sent hail and a murrian upon all the cattle of the Egyptians; but the cattle of the children of Israel were spared, and on their fields fell no desolating shower from heaven. At last the destroying angel unsheathed his glittering sword to smite his last decisive blow. In every house throughout the land of Egypt there was weeping and wailing; he smote the first-born of Egypt, the chief of all their strength; but as for his people, he led them forth like sheep, he led them through the wilderness like a flock, by the hand of Moses and Aaron. They came to the Red Sea, and he divided a path for them; they went through the sea on foot, there did they rejoice in Him. The floods stood upright as a heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea. They passed through the depths as through a wilderness, which the Egyptians essaying to do were drowned. The Lord, in all these things, put a glorious difference between Egypt and Israel. The fiery cloudy pillar which gave light to Israel was darkness to the eyes of Egypt. Whenever God blessed Israel, he cursed Egypt; the same moment that he sent the benediction to the one, he sent the malediction to the other: he looked on Israel and the tribes rejoiced, but when he looked on the Egyptians, their host were troubled.

Now, in your ears this day, Egypt and Israel are declared to be types of two people who dwell upon the face of the earth,—the men that fear the Lord and the men that fear him not. The Egyptians are the

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pictures of those who are dead in trespasses and sins, enemies to God by wicked works, and aliens from the commonwealth of Israel. The Israelites, God's ancient people, are set before us as the representatives of those who have through grace believed in Christ, who fear God and who seek to keep his commandments. The task of this morning will be to show you, first, *the difference*; secondly, *when that difference is seen*; and thirdly, *the reason why it should be seen*, upon which last point I shall stir up your minds, urging you to make the difference more and more conspicuous in your daily life.

I. First, then, **THE DIFFERENCE.** The Lord hath put a difference between those who are his people and those who are not.

There are many distinctions among men which will one day be blotted out; but permit me to remind you at the outset that this is an *eternal* distinction. Between the different classes of men, the rich and the poor, there are channels of intercommunication, and very properly so, for the less class distinctions are maintained, the better for the happiness of all. The social fabric is not to be kept up by maintaining one pillar at the expense of another, or by gilding the roof, and neglecting the foundations. The commonwealth is *one*, and the prosperity of one class is proportionably the prosperity of all. But there is a distinction so wide that we may truly say of it, "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed," and the broader the line of demarcation, the happier for the church, and the better for the world. There is a distinction of infinite width between the sinner dead in sin, and the child of God quickened by the Spirit, who has been adopted into the family of the Most High. Concerning this distinction, suffer me to make the following remarks.

First, the distinction between the righteous and wicked is *most ancient*. It was ordained of God from before the foundation of the world. In the eternal covenant Jehovah wrote the names of his elect; for them Christ entered into engagements that he would be their surety, and their substitute to suffer in their room and stead. Covenant engagements were made for *them*, and for *them only*. Their names were from of old inscribed in the book of God, and engraven upon the precious stones of their great high priest's breastplate. They were then in the covenant set apart: "The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself." While the whole world lay in the wicked one, these precious jewels were selected from the dunghill of the fall. Better than other men by nature they certainly were not; yet divine sovereignty, linked arm in arm with divine grace, selected some to be the vessels of mercy, who should be fitted for the Master's use, in whom Jehovah should show forth not his long suffering merely, but the plenitude of his grace and the riches of his love. Other distinctions are merely temporary; they are things that grew up yesterday, and will die to-morrow; but this is older than the everlasting hills. Before the starry sky was spread, or the foundations of the earth were digged, the Lord had made a difference between Israel and Egypt. This, however, is a mighty secret, and though we are to tell it as we find it in the Word, yet we are not intrusively to pry into it.

God has made another distinction, namely, a *vital* one. Between the righteous and the wicked, there is an essential distinction of

nature. There are some of you, who imagine that the only difference between the true Christian and another, is just this—that the one is more attentive to his place of worship—that he is more regular in the practice of ceremonies—that he could not live without private prayer and the like. Permit me to assure you, that if there is no greater difference than this between you and another man, you are not a child of God. The distinction between the unconverted and the converted, is far wider than this. It is one not of dress or of outward form, but of essence and of nature. Bring hither a serpent and an angel; there is a distinction between the two of such a character, that the serpent could not grow into an angel let it do its utmost; the angel could not eat the dust which forms the serpent's food, nor could the serpent lift up its voice and sing the seraphic song of the blessed. As wide a distinction as that is there between the man that fears God, and the man that fears him not. If you are still what you always were by nature, you cannot be a true Christian; and it is utterly impossible for you to grow into one by all your doings. You may wash and cleanse, you may clothe and dress; you will be the child of nature finely dressed, but not the living child of heaven. You *must* be born again; there must be a new nature put into you; a spark of divinity must fall into your bosom, and must burn there. Fallen nature can only rise to nature, just as water will only flow up as high as its source; and as you are fallen in nature, so must you remain, unless you are renewed by grace. God by his infinite power has quickened his people; he has brought them out of their old nature, they now love the things which they once hated, and they hate the things they once loved. Old things with them are "passed away; behold all things are become new." The change is not that they speak more solemnly and religiously, or that they have left off going to the theatre, or that they do not spend their lives in the frivolities of the world; that is not the change—it is a consequence of it, but the change is deeper and more vital than this; it is a change of the man's very essence. He is no more the man that he once was: he is "renewed in the spirit of his mind," born over again, regenerated, re-created: he is a stranger and a foreigner here below, he no more belongs to this world, but to the world to come. The Lord, then, in this respect, hath put a difference between Israel and Egypt.

We would remark, further, that this difference of nature is followed by a difference in God's *judicial treatment* of the two men. With both, his dealings are just and right. God forbid that he should be unjust to any man! The Lord is never severe beyond what justice demands, nor gracious beyond what justice allows. Here comes the unrenewed, the ungodly man; he brings up his good works, his prayers, his tears; the Lord will judge him according to his works, and woe worth the day to him; it will be a day of sorrow indeed, for he will soon discover that the best perfections are as filthy rags, and that all his good works only seemed to be good because he was in the dark, and could not see the spots that defiled them. Another man approaches, it is the renewed man. God deals with him justly, it is true, but not according to the scale of the law; he looks at that man as accepted in Christ Jesus, justified through Christ's righteousness, and washed in

his blood, and now he deals with that man, not as a judge with a criminal, nor as a king with a subject, but as a father with a child. That man is taken to Jehovah's bosom; his offence is put away, his soul constantly renewed by the influence of divine grace, and the dealings of God with him are as different from the dealings of God with another man, as the love of a husband differs from the sternness of an incensed monarch. On the one hand, it is simple justice; on the other hand, fervent love; on the one hand, the inflexible severity of a judge, and on the other hand, the unbounded affection of a parent's heart. The Lord, then, in this also hath put a difference between Israel and Egypt.

This distinction is carried out in *providence*. It is true, that to the naked eye one event happens to both; the righteous suffer as well as the wicked, and they go to the grave which is appointed for all living; but if we could look more closely into God's providence, we should see lines of light dividing the path of the godly from the lot of the transgressor. To the righteous man every providence is a blessing. A blessing is wrapped up in all our curses and in all our crosses. Our cups are sometimes bitter, but they are always healthful. Our woe is our weal. We are never losers by our losses, but we grow rich towards God when we become poor towards men. To the sinner, however, all things work together for evil. Is he prosperous? He is as the beast that is fattened for the slaughter. Is he healthy? He is as the blooming flower that is ripening for the mower's scythe. Does he suffer? His sufferings are the first drops of the eternal hail-storm of divine vengeance. Every thing to the sinner, if he could but open his eye, hath a black aspect. The clouds are to him big with thunders, and the whole world is alive with terror. If earth could have its way, it would shake off from its bosom the monsters that forget God. But to the righteous all things work together for good. Come foul, or come fair, all shall end well; every wave speeds him to his desired haven, and even the rough blasts swells his sails, and drives him the more swiftly towards the port of peace. The Lord hath put a difference between Israel and Egypt in this world.

That difference, however, will come out more distinctly on the *judgment-day*. Then, when he shall sit upon the throne of his glory, he shall divide them, the one from the other, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats. He shall cry unto his angels and say, "Gather out of my kingdom all things that offend, and them that do iniquity." Then, with the sharp sickle in his hand, will the angel fly through the midst of heaven and reap the tares, and gather them together in bundles to burn. But, stepping from his throne, not delegating the delightful task to an angel, the King himself, the crowned Reaper, shall take his own golden sickle, and shall gather the wheat into his barn. Oh! then, when hell shall open wide its mouth, and swallow up the impenitent, when they shall go down alive into the pit, as Korah, Dathan, and Abiram did of old—then, when they shall see the righteous streaming up to heaven, like a stream of light, in their bright and glistening garments, shout triumphant hymns and choral symphonies, then shall it be seen that the Lord hath put a difference. When across the impassable gulf the rich man shall see Lazarus in

Abraham's bosom—when from the lowest pit of hell the condemned one shall see the accepted one glorified in bliss—then shall the truth stand out, written in letters of fire—"The Lord hath put a difference between the Egyptians and Israel."

II. We pass on to our second point—WHEN IS THIS DIFFERENCE SEEN ?

Our answer is, it is often seen in *God's temple*. Two men go up to the temple to worship; they take their seats side by side in God's house; the Word is preached to them both; they both hear it, perhaps with like attention; the one goes his way to forget, the other remembers. They come again: the one listens, and the minister is to him as one that playeth a goodly tune upon an instrument; the other listens and weeps; he feels that the word is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword. It comes home to his conscience; it pierces him, cuts him to the quick; every word seems to be as an arrow shot from the bow of God and finding a target in his conscience. And now they come again. The one feels the word at last to be *his*; he has been led to repentance and faith in Christ through it, and now comes up to sing God's praises as his accepted child; while the other remains to sing as a mere formalist—to join in worship in which he feels but little interest—to lift up his voice in a prayer when his heart is far absent. If I had here this morning a heap of steel filings and of ashes mixed together, and I wanted to detect the difference between the two, I should have nothing to do but to thrust in a magnet; the filings would be attracted and the ashes would remain. So with this congregation. If I would know to-day who are those who are of God's Israel, and who are still the base-born Egyptians, there is nothing needed but to preach the gospel. The gospel finds out God's people; it has an affinity to them. When it comes to them they receive it, God's Holy Spirit opening their hearts; they lay hold of it, and rejoice in it; while those who are not God's, who have no part or interest in the redemption of Christ, hear it in vain and are even hardened by it, and go their way to sin with a higher hand, after all the warnings they have received.

Come now, my hearer—to come right home to you—have you ever seen this difference made between you and another man? Do you hear the gospel as you have never heard it before? This is the age of hearing; there are more people attending our places of worship now than ever there were; but still it is not the hearers but the doers of the Word that are blessed. Say, then, have you been made to hear the Word as you never heard before? Do you listen to it, hoping that it may be blessed to you, desiring that your conscience may be subjected to it, just as the gold is subject to the goldsmith's hand? If so, there is the first sign of a difference which God has put between you and the Egyptians.

But it goes further. If the Israelite is consistent with his duty, as I think he must be, in a little while he feels it incumbent upon him to come out from the rest of mankind, and to be united *with Christ's Church*. "The Lord hath put a difference," saith he; "now I will show this difference. My Master hath said, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' I put no trust in baptism, but I must show

that I am no longer what I was. I desire to be obedient to my Lord and Master. I desire to cross the rubicon. To draw my sword against the world, once and for ever to throw away the scabbard. I long to do a something that shall make the world see that I am crucified to it, and that it is crucified to me. Let me then be buried in water, 'in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' as the picture of my death to all the world. Let me rise out of the water, as the picture of my resurrection to a new life; and God help me from that blessed hour to go on my way walking as one who is not of the world, even as Christ is not of the world." As often as the table is spread, upon which we celebrate the memorial of the body and the blood of Christ, God again seals that difference. The unconverted, if the minister be faithful, are warned to go their way, for if they eat there, they will eat and drink damnation to themselves, not discerning the Lord's body. *They* are invited to come, and *they only* who are believers in Jesus, who have a hope that they are changed men, and have been renewed by divine grace in the spirit of their minds. Thus do we show to the world in the two outward symbols that the Lord hath put a difference.

But further: *the whole of a Christian's life*, if he be what he should be, is showing forth to the world that the Lord hath put a difference. Here are two men in trial; the same trouble has befallen them both; they are partners in business; their money is all gone; the house has gone to ruin; they are brought down to beggary, and have to start in the world again. Now, which of these two is the Christian man? There is one ready to tear his hair; he cannot bear that he should have worked all his life and now should be poor as Lazarus. He thinks Providence is unfair. "There is many a vagabond," says he, "getting rich, and here am I, after toiling hard and paying every man his own, brought down to the ground, having nothing left." But the Christian man—if he really be a Christian (mark that, for there are a great many that profess to be Christians and are not, and it is the rough wind that tries them)—says, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "I know," says he, "that all things work together for good. I will put my shoulder to the wheel, and work up once more; and so with courage and with confidence in Christ he goes again to his labour, and God blesses him yet once more, nay, blesses him in his trials more than he was ever blessed in his prosperity. Here are two men again: they have both been doing wrong, and when the righteous fall as well as the wicked, who is to know the difference? The next morning one of them rises, and is quite easy about the matter—he knows no wounds in his conscience, or if he be uneasy it is because he is afraid of being found out. He is like one who, having fallen into the mire, lies and rolls there. But here comes the Christian. He feels he has done wrong. "What shall I do?" "says he, to make reparation to man, and to show my repentance towards God?" He would be ready to go down on his knees before any one he has injured and confess how wrong he has been. He hates himself, he loathes himself, because he has done wrong. He would sooner die than sin; and now that he finds he has sinned, he wishes he had died sooner than he should ever have

dishonoured his Lord and Master. If you see a sheep fall into the mire, it is quick enough up again; but if the swine falls there, it wallows in it again and again, and nothing but the whip or the stick can make it rise. So that there is an essential difference between the righteous and the wicked, even in their sins. "A righteous man falleth seven times, but he riseth up again;" as for the wicked, he rolls and revels in his sin, abiding and continuing in it. God has set a difference; and even when that difference is obscured it may yet be discerned. There is a ring about the Christian man that is not to be mistaken. Do what you will with him, he is not what the other man is, and you cannot make him so. Here is a new coin which looks amazingly like a sovereign, and I turn it over; it is so clever a counterfeit that I cannot discover whether it is gold or no. Here is another: it is a light sovereign, I find. I look at them both, and at first sight I am inclined to think that my new-minted sovereign is the best of the two; for, say I, the other is evidently much worn and light. But there is a ring about the Christian that proves him to be gold, after all, even when he is worn and short in weight. You may deface him so that the king's image is not apparent upon him, but he is gold for all that; he only needs to be tried, and in the hour of trial that golden sound of grace will detect him, and he will prove still to be one in whom God hath made a difference.

This distinction also comes out in a godly man when he is under the pressure of some *strong temptation*. There are two tradesmen: both seem to trade in the same way; but at last a rare chance occurs to them. If they have no conscience they can make a fortune. Now will be the test. One looks out for the opportunity, and unscrupulously grasps it. That man is no Christian: put that down as certain. There is another man: he feels a longing for the gain, for he is human; but his heart hates the sin, for it is renewed by divine grace. "No," he says, "better shut up shop than earn my living by dishonesty: better for me to be ruined in this life than that I should be ruined in the world to come." The maxim of the establishment on the other side of the road is, "*We must live*:" the maxim of this shop will be, "*We must die*." You who are customers soon know in which place you will be dealt with most honestly, and there you discover in some degree that the Lord hath put a difference between Egypt and Israel.

But not to keep you long on this point: that difference shines forth very vividly *in the dying hour*. Oh! how distinct is that difference sometimes! The last time the cholera visited London with severity, though I had many engagements in the country, I gave them up to remain in London. It is the duty of the minister always to be on the spot in times of visitation and disease. I never saw more conspicuously in my life the difference between the man that feareth God and the man that feareth him not, than I did then. Called up one Monday morning, at about half-past three, to go and see a man who was dying, I went to him, and entered the place where he was lying. He had been down to Brighton on the Sunday morning on an excursion, and came back ill; and there he lay on the borders of the tomb. I stood by his side, and spoke to him. The only consciousness he had was a foreboding of terror, mingled with the stupor of alarm:

soon even that was gone, and I had to stand sighing there with a poor old woman who had watched over him, hopeless altogether about his soul. I went home. I was called away to see a young woman; she was also in the last extremity, but it was a fair, fair sight: she was singing, though she knew she was dying; talking to those round her, telling her brothers and sisters to follow her to heaven, bidding good-bye to her father, smiling as if it were a marriage-day. She was happy and blessed. I then saw very clearly, that if there is not a difference in the joy of life, there is a difference when we come to the dying hour. But the first case I mentioned is not the worst I have ever seen. Many have I seen dying, whose histories it would not do to tell. I have seen them when their eye-balls have been glaring from their sockets—when they have known Christ and have heard the gospel, but yet have rejected it. They have been dying in agonies so extreme, that one could only fly from the room, feeling that it was a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of an angry God, and to enter into that all-devouring fire. On the dying bed it will be manifest that the Lord hath put a difference between Israel and Egypt.

III. I have hurried over these first two points because I want to dwell very strongly and very solemnly upon my last. We spoke about the difference being *seen* between the righteous and the wicked. My last point is, WHY SHOULD THAT DIFFERENCE BE SEEN? I have here a practical aim and drift; and I hope that if the rest of the sermon shall fall dead upon you, this, at least, may quicken your consciences.

This is an age which has many hopeful signs in it; but yet, if we judge according to the rule of Scripture, there are some very black marks upon this century. I sometimes fear that the only age to which we can be truly likened is the time before the flood, when the sons of God intermarried with the daughters of men, and when there ceased to be a distinction between the Church and the world. It is but the part of candour to acknowledge that there is such a mixture now-a-days, such a compromise, such a giving and a taking on both sides of religious questions, that we are like a leavened mass, mingled and united together. All this is wrong; for God has always intended there should be a distinction between the righteous and the wicked, as clear and as palpable as the distinction between the day and the night.

My first argument is this. Whenever the Church has been thoroughly distinct from the world, she has always prospered. During the first three centuries the world hated the Church. The prison, the stake, the heels of the wild horse, these were thought too good for the followers of Christ. When a man became a Christian, he gave up father and mother, house and lands, nay, his own life also. When they met together they must meet in the catacombs, burning candles at high noon, because there was darkness in the depths of the earth. They were despised and rejected of men. "They wandered about in sheeps' skins and goats' skins, destitute, afflicted, tormented." But then was the age of heroes; that was the time of giants. Never did the Church so much prosper and so truly thrive as when she was baptized in blood. The ship of the Church never sails so gloriously along as when the bloody spray of her martyrs falls upon her deck.

We *must* suffer, and we *must* die, if we are ever to conquer this world for Christ. Was there ever such a surprising miracle as the spread of the gospel during the first two or three centuries? Within fifty years after Christ had ascended to heaven, the gospel was preached in every known part of the world, and there were converts to Christ in the most inhospitable regions. Further than the ships of Tarshish had the gospel flown; the pillars of Hercules had not bounded the industry of the apostles. To wild and uncivilised tribes, to Picts and Scots, and to fierce Britons, was the gospel proclaimed. Churches were founded, some of which have lasted in their purity to this day. And all this, I believe, was partly the result of that striking, that marked difference between the Church and the world. Certainly, during the period after Constantine professed to be a Christian, changing with the times, because he saw it would strengthen his empire—from the time when the Church began to be linked with the state—the Lord left her, and gave her up to barrenness, and Ichabod was written on her walls. It was a black day for Christendom when Constantine said, “I am a Christian.” “By this sign I conquer,” said he. Yes, it was the true reason of his pretended conversion. If he could conquer by the cross it was well enough; if he could have conquered by Jupiter he would have liked it equally as well. From that time the Church began to degenerate. And coming down to the middle ages, when you could not tell a Christian from a worldling, where were you to find piety at all, or life or grace left in the land? There came Luther, and with a rough grasp he rent away the Church from the world—pulled her away at the risk of rending her in pieces. He would not have her linked in affinity with the world; and then “The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers took counsel together, against the Lord and against his Anointed;” but he that sitteth in the heavens did laugh at them; Jehovah had them in derision. The Church went forth conquering and to conquer, and her main weapon was her *non-conformity* to the world, her coming out from among men. Put your finger on any prosperous page in the Church’s history, and I will find a little marginal note reading thus: “In this age men could readily see where the Church began and where the world ended.” Never were there good times when the Church and the world were joined in marriage with one another.

But though this were sufficient argument for keeping the Church and the world distinct, there are many others. The more the Church is distinct from the world in her acts and in her maxims, the more true is her testimony for Christ, and the more potent is her witness against sin. We are sent into this world to testify against evils; but if we dabble in them ourselves, where is our testimony? If we ourselves be found faulty, we are false witnesses; we are not sent of God; our testimony is of none effect. I do not hesitate to say there are tens of thousands of professing Christians, whose testimony before the world is rather injurious than beneficial. The world looks at them, and says, “Well, I see: you can be a Christian, and yet remain a rogue.” “Ah!” says another, “you can be a Christian, I perceive; but then you will have to be doleful and miserable.” “Ah!” cries another, “these Christians like to drink sin in secret behind the door. Their Christianity lies in not

liking to sin openly; but they can devour a widow's house when nobody is looking on; they can be drunkards, only it must be in a very small party; they would not like to be discovered tipsy where there were a hundred eyes to look at them." Now, what is all that? It is just this,—that the world has found out that the Church visible is not the unmix'd Church of Christ, since it is not true to its principles, and does not stand up for the uprightness and integrity which are the marks of the genuine church of God. Many Christians forget that they are bearing a testimony: they do not think that anybody notices them. Ay, but they do. There are no people so much watched as Christians. The word reads us up, from the first letter of our lives to the end; and if they can find a flaw—and, God forgive us, they may find very many—they are sure to magnify the flaw as much as ever they can. Let us therefore be very watchful, that we live close to Christ, that we walk in his commandments always, that the world may see that the Lord hath put a difference.

But now I have a very sad thing to say—I wish that I could withhold it, but I cannot. Unless, brothers and sisters, you make it your daily business to see that there is a difference between you and the world, you will do more hurt than you can possibly do good. The Church of Christ is at this day accountable for many fearful-sins. Let me mention one which is but the type of others. By what means think you were the fetters riveted on the wrist of our friend who sits there, a man like ourselves, though of black skin? It is the Church of Christ that keeps his brethren under bondage; if it were not for that Church, the system of slavery would go back to the hell from which it sprung. If there were no slave floggers but men who are fit for so degrading an office; if there were not found Christian ministers (?) who can apologise for slavery from the pulpit, and church members who sell the children of nobler beings than themselves—if it were not for this, Africa would be free. Albert Barnes spoke truly when he said slavery could not exist for an hour if it were not for the countenance of the Christian Church. But what does the slaveholder say when you tell him that to hold our fellow-creatures in bondage is a sin, and a damnable one, inconsistent with grace? He replies, "I do not believe your slanders; look at the Bishop of So-and-so, or the minister of such-and-such a place, is he not a good man, and does he not whine out, 'Cursed be Canaan?' Does he not quote Philemon and Onesimus? Does he not go and talk Bible, and tell his slaves that they ought to feel very grateful for being his slaves, for God Almighty made them on purpose that they might enjoy the rare privilege of being cowed by a Christian master. Don't tell me," he says, "if the thing were wrong, it would not have the Church on its side." And so Christ's free Church, bought with his blood, must bear the shame of cursing Africa, and keeping her sons in bondage. From this evil, good Lord deliver us. If Manchester merchants and Liverpool traders have a share in this guilt, at least let the Church be free from this hell-filling crime. Men have tried hard to make the Bible support this sum of all villainies, but slavery, the thing which defiles the Great Republic, such slavery is quite unknown to the Word of God, and by the laws of the Jews it was quite impossible that it ever

could exist. I have known men quote texts as excuses for being damned, and I do not wonder that men can find Scripture to justify them in buying and selling the souls of men.

And what think you is it, to come home to our own land, that props up the system of trade that is carried on among us? You all know that there are businesses where it is not possible for a young man to be honest in the shop, where, if he spoke the downright truth, he would be discharged. Why is this, think you, that the system of ticketing goods in the window differently from what they are sold indoors, or exhibiting one thing and then giving another article, the system of telling white lies across the counter, with the intention of getting a better price. is maintained? Why it would not stand an hour if it were not for the professing Christians who practice it. They have not the moral courage to say once for all, "We will have nothing to do with these things." If they did, if the Church renounced these unholy customs, business would alter within the next twelve months. The props of felony, and the supports of roguery are these professing Christian men, who bend their backs to do as other men do; who, instead of stemming the torrent, give up, and swim along with it—the dead fish in our churches, that flow with the stream, unlike the living fish which always go against it, and swim upwards to the river's source. I would not speak too severely of Christ's Church, for I love her, but because I love her I must therefore utter this. Our being so much like the world, our trading as the world trades, our talking as the world talks, our always insisting upon it that we must do as other people do, this is doing more mischief to the world than all our preachers can hope to effect good. "Come ye out from among them: touch not the unclean thing, be ye separate saith the Lord and I will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters."

This surely, a stern rough argument, might move us to be separate from the world. But once again how is it possible for us to honour Jesus Christ, while there is no difference between us and the world? I can imagine that a man may not profess to be a Christian, and yet he may honour his Master; that however is a matter of imagination, I do not know of an instance; but I cannot imagine a man professing to be a Christian, and then acting as the world acts, and yet honouring Christ.

Methinks I see my Master now; he stands before me. He has more than those five blessed wounds. I see his hands running with blood. "My Master! my Master!" I cry; where didst thou get those wounds? those are not the piercings of the nails, nor the gash of the spear-thrust; whence come those wounds?" I hear him mournfully reply, "These are the wounds which I have received in the house of my friends; such-and-such a Christian fell, such-and-such a disciple followed me afar off, and at last, Peter-like, denied me altogether. Such an one of my children is covetous, such another is proud, such another has taken his neighbour by the throat, and said, 'Pay me what thou owest,' and I have been wounded in the house of my friends." O blessed Jesus, forgive us, forgive us, and give us thy grace that we may do so no more, for we *would* follow thee whithersoever thou goest;

thou knowest Lord *we would* be thine, we would honour thee and not grieve thee. O give us now then of thine own Spirit, that we may come out from the world and be like thyself—holy harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners.

I have but just these two things to say, and then I have done. To professors of religion this word. There are some of you professors of religion that are base coin. When you come to the Lord's table you *lie*, and when you say of yourself, "I am a member of such-and-such a church," you say what is a disgrace to you. Now let me remind you, sirs, that you may hold your profession here, but when you come before God's bar at last you will find it a terrible thing not to have had a reality in your profession. Tremble, sirs, at God's right hand. There hangs the scale, and you must be put into it, and if you are found wanting, your portion must be among the deceivers, and you know where that is—it is in the lowest pit of hell. Tremble, Sir Deacon, tremble, Church member, if you are not what you profess to be; there is a doom awaiting you of a fiercer, a direr sort than even for the ungodly and the reprobate. From the height of your profession you shall be plucked down. You have built your nest among the stars, but you must make your bed in hell. You have decked your head with a crown, but you must wear a crown of fire; you must have those fine robes plucked off you, that tinsel and that paint must all be removed, and you, naked to your shame, the hooting-mark of devils, shall become a hissing even to the damned of hell, as they shall point to you and cry, "There goes the man who destroyed himself by deceiving others. There is the wretch who talked of God and talked of Christ, and did not think himself such an one as we are, and now he is bound up in the bundle to be burnt."

The last word is to those who are not professors at all. God has made a difference between you and the righteous. Oh, my dear friends, I beseech you turn that thought over in your minds! There are no three characters, no intermediate links; there is no border-land between the righteous and the wicked. To-day you are either a friend to God or an enemy to him. You are at this hour either quickened or dead; and oh! remember, when death comes it is either heaven or hell with you—either angels or fiends must be your companions, and either the flames must be your bed and fiery coverlet, or else the glories of eternity must be your perpetual inheritance. Remember, the way to heaven is open. "He that believeth on the Lord Jesus shall be saved." Believe on him, believe on him, and live. Trust him and you are saved. Cast your soul's confidence on Jesus, and you are *now* delivered. God help you to do that now, and there shall be no difference any more between you and the righteous, but you shall be of them, and with them, in the day when Jesus cometh to sit upon the throne of his father David, and to reign among men.

WE are bad of our kind if we do not bring forth fruit.

WHAT the key is to the watch, that is to our graces; it winds them up, and sets them going.—*Gurnall*.

A House for the Holy.

BY DAVID DONALD.

NOW there were ten brothers the sons of one mother, who were given gifts varying as the flowers that adorned their native hills. And unto them there was a father, of whom little is known, save that dying he turned into heaven, clothed in a garment of exquisite and enduring texture, and that he left much gold, on which he laid little store, to the ten lads.

Long did the lads consult together as to their future life and investments. At last they agreed that their wealth being equal and very great, they would in due time build on their great domain great houses, in which they would entertain each other and much company besides; and thus in gracious hospitality court the true friendship of a chaste and abiding pleasure.

Great was the joy when each son took his share, and with mutual good-will began to build, each his great house among the streams and lakes of his native shire. Now the houses rose rapidly, and each brother had equal pleasure in the varying and beautiful design of the house of the other, and all looked forward to joys to be given and received. But the second brother being, as the others thought, of a less enterprising bias, delayed to build, and instead thereof spent much time on the shore of a quiet lake a little removed from the voice of the hammer and plane. Often, too, would be spent whole days in the little village close by, among the humbler folk, and so made no progress with his great house.

The houses of all were finished, save that of the second brother, and true to their original interest, each began to entertain the others in royal fashion, joining in their merry assemblies such neighbours as commended themselves for virtue and wit.

Now, although, in truth, the second brother had no great house wherein to entertain his friends, all loved to go, even to the room in his father's house, where he was wont to abide, and each spoke of the gracious influence that pervaded the person of their brother, and each carried a sweet peace with himself as he returned to his own great house. "Nevertheless," they said, "our brother has been unsuccessful in his life, for he has no great house, nor is now like to have, seeing he has lost all desire to build." And yet there were times when they forgot he had no great house, and when he, himself, seemed to forget it also; nay, more; rather spoke as if he had a great house, where he had blessed society, and had even on many occasions entertained them all. But they forebore to question him on the matter, and supposed he spoke of that beautiful garden, in which he had so often regaled them with sweet music, fragrant scents, the flash of pure fountains,

and entrancing speech. Till at last they came to call that garden their brother's "great house."

One spring morning they awoke to find the morning sun shining with a noon-day brightness, and with a new and clear white light. The atmosphere of the earth seemed to have passed away, and through the heavenly air the pure sunshine danced. All nature was glorious with a splendour not seen before, and the paths were paved with gold. The flowers were as the flowers in the garden of God. And when they went abroad they beheld the garden of their brother, a temple, clear like crystal, and marvellous to behold. With one accord they ran into the garden and sought the seat where so often they had been filled with peace and joy in their brother's society, and, lo! it was in the midst of the temple, clear like crystal, and the sound of music broke upon their ear. As they entered, the company of musicians, in the new, bright light of the unclouded sun, sat revealed, and, in the midst of the company, stood One of gentle mein, who said to all, "I will sup with him, and he with me."

For their brother had built his great house in the garden of the soul, and the foundations thereof were pardon, and the doors were reconciliation, and the pillars righteousness, and the walls were faith; character was its tessellated floor, and the atmosphere was love.

And when the brothers beheld this, they wondered no longer that the company was divine.

The Love of Christ.

“**T**O have a just idea of the love of Christ, we must contemplate its duration. It was from before the foundation of the world—from all eternity. We must consider that He who has loved us is the High and Lofty One Who inhabiteth eternity, Who dwelleth in light that is inaccessible; before Whom the Angels veil their faces, crying, 'Holy holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts,' and before Whom the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers, and the nations as a drop of a bucket. We must remember, too, who we are, who are the objects of His love; not only creatures who are but dust and ashes, dwelling in houses of clay, but who were His enemies, and by nature children of wrath. We must also reflect on the greatnest of his love, that it is His will that we should be one with Him, and that He guards us as the apple of His eye. He loves His people as His members, of whom he is the Head, and sympathizes with them when they suffer. He calls their sufferings His sufferings, and their persecutions His persecutions; as He said to Saul, persecuting His members, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?' He will also say to those on His right hand, in the Day of Judgment, that He hungered, and thirsted, and was naked, and that they gave Him to eat and drink, and clothed Him, when these things were done to the least of His members. He loves His people, too, as being their Husband, by that spiritual marriage He has contracted with them, as it is said, 'Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it.'”—*R. Haldane.*

Christ the Primary End of the Christian's Life.

By REV. G. PHILLIPS.

"For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—*Philippians i. 21.*

THE first Christian church planted in Europe, was that at Philippi, by the Apostle Paul. The history of which is replete with interest, as recorded by Luke in the Acts. The vision by which Paul was Divinely directed to Macedonia. The marvellous effects of his preaching on Lydia, the jailor, and the damsel possessed with a spirit of divination, with others who were converted. The severity of the persecution Paul endured, with the unparalleled deliverances he experienced, are remarkable incidents.

Though cradled in the storm of persecution, and tried by fire, the Philippians prospered, and manifested a very high Christian character, and their genuine love and large liberality evinced towards the Apostle, bound them to his heart by the tenderest ties, as shown in his Epistle.

Paul, now a prisoner in Rome, wrote this Epistle near the end of his first imprisonment.

He calmly looks forward to his death of martyrdom, and freely lays open to the Philippians the sentiments of his heart in the text, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." We have thus a key to his happy frame, his Christian fortitude, and bright prospects. We notice

I. THAT CHRIST IS THE PRIMARY END OF THE CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.

II. THAT THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH IS GAIN.

I. THAT CHRIST IS THE PRIMARY END OF THE CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.

I. *The Christian's life is derived from Christ.* Life is a mystery. God is the fountain of all life. Man by his genius and skill can imitate life in painting, photography, and sculpture, but cannot give life to the meanest flower or plant in the vegetable kingdom. From the lowest organised life to the highest archangel, God alone is the source.

The Life of Grace in the soul of man is Divine in its origin. Christ said, "I am come that ye might have life." As the Incarnate Son of God, He came and lived a holy life, and voluntarily laid down that life in His atoning death on the cross. On the third day He rose again as the Prince of Life, ascended up on high, and sent the Holy Spirit to quicken the dead in sin. On the day of Pentecost, when Peter preached, three thousand souls were raised from the death of sin to a life of faith, obedience, and love, by the Spirit's power. That divine life was given Paul on his way to Damascus in his career of sin.

Jesus appeared to him in the Shekinah of His heavenly glory, not in the night, or amidst a clouded sky, but at noon-day. The heavenly lustre far exceeding the brightness of the sun, then shining in an eastern sky in its meridian splendour.

The Master in His glory was seen, His voice was heard by Saul of Tarsus, whose heart was melted, the persecutor surrendered in love to Jesus, he humbly asks, "Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?" The whole current of his life was changed, no longer a persecutor, with an approving conscience; such light was darkness. The true Light of Life has now shone in upon the soul. The understanding is enlightened, the will subdued, the conscience truly enlightened and pacified through the atoning blood of Christ and the affections placed upon Him.

The life of grace in the soul must ever come from the same Divine source. The method may be diversified, as at Philippi. The jailor by means of the earthquake, whilst Lydia's heart was opened like a flower before the sun. Each might say with Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

2. *The Christian's life is ever dependent upon Christ.* He is the Bread of Life to sustain the life of grace in the soul. He said, "My flesh is meat indeed, any My blood is drink indeed." He is the hidden manna, and all believers by faith feed upon Him. I am the true vine and ye are the branches. Severed from the vine, the branches wither and die. Christ is the foundation of the Spiritual Building the Church, and every Christian, as a living stone, rests upon Him as the Rock of Ages. "Lord, to whom shall we go?" said Peter, "Thou hast the eternal life." How important it is that we should commune daily with Him that our spiritual life might grow and become strong. Christ has said "without Me ye can do nothing." He is the fountain of the water of life. Severed from the fountain the stream dries up. May it be ours, by faith and prayer, to draw from the infinite fulness that dwells in Christ.

3. *The Christian's life is consecrated to Christ.* The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me. This was the language of the apostle. His desire was that Christ might be magnified both by His life and by His death.

The eminent talents, extensive learning and culture, his logical powers and eloquence, together with all the influence he possessed, Paul was anxious to cast all at the feet of Jesus, and to construct a pedestal on which to exalt his Saviour, and to give prominence to the doctrine of the Cross.

The patriotism of Daniel O'Connell was such that it was said, if he were dissected Ireland would be found written on his heart. We have also read of a wounded French soldier who said, when his physician searched to extract the ball from between his ribs, "a little lower and you will find the Emperor."

It may be truthfully said of the apostle Paul, Christ was ingrained on the tablet of his heart, and his desire to honour his Lord permeated his whole being. The Love of Christ constrained him, in all his labours and sufferings on sea and land.

Unfurling the Blood-stained Banner of the Cross in Imperial Rome, Jerusalem, Athens, Ephesus, Corinth, Philippi, and wherever he went. Instant in season and out of season in pointing sinners to the Saviour. Willing to become all things to all men that he might by all means

save some. Counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord.

As to the bonds and afflictions awaiting him, Paul says, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy." What true heroism and holy enthusiasm we have manifested in the life of Paul! How largely he imbibed the Spirit of Jesus, and how closely he followed His example! Let us study the same model Christ, and like the Apostle seek grace to live and labour for Him who bought us with His blood. "We live in deeds not years; in thoughts not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart throbs. "He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest acts the best."

II. WE NOTICE, THAT THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH IS GAIN.

1. *It may be regarded gain in its influence upon the Church of Christ.* Apparent loss is often real gain. The imprisonment of John Bunyan for twelve years in Bedford Jail, for conscience sake, was made subservient to writing the "Pilgrims Progress," which has been blessed to thousands.

Paul's imprisonment in Rome, gave great facilities for Christian efforts in the Metropolis of the empire. The Apostle came in contact with Cæsar's Household, a term according to Dr. Lightfoot which "includes the whole of the imperial household, the meanest slaves as well as the most powerful courtiers." The soldier to whom Paul was chained to day might have been in Nero's body guard yesterday! his comrade who next relieved guard upon the prisoner, might have been one of the executioners of Octavia.

Such men thus came under the sound of the Glorious Gospel proclaimed by the eminent prisoner of Jesus Christ, which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The various Epistles, including the Profound Epistles to Ephesians, written while a prisoner in Rome, would prove an incalculable gain throughout all subsequent ages.

Paul's death by martyrdom would prove his sincerity in sealing the doctrine of the Cross with his blood, and result in gain to the Church of Christ. It appears that the Apostle was beheaded with the sword outside the city walls upon the road to Ostia, the port of Rome, according to Connybear and Howson, who add thus, "pouring forth his blood to be the seed of a thousand martyrdoms."

Paul in his unconverted state had witnessed the martyrdom of Stephen the first Christian martyr. The heavenly glow on his countenance Paul had seen and the dying prayer he heard which was so like that of his Saviour. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

The notable incident was doubtless a seed, under the Divine Blessing, productive of much good in the life of the great Apostle.

It is recorded of Alban the first British martyr that, seeing his bravery, the executioner was converted to christianity, and entreated permission either to die for Alban or with him, obtaining the latter request, they were beheaded by a soldier who voluntarily undertook the task. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," is a truth that has been exemplified in different periods, and in many lands.

Devoted lives leave a salutary influence behind. Like righteous Abel, though dead, they still speak. The noble service rendered in different parts of the mission-field, amidst much deprivation and danger, has been an inspiration to others. Some who have passed away on the banks of the Congo, with the dew of youth upon their brow, such devotion to the Master has influenced others to come forward to fill the ranks broken by their death. The Church of God, like the Burning Bush that Moses saw in Midian, is not consumed. God buries his workmen, yet He lives and has all resources to carry on His work triumphantly.

2. *The Christian's death is gain Personally.* At death, Paul would be released from all his bonds, imprisonments, perils, and affliction of all kinds. The long list of sorrows would now terminate, including the bitterness of death, over which complete victory would be obtained through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The welcome, uninterrupted sweet rest in Heaven would now be enjoyed. The prison in Rome would be exchanged for the Palace of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. The gain would be of the highest kind. Perfect holiness and perfect happiness. The Master would say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Paul writing to Timothy in the near views a violent death, is evidently more truly majestic and happy than Cæsar on his imperial throne. He looked upon his death by the pouring forth of his blood, as the libation of a sacrifice of thanksgiving.

He calmly reflects on the past with satisfaction, and looks on the future with the brightest prospects. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." What a truly blessed termination to the Christian life! A crown of righteous, graciously given by the Lord Jesus, not only to the eminent apostle Paul, whose labours were so abundant, and whose sufferings were so intense.

The reward is not confined to the Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, or Missionaries, as Dr. Carey, who laboured so long and so efficiently among the millions of India, or Dr. Robert Moffatt in Africa, or John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga, or the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, whose eloquent and powerful preaching, together with his fertile pen, has exerted, and continues to exert, such vast influence for good; or the late large-hearted Mr. George Muller, of Bristol, whose life of faith and prayer, and labour of love, may be regarded as one of the pleasing marvels of the 19th Century; or the Christian Statesman who has recently passed away, the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, whose devoted life and brilliant talents were consecrated to the glory of God and the good of our country, and the general welfare of the nations of the earth. The Crown of Righteousness shall also be given to all believers, however few their talents, and limited their influence. "All them also that love His appearing."

This is the inspired language of Paul to Timothy his son in the Gospel. How encouraging to all believers! It is the character of all the Saints that they love the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ.

They love His first appearing when He appeared to take away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. They love to think of it, as through His death they have life. They love His second appearing at the great day—love it, and long for it. To such Jesus shall appear to their joy, and give them the Crown of Righteousness reserved for them, a crown of glory that will never fade away. All true Christians shall enjoy the Brightness and Bliss of Heaven, consummated when the body will be re-united to the soul, made immortal and glorious at the Resurrection, to dwell for ever with the Lord. Thus death will be eternal gain. The Christian's pathway, though sometimes, dark in this world, is destined to be illuminated with celestial brightness, resembling the setting of the morning star,

“ Which goes not down behind the darkness of the west,
Nor hides obscured amid the tempest of the sky,
But melts away into the light of Heaven.

NEWTOWN.

Christ the Way to Heaven.

THOU who so long hast sought to gain
Peace for thy troubled soul in vain,
Dost thou not hear the Saviour say,
“ I am the Way ? ”

Wouldst thou be reconciled to God,
Rely at once on Jesus blood,
The sinner's Friend to thee doth say,
“ I am the Way.”

If from sin's power thou wouldst be free,
Kept in the path of purity,
Hearken to Jesus, hear Him say,
“ I am the Way.”

If thou wouldst for ever more be blest
With pardon peace and heavenly rest,
“ Come unto me,” doth Jesus say ;
“ I am the Way.”

Wouldst thou that Blessed hope enjoy,
Which earthly ills cannot destroy,
He lovingly to thee doth say,
“ I am the Way.”

If thou wouldst life eternal gain,
And with the Lord in glory reign,
Once more doth Christ the Saviour say,
“ I am the Way.”

J. DORE,

The Model Sunday School.

THERE were Sunday Schools in England before the advent of Robert Raikes, whose name is justly revered in connection with this great work. Scattered up and down the country, there may have been found here and there an earnest Christian man or woman who gathered the children together on the Lord's Day for the purpose of suitable instruction. Mr. Raikes must, however, be regarded as the founder of the Sunday School as an organised and universal plan of operation. The relation of Raikes to this institution was similar to the relation of Luther to the Reformation; there had long been twilight gleams of dawn, but in the one case it was Luther, and in the other case it was Raikes who hastened the meridian splendour of their respective reforms.

It must, however, be borne in mind that while Raikes was the *founder* he was not the *perfecter* of the Sunday School system. This, in the nature of things, was impossible, for after the lapse of a century the work is still expanding and growing, and is one of the most vital activities of the Christian Church.

It will readily be seen, therefore, that the Sunday School cannot become a stereotyped or stationary institution. It must constantly advance by improving its methods to suit the ever varying and advancing requirements of modern life. So it comes to this, that thoughtful people, in active sympathy with Sunday School work, will have their own ideal of detail and method; a model school will live in their imagination and shape all their endeavours.

But in this great work hard and fast rules cannot be insisted upon, we must be guided by the light of general principles that can be universally applied. The School that is fused in every part with the magnetism of a happy, joyous enthusiasm, will certainly adapt its forces and carry forward its work with the best possible results. Let us see, then, how this living sap flowing through every branch and twig will act upon the School.

THE SINGING.

No part of School Management is more important or needs greater care than the singing. The opening hymn will often determine the character of the afternoon's work. In too many cases Mr. Dragg announces the opening melody, and Mr. Slow gives the key-note to the tune of St. Bride, and the misery begins. In the model school there are several hymns sung, but not more than three or four verses at a time, and there is a glad, joyous ring in every note as the sweet strains thrill with heavenly fervour. Bright, sweet music touches the emotion and enlists the attention of the children who are inclined to be thoughtless and troublesome; and the thoughtful and devout, for there are many such, will instinctively feel

" We have been there and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below."

When the hymn is wisely chosen, and sung with heart and understanding, it is most delightful and inspiring to all. Perhaps there is nothing more beautiful than to hear a band of children sing such lines as these:—

" How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful Majesty?
My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear the Almighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

Every opportunity must be embraced to cultivate the praise power of the school, and every honest attempt in that direction is sure to be rewarded with a rich and enduring fruit.

THE PRAYING

will be in harmony with the singing. It is brief, but there is an earnest spirit of devotion breathing through every sentence which awakens a response in the hearts of both teachers and scholars. Every body feels the intercessor is speaking to God, and that the petition is being already answered. Nobody is anxious for the prayer to close, for it expresses, in warm and simple language, the desires that are uppermost in every mind.

THE TEACHING.

The work aimed at is of a moral and spiritual nature. How vast the concerns involved! How awful the responsibility! Only one day a week, only an hour of that day in which to sow the divine seed, and infuse a spiritual influence into the minds of the children. There is no time to utter anything but the great vitalising truths of Christianity. The Bible must be explained as the revelation of God's majesty and love; the Lord Jesus must be set forth as the only ground of hope for salvation, and the blessedness of the present earthly child-life, when lived in the friendship and fellowship of God, must be made clear to every scholar. It is clear that none should be pressed into such service except those who can teach, or are willing to be taught how. Those who only half-like the Sunday School should never enter it. Efficiency is of vastly more importance than quantity. Better have ten teachers who bring their souls with them than forty who are unwillingly pressed into the service. It is no doubt as necessary in this sphere of usefulness, as in every other, that those who are in the work and love it, should earnestly pray that the Lord of the harvest should send more labourers with warm hearts and keen sickles, "for the harvest truly is great but the labourers are few."

" Come, labour on
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And every servant hears the Master say
' Go work to-day?'

Come, labour on ;
 No time for rest, till glows the western sky,
 While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
 And a glad sound comes with the setting sun—
 ' Servants, Well done.' "

THE TRAINING.

Finally: All these tokens of life, growth, and efficiency which we have tried to indicate, are, after all, but the streams which flow from sources within the reach of almost every school. In order to attain and retain this deepening and ever-increasing interest and devotion in the work, there must be a close and constant fellowship among the teachers themselves. Frequent meetings for prayer, praise, and mutual encouragement will do more than anything else to quicken the life, increase the intelligence, and secure the efficiency and success of the Sunday School.

EFFECTUAL PRAYER.

"The effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—JAMES V. 16.

THERE is no backwardness on the part of God to give; He delighteth in mercy, and is ever ready to bestow spiritual blessings. While we are yet speaking, He hears; and sometimes, before we call, He answers. Not because He needs to be entreated, or is slow to give, does He connect the bestowment of His gifts with prayer; but that we may realise our dependence on Him, have earnest desires awakened, and faith and expectancy exercised. Hence has He said: "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find;" and hence does He encourage fervent and importunate supplication. "Effectual" prayer is earnest: if we ask for what we do not want, no wonder if we ask in vain. "Fervent prayer"—deep inwrought desire—"availeth much." Jesus paused in his journey at the cry of blind Bartimeus, and gave him his sight. Hezekiah prayed for restoration to health, and the Lord added fifteen years to his life. Jacob wrestled in prayer when his angry brother was approaching, and the Lord softened Esau's heart: he ran to meet Jacob, embraced him, and fell on his neck and kissed him. Many were gathered together, praying for Peter's deliverance on the night before the day fixed for his death, and the Lord sent His angel to the prison and delivered him.

JESUS. "Talk to me of Jesus," said an aged Christian, when on the banks of the river that was soon to bear him away. "Tell me of him whom my soul loveth, and of the 'many mansions' where He dwells with 'His own' in glory, and where I shall soon 'see Him as He is.' It is the news of the Master's household I long to hear; the advancement of His cause and the progress of His kingdom. Do not tell me of things that are passing away. I do not care for them. This world and all its possessions must soon be burned up, and wherefore should they dwell in my affections? I have a home that fire cannot touch; a kingdom and crown that fade not away, and why should I be concerned about affairs of the day?"

ALL are not Christians who are called so; and many a man who rails against them as hypocrites has never known a Christian in his life

Reviews.

NEW WORKS BY D. L. MOODY.

The Faith which Overcomes, and other addresses. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

This helpful book contains 1. *The Faith which Overcomes*, in three parts; then "The Christians Warfare: Internal Foes, External Foes." "Results of True Repentance, True Wisdom, Humility, Rest, and seven I wills of Christ." It is needless to say the volume is thoroughly evangelical, and in Mr. Moody's vigorous, bright and Biblical style. It cannot fail in giving help and spiritual strengthening to the young believer and all others who need encouragement in the Christian Warfare. Also by D. L. Moody and the same publishers, *Weighed in the Balances and Found Wanting*. Addresses on the Ten Commandments. This is a most searching volume, demanding that the reader should test his position by the scales and weights of Divine commands. The writer brings home the solemn truth with great force:—"Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting."

The Nourished Life. A series of homilies on Hosea xiv, 5, 6, and 7 verses. Rev. E. Aubrey, Glasgow. A. H. Stockwell and Co., 17, Paternoster Row.

The writer has given ten chapters of truly deep spiritual instruction on spiritual beauty, strength, progress, Godly life, forgiveness, restoration, revivals, growth by dependence and pruning, &c., &c. It is a soul-guiding and very helpful book. Readers obtain a copy.

Duty and Destiny. An Australian story. By Hugh Phee. Baptist Tract Society, 16, Grays Inn Road.

An interesting and probable story. Will sure to be read by our young people, and the story brings out very distinctly the triumph of our Baptist principles. We advise the circulation of this shilling volume as a gift book to the young.

Twisted Threads, or Those Villagers.

H. E. Stone, author of "Strangely Led," &c., &c. Baptist Tract Society.

Our villages are under a cloud; some of the churches which twenty or thirty years ago were amongst the brightest spots in the gardens of the Lord are now also struggling amidst very depressing circumstances. Our brother in his truly telling book points out a remedy let all read, digest and act.

Love God: A few reasons for obeying this command. By William A. Carden, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Elliott Stock, Paternoster Row.

Well put reasons for obedience to this command. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him, and this commandment we have from him that "He who loveth God love his brothers also."

Our Daily Homily. Vol 1. Genesis to Ruth. Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

Another valuable contribution from the ever fresh and instructive pen of

Mr. Meyer. We think this one should be called the gem. It is so bright on its exterior and so sparkling with precious things within, we think none of this writer's books will meet with a heartier welcome than this beautiful 1s. 6d. volume.

God's Methods with Man In Time: Past, Present, and Future. By Rev. E. Campbell Morgan; author of "Hidden Years at Nazareth," &c., &c. Morgan & Scott.

The subject treated in these pages is a vast one, and deals with tremendous issues, on some of which there will be more than one opinion. Mr. Morgan appeals that his readers search the Scriptures to see if such things are so. He writes with decision, also with love to those who may differ from him. We are carried along in much sympathy and unison with the chapters on "The Dawn of a Golden Age," "Glimpses of Happy Times to Come," "The Purifying Hope," &c. It will well repay an earnest and prayerful perusal.

My Home and Household Compendium: What is my Home, What shall it Be, and How shall I Protect It? By J. W. Jarvis, Member of The City of London Chamber of Arbitration. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

We think a most helpful plan of keeping stock of the Home, and how to know at all times the contents of the house.

The Treasury of Religious Thought (American), has for a leader, "New Epistles from Old Lands" (Illustrated). By Rev. D. Gregg, D.D., and "Two Valuable Discoveries: The one on Influence after Death, and The Power of an Endless Life." By Dr. A. S. Freeman. Also on *No Room for Christ*. By D. L. Moody. Part 33 of *The Treasury of David*. By C. H. Spurgeon. This part takes the reader to the 128th verse of the

cxixth Psalm. We have also received from Passmore & Alabaster, Part 7 of the *Autobiography of C. H. Spurgeon*. By his Wife and Private Secretary. This part contains Outlines of Sermons; Engraving Likenesses of veteran Benjamin Reach, and of Dr. Rippon in his earliest days.

Selection Subjects from Magazines for July.

The Religious Tract Societies' Serials. The *Sunday at Home*. Beautifully illustrated page of Mr. Gladstone's last Sunday morning before his death. Being asked if he felt comfortable, he said, "Yes, very comfortable. But, oh! the end is long in coming. Pray for me and for all our fellow Christians, and for all our fellow creatures. Do not forget all who are oppressed and unhappy, and down-trodden." The *Leisure Hour* contains an excellent likeness of Mr. Gladstone, and "A Nation's Tribute" to his memory. *Friendly Greetings*. First class reading for the people. *Light in the Home*. "I wonder if I have a Mother in Heaven?" "Why was I Saved?" &c. The *Cottage and Artisan*. Just the magazine for the cottage and the workshop. *Our Little Dots*, with *The Three Pets*, and *The Child's Companion*, and "Look right in front, Nelly, she said." For the little ones nothing could be better.

The Boys' Own Paper. The best testimony ask the boys for it. We shall hope for a year of testimony and cheer for this Society next year. The admirable *Quiver* has a well-written article on the "Triumphs of Faith." *George Muller's Life and Works*, illustrated from photographs. Short Arrows are also telling contributions. *Great Thoughts* in its portraits contains one of J. Sheridan Knowles, also Geo. Wilson, M.D., scientist, scholar, saint. Also "The work of an explorer," by Raymond Blathway. "A Talk with Mr. H. W. Seton-Karr." We wish to say a

good word for *The Prize Reciter, Helping Words, Life and Light, The Christian Budget,* and *News of the Day. The Illustrations: a magazine for the Sunday School Teachers, The Bible Societies Monthly Reporter,* and *The Gleanings for the Young, Health at Home,* by Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., the Religious Tract Societies penny issue on *The True Laws of Health*. Also No. 1 of *Plain Sermons for Plain People,* by Rev. E. Robinson Hughes, of Abengwynfii, Subject: "A Layman's Garden." We think the style most vigorous and rousing, but if it is possible we would advise that a larger circulation might be obtained if it could be issued at one penny. Say abandon the cover.

Our Own Magazines. *The Baptist* contents are: "The Early Christians in our County Baptist Churches," by Rev. J. Hunt Cooke. "The Responsibility of the Church for its Sunday Scholars," by the late Rev. Henry Bonner. *The Sword and Trowel.* "Sifting Times," a Conference Sermon by Thomas Spurgeon; also at a meeting of members it was stated that the expectation was that in three or four months it was hoped that the basement of the new building would be so far advanced as to afford accommodation for 2,000 worshippers. *The Jewish Baptist* is also to hand.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. G. H. Bennett, from Bourne, to Louth.

Rev. W. B. Haynes, from Clarendon Chapel, Camberwell, to Bridport.

Rev. W. J. Hunter, from Whyte's Causeway to Wycliffe Church, Bristol Road, Birmingham.

Rev. H. Spendelow, from Dartford, to Tabernacle Church, Grimsby.

Rev. G. W. Bevan, from Calcutta, to Carley Street, Leicester.

Rev. J. L. Evans, from Midland College, Nottingham, to Ripley.

Rev. J. Wilkins, from Wendover, to Attleborough.

Rev. J. Jones, from Warrington, to Llanfwrog and Llanfachraeth Churches, Anglesey.

Rev. W. Baldwin, A.T.S., from Regent's Park College, to Woking.

Rev. Owen Tidman, from Abersychan, to Bangor College Home Mission Churches at Buckley, near Chester.

Rev. S. Jones, from Kensington Chapel, Brecon, to Banbury.

Rev. Horace H. Hyett, from Bris-

tol College, to Victoria Road Church, Birmingham.

Rev. J. Young, from Lochee Bog mission station, to Leslie Church, Fife.

Rev. D. Davies, from Cardiff College, to the English Church, Pontnewydd, Mon.

Rev. E. P. Thorpe, from Brighton Grove College, Manchester, to Queensberry Street Church, Old Basford.

Rev. W. H. Millard, from Wick, to Clydebank, near Glasgow.

Rev. — Hay, from Pastors' College, to Grantown-on-Spey.

Rev. T. Gaussen, M.A., LL.B., gold medallist in English Literature at Trinity College, Dublin, to Pastors' College.

Dr. T. Whitton Davies, principal of the Midland College, Nottingham, has resigned his present position, which at the time of leaving he will have held for seven years, and accepted a unanimous invitation to be Professor of Old Testament Literature at the Bangor College, North Wales.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. I. O. Stalberg has been recognised as pastor of Bunyan Tabernacle Kingston-on-Thames. Rev. T. W. Medhurst preached; Mr. A. Thomas, M.P., the Mayor (Mr. W. Hart), and Revs. G. Wright, J. Onley, J. Reacher and S. H. Moore took part.

Rev. W. S. Wyle has been recognised as pastor of Courtenay Park Chapel, Salcombe, South Devon. Revs. W. J. Alvery, T. Ivans and J. G. Scott took part.

Rev. F. E. Blackaby, late of Stow-on-the-Wold, has been recognised as pastor of Zion Church, Clover Street, Chatham. Revs. J. Dann, J. Whitaker, E. J. Edwards, W. W. Blockside, and E. G. Gange took part.

Rev. W. Osborne, late of Chatham, has been recognised as pastor at Whitstable-on-Sea. Revs. W. Townsend, R. H. K. Kempton, W. W. Blockside, T. T. Minchin, and G. A. Miller took part.

Rev. G. H. James, late of Woodborough Road Church, Nottingham, has been recognised as pastor of Osmaston Road Church, Derby. Revs. J. Mursell, W. E. Blomfield, A. Mills, P. A. Hudgell, J. F. Makepeace, W. A. Richards, G. Hunsworth and W. F. Harris took part.

Rev. A. O. Shaw, of Frithelstock, has been recognised as pastor of Ebenezer Church, Salterton. Revs. E. Durbin, R. A. Good, A. Martin, G. F. Owen, E. C. Pike and D. Cork took part.

Rev. Robert Lloyd has been recognised as pastor of Llandaff Road, Chapel, Canton, Cardiff.

Rev. Douglas Brown has been recognised as pastor at Splott Road Church, Cardiff. Revs. A. E. Brown and C. Spurgeon took part.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. J. Fletcher, on retiring from the Secretariat of the London Baptist Association, was presented by the President in the name of the Association with an illuminated address, a gold watch, and a purse of gold

(£21), as a mark of appreciation after four and a half years of service. Mr. Fletcher has been appointed secretary of the Metropolitan Federation of Free Churches. The Rev. C. W. Vick, of Brondesbury, was unanimously elected to the vacant post.

Presentations have been made to Rev. James Cave, £30 from Berks Association, in recognition of eleven years' services as honorary secretary.

Rev. Z. T. Downen, a cheque from Wynne Road Church, Brixton, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his settlement; Mrs. Downen, a Davenport, and silver fruit and fish knives and forks.

NEW CHAPELS.

The foundation stone of the new chapel at Ferme Park, Hornsey, has been laid. A large company assembled. The new chapel will seat 1,150 persons. The site has been bought and paid for at a cost of £860. The cost of the new chapel, exclusive of this sum, but including the new organ, will be £9,700, and promises and cash towards this amount have reached £3,000. The new organ is the gift of Miss Cockhead and Miss Duff. Monday afternoon's proceedings realised nearly £300, including £51 from Mr. J. J. Smith, J.P., of Watford, an octogenarian, who laid the foundation-stone. The sermon in the evening was preached by the Rev. J. H. Jowett, Carr's Lane Church, Birmingham.

At Corris the memorial stones of a new chapel have been laid. This is the first chapel taken in hand by the Baptist Forward Movement. The building is estimated to cost £3,000.

A new chapel in the Gothic style, to seat 350, has been opened at Over-seal. The opening services realised £79.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Colportage Society, founded by C. H. Spurgeon in 1886, has celebrated its thirty-first anniversary. The number of men employed in as

many districts during the year 1897 was 54, or four less than the preceding year. The sales for the twelve months amounted to £6,826. The profits on sales and the subscriptions for districts and the General Fund amounted to £4,330, the expenditure being £4,422. The books, &c., circulated were: Bibles and Testaments, £9,357; 122,968 penny books; 66,406 books under sixpence; and over sixpence, 40,921; books in packets, 121,283; Scripture texts and cards, 98,230; periodicals, 271,513. The total of publications scattered in the year, is thus close on 760,000. "In addition to these sales," it is said in the report, "the colporteurs have conducted 6,824 public services, some in chapels, some in mission-rooms, and others in the open air, to which may be added multitudes of visits to the sick, the distressed and the dying.

WALES.

West Glamorganshire Association reports 83 churches, and 5 branch churches, with 13,627 members; 66 ministers, 48 lay preachers, 107 Sunday Schools, 13,989 scholars, 1,443 teachers, and 42 Temperance Societies. The next half-yearly meeting is to be held at Elim, Craigcfnpaik.

General Miles, Commander-in-Chief of the American army, is a descendant of Rev. John Myles, the first pastor of the first congregation of Baptists in Wales. The church was founded in 1649 at Ilston, eight miles from Swansea. Myles was a contemporary and fellow-worker of Vavasor Powell. He and the largest part of his congregation emigrated to America in or about 1660, and his name is placed, not only among the pioneers of the Baptist faith in Wales, but also among the founders of the denomination in America, mostly Welshmen, viz., Roger Wil-

liams, Morgan Edwards and Abel Morgan.

AFRICA.

Encouraging news is being received of the progress of the work in the Congo Mission Field. Rev. Thomas Lewis reports that he has baptized fourteen native converts at San Salvador, and that at the out-stations there are numerous inquirers. The intelligence from Wathen stations is also cheering.

AMERICA.

Statistics showing the growth of the denomination in the United States have been compiled by *The New York Observer*. In 1840 there was one Baptist to every thirty in the population, in 1880 one to every twenty-two. It is estimated that to-day the proportion has risen to one in every seventeen, whilst one-sixth of the population is identified, if adherents as well as members are reckoned, with Baptist churches. The value of Church property is put down at more than 80,000,000 dols. Rapid advance has been made in education, especially higher education. The University of Chicago promises to be one of the greatest educational institutions in America. It is under Baptist control, but is one of the broadest and most liberal of institutions.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

Services are now held—Sunday morning at the Conference Hall, Pastors' College, and at the Memorial Hall, Stockwell Orphanage.

The Evening Service is continued at Exeter Hall.

Contributions for Rebuilding Fund may be sent to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, or T. H. Olney, Esq., Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, E.C.

If you go on with prayer and watchfulness, be not afraid that you will not reach in time the highest point of Christian perfection.

BAPTISMS.

Aston-on-Ciun.—June 12, two, by W. Williams.
Birkenhead, Jackson-road.—June 5, six, by R. Frame.
Briton Ferry, English.—June 8, seven, by R. Powell.
Bardwell, Suffolk.—June 21, two, by G. F. Wall.
Belfast, Antrim-road.—June 26, two, by C. S. Donald.
Budley-Salterton.—June 19, one by A. O. Shaw.
Birmingham, Christ Church, Aston.—June 29, s.x, by L. Near.
Birmingham, Selly Park.—June 19, three, by F. C. Fuchs.
Clayton, Bradford.—June 19, eight, by J. Horn.
Chester, Milton-street.—June 21, one, by W. Povey.
Cwmndnad, near Carmarthen.—June 19, two, by D. Bishop.
Coxall, Shropshire.—May 29, three, by W. Williams.
Dundee, Ward-road.—June 5, two; 26, two, by D. Clark.
Dudley, New-street.—June 19, two, by E. Milnes.
Esher.—June 26 three, by S. G. Head.
Fivehead.—June 12, six, by J. Burnham.
Glasgow, Cambridge-street.—June 19, two, by E. Iast.
Glasgow, Springburn.—July 3, two, by J. Horne.
Hayle, Cornwall.—June 26, two, by J. R. Cooper.
Ibstock.—June 19, one, by A. E. Johnson.
Knighton.—June 5, five, by W. Williams.
Leeds, Hunslett Tabernacle.—June 20, seven, by A. E. Greening.
Lydney, Gloucester.—June 26, four, by E. Davis.
Leamington Spa.—July 29, two, by F. Johnson.
Lerwick, Shetland, N.B.—June 29, one, by H. Bailey.
Matsycwimmer, Mount Pleasant, Mon.—June 26, six, by A. Lewis, A.T.S.
Manchester, Higher Openshaw.—July 3, three, by L. M. Thomas.
Menthyr, Ebenezer.—July 3, one, by D. Williams.
Middleton Cheney.—June 19, one, by C. Saville.

Motherwell, N.B.—June 26, four by J. Burns.
Paignton, Denon.—June 30, two, by W. F. Price.
Pole Moor, near Huddersfield.—July 8, one, by T. Iles.
Pontypridd, Temple.—June 12, two, by H. G. James.
Prescott, Devon.—June 26, two by W. Gillard.
Ryde, Park-road.—June 12, by F. W. Walter.
Seion Ponkey.—June 26, seven, by E. Mitchell.
Southampton, Carlton.—June 26, three, by N. T. Jones Miller.
Sheffield, Cemetery-road.—June 26, seven, by E. Carrington.
Swansea, Gorse-lane.—June 26, four, by E. P. Davy.
Semley.—July 3, four, by T. Yawldren.
Sowerby Bridge.—June 30, two, by J. Fox.
Tenterden, Kent.—June 12, three, by E. C. Monk.
Whitchuch, Glam.—Bethel, June 16, eight, by W. Morris.
Willoughby-on-the-Wolds.—May 22, four, by A. H. Coombs, B.A.
Whitchuch (English).—June 16, eight, by W. Morris.

LONDON DISTRICT.

Breniford, North-road.—June 26, one, by R. Mutiner.
Cottage-green, Camberwell, S.E.—three, by J. Smith.
Cranford, W.—June 26, two, by A. H. B. Cook.
New Cross-road, S.E.—June 26, three, by T. Jones.
Penge Tabernacle.—June 22, five, by J. W. Boud.
Cornwall-road, Erixton, S.W.—June 19, five, by W. Sheen.
Harlington, W.—June 19, six, by W. Edgerton.
East Molesey.—June 12, five, by F. Harper.
Feltham.—May, four, by J. McRee; one, three, by W. Arris; July, one by J. McRee.
Westminster, Romney-street.—June 26, five, by G. Davies.
Westbourne-grove.—Five, by G. Freeman.
Wood Green, N.—June 26, ten, by W. W. Haines.

GOD'S PROMISES.

God's promises are dated, but with a mysterious character; and for want of skill in God's chronology, we are prone to think God forgets us, when, indeed, we forget ourselves in being so bold to set God a time of our own, and in being angry that He comes not just then to us.—*Gurnall*.

THE means of grace to the soul are like the means of health and strength to the body.

Jesus about His Father's Business.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Jesus saith unto them, my meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work.—John iv. 34.

IT is peculiarly pleasing to the Christian to observe the interest which God the Father takes in the work of salvation. In our earlier days of childhood in grace, we conceived the idea that God the Father was only made propitious to us through the atonement of Christ: that Jesus was the Saviour, and that the Father was rather an austere Judge than a tender friend. But since then, we have learned the Father through the Son: for it was not possible we could come unto the Father except through Jesus Christ. But, now, having seen Christ, we have seen the Father also, and from henceforth, we both know the Father, and have seen him, since we know the love of Christ, and have felt it shed abroad in our hearts. It is always refreshing then, to the enlightened Christian, to call to mind the intense interest which the Father takes in the work of salvation. Here you find in this verse it is three times hinted at. Salvation-work is called the Father's will. "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish;" but more, it is his will that his chosen, the blood-bought ones of Christ, should every one of them be redeemed from the ruins of the fall, and brought safely home to their Father's house. Note, again, we are told that Jesus *was sent* of the Father. Here, again, you see the Father's interest. It is true that Jesus rent himself away from the glories of heaven, from the felicities of blessedness, and voluntarily descended to the scorn, the shame, and spitting of this lower world. But, yet his Father had a part therein. He gave up his only begotten Son; he withheld not the darling of his bosom, but sent away his well-beloved, and sent him down with messages of love to man. Jesus Christ comes willingly, but still he comes by his Father's appointment and sending. A third hint is also given us. Salvation is here called *God's work*: "It is my meat to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish *his work*." We know that when this world was made, the Father did not make it without reference to the Spirit, for "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," brooded over chaos, and brought order out of confusion. Nor did he make it without the Son; for we are told by John the

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Apostle, "Without him was not anything made that was made." Yet, at the same time, creation was the Father's work. So also is it in salvation; the Father does not save without the Spirit, for "the Spirit quickeneth whom he will." He does not save without the Son, for it is through the merit of the Redeemer's death that we are delivered from the demerit of our iniquity. But, notwithstanding this, God the Father is the worker of salvation as much as he is the worker of creation. Let us look up, then, with eyes of delight, to our reconciled God and Father. O Lord our God, thou art not an angry one! Thou art not an austere ruler! Thou art not merely the Judge, but thou art the grand patriarch of thy people! Thou art their great friend! Thou lovest them better than thou didst thy Son! For thou didst not spare him—thou didst send him down to suffer and to die, that thou mightest bring thy children home. "Glory be unto the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end."

The particular contemplation of this morning will be, however, to describe Christ Jesus as he manifests himself as doing his Father's will, and finishing his Father's work. Our Lord and Master had but one thought, but one wish, but one aim. He concentrated his whole soul, gathered up the vast floods of his mighty powers, and sent them in one channel, rushing towards one great end: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work."

1. In bringing out the great truth of Christ's entire devotedness to the work of salvation—a devotedness so great that he could say, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up,"—I shall want to call your attention first of all to the fact, verified by the gospels, that *his soul was in all that he did*. Mark our Master when he goes about doing good. The task is not irksome to him. There are some men who if they distribute to the poor, or if they comfort the fatherless, do it with such reserve, with such coldness of spirit, that you can perceive that it is but the shell of the man that acts, and not the man's whole soul. But see our divine Lord. Wherever he walks, you see his whole self in flame; his whole being at work. Not a single power slumbers, but the whole man is engaged. How much at ease he seems among his poor fishermen! You do not discover that his thoughts are away in the halls of kings; but he is a fellow with them, bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. He walks in the midst of publicans and harlots, and he is not ill at ease; not like one who is condescending to do a work which he feels to be beneath him; he is pleased with it, his whole soul is in it. Mark how he takes the little children on his knee, and though his disciples would put them away, yet his whole spirit is so truly with the poor, with the sinful, whom he came to save, that he says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Look up into that face, and there is a whole-faced man there; not one whose thoughts are set on dignity and power, and who is schooling himself down, toning down his mind to the circle in which he moves, as a matter of constraint and duty. His vocation becomes his delight. His Father's service is his element. He is never happy when he is out of it. He casts his whole being, his whole spirit, into the work of man's redemption.

2. As a further proof of his devotedness, you will observe that whatever a man takes to heart as being the object of his life, it always make him glad when he sees it succeeding. Now you notice in our Saviour's life, that when he goes into a pharisee's house to eat bread he always seems under constraint. In any chapter which records what Jesus said in the house of a pharisee there is want of vivacity. He speaks solemnly, but evidently his spirit is spell-bound, he is unhappy. He knows that he is watched by cavillers who resist his good work, and he there saith but very little, or else his discourse hath but little joy and brilliance therein. But see him among publicans; when he is sitting down with Zaccheus, or when he is come into some poor man's house and is sitting down to his ordinary meal; there is Jesus Christ with his eyes flashing, his lips pouring forth eloquence, and his whole soul at ease. "Now," says he, "I am at home; here is my work; here are the people among whom I shall succeed." How the man snaps his chain! You see the Lord Jesus Christ as the child-man, no more restraining himself before the watchers, but speaking out of his full soul all that his heart thinks and feels. Now you generally know when a man's heart is in his work, by the joy he feels in it. You see some preachers go up into their pulpits as though they were going to be roasted at the stake; and they read their sermons through as if they were making their last dying speech and confession. What do you think they call it?—why, doing their duty. True ministers call preaching pleasure, not duty. It is a delight to stand up to tell to others the way of salvation and to magnify Christ. But mere hirelings cannot go higher than the idea of doing their duty when they are telling this glorious tale. Jesus Christ was none of these. "My meat is," he said, "to do the will of him that sent me." The only times that Jesus ever smiled and rejoiced are the times when he was in the midst of poor sinners. At that time "Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." Let him see a penitent, let him hear the groan of a sinner mourning over his evil way, let him discern a trickling down the cheek of one of his hearers, and Jesus Christ begins to be glad, and the Man of Sorrow wears a smile for a moment upon that pale and sorrowful face. At all times there is a travelling in birth for souls: he is only happy when he sees the family of God enlarged.

3. There is another test by which you may know when a man's spirit is in his work. When a right noble lord, some little time ago, stood up in the House of Lords to speak against the infamous productions and prints of Holywell Street, I felt quite sure that his lordship was thoroughly in earnest, because he grew angry. After some person had ventured to defend the filth that comes forth from that street, as if it had some connection with the glories of art, his lordship replied in a very tart speech, which at once let you see that he meant what he said, and that he felt the work upon which he had entered to be a very important one. Now, our Lord Jesus Christ sometimes grew warm in speech, but he was never angry except with men who opposed the good work with which he came, and not even with them if

he saw that they opposed it through ignorance, but only with those who stood up against him on account of pride and vain glory. Did ye ever read such a mighty tirade of threatening as that which roars from Christ when he is speaking against the Pharisees? "But woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves. Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Methinks I see his holy cheeks glowing with a divine *furor*, when he hurls his thunderbolts about him, and denounces the men who shut up the gates of heaven, and will not enter in themselves, and they that would enter in they hinder. Now, you can see that his soul is in it, because the man grows warm. The loving spirit of Jesus, who was trodden on like a worm, who would never defend himself, who had no spark of resentment towards his persecutors, but "when he was reviled, reviled not again," who gave blessings for curses—oh! how he kindles into a flame when he sees enemies in the way of his poor people whom he has come to save! Then! indeed, he spares no words. Then he can ply the lash with a mighty hand, and let them see that the voice of Jesus can be as terrible as thunder, while, at other times, it can be as sweet as harpers harping with their harps.

4. A sure evidence that a man has espoused some mighty purpose, and that his purpose has saturated his whole soul, and steeped him in its floods, is, that if he be unsuccessful, he will weep. Now, see our Lord. Were there ever such tears shed as those which he poured forth over Jerusalem? Standing on the hill-tops, he saw its towers and its glittering temple, and he discerned in the dim future the day when it should be burned with fire, and the ploughshare of its destruction should be driven over its once fair, but then desolate, foundations, and he cries, "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Oh that wail of his,—"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" Does it not remind you of those words of God in one of the old prophets, where weeping over Ephraim, he saith, "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together." Jehovah's bowels yearned to clasp his Ephraim to his breast. And so with Jesus. They may spit in his face, and he weeps not. They may drag him out of the synagogue and seek to cast him headlong down the brow of the hill, but I find not that he sighs. They may nail him to the cross, and yet there shall be ne'er a tear. They only thing that can make him weep is to see that they reject their own mercy, that they put away from them their only hope, and refuse to walk in that only way of peace. This alone might serve as a proof of the intensity

of Jesus' soul in his great purpose. He must save others; and if they are not saved, he will weep. If others oppose their salvation he will grow angry; not for himself, but for them. Careless of what happens to himself, he has no fear, no anger for injuries that are poured on him, but his whole spirit is given up to the one great work of rescuing souls from sin, and sinners from going down into the pit.

5. It often happens, however, that when we are really earnest about some purpose, some enemy will rise up. Unconscious, perhaps, of the nobility of our purpose, he will misconstrue our motives, vilify our character, and tread our fair name in the dust. There is a strong temptation at such seasons to defend one's self. We want to say just a word about about one's own sincerity and heartiness of purpose. The temptation comes very strongly on us, because we think that we ourselves are so wrapped up, so intimately connected with the work, that perhaps, if our name be injured that work may suffer also. How many good and great men have fallen into this snare, so that they have left their work in order to take care of themselves, and have at least diminished some little of their ardour, or commingled the ardour which they feel for those objects with another fervency of spirit—the fervency of self-defence. Now, in our Lord Jesus Christ you see nothing of this. He is so set upon his purpose that when they call him a drunkard he doth not deny it; when they say he is a Samaritan and is mad, he takes it silently and seems to say, "Be it so; think so, if you will." Now and then there is a word of complaint, but not of accusation. When it is really for their good he will rebuke them, and say, "How can Beelzebub cast out Beelzebub?" But there is no elaborate defence of his character. Christ has left on record, in his sermons, no apology for anything he said. He just went about his work and did it, and left men to think what they pleased about him. He knew right well that contempt and shame from some men are but another phase of glory, and that to suffer the despite of a depraved race was to be glorified in the presence of his Father, and in the midst of his holy angels. Yet we might wonder (if we did not know who he was) that some little personal animosity did not sometimes creep in, but you never detect a shade of it. Many there were, I dare say, whom he knew to be his dire enemies; he has not a word to say against them. Some would come up in the street to insult him; I do not find that he took the slightest notice of them. Many there were, too, that spread all manner of ill reports, but he never told his disciples to try and stop the ill tale that was abroad. He treated with silent pity the calumnies of men, and walked on in the majesty of his goodness, defying all men to say what they pleased, for all their devices could no more make him turn aside from his course than the baying of a dog can make the moon stand still in her orbit. And so, too good to be selfish, too glorious to care for any one's esteem, he could not and would not turn aside; but as an arrow from the bow of some mighty archer, he sped on his way towards his destined target.

6. Then, mark again, another proof of the full devotedness of Christ to his ministry, namely, that you always see him labouring. The three years of Christ's ministry were three years of ceaseless toil.

He never rested: one wonders how he lived at all. It is but little marvel that his poor body was emaciated, and that his visage was more marred than that of any man. What with stern conflicts with Satan in the desert—conflicts so severe, that, if you and I were to undergo them, they might make our hairs turn gray in a single night; what with conflicts with the crowd of men who all seemed to rise up at once against him, like warriors armed to the teeth, while he stood like a defenceless lamb in the midst of cruel wolves—what with preaching, with more private teaching, healing the sick and the lepers, restoring the maimed, the deaf, the blind; going about everywhere doing good, and never ceasing in his journies, walking every inch of his way on foot, save when he was tossed on the stormy bosom of the lake, in some small boat which belonged to his disciples—never having a home wherein to dwell, crying, “the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head”—surely never man laboured like this man. The three years of our Saviour’s ministry reads like the history of three centuries. It is the life of a man who is living at a matchless rate. His minutes are all hours; his hours all months; his months all years; or longer still than that. He does enough in one day to give a man eternal fame, and yet, thinking nothing of it, he goes to something yet more arduous; and on, and on, and on, he toils his whole life through. The most hard working man among us has his hours of sleep. Give us but sleep and we can do anything; we rise up from our beds like giants refreshed with new wine, to run our course anew. But Jesus sleeps not.

“Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witness the fervour of his prayer.”

He has stood up to preach all day long; he has fed thousands, and at last he faints. His disciples take him even as he is, for he cannot walk, his strength is gone; and they carry him down to the boat and lay him there. He shuts his eyes, he is about to have some little repose; but they come to him, and cry, “Master, why sleepest thou? Awake! we perish.” And he arises to rebuke the waves, and finds himself on another shore, and in another field of labour, upon which he enters at once without delay. He seems to have known no moment of repose. He preaches day by day, he prays by night. He seemed to be a sun that never had a setting, always shining, always progressing in his mighty course. Oh! there never was such a worker, never such a toiler as this Lord Jesus, who toiled not for himself but for others.

7. And here let me remark, again, that I may give you another proof that his meat was to do the will of him that sent him, namely, that at many times when he was in full labour he does not seem to have felt fatigue at all. He had been walking one hot day along the dusty road, under the burning sun; and he comes at last to the well of Sychar. Being very weary, he sat down on the well. He was hungry, too, for his disciples had gone away to buy meat. That little wallet which Judas carried was not often full enough to afford meat for luxury; they could only buy for mere necessity. They doubtless had enough in that little bag, which was filled by the voluntary gifts of those among

whom he laboured, to keep those twelve men with daily bread, but they had none to spare. I conclude, then, that our Saviour needed meat, or they would not have gone away to buy it. They come back after they have bought their meat, and they find their Master sitting on the well preaching to a woman. She goes away, and they wonder how it is he does not eat. He tells them he needs no food, he has been refreshed; he had seen that woman converted. A woman who had had five husbands, and was then living with one who was not her husband, had listened to his voice, and she had been saved, and he saw her go away to bring the men to hear. He expected a harvest; he saw the fields white and ready for it; and this so refreshed his spirit that he did not need to eat. And we read at another time he forgot to eat bread; and at another season we read they thronged him in, "inasmuch that he was not able to eat." Yet he could say, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." He seemed to get refreshed in his work, to grow stronger amid his toils; instead of growing tired, he renewed his strength as he went on with his sacred labours. Now, this could not have happened to Christ, unless his whole soul was in it. Those of you who have undertaken an enterprise with all your might, know that as that has been going on you have been so absorbed that you did not know when it was time for you to eat; and when at last you have seen success dawning upon you, if any one had hinted that you needed bread, you would put him by and say, "Don't disturb me; let me watch; let me see this light come to its full blaze of noon day." You have needed no other refreshment than that which success has given you. I could myself give an illustration of this, which occurred to me a little while ago, to prove that fact. Coming from home early in the morning, I went to the chapel, sat there all day long seeing those who had been brought to Christ through the preaching of the Word. Their stories were so interesting to me that the day went on. I may have seen some thirty or more during the day, one after the other, as they came up to me. I was so delighted with the tales they told me, and the wonders of grace that God had wrought in them, that I did not know anything about how the day went. Seven o'clock came for prayer-meeting. I went in and prayed with the brethren. After that came the church-meeting. A little before ten o'clock I felt faint, and I began to think at what hour I had had my dinner, and I found that I had had none; I never thought of it, I never felt hungry, because God had made me so glad with success. I think we could live right on, almost without food, if God would sustain us daily with this divine manna—this heavenly food of success—in winning souls. This showed that our Master's heart was in it: for the toil needed no refreshment.

8. Then, again, if I have not said enough to convince you that he gave his whole spirit to the work; let me remark that many a man has espoused a purpose, and, as he imagined, has betrothed himself to it by eternal nuptials, yet at last he has been divorced from the darling object. He has some path of brightness opening to him with some glittering honour at the end, and he has turned aside to self-aggrandisement and glory. But our Lord had a prospect before him, such as no man ever had. Satan took him to the brow of a hill, and offered him all the kingdoms of this world—a mightier dominion even than

Cæsar had—if he would bow down and worship him. That temptation was substantially repeated in Christ's life a thousand times. You remember one practical instance as a specimen of the whole. "They would have taken him by force and would have made him a king." And if he had but pleased to accept that offer, on the day when he rode into Jerusalem upon a colt, the foal of an ass, when all cried "Hosanna!" when the palm branches were waving, he had needed to have done nothing but just to have gone into the temple, to have commanded with authority the priest to pour the sacred chrism publicly upon his head, and he would have been king of the Jews. Not with the mock title which he wore upon the cross, but with a real dignity he might have been monarch of nations. As for the Romans, his omnipotence could have swept away the intruders. He could have lifted up Judea into a glory as great as the golden days of Solomon: he might have built Palmyras and Tadmors in the desert: he might have stormed Egypt and have taken Rome. There was no empire that could have resisted him. With a band of zealots such as that nation could have furnished, and with such a leader capable of working miracles walking in the van, the star of Judea might have risen with resplendent light, and a visible kingdom might have come, and his will might have been done on earth, from the river unto the ends of the earth. But he came not to establish a carnal kingdom upon earth, else would his followers fight: he came to wear the thorn-crown, to bear our griefs and to carry our sorrows. And from that single object the most splendid temptation could not make him diverge. You may heap together the glittering pomps and the gaudy jewels, but he treats them all beneath his feet. The cross to him is brighter than a crown, the suffering more dear than wealth and honour. So then, in this too, we may see how full was his purpose, and how firmly he was set on the salvation of man.

9. One other thought here. If we knew that some purpose which we had undertaken could never be achieved unless by our death, supposing that we could bring our mind to give up our blood as the price of success—if we knew that after the most toilsome effort, though the walls of the structure might rise, yet our own tomb must furnish the topstone—if we resolve to die for it, yet I can well conceive that firmly as our purpose might be set, we should dread the hour. Let it be at a distance, we should say. And if we were told it was drawing near, we should sigh, and our spirit sink. But not so, Christ. Do you observe throughout his life in what a hurry he is? Read the gospel according to St. Mark. The gospel of St. Mark is the gospel of the servant. The chosen emblem in the old church windows represents St. Mark as the ox, the laborious ox. Each of the evangelists had his own particular idiom, and the idiomatic expression of St. Mark is the word *Eutheos*, which we translate "straightway," "immediately." You will see if you read the evangelist through, that the word "straightway," "immediately," occurs more frequently in that book than in any other, perhaps more times than in all the rest of the Word of God besides, to teach us this lesson, that Christ as a servant was in haste to fulfill his mission; never loitering, but always doing it straightway. He seems to me to be always stretching out his hands

after the cross; not standing back from it, as if he knew it must come to him by necessity. "No," he said, "I have a baptism to be baptised with, and how am I straightened till it be accomplished." His soul was speeding towards the cross, and his body seemed to be straitened, engaged, imprisoned, that it could not get to the end of this three years of labour. His soul was panting after suffering; groaning, crying out to be permitted to drink of the cup of our redemption even to the dregs. Now, this majesty of purpose, not merely to die, but to pant for death—not simply to climb the wall, to lead the forlorn hope and to long to do it, to be panting for the battle, desiring the fight, longing for the suffering;—this is heroic ardour, self-devotion entirely unexampled! I could imagine a man panting for the fight an hour before it begins, but all his life long to be desiring to enter upon it, to be panting for that bloody sweat, to be panting for those nails, that shame, that spitting, this showed how strongly our Lord Jesus Christ had bent all his thoughts to the divine purpose of doing his Father's will, and finishing his Father's work.

Now I shall say no more upon this subject by way of proof. I come very briefly to make *the practical use thereof*.

The first practical inference is addressed to the timid, agonized soul, who desires salvation, but who thinks that Christ is unwilling to give it to him. Timid spirit, timid spirit, put away the thought that he is unwilling to save. It is a lie against thy own soul; it is a libel against his own character! What! He unwilling to distribute that which he so freely bought at so immense a price! Do you see in any one period of his life an unwillingness to save? There might be once a shrinking of the flesh, but that is over now. No more the crown of thorns; the cross and nails no more. The flesh has nothing more to shrink at. It is done; redemption is accomplished, and think you he was so earnest and intent on the work of redemption, and now is unwilling to reap the fruits of it? Why, do you not know, poor penitent, that he died to save you, and think you that it needs much argument to move the heart that once was pierced to pity and compassion? Scout the thought once for all. He is able to forgive; that thou knowest. He is as willing as he is able. Infinite is his ability, and as infinite his willingness. I beseech thee distrust him not. Come as thou art, with all thy sins about thee. Come, now, and put thy trust in him. Thou shalt find the door of heaven's gate not creaking on its hinges, but standing on jar and opening easily. John Bunyan says the posts of the gates of the temple were made of olive tree; and he allegorized it thus:—"They were made of that fat and oily tree, that so the hinges might move readily and smoothly, that there might be no difficulty in opening the temple-gates when timid souls came flying in. When mothers are unwilling to receive their children, when fathers are unwilling to give food to their own offspring, then—nay, not even then will Jesus be unwilling to forgive. When the hard-working man is unwilling to take his wage, when the toiling politician is unwilling to grasp the honour which he has achieved, then—nay, not even then, may Christ be unwilling to lay upon the sheep which is his own, purchased with his own blood, and to pluck that jewel from a

dung-hill which he has redeemed with his own suffering. He is not unwilling; thou art unwilling. If there be any hardness of heart, it lies with thee, and not with him. If there be difficulties in the way of thy salvation, they are difficulties in thyself, not in him. Come and welcome. This is the invitation which reaches thee to-day from heaven's festal board. Come and welcome. Come and welcome. Come and welcome, sinner, come! Let nothing make thee linger. He thirsts to save; he pants to bless. He longs to redeem and ransom. Only trust him; and if thou be made glad when thou trustest, he will be glad too. If the prodigal is glad when he returns, the father's joy is not an atom less. If there be mirth in the heart of the returning one, there is as much mirth in the heart of the father to whom he returns. So come, and make thy Saviour glad. Come and make them see of the travail of his soul that he may be abundantly satisfied. This is my first practical inference.

There is yet another. Christian men, it is but fair that we should give you one lesson from such a subject as this. Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus. I would not be censorious, but solemnly and seriously, I fear there are not very many whose whole heart is set on Christ's glory. We have church members, men of wealth; do they not spend more upon themselves than upon Christ? And may I not infer from this that they love themselves better than Christ? We have other members of our churches, men who are but comparatively well-to-do. These spend more on their mere pleasures than on Christ. What am I to suppose, but that they find more pleasure in the enjoyments of the flesh than they do in serving Christ? Oh, have we not tens of thousands in the army of the Lord, that strike for themselves in their own battles with an arm as strong as that of king Arthur of our fable, but when they come to fight for Christ their arm drops nerveless at their side? We have men who are all eye, all ear, all hand in business, but they are blind, and deaf, and impotent when they come into Christ's church. The fact is, we have in too many of our churches the chrysalis of men, but not the real body. They give us their names, but they keep their whole influence for the world. Ah! and is this what Christ deserves of you? Is this the reward of his self-devotion? Do you thus repay him who saved others but could not save himself? And you profess to be a follower of the Lamb: is this your following? An imitator of Jesus: and is this the imitation? Oh, sirs, the likeness is marred and blotted. Ye are poor sculptors indeed, if ye imagine yourselves to be sculptured in the image of Christ. Brothers and sisters, this matter may not seem to be of interest to you, but I feel it to be a subject of the most intense importance to the world that lieth in the wicked one. If we were more like Jesus, it would be a happy day for the poor dying sons of men. Oh, if our divided aims could but be exchanged for singleness of heart; if our littleness of zeal could be consumed in the intensity of love to Christ, what better men should we be, and what a happier world would be this. Do you imagine that you are pleasing to God when you are living for fifty aims instead of one? When you bring to Christ your lukewarm love, your lukewarm zeal, do you think he is pleased with you, and that he accepts your

offer? Oh, church of Laodicea, thou hast moved from Asia, thou hast come to England, and taken up thy abode in London! Truly might the Lord say to many of our London churches, "You are neither cold nor hot, you are lukewarm, and I will spue thee out of my mouth. There is nothing God abhors more than our cold Christianity, such as we have in these modern times—a religion which professes to live, but which lives like a gasping, fainting, trembling creature, that is on the verge of death. And you think to shake the world while you are shaking yourself with the ague of cold indifference! You cry to God, "Arise!" and yet you rise not yourself! You ask a blessing, and yet you will not win it! You crave for victory, and yet your swords rust in their scabbards! Out with you, sirs, be rid of this hypocrisy; begin first to ask for singleness of soul, and devotedness of purpose; and when this is given you, then shall there come days of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Then shall sinners be converted, and Christ shall see of the travail of his soul. But for all this we want the influence of the Holy Spirit, for without that we shall never give our whole hearts up to the sacred mission of winning souls for Christ.

Spirit of the living God! descend upon us now; rest on thy saints, and fill them with love to perishing souls, and rest thou on the sinner, to bring him to this willing Saviour, and make him willing in the day of thy power.

LOVE HIM by whom thou art so much beloved! Be intent on Him who is intent on Thee; seek Him who seeketh Thee; love Him who loveth thee; whose love anticipates thine, and is its cause. He has all merit, He is thy reward. He who is kind and gentle, and of great compassion, requires the meek, the kind, the humble, and compassionate. Choose Him for thy Friend above all thy friends, who, when thou art bereft of all things, can alone remain to thee.—*Augustine.*

A GOOD MAN may be happy, though he be afflicted; for whatever he has lost on earth, he has not lost his enjoyment of God, nor title to heaven; nay he is happy, because afflicted; correction is evidence of his sonship, a means of sanctification; it mortifies his corruptions, weans his heart from the world, draws him nearer to God, brings him to his Bible, to his knees; and so is working for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—*Matthew Henry.*

THE POWER OF GRACE.—I have been told that the deeper the water the larger the pearl. I don't know how that is, but I do know that from the greatest depths of sin the Lord Jesus Christ sometimes gathers up His brightest jewels. Paul was a persecutor, Bunyan was a blasphemer, John Newton was a libertine, the Earl of Rochester was an infidel; and yet the grace of God went plunging through the fathoms of their abomination, until it found them and bought them to the light. Oh, there is no depth where that grace cannot touch the bottom! All over the Deep Sea of sin covering the nations God's miners are blasting. Where sin abounded grace shall much more abound.—*Te De Witt Talmage.*

The Easy Yoke.

BY J. HUNT COOKE.

I HAD a dream, and it was more than a dream. I stood amongst a number of persons at the foot of a high hill; on the top was a splendid palace of glistening white shining in the bright sunshine. Each purposed ascending to this beautiful home; the hill was steep, and everyone had a heavy burden to carry. There was a house near at hand on which was inscribed "The Place of Yokes." Into this we all entered, seeking for something to enable us to carry our burdens more easily.

My attention was first attracted by a young girl who was moaning over the weight she had to carry. It was, indeed, very light as compared with what others had to bear; but she thought it very heavy indeed. One came and offered her a yoke. It was fantastically carved, and wreaths of lovely roses were entwined around it. "That is the yoke that will lighten my burden," the young girl cried out; "give me that." It was placed on her shoulders, her burden lifted and laid upon it, and she went on her way to climb the hill singing songs of gladness.

The next I noticed was a thoughtful youth, who looked around him for the pleasantest yoke. Soon one caught his attention which shone very brightly, for it was of solid gold. "Let me have that, then I can carry any burden," said the youth, dazzled by the shining metal. It was placed on his shoulders, and away he went.

Knowing how much depended on the selection of a wise yoke, I looked around and resolved upon being very careful what choice I made, when I heard a gentle voice say, "Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for My yoke is easy and My burden is light." The welcome came with such singular tenderness and yet with such Divine majesty that I obeyed at once, and went and asked the Master, for such He seemed to be, for His yoke. He placed it on my shoulders and at the same time changed my burden for one of His. I then felt that it was not heavier than I could readily bear, and with His blessing went forward to climb the hill.

I had not gone far when I came up to the young girl who had chosen the yoke of pleasant appearance. She was seated on the ground crying most bitterly. I stopped and asked her if I could help. She told me that the roses had large and sharp thorns, and showed me her torn and bleeding shoulders. She would not accept any assistance from me. I could do no more than urge her to retrace her steps and accept the easy yoke of the Master, and after earnestly entreating her to do this I went on my way.

Not much further up I passed the youth who had chosen gold as the yoke for the support of his burden. He was labouring on, but already very much fatigued. He said that the yoke which seemed so precious had proved almost useless and was in itself a terrible weight. He was very weary, and feared he should never reach the hill top. I could do no more than urge him to go back and seek for a new yoke and burden from the loving Master; and, having besought him with all my heart, I had to hasten on.

The hill was high, and in parts very steep. I often felt weary, and the burden seemed at times as much as I could bear; but the yoke enabled me to carry it, often in a very surprising way. At length, just as the sun was going down, I reached the summit, and stood at the portal of a palace of indescribable magnificence. A shining One came out to meet me and bade me enter. He told me that all who had taken the Master's yoke were welcome, but none others could possibly reach the hill top before the darkness of night came on, in which they would certainly be lost. As I entered I found the place where all burdens are laid down and yokes are put aside, being needed no more for ever. Then each yoke is exchanged for a glorious crown, and one of the first choruses of the song of those who reach the palace is "His yoke is easy and His burden is light."

Waking from my dream, and leaving all visionary thought, I want to say a few words, especially to the young. Life is like climbing a hill, and everyone has his special burden to carry. It is no use murmuring with your lot, it must have its trial, and that trial must be borne. Every burden-bearer knows that the trouble of carrying a load may be much lessened by placing a suitable yoke on the shoulders. Jesus Christ provides for this, as He does for every human need. It is His own figure: "Take My yoke upon you." And whether the allusion is to something placed on the shoulders to equalise the weight, or as the best way to draw a heavy load along a road, the illustration is the same. One person seeks to lessen the annoyances and sorrows of life by a course of merriment and gaiety; and another believes that in the resources of wealth may be found all that is needed to meet the trials of this world. That very much alleviation may be found in a wise use of such things as wealth and merriment, it were folly to deny.

But these are often most disappointing. The best, very far the best way to bear life's burdens, and to make life successful and happy is to go to Christ and learn of Him. By so doing it is the Divine promise, "Ye shall find rest unto your souls." Dear young friends, is it not foolish to spend the brightest part of your lives in making experiments which have been made millions of times and have always failed? Where no one has as yet succeeded it is assuredly improbable that you will, however confidently you may try. Your earthly life is so valuable that it is a pity to waste any portion of it in what must be a failure. Every day's delay is more than one day's loss, it is two days; for if you do not go forward, you go back. Thus we urge an immediate attention to the words of the loving Jesus as the secret of a happy and of a prosperous life: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Appeal to Backsliders.

BY REV. W. WHALE, BRISBANE.

BACKSLIDING is described as "the act of turning from the path of duty, on the part of those who know the truth, and who, at one time did run well." When it becomes a fixed habit, in which conscience ceases to disturb the feelings, then there is reason to fear that it has become apostacy; and against real apostacy some of the most awful judgments are pronounced, as in Heb. vi. 4-8 and x. 26-29. With such terrible possibilities of evil before them, it is of the utmost importance that backsliders should repent at once, and turn to the Lord in prayer.

BACKSLIDERS ARE NUMEROUS.

They are in every Church. They are amongst the lapsed members who have ceased to take an interest in the services, they have forsaken the ordinances of religion, they have become negligent as to the reading of God's Word, they have forgotten secret devotions and prayers.

They find time and money for the pleasures, follies, and sins of the world, and are mingling with the ungodly. They look for excuses, they easily take offence, they are not easily guided by the preaching. They have ceased to testify for God or to labour for the salvation of souls.

BACKSLIDERS ARE SAD HEARTED.

They have lost the joy of salvation. They have left their first love. The joy of the Lord is no longer their strength.

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord,
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His Word.

If the conscience is active it *must* torture them, and often they plunge deeper into sin for the purpose of stifling conscience. The fifty-first Psalm shows how unhappy a man is who has known God's love, and yet has fallen away from His service. The prodigal son was a backslider, and after the delirium was over, was most wretched. None are so unhappy as those who have known the value of religion and have lost touch with God and with God's people and service.

BACKSLIDERS MAY BE RESTORED.

They may repent and do the first works of faith and reconsecration. They may pray, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Hide not thy face far from me; put not Thy servant away in anger." 'Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out

all mine iniquities." Peter was a backslider and he was restored. It will be a great joy if we may see wanderers coming back to Christ at our special services. Perhaps some backsliders may read these lines; if so, let him regard them as a loving message from the God whom he has grieved. Let him forsake his evil ways and turn unto the Lord, who has said, "I will heal your backslidings."

Almighty grace, Thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
As vile a heart as mine.

BACKSLIDERS MAY BE USED BY GOD FOR NOBLE SERVICE, WHEN RESTORED.

David said, "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me with Thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee." After Peter was restored, Jesus said unto him, "Feed my sheep." Those who have known much of the world's temptations and of God's forgiving love are able to help others into the ways of God. They know the errors that fascinate and the sins that enslave; they also know the gloom and grief of being lost to the smile of God through their folly and sin. Such persons can give a testimony which is very powerful in warning the wayward and wooing the anxious. Whilst in their backsliding state they cannot render holy, joyful service; but when they have returned, confessed their sin, and been received again into conscience communion with God, they ought to be the most ready and efficient workers for the salvation of souls. Where much is forgiven there should be great gratitude.

BACKSLIDERS COME.

Return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon you. Your present condition is most unhappy, most dangerous, but you are yet within the range of mercy. When Jesus said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will *in no wise* cast out," He met even your great need. If you refuse and continue to rebel, your backsliding will develop into real apostacy, and I know of no ruin so dreadful as that. It is the lowest deep in the depths of woe. Pray earnestly for mercy.

O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate.
Wake me to righteousness.

Australian Christian World.

RUDE times tempt to zeal without charity, more civilised times, ours particularly, are apt to encourage charity without zeal.

WE are to learn here the character of the inhabitants of Heaven, in order to be fit hereafter to take our places among them.

Good Cheer.

"Those things have I spoken unto you that in Me ye may have peace; in the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."—*John xvi.* 33.

I NEED not say these are the words of Jesus Christ, for each Christian disciple will exclaim, "The mind of the Master."

The teaching of Christ has frequent reference to the future—a forecast of the future of life—the circumstances of life through which His disciples in coming generations would be called to pass. The circumstances would be painful testing their faith and patience, and requiring help from the presence and grace of their Lord and Master.

The teacher here depicts the scene of tribulation. The pathway to heaven lies through the world, through the adverse circumstances of life. Prosperous circumstances may be adverse to our spiritual interests. The worldly spirit, the love of pleasure and thirst for gain may sadly hinder our best good, mar our conformity to the example of Christ, and prevent others seeking to the Saviour.

Christ uses an expressive word here "tribulation." It has various sources, forms, and forces. As used by the heavenly Father these will not really harm us, but eventually benefit us; these may be painful to bear, but the issue will be joyous. The tendency will be to wean us from the world, to set our affections on things above, and seek our happiness in the love of God and of Christ.

The Teacher speaks of tribulation, so that when it comes we may not think it strange, and despond, but also to remind us of the source and sureness of the consolation. "These things have I spoken unto you that in Me ye may have peace."

Christ as our Mediator makes peace with God for us through the sacrifice of his life upon the cross, resulting in pardon, newness of life, freedom to obedience, and joy in God.

The comfort of peace by the presence and sympathy of Christ. He says, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you." To hearts of sorrow and homes of trouble Jesus Christ is no stranger, but ever present and ever pitiful.

In Christ's "Good cheer" is found the inspiration both of patience and of courage. We need this help in both exercises of mind. With this help patience will persevere, and courage be victorious.

Christ the captain of our salvation is bold and brave, and will celebrate the final triumph. He says, "I have overcome the world." Thus he relieves the timid spirit, encourages confidence and hope; for "this is the victory that overcomes the world, even our faith"—our reliance on Christ. "Thanks be unto God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

W. ABBOTT.

Anecdotal Illustrations and Meditations from C. H. Spurgeon's Works.

Gathered by PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, Cardiff.

An Unpublished Exposition of Psalm cxxxii ; delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Thursday Evening, May 24th, 1883. Reported by REV. CHARLES SPURGEON MEDHURST, now Missionary at Tsing Chu Fu, China.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND PSALM is a prayer and a pleading of the Covenant. Such a prayer as might have been offered by Solomon at the opening of the Temple, or by any of the descendants of David, either in their times of joy or of their affliction. The Psalm divides itself into three parts. In the first seven verses mention is made of David's zeal for the Ark and for the LORD. Then in three more verses we have David's prayer at the moving of the Ark; and then the concluding verses tell of the covenant which God made with His servant David, which is pleaded by David's son in after years.

1. LORD, REMEMBER DAVID, AND ALL HIS AFFLICTIONS :

We cannot come before God in our own name. What a mercy it is to have a good name to plead. You and I do not plead the name of any saint or holy man. We plead the name of David's greater Son, and with what emphasis can we say, "LORD, remember JESUS, and all His afflictions: His griefs and His sorrows on our behalf." This was, however, a most proper prayer, as it stands for one of David's race. They plead the name of him with whom God had entered into covenant on behalf of his seed.

2. HOW HE SWARE UNTO THE LORD, AND VOWED UNTO THE MIGHTY GOD OF JACOB ;

Jacob was the great maker of vows. You remember, also, that Jacob mentioned on his dying bed, "THE MIGHTY GOD OF JACOB" (Genesis xlix. 24). David in this imitated his forefathers. He made a solemn vow to God that he would build for God a house, even as Jacob did, when he said, "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the LORD be my God: and this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee" (Genesis xxviii. 20—22).

3. SURELY I WILL NOT COME INTO THE TABERNACLE OF MY HOUSE, NOR GO UP INTO MY BED ;

4. I WILL NOT GIVE SLEEP TO MINE EYES, OR SLUMBER TO MINE EYELIDS,

5. UNTIL I FIND OUT A PLACE FOR THE LORD, AN HABITATION FOR THE MIGHTY GOD OF JACOB.

He used strong words to signify that his house should be no house to him, and his bed he would not regard as a place of rest, until he had discovered where God would dwell. It means that he would give himself fully up to Him. This should be his life work, that he would find a suitable place for the worship of the Most High. I wish this same zeal would take hold of Christians. How many there are that dwell in their ceiled houses while the Lord's House lies waste. For God's cause, for God's Gospel, for a place wherein the poor may meet, they do not seem to care. God give us something of this self-denial, this devotion to God, which moved the heart of David.

6. LO, WE HEARD OF IT AT EPHRATAH: WE FOUND IT IN THE FIELDS OF THE WOOD.

The ark was far away at Ephrath: "We found it in the fields of the wood." This is what David did. What trouble he took. You know he was not permitted to build a house for God, yet he had the same reward as if he had done it: for God built him a house. Built up his house and established it for many generations. God often takes *the will for the deed* with His servants. When they wish to do it and there is some reason why they should not, yet the Lord looks upon them and gives them the same reward as if they had accomplished their desire. After all, David's wish to build a house for God, though it was very right and proper in itself, yet towards God it was a very small matter: for He dwelleth not in temples made with hands. He made small account of Solomon's temple, though it was very magnificent. You remember how Stephen says, just as a passing word: "*But Solomon built Him an house.*" It is a very solemn fact in history that God's worship was never more pure than when it was under canvas. As soon as the great Gold Temple was erected it seems as if men began to depart from the worship of the Living God. How often it is that the more splendid the worship, the less hearty and the less spiritual it becomes. Our glorious God, who fills heaven and earth, makes small account of architecture, of pomp, and sweetness of music. He is far above all that. He dwells where there are broken hearts.

How we have the prayer at the moving of the ark up the steps of Zion to its resting place in the Temple:—

7. WE WILL GO INTO HIS TABERNACLES: WE WILL WORSHIP AT HIS FOOTSTOOL.

8. ARISE, O LORD, INTO THY REST; THOU, AND THE ARK OF THY STRENGTH.

"Arise, O LORD, into Thy rest." That is the language Moses used whenever the ark moved. "Rise up, O LORD." When it rested, he said again, "Return unto Thy rest, O LORD, unto the many thousands of Israel." So Solomon did well to use the same words when the ark was brought to its resting place. He calls it "The ark of Thy strength." Such it really was. It had done great wonders. It was when the ark passed through the Jordan that the river was divided. When the ark was taken captive, yet it smote the Philistines in the hinder parts. When the men of Beth-shemesh irreverently looked into it, it slew

thousands of them. It was the ark of God's strength, the great type of His Omnipotence.

9. LET THY PRIESTS BE CLOTHED WITH RIGHTEOUSNESS; AND LET THY SAINTS SHOUT FOR JOY.

"Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness." That is the best robe for those that serve God. He has made us to be priests unto God. Righteousness, therefore, should be the garment we wear from head to foot.

"And let Thy saints shout for joy." God's HOLY ONES should be HAPPY ONES. No one has so much right to be happy as he that is right. He that serves a happy God should be happy. "Shout for joy." Let them triumph, let them express their delight.

10. FOR THY SERVANT DAVID'S SAKE TURN NOT AWAY THE FACE OF THINE ANOINTED.

A prayer for the King. Let the Lord continue to look on the whole line of kings, for the sake of David, with whom He had made His covenant.

11. THE LORD HATH SWORN IN TRUTH UNTO DAVID; HE WILL NOT TURN FROM IT; OF THE FRUIT OF THY BODY WILL I SET UPON THY THRONE.

This was literally fulfilled in the long line of kings; but it is yet more fulfilled in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ. David the prophet is dead, and he, seeing before that God would raise up Jesus, laid hold upon this precious promise: "Of the fruit of thy body will I set upon thy throne."

Jesus Christ is King of the Jews, yea, KING of kings, and LORD of lords. He shall reign for ever and ever. God has set Him on a throne, and neither devils nor men, can pull Him from it. The honour of Jehovah is concerned in the righteousness of King Jesus.

(To be continued.)

REST FOR THE WEARY.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters."—

PSALM xxiii. 2.

He affords me rest when I am weary, and refreshing quietude after turmoil and struggle. He leads me away to Himself and His truth; He reveals to my heart His love and grace. He gives me a fresh view of His complete atonement for my sins, and of His perfect righteousness for my justification; He gives me to prove the rest of simple faith; He causeth me to lie down in the pastures of redeeming mercy and dying love. And then, too, He affords refreshment after conflict with enemies within, and foes without. He assures me that as He has conquered *for* me, so He will conquer *in* me. He leads me to drink of the river of life which flows freely and gently along my course. He renews my strength, He tranquillizes my spirit, and affords me a measure of that peace which passeth understanding. This is the rest wherewith He causeth the weary to rest: and this is the refreshing.

A Strange Sanctuary.

DID you ever preach from a showman's stage? I did once; and the novelty of the situation fixed the event in my memory, that I am not likely ever to forget it. Four of us had driven some miles to the border of Sussex for an open-air service in connexion with our "Hop-pickers' Mission." Arriving at the village green, we found a showman and his troop, with shooting-gallery, swings, wax-work, &c., in possession of the place. A large crowd of the villagers had gathered; but, despite the noisy solicitation of the showman and his band, and the din of hurdy-gurdy and horn, very few seemed inclined to patronize the show.

A few minutes' quiet counsel with my colleagues determined me in the best course to pursue, to avoid either friction or unseemly rivalry.

Stepping up to the showman with a cheery "Good evening," I added, "You have a fine gathering here!"

"Yes, sir; a fine gathering, but a niggardly lot; not a tanner have they spent yet!"

"And for a very good reason; they have not gathered for your show."

"What do you mean, sir? There was not a dozen here at half-past six when we opened, and now look at the crowd."

"They have gathered for an open-air service. For many years, in connexion with the "Hop-pickers' Mission," we have occupied this spot every Wednesday in September for a service; and for this the villagers have gathered as usual."

"But you can't have a service, sir! we have the green to-night; what will you do?"

"We shall have a service; we have not travelled this distance for nothing. If we cannot occupy our usual spot, we will go to the end of the green" (about 50 yards off); "and you will soon find your show deserted, and discover the purpose for which the people have gathered. Now, let me suggest a better plan than rivalry which will place you at a disadvantage. LET me your stage for an hour for half-a-crown; it will pay you; for as soon as we begin service you will not take sixpence for the next hour."

He turned aside for a brief conference with his wife, and then agreed to accept my offer, providing I would not exceed the hour; and he, on his part, promised not to move a swing or fire a shot during the service.

The next minute the missionaries were in possession of the stage; and the showman, with his wife and troop, gathered about us, took the hymn-sheets, and joined lustily in the singing.

A brief, hearty service we had, that lives in the memory of the villagers to-day; and may we not also hope that the "good seed of the Kingdom" lodged in the hearts of the showman and his band, and shall be found again in the "great harvest-day."

We are about to resume our brief season of service among the hoppers. Who will have fellowship with us in this happy work? Who will win the Master's "Well done!" and "Inasmuch?"

Gifts of clothing, or tracts, should be sent, carriage prepaid, to Rev. J. J. Kendon, Marden, S. E. R. Contributions to Rev. J. J. Kendon, Gondhurst, Kent; or to the writer,

Fern Bank, Brentford.

JOHN BURNHAM.

Hints to Teachers and Workers.

SHINING AS LIGHTS.

Read John v. 35.

INTRODUCTION.—Christ here is speaking of John the Baptist. He is giving him a good name, *i.e.*, He speaks in the highest terms of him as a great *prophet*, a *burning* and *shining* light. How important it is that we notice in this subject of one spoken so highly by the greatest of all authorities, *viz.*, Christ, we may depend that John merited so far this high commendation, otherwise the Great Teacher would not have uttered these words. He says that John was a burning and shining light, *i.e.*, he kept his light burning, it did not go out, he was filled with the spirit and grace of his Heavenly Master, hence his light did burn, and consequently shined amid the darkness of sin. He preached repentance, he wanted the people to have the glorious light of the Gospel in their hearts. He knew by experience what it was to have this light, therefore he was a burning and shining light in a dark, crooked and perverse generation. But, there was One whose light was greater because He was the great source whence all men receive this light. Jesus came to be a light to the world, Jesus came to give light, Jesus came to dispel the darkness of sin and ignorance. He is indeed the true light, He is indeed the way, He is indeed our only hope of Salvation. We need not be in sin's darkness. He is ready to give peace and light. You may be made a burning and shining light. Jesus is able to do it, nothing too hard for Him. We may learn a few lessons from this subject. (i.) *Christ our best judge*, (ii.) *Christ praise* above man, (iii.) *Christ the great source of light*, (iv.) *Christ alone can give light*, (v.) *Christ can fill us with joy and peace*, (vi.) *Christ the light of the world*.

Plymouth.

THOMAS HEATH.

HEAVEN.

Mr. Golding, a little before death, when his brother said to him, "You seem to enjoy foretastes of heaven," he replied, "Oh, this is no foretaste; this is heaven! I not only feel the climate, but I breathe the fine ambrosial air of heaven, and soon shall enjoy the company." The last words he was heard to utter were "Glory, glory, glory." He died in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

OUR love of Him whom we have never seen nor can see, must consist chiefly in striving to be like Him.

THE bias of our nature toward evil is so strong that it can only be corrected by changing the very nature itself.

The Worker's Prayer.

"God is able to make all grace abound toward you: that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."—2 COR. ix. 8.

LORD speak to me that I may speak
In loving echoes of Thy love ;
As Thou has sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me' Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me that I may stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee ;
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart overflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord ; use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where ;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

TWELVE CHILDREN.

THE Rev. Moses Browne had twelve children. On one remarking to him, "Sir, you have just as many children as Jacob," he replied, "Yes, and I have Jacob's God to provide for them."

DEATH.—Nothing is so sure as death, and nothing so uncertain as the time I may be too old to live—I never can be too young to die. I will therefore live every hour as if I were to die the next.—*Lucas*.

EVERY father is like a looking-glass, for his children to dress themselves by.

Compensation in Affliction.

AT the annual meeting of the Haverfordwest Baptist College, in the year 1878, when the late Dr. Thomas, principal of Pontypool College, preached the English sermon to the students, several after-dinner speeches, spiced with wit and humour, were given by some of the ministers and laymen present, occasioning no little innocent laughter. But Dr. Thomas, who was afflicted with deafness, sat with apparent indifference, unable to join in the laughter of those present. The late Myfyr Emlyn sympathetically remarked to him, "It is a great loss, doctor, not to be able to hear what is being said." "Ye yes;" replied the doctor, "I lose a lot of nonsense!"

R. C. R.

OLD PHOTOGRAPHS.

SOME FIVE THOUSAND YEARS OLD,

HERE are a few photographs taken from nature by the wonderful light of God's truth:—

- Taken** God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth,
B.C. and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only
3317 evil continually.—*Gen.* vi. 5.
2348 The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth.—*Gen.*
 vii. 21.
1000 All gone aside, they are altogether become filthy; none that
 doeth good.—*Ps.* xiv. 3.
601 The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.—
Jer. xvii. 9.
A.D.
32 Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts.—*Matt.* xv.
60 All gone out of the way. All have sinned.
 Throat—an open sepulchre.
 Tongue—used deceit.
 Lips—poison of asps,
 Mouth—Full of cursing.
 Feet—swift to shed blood.—*Rom.* iii.
The Lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, **7.**
Last blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy,
Days. without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incon-
 tinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady,
 high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God.—
2 Tim. iii. 2.

What a picture is this of the human heart! It is well to have no confidence in it; but, coming to an end of ourselves, cry out, "Lord, I am vile!" and cast ourselves on the grace of the Saviour, who came to seek and to save the lost.

Songs in the Night.

BY REV. A. W. LEIGHTON BARKER, Worthing.

“**S**ONGS in the night!” In the night? Yes; the sweetest songster in our feathered orchestra sings its songs in the night, when the shadows of the day have lengthened and lost themselves in the wide-spread gloom of night, when

“Nature’s self is hushed,
And but for a scattered leaf which rustles through
The thick wove foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air.”

Out in the silent, shadowed woods you may hear the song of the nightingale. First a note or two echoing through the shrouded copse, and then, undisturbed by any other note, joyous strains of sweetest music break upon the stillness of the night, as did the harmony of angels on that Christmas morn long years ago.

In the day, its song is scarcely ever heard, for then its sweet, pure note is lost amid the general chorus that fills the woods with melody. It is only when other songsters have gone to their nests that you can catch the music of the nightingale.

The sweetest song the Christian sings is the song of the night. When there falls upon the life the shadow of a great sorrow, when the Saviour comes and makes it dark about us, then, and not till then, we sing our purest note. Many a home and many a heart that have known not how to sing in seasons of sunshine, are filled with sweetest songs when the Master, dealing in infinite tenderness with us, draws the curtains of our windows and shuts, for a season, the joy out of our life. The blighting of the joys of earth, the silencing of other songs, is one of the blessed results of bereavement and sorrow. Then, when the Lord has put us into the silence of the deepest shadows, we sing the “songs of the night.”

“Through the clouded glass
Of our own bitter tears we learn to look
Undazzled on the kindness of God’s face.”

Hear this parable and learn its lesson. A little bird will not learn the song its master wants it to sing. All through the long summer day its cage hangs outside the window in the glorious sunshine. It listens and learns a snatch of this, a trill of that, a polyglot of all the songs of the grove; but never a separate and entire melody of its own. But the master carries the cage into a shadowed room and covers it up, and makes it dark about the little songster; and then it listens to the one song it is to sing, and tries and tries again, until at last its heart is full of it. And then, when the singer has caught the melody, the cage is uncovered, and it sings sweetly ever after in the light.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. A. H. Coombs, B.A., from Wymeswold, Willoughby, and Broughton, to Melbourne, near Derby.

Rev. A. Nightingale, from Brighton-grove College, Manchester, co-pastor at Atherton with Rev. H. V. Thomas who will devote half his time to the Lancashire and Cheshire Mission.

Rev. Z. H. Lewis, from Cardiff, to Siloh Church, Tredegar, Mon.

Rev. E. A. Tydeman, from Foots Cray, to Lordship-lane, Dulwich.

Rev. Rhys Davies, from Bargoed, to Caersws.

Rev. J. Copeland, from Croydon, to Providence Church, Reading.

Rev. R. Walker from Pastors' College, to Centenary Church, March, Cambs.

Rev. Arthur J. Harding, from Rawdon College, to Ripley-street, Bradford.

Rev. J. Hacking, from Southminster, to Bradford-on-Avon.

Rev. J. R. Evans, from Llwynhendy, to the Welsh Church, Holyhead.

Rev. W. M. Jones, from Barking, to Treorkey, Rhondda Valley.

Rev. J. Lloyd Williams, from Glasbury-on-Wye, to English Church at Treherbert.

Rev. J. W. Humphreys, from Llanwrtyd, to Rhosddu Church, Wrexham.

Rev. A. Tildsley, from Sunnyside, Rossendale Valley, Lancs., to Poplar and Bromley Tabernacle.

Rev. J. Gay, from Manchester, to Westborough-road Church, Nottingham.

RECOGNITIONS.

Cardiff Recognition Service a

Cornwall Road, Rev. Wm. Harries, from Maesteg. Chairman, Rev. W. Edwards, D.D. Speakers, Revs. W. S. Winns, T. W. Medhurst, J. Williams, C. Griffiths, T. L. Evans, and R. Lloyd.

Rev. J. W. Walker has been ordained to the pastorate of Lineholme Church, Todmorden. Professor Glass gave the charge to the minister, and Rev. W. Medley addressed the church.

Rev. H. Rolfe has been recognised as pastor at Blockley. Revs. P. Lewis, C. Sirett, W. E. Francis, and Mr. R. B. Belcher took part.

Rev. G. F. Monk has been welcomed to the co-pastorate of Archdeacon-lane Church, Leicester. Rev. W. Bishop presided.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. H. Spendelow, a purse with £25 from Highfield-road Church, Dartford, and a Bible and pocket-case from the Young People's Bible-class, on leaving for Grimsby.

Mr. S. B. Mann, a portrait and silver embossed writing-case from Trinity-road Church, Halifax, of which he has been treasurer twenty-seven years, and teacher and Sunday-school superintendent forty years.

Rev. H. Ellis, a purse with £43 from the church at Farsley, on resigning the pastorate, having been appointed classical tutor at Brighton-grove College, Manchester, a solid brass clock and side ornaments from residents at Farsley.

Rev. W. I. James, £35 from the church at Ponthir.

Councillor J. A. Law, a gold chronometer watch from Ebenezer church

Bacup, in recognition of services as organist.

Rev. D. Johns, an illuminated address and £45 from Ebenezer Rhrydri.

NEW CHAPELS.

A new chapel in the early Gothic style, with a tower sixty feet high, has been opened at Redditch (Rev. E. W. Berry) at a cost of £4,346. The church will seat 630, and adjoining are Sunday-schools. At the opening services Rev. C. Spurgeon preached, and Revs. E. W. Berry, C. Wildblood, E. Murphy, W. H. Jackson, J. Stebbings, J. Seden, J. Feek, W. Ford, J. Crofts, J. R. Reed, and J. Nelmes took part. About £1,600 remains to be raised.

A new chapel is being built on the Monk's-park Estate, Northampton. It is in the Early Perpendicular style, and will seat 400. With £652 paid for the site, it will cost about £2,400. Foundation-stones were laid on Thursday by Rev. J. T. Brown, Mr. W. Cleaver, Mr. G. M. Tebbutt, J.P., Mr. G. Longland, Mr. S. Bickering, and Mr. H. Richardson. Revs. G. Phillips, W. J. Tomkins, F. T. Smythe, T. C. Manton, and H. J. Hufanide also took part. Sixty-five pounds was realised.

Memorial-stones of a new chapel at Butterleigh, a village three miles from Tiverton, Devon, have been laid. For about five years services have been conducted in a hired room hired by members of Tiverton Christian Endeavour Society (Rev. J. F. Toone, pastor and president), with the help of local preachers, until a congregation of about fifty has been gathered. A piece of land has been given by Mrs. Ottley, a lady of the Established Church living in the neighbourhood.

The foundation-stone of a new chapel in Great Clowes-street, Man-

chester, for a congregation under the pastorate of Rev. J. D. Bray, was laid on Tuesday; it will accommodate 530 who can take sittings, in addition to free seats, and will cost about £2,500. Dr. Maclaren, in laying the stone, said this was the outcome of a joint effort on the part of the churches in Manchester, supported by the Extension Fund in London. They were endeavouring simultaneously to erect two chapels—that one and a chapel at Longsight, in the midst of a rapidly-growing population. The Broughton Church was responsible for £500 of the amount.

A new place of worship, to seat 350, is being erected in Stourbridge-road, Halesowen, at a cost of £1,200. Memorial-stones have been laid by Mrs. Vince, Dr. Harvey and others. Sir Benjamin Hingley presided at the public meeting.

A new chapel of Gothic design with seating accommodation for 250, has been erected and will shortly be opened at Woodside, South Norwood. The cost of building and land, £1,200, is defrayed by the Pioneer Mission. For a time the Sunday-school will be conducted in two vestries having a movable partition, but a more suitable structure is contemplated; the plot of land is ample for the purpose. Mr. S. W. Gentle-Cackett has been appointed pastor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Rev. R. Wright Hay has been appointed secretary of the Young People's Missionary Association in succession to the Rev. W. J. Price, who will resume mission work in India in October next. The appointment will permit Mr. Hay to devote considerable time to deputation work among the Baptist churches.

SWITZERLAND.

The first Baptist chapel in Switzerland has been opened at Zurich; it is capable of accommodating 650 worshippers. A dwelling for the minister has also been provided.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

Services are now held—Sunday morning at the Conference Hall, Pastors' College, and at the Memorial Hall, Stockwell Orphanage.

The Evening Service is continued at Exeter Hall.

Contributions for Rebuilding Fund may be sent to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, or T. H. Olney, Esq., Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, E.C.

BAPTISMS.

- Alnwick*, Northumberland, July 14, one, by A. Kirk.
- Appledore*, N. Devon.—July 24, three, by S. J. Somers.
- Abertillery, Mon.*, Ebenezer.—July 10, six, by J. C. Hughes, B.D.
- Bideford*, North Devon.—July 4, three, by F. Durbin.
- Brayton*, Wilts.—July 10, three, by W. Fry.
- Birmingham*, Wycliffe.—July 27, four, by G. West.
- Bishops Stortford*.—August 2, one, by W. Walker.
- Belfast*, Antrim-road.—July 31, four, by C. S. Donald.
- Bourton-on-the-Water*.—July 31, nine, by G. A. Ambrose.
- Burslem*: Tabernacle.—July 31, one, by R. A. Burrows.
- Barrow-in-Furness*.—July 24, eight, by W. Walker.
- Chesham, Bucks*: Zion Chapel.—July 21, by A. Priter.
- Cambridge*: Eden Chapel.—July 31, one, by J. Jull.
- Chatham*, Zion.—July 31, ten, by F. E. Blackaby.
- Cambridge*: Mill-road.—July 31, three, by R. W. Ayres.
- Cardiff*, Cornwall-road.—July 31, three, by W. Harries.
- Cardiff*, Hope.—July 31, two, by T. W. Medhurst.
- Coventry*, Gosforth-street.—July 31, four, by W. H. Higgins.
- Crewe*, West Street.—July 28, two, by T. B. Field.
- Derby*, Osmafton-road.—July 24, two.—July 31, six, by G. James.
- Dairy*, Edinburgh.—July 14, two; 17, two, by Pastor Latta.
- Dundee*, Ward-road.—July 17, four, by D. Clark.
- Dudley*, New-street.—July 24, three, by E. Milnes.
- Guiseley*, Yorks.—July 20, five, by R. Scott.
- Great Marlow*.—July 24, one, by J. E. Joynes.
- Glasgow*, Kelvinside Avenue.—s.x., by A. W. Bean.
- Glasgow*: Cambridge-street.—July 17, one, by E. Last.
- Hull*, South-street.—July 18, two, by E. Dearden.
- Hereford*.—July 12, one; July 24, three, by J. Meredith.
- High Barnet*.—July 24, three, by P. Smart.
- Higher Openshaw*, Manchester.—July 24, five, by L. M. Thomas.
- Haddenham*, Bucks.—July 31, two, by J. Edwards.
- Kingston-on-Thames* Bunyan Tabernacle.—July 31, two, by J. O. Stalberg.
- Knirhton*.—August 2, three, by W. Williams.
- Leighton Buzzard*: Lake-street, three, by A. Grant.
- Leeds*, Burley-road, seven, by F. Walter.
- Leeds*, Hunslet.—July 24, four, by A. E. Greening.
- Leicester*: Friar-lane.—six, by J. Evans.
- Leicester*: Carey Hall.—July 17, ten, by A. H. Tolhurst.
- Maesteg*, Zion.—July 24, three, by W. Harries.
- Mills Hill*, Lancs.—July 31, two, by F. Oliver.
- Merthyr Tydvil*.—July 31, one, by D. Williams.
- Mills Hill*, Lancs.—July 17, seven, by F. Oliver.
- Newbury*.—July 17, four, by G. J. Knight.
- Newbald*, Yorks. July 3, three, by U. G. Watkins.
- Newport, Mon.*: East Usk-road.—July 31, one, by A. Purnell.
- Norton Longville*. July 31, five, by J. A. Andrews.
- Northallerton*, Yorks.—August 2, seven, by F. Allsop.
- Nuneaton*.—July 31, five, by J. R. Mitchell.
- Oswestry*.—July 17, five, by M. M. Thomson.
- Pontycymmr (Zion)*.—July 10, two, by W. Reynolds.
- Rhymney, Mon.* (Beulah, English Baptist).—July 17, four, by T. M. Richards.
- Sudbury*, Suffolk.—July 31, eight, by R. Jones.
- Sheen*, Bucks.—July 27, two, by W. Harrison.
- Skegness*: St. Paul's.—August 3, one; 5, two, by G. Goodchild.
- South Leith*.—July 19, one, by D. Tait.

Stockbridge, Edinburgh.—July 14. one, by Pastor Sutherland.

Stockport.—July 17, five, by W. H. Thomas.

Seton Ponke.—July 31, nine, by E. Mitchell.

St. Austell.—July 20, five, by E. Osborne.

Thorton Heath, S.E.—July 26, seven, by T. Lardner.

Upper Parkstone.—July 17, two, by R. Morrison.

Wickwar, Gos.—July 24, eight, by T. E. Ruth.

Woodchester, Gos.—July 31, four, by T. E. Ruth.

Woodstock.—July 31, three, by C. Duxbury.

LONDON DISTRICT.

Bermondsey, S.E.—July 26, one, by A. V. G. Chandler.

Bromley, read, Lee, S.E.—July 31, four, by J. W. Davies.

Chelsea, S.W.—July 3, eight; July 31, twelve, by J. Spence.

Grafton Square, Clapham, S.W.—July 17, three, by T. Hanger.

Penge Tabernacle.—July 20, five, by J. W. Boud.

Woodwich Tabernacle, S.E.—July 8, five; July 24, five, by J. Wilson.

Westbourne-grove.—July 31, four, by G. Freeman.

PRAYER IS A GLORIOUS THING.

JOHN FOSTER, as he approached the close of life and felt his strength gradually stealing away, remarked on his increasing weakness, and added, "But I can pray, and that is a glorious thing." Truly a glorious thing; more glorious than atheist or pantheist can ever pretend to. To look up to an omnipotent Father, to speak to Him, to love Him, to stretch upward as a babe from the cradle, that He may lift His child in His everlasting arms, to the resting-place of His own bosom. He was overheard thus speaking with himself,—“O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

ALCIAT hath it in one of his emblems that a dog barketh most when the moon is at the fullest; whether it be by some special influence that it then worketh in the dog, or whether it be occasioned by the maculæ, or spots in the moon, represented unto him in the form and shape of another dog, let the dog bark never so much, yet the moon walks her station securely through the heavens. And thus, though tyranny, persecution, afflictions, bark never so much at the just man, yet he doth not stay to take up a stone to every foul-mouthed dog that barks, he makes not a stand in every cross-way that he meets with, but rides on through the storm, and comes to his journey's end in safety; opposition is no obstacle to him.

A THOUGHT on the need for sincere enthusiasm comes from an instance in the Rev. Rowland Hill's ministry. While addressing a congregation the eminent divine, thoroughly aroused, exclaimed, "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. When I first came into this part of the country I was walking on yonder hill I saw a gravel pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the town below, at a distance of near a mile; help came and rescued two of the sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall on poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud to them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, sinner, I am no enthusiast in so doing; and I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the gospel of Christ Jesus."

The Beginning, Increase, and the End of the Divine Life.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter end should greatly increase."—Job. viii. 7.

THIS was the reasoning of Bildad the Shuhite. He wished to prove that Job could not possibly be an upright man, for if he were so, he here affirms that his prosperity would increase continually, or that if he fell into any trouble, God would awake for him, and make the habitation of his righteousness prosperous; and though his family were now all destroyed, and his wealth scattered to the winds, yet if he were an upright man, God would surely appear for him, and his latter end would greatly increase.

Now the utterances of Bildad, and of the other two men who came to comfort Job, but who made his wounds tingle, are not to be accepted as being inspired. They spake as men—as *mere* men. They reasoned no doubt in their own esteem logically enough; but the Spirit of God was not with them in their speech, therefore with regard to any sentiment which we find uttered by these men, we must use our own judgment: and if it be not in consonance with the rest of Holy Scripture, it will be our bounden duty to reject it as being but the word of man—of a wise and ancient man it is true, but still of a man only.

With regard to the passage which I have selected as a text, it is true—altogether apart from its being said by Bildad, or being found in the Bible at all; it is true, as indeed the facts of the book of Job prove: for Job did greatly increase in his latter end. His beginning was small: he was brought down to poverty, to the potsherd and to the dunghill; he had many graves, but no children; he had had many losses, he had now nothing left to lose; and yet God did awake for him: his righteousness came out from the darkness which had eclipsed it; he shone in sevenfold prosperity; so that the words of Bildad were prophetic, though he knew it not; God put into his mouth language which did come true, after all. Indeed, we have here a great principle—a principle against which none can ever contend. The beginning of the godly and the upright man may be but very small, but his latter end shall greatly increase.

Evil things may seem to begin well, but they end badly; there is the flash and the glare, but afterwards the darkness and the

black ash. They promise fairly: *their* sun rises in the zenith, and then speedily sets, never to rise again. Evil things begin as mountains; they end as mole-hills. You sail upon their ocean at first, and as you sail onward it shrinks into a river, and afterwards into a dry bed, if not into burning sands. Behold Satan in the garden of Eden. Sin begins with the promise, "Ye shall be as gods!" How grand is its beginning! Where ends it? Shivering beneath the trees of the garden, complaining of nakedness, sin comes to its end. Or see it in Satan himself. He stretches out his right hand to snatch the diadem of heaven; he would be Lord paramount. He cannot bear to serve, he longs to reign. Oh! glittering vision, that enchants the eye of an arch-angelic spirit! But where ends it? The vision is all gone, and is succeeded by "the blackness of darkness for ever;" and the chains reserved in fire for those that kept not their first estate. So will it be with you, too, my friend, if you have chosen the path of evil. To-day your mirth is as the crackling of thorns under a pot; it blazes, it crackles with excess of joy; to-morrow thou shalt find nothing there but a handful of ashes, and darkness, and cold. Ay, the path of evil is down hill, from its sunny summits, to its dark ravines—from the pretended loftiness, which it assumes when it professes to be a cherub, to that lowliness in which it finds itself to be a fiend. Evil goeth downward; it hath its great things first, and then its terrible things last. Not so, however, with good. With good the beginning is even small; but its latter end doth greatly increase. "The path of the just is as the shining light," which sheds a few flickering rays at first, which exercises a combat with the darkness, but it "shineth more and more unto the perfect day." As the coming forth of stars at eventide, when first one, and then another, and yet another struggles through the darkness, till at last the whole starry host are marshalled on the heavenly plains—so is it with good—it beginneth with grains of sand, it goeth on to hills, and anon it swelleth up to mountains; it beginneth with the rippling rill—the little cascade that leapeth from its secret birth-place, and down the mountain it dasheth, it swelleth to a joyous stream, wherein the fish do leap; anon it becomes a river, which bears upon its surface the navigation of nations, and then it rolls at last an ocean that belts the globe. Good things progress. They are like Jacob's ladder—they ascend round by round. We begin as men, we end as angels; we climb until the promise of Satan is fulfilled in a sense in which he never understood it; we become as gods, and are made partakers of the Divine, being reconciled unto God, and then having God's grace infused into us.

The principle, then, upon which I have to speak this morning, is this, that though the beginnings of good things are small, yet their latter end shall greatly increase. Instead, however, of dealing with this as a mere doctrine, I propose to use it practically; assume the fact, and then make a practical use of it. Three ends shall I hope to serve—first, *to quiet the fears of those who are but beginners in grace*; secondly, *to confirm their faith*; and, thirdly, *to quicken their diligence*. May I ask the prayers of God's people here that I may be strengthened in this preaching? I cannot tell how it is,—the cold clammy sweat comes over me now I am about to address you, and I feel almost

quivering with weakness; nevertheless, this is a subject which may strengthen me as well as you, and therefore let us go to it at once.

I. First, then, for THE QUIETING OF YOUR FEARS. Thou sayest, my hearer, "I am but a beginner in grace, and therefore I am vexed with anxiety, and full of timorousness." Yes, and it shall be my business, if God the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, shall enable me, to give thee some few sweet words which, like wafers made with honey, thou mayest roll under thy tongue, and find them satisfactory and pleasant, even as that manna which came down from heaven, and fed the Israelites in the wilderness.

Perhaps thy first fear, if I put it into words, is this:—"My beginning is so small that I cannot tell when it did begin, and therefore, methinks I cannot have been converted, but am still in the gall of bitterness." O beloved! how many thousands like thyself have been exercised with doubts upon this point! They were not converted in an instant; they were not stricken down as in the Revivals; they were not nerved with terrible alarms, such as John Bunyan describeth in his "Grace Abounding;" but they were called of God, as was Lydia, by a still small voice. Their hearts were gradually and happily opened to receive the truth; it was not as if a tornado or a hurricane rushed through their spirits; but a soft zephyr blew, and they lived and came to God. And you doubt, do you, because from this very reason you cannot tell when you were first converted? Be encouraged; it is not needful for you to know when you were regenerated; it is but necessary for you to know that you are so. If thou canst set no date to the beginning of thy faith, yet if thou dost believe now, thou art saved. If in thy diary there stands no red-letter day in which thy sins were pardoned, and thy soul accepted, yet if thy trust be in Jesus only, this very day thou art pardoned, and thou art accepted, despite thy ignorance of the time when. God's promises bear no date; our notes are dated because there is a time when they run due, and we are apt to forget them; God's promises bear none, and his gifts sometimes do not bear any. If thou art saved—though the date be erased—yet do thou rejoice and triumph evermore in the Lord thy God. True, there are some of us who can remember the precise spot where we first found the Saviour. The day will never be forgotten when these eyes looked to the cross of Christ and found their tears all wiped away. But thousands in the fold of Jesus know not when they were brought in; be it enough for them to know they are there. Let them feed upon the pasture, let them lie down beside the still waters, for whether they came by night or by day they did not come at a forbidden hour. Whether they came in youth or in old age, it matters not; all times are acceptable with God, and whosoever cometh, "come he when he may, "he will in no wise cast out."

Does it not strike you as being very foolish reasoning if you should say in your heart, "I am not converted because I do not know when?" Nay, with such reasoning as that, I could prove that old Rome was never built, because the precise date of her building is unknown; nay, we might declare that the world was never made, for its exact age even the geologist cannot tell us. We might prove that Jesus Christ himself never died, for the precise date on which he expired on the

tree is lost beyond recovery; nor doth it signify much to us. We know the world was made, we know that Christ did die, and so you—if you are now reconciled to God, if now your trembling arms are cast around that cross, you too are saved—though the beginning was so small that you cannot tell when it was. Indeed, in living things, it is hard to put the finger upon the beginning. Here is a fruit—will you tell me when it began to be? Was it at the time when first the tree sent forth its fruit-bud? Did this fruit begin when first the flower shed its exhalations of perfumes upon the air? Indeed, you could not have seen it if you had looked. When was it? Was it when the full-ripe flower was blown away, and its leaves were scattered to the wind, and a little embryo of fruit was left? 'Twere hard to say it did not begin before that, and equally hard to say at what precise instant that fruit began to be formed. Ay, and so is it with divine grace; the desires are so faint at the beginning, the convictions are but the etchings upon the plate, which afterwards must be engraven with a harder instrument; and they are such flimsy things, such transient impressions of divine truth, that 'twere difficult to say what is transient and what permanent, what is really of the Spirit of God, and what is not; what hath saved the soul, or what only brought it to the verge of salvation; what made it really live, or what was really the calling together of the dry bones before the breath came, and the bones began to live. Quit your fears, my hearers, upon this point, for if ye are saved, no matter when, ye never shall be unsaved.

Another doubt also arises from this point. "Ah! sir," saith a timid Christian, "it is not merely the absence of all date to my conversion, but the extreme weakness of the grace I have." "Ah," saith one, "I sometimes think I have a little faith, but it is so mingled with unbelief, distrust, and incredulity, that I can hardly think it is God's gift, the faith of God's elect. I hope sometimes I have a little love, but it is such a beginning, such a mere spark, that I cannot think it is the love which God the Holy Spirit breathes into the soul; my beginning is so exceedingly small, that I have to look, and look, and look again, at times, before I can discern it for myself. If I have faith, it is but as a grain of mustard seed, and I fear it will never be that goodly tree, in the midst of whose branches the birds of the air might rest." Courage, my brother, courage; however small the beginnings of grace, they are such beginnings that they shall have a glorious end. When God begins to build, if he lay but one single stone he will finish the structure; when Christ sits down to weave, though he casts the shuttle but once, and that time the thread was so filmy as scarcely to be discernible, he will nevertheless continue till the piece is finished, and the whole is wrought. If thy faith be never so little, yet it is immortal, and that immortality may well compensate for its littleness. A spark of grace is a spark of Deity—as soon may Deity be quenched as to quench grace—that grace within thy soul given thee of the Spirit shall continue to burn, and he who gave it shall fan it with his own soft breath, for "he will not quench the smoking flax;" he will bring it to a fire, and afterwards to a furnace, till thy faith shall attain to the full assurance of understanding: Oh! let not the littleness of God's beginnings stagger you. Who would

think, if he stood at the source of the Thames, that it would ever be such a river as it is—making this city rich? So little is it that a child might stop it with his hand, and but a handful of miry clay might dam its course, but there it rolls a mighty river that man cannot stop. And so shall it be with thee; thy faith is so little that it seems not to exist at all, and thy love so faint that it can scarcely be called love, but thy latter end shall greatly increase, till thou shalt become strong and do exploits; the babe shall become a giant; and he that stumbled at every straw shall move mountains, and make the very hills to shake.

Having thus spoken upon two fears, which are the result of these small beginnings, let me now try to quiet another. "Ah!" saith the heir of heaven, "I do hope that in me grace hath commenced its work, but my fear is, that such frail faith as mine will never stand the test of years. I am," saith he, "so weak, that one temptation would be too much for me; how then can I hope to pass through yonder forest of spears held in the hands of valiant enemies? A drop makes me tremble, how shall I stem the roaring flood of life and death? Let but one arrow fly from hell it penetrates my tender flesh; what then if Satan shall empty his quiver? I shall surely fall by the hand of the enemy. My beginnings are so small that I am certain they will soon come to their end, and that end must be black despair." Be of good courage, brother, have done with that fear once for all; it is true, as thou sayest, the temptation will be too much for thee, but what hast thou to do with it? Heaven is not to be won by thy might, but by the might of him who has promised heaven to thee; thy crown of life is to be obtained, not by thy arm, but by that arm which now holds it out, and bids thee run towards it. If thy perseverance rested upon thyself thou couldst not persevere an hour; if spiritual life depended on itself it would be like the shooting-star, which makes a shining trail for a moment and then is gone; but thanks be unto God, it is written—"Because I live, ye shall live also." "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

"The feeblest saint shall win the day,

Though death and hell obstruct the way,"

because that feeble saint is girded with Jehovah's strength. If I had to fight in another man's strength, and I knew that he had gigantic force, I should not estimate the power of my own limbs and muscles, but of his limbs and muscles; and so if I have to fight in the strength of God, I am not to reckon by what I can do, but what he can do; not what I am able, but what he is able to accomplish. I am not to go forth bound and limited, and cramped, and bandaged by my own infirmity, but made free, and valorous, and unconquerable through that Divine omnipotence, which first spake all things into existence, and now maintaineth all things by the word of his power. Stand up, poor brother, full of fears though you be, and for once glory in your infirmities, and boast in your Master. I say it in thy behalf, and on my own—ye principalities and powers of darkness, ye leaguered hosts of hell, ye enemies in human form, or in form demoniac, I challenge ye all; more than a match for every one of you am I if God be with me; less than nothing were I, if left alone; but were I weaker than I am I

would defy you all, for God is my strength; Jehovah is become my strength and my song; he also has become my salvation, therefore will we tread down our enemies, and Moab shall become as straw that is trodden down for the dunghill; in God will we rejoice, yea in God will we greatly rejoice, and in him will we rejoice all the day.

Thus have I dealt with a third fear. Let me seek to quiet and pacify one other fear. "Nay, but," say you, "I never can be saved; for when I look at other people, at God's own true children,—I am ashamed to say it,—I am but a miserable copy of them. So far from attaining to the image of my Master, I fear I am not even like my Master's servants. Look at such-an-one, how he preaches the truth with power, what fluency he has in prayer, what service he undertakes! but I—I am such a beginner in grace, that

' Hosannas languish on my tongue,
And my devotion dies.'

I live at a poor dying rate. I sometimes run, but oftener creep, and seldom or ever fly. Where others are shaking mountains, I am stumbling over mole-hills. The *saints* seem to bestride this narrow world like some great colossus, but I walk under their huge legs, and peep about, to find myself a poor dishonoured slave. I have no power, no strength, no might." Pause, brother, pause; stop thy murmuring for a moment. If some little star in the sky should declare it was not a star, because it did not shine as brightly as Sirius or Arcturus, how foolish would be its argument! If the moon should insist upon it that she was never made by God, because she could not shine as brightly as the sun, fie on her pale face, that she cannot be content to be what her Lord hath made her. If the nettle would not bloom, because it was not a pine, and if the hyssop on the wall refused to grow, because it was not a cedar, oh! what dislocation would there be in the noble frame of this universe! If these murmurings that vex us vexed the whole of God's creatures, then were this earth a howling wilderness indeed. Now, let me talk to thee a moment, to calm thy fears. Hast thou, my brother, ever learned to distinguish between grace and gifts? For know that they are marvellously dissimilar. A man may be saved who has not a grain of gifts; but no man can be saved who hath no grace. Yonder brother who prayed, yonder friend who preaches, yonder sister who spoke—all these perhaps acted so well, because God had given them excellent gifts. It might not be that it was because of grace. When you are in the prayer-meeting, and hear a brother extremely fluent, remember that there are men quite as fluent about their daily business, and that fluency is not fervency, and that even the appearance of fervency is not absolutely an evidence that there is fervency in the soul. If thou art so mean a thing that thou canst not spell a word in any book, or put six words together grammatically, if thou canst offer no prayer in public, if thou art so poor a scholar that every fool is wiser than thou art, yet if thou hast grace in thy heart, thou art saved, and that is the matter in point just now, whether thou art saved or not. "Covet earnestly the *best* gifts;" but still, sit not down and murmur because thou hast them not, for one grain of grace outweighs a pound of gifts; one particle of grace is far more precious than all the gifts that a Byron ever had, or that

Shakspeare ever possessed within his soul, vast and almost infinite though the gifts of those men certainly were.

And yet another question would I put to you. My dear brother, have you ever learned to distinguish between grace that saves and the grace which developes itself afterwards? Remember, there are some graces that are absolutely necessary to the saving of the soul; there are some others that are only necessary to its comfort. Faith, for instance, is absolutely necessary for salvation, but assurance is not. Love is indispensable: but that high degree of love which induces the martyr's spirit, does not reign in the breast of every one, even of those who are saved. The possession of grace in some degree is needful to salvation; but the possession of grace in the highest degree, though it be extremely desirable, is not absolutely necessary for an entrance into heaven. Bethink thee, then, thus to thyself, if I be the meanest lamb in Jesus' fold, I would be happy to think that I am in the flock; if I be the smallest babe in Jesus' family, I will bless his name to think that I have a portion among the sanctified. If I be the smallest jewel in the Saviour's crown, I will glisten and shine as best I can, to the praise of him that bought me with his blood. If I cannot make such swelling music in the orchestra of heaven as the pealing organ may, then will I be but as a bruised reed, which may emit some faint melody. If I cannot be the beacon fire that scares a continent, and throws its light across the deep, I will seek to be the glow-worm that may at least let the weary traveller know something of its whereabouts. O, Christians! ye that have but little beginnings, quiet your fears; for these little beginnings, if they be of God, will save your soul, and you may in this rejoice, yea, rejoice exceedingly.

I must ask your patience now while I turn to the second head, and I shall dwell upon that very briefly indeed.

II. Upon this head I wish to say a word or two for THE CONFIRMATION OF YOUR FAITH. I am sure you will give me your prayerful attention while I speak for the confirmation of my own faith as well as yours.

Well, brothers and sisters, the first confirmation I would offer you is this:—Our beginnings are very, very small, but we have a joyous prospect in our text. Our latter end shall greatly increase; we shall not always be so distrustful as we are now. Thank God, we look for days when our faith shall be unshaken, and as firm as mountains be. I shall not for ever have to mourn before my God that I cannot love him as I would. I trust that he in my latter end will give me more of his Spirit, that I shall love him with all my heart, and soul, and strength. We have entered into the gospel school; we are ignorant now, but we shall one day understand with all the saints what are the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths, and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. We have hope that, as these hairs grow grey, we shall "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Time, that ploughs its furrow in the brow, we hope will sow the seeds of wisdom there. Experience, which shall furrow our back with many a sorrow and a wound, shall nevertheless, we trust, work patience, and hope that maketh not ashamed, and holy fellowship with Christ and his sufferings, and nearer and sweeter

fellowship than as yet we have come to know. Think not, Mr. Ready-to-halt, that thou shalt always need thy crutches; there may come days of leaping and dancing even for thee. Oh, Mistress Despondency, the dungeons of Giant Despair's castle are not to be thy perpetual abode; thou, too, shalt stand upon the top of Mount Clear, and thou shalt see the Celestial City, and the land that is very far off. We are *growing* things. Methinks I hear the green blade say this morning, "I shall not for ever be trodden under foot as if I were but grass; I shall grow; I shall blossom; I shall grow ripe and mellow, and many a man shall sharpen his sickle for me." I hear the little sapling say, "I shall not for ever be shaken too and fro by winds; I shall grow into an old stalwart oak; gnarled though the roots may be, and twisted though my branches are, I shall one day stand and outlaugh the tempest, while all its waves of wind break harmlessly over me." I shall be strong through him that strengtheneth me, for I feel a growth within me that can never stop till I have grown to be next to a God—a son of God, a partaker of the Divine nature. Courage then, courage, I say, brothers and sisters! these weak days are not always to last; we are not to be shorn ~~laxbs~~ always. not always the weaklings of his cattle. We shall one day be as the firstlings of his bullocks, and we shall push our enemies to the ends of the earth, and tread upon them and destroy them.

But, further, this cheering prospect upon earth is quite eclipsed by a more cheering prospect beyond the river Death. "Our latter end shall greatly increase." Faith shall give place to fruition; hope shall be occupied with enjoyment: love itself shall be swallowed up in ecstasy. Mine eyes, ye shall not for ever weep; there are sights of transport for you. Tongue, thou shalt not for ever have to mourn, and be the instrument of confession; there are songs and hallelujahs for thee. Feet, ye shall not always be weary with this rough road; there are celestial leaping for you. O, my poor heart, oft cowed and broken, often disappointed and trodden down, there waiteth for thee the palm-branch and the robe of victory, and the immortal crown.

"My spirit leaps across the flood,
And antedates the hour,"

when I shall come into possession of these joys which could not belong to my childhood here, but which await me in my manhood up there, when the spirit shall be perfected, and made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. Courage, Christian!

"The way may be rough, but it cannot be long;"

and the end will make amends for all the toil that you can endure when on the road. Oh! quicken thy footsteps, sit not down in despair. Thy latter end shall greatly increase, though thy beginnings be but small.

Perhaps some one may say, "How is it that we are so sure that our latter end will increase?" I give you just these reasons:—we are quite sure of it because there is a vitality in our piety. The sculptor may have oftentimes cut in marble some exquisite statue of a babe. *That* has come to its full size; it will never grow any greater. When I see a wise man in the world, I look at him as being just such an infant. He will never grow any greater. He has come to his full.

He is but chiselled out by human power; there is no vitality in him. The Christian here on earth is a babe, but not a babe in stone—a babe instinct with life. It is a happy thought sometimes to have of one's-self as sitting down here, compressed, small, insignificant; and one day Death shall come and say, "Rise to thy proper altitude," and we shall begin to grow and expand; and bursting all our cerements and every limit of humanity, we shall become greater than the angels are. I think it is Milton who pictures the spirits in Pandemonium as condensing themselves, so that multitudes of them could sit in a little space, and then at their own volition mounting up till they attained a prodigious height. So it is now. We are little spirits, but we shall grow and increase, and we know this because there is life in us—eternal life. Now, the life of twenty years develops itself into something vastly superior to what it was in childhood; and what will the eternal life be when that vitality within us shall make the littleness of our beginning seem as nothing at all, when our latter end shall have greatly increased?

Besides this, we feel that we must come to something better, because God is with us. We are quite certain that what we are, cannot be the end of God's design. When I see a block of marble half-chiselled, with just perhaps a hand peeping out from the rock, no man can make me believe that that is what the artist means it should be. And I know I am not what God would have me to be, because I feel yearnings and longings within myself to be infinitely better, infinitely holier and purer than I am now. And so it is with you; you are not what God means you to be; you have only just begun to be what he wants you to be. He will go on with his chisel of affliction, using wisdom and the graving-tool together, till by-and-bye it *shall* appear what you shall be for; you shall be like him, and you shall see him as he is. Oh! what comfort this is for our faith, that from the fact of our vitality, and the fact that God is at work with us, it is clear, and true, and certain, that our latter end shall be increased. I do not think that any man yet has ever got an idea of what a man is to be. We are only the chalk crayon, rough drawings of men, yet when we come to be filled up in eternity, we shall be marvellous pictures, and our latter end indeed shall be greatly increased.

And now, one other thought and I will turn to the last point. Christian! remember, for the encouragement of thy poor soul, that what thou art now is not the measure of thy safety; thy safety depends not upon what *thou* art, but on what Christ is. If the Rock of our salvation were within us, indeed the house would soon be overturned; but we live by what Christ is.

"What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
That Jesus is, who cannot fail or fall."

Till he can falter, my spirit need not tremble; till Jesus sing, till Jesus dies, till Jesus is overcome, till he is powerless with his God, till he ceases to be Divine, the soul that trusts him *must* be secure. Look not within thee for consolation, but look above, where Jesus pleads before the throne the efficacy of his once-offered blood, and if thou wilt look at thy own state, and then judge thine eternal standing by thine own feelings, or willings, or doings, thou wilt be an undone and

miserable wretch. Measure thyself by Jesus' doings, by Jesus' standing, by Jesus' acceptance, by the love of his heart, by the power of his arm, by the Divinity of his nature, by the constancy of his faithfulness, by the acceptance of his blood, by the prevalence of his plea; and so measuring, thy faith need never, never fear—

“ For should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the walls of nature break,
Our steadfast souls need fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.”

III. Now for our last point, namely, FOR THE QUICKENING OF OUR DILIGENCE.

It was never intended that the promises of God should make men idle; and when we tell them that their small beginnings shall doubtless come to glorious endings, we tell them this for their encouragement—not that they may sit still and do nothing, but that they may gird up the loins of their minds, confident of their success, to do all that lieth in them, God helping them. Men and brethren, there are many of you here, who, like myself, have to mourn over little beginnings. Let me say to you, be very diligent in the use of those means which God has appointed for your spiritual growth.

First, take heed to yourself that you obey the commandments which relate to the *ordinances* of Christ. Neglect not baptism. True, there is nothing saving in it, nothing meritorious; but baptism is a means of grace. There have been many who have found, like the eunuch, that when they have been baptised, they have gone on their way rejoicing—rejoicing as the effect of grace given when they have obeyed their Master.

Be careful, too, not to neglect that most blessed Supper of our Lord Jesus Christ. Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is, but let him be known to you in the breaking of bread, and in pouring forth of wine. Do this often in remembrance of him. Ah! I am speaking to some here to-day who love Jesus, but who have neglected his last dying injunction, “This do in remembrance of me;” and you have not grown in grace, and are still little in Israel, as you used to be. Do you wonder at it? You have neglected God's appointed means. “Oh,” saith one, “but I am a spiritual man; I do not need these carnal ordinances.” There is no man so carnal as he who calls God's ordinances carnal, and no man more spiritual than he who finds spiritual things best brought home to him by what others have ventured to call “beggary elements.” We do not know ourselves if we think we can dispense with these divine signs. Christ knew what was best for us. He has said, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and be baptized.” He would not have appended the last command if it were not important. He has bidden us also, as oft as we drink the cup, to do it in remembrance of him. He would not have commanded us that, if it were not for our benefit and for his glory.

But further, if thou wouldst get out of the littleness of thy beginnings, wait much upon the means of grace. Read much the Word of God alone. Seek out one who understandeth it well—a man whom God hath taught in it—and listen thou with reverence to the Word as it

is preached. Frequent sermons, but prayers most. Praying is the end of preaching. Make use of every means that lieth before thee. Be not like the fool, who calls the books of the old fathers "dead men's brains." What God spake to seers of old, what he spoke to mighty men who preached, is not to be thus despised. Read thou as thou canst, and learn as thou canst. Take care, too, that thou art not content with skimming over a page of Scripture; but seek to get the very marrow out of it. Be not as the butterfly, which flits from flower to flower, but rests nowhere; be thou as the bee, which enters the flower-bell, and sucks the honey and bears it off upon its heavily-laden-thigh. Rest not till thou hast fed on the Word; and thus shall thy little beginnings come to great endings.

Be much also in prayer. God's plants grow fastest in the warm atmosphere of the closet. The closet is the forcing-place for spiritual vegetation. He who would be well fed and grow strong, must exercise himself upon his knees. Of all training practice for spiritual battles, knee practice is the most healthy and strengthening. Note that, if thou forgettest aught besides.

And lastly, if thy beginning be but small, make the best use of the beginning that thou hast. Hast thou but one talent? Put it out at interest, and make two of it. Hast thou two? Seek to have them multiplied into four. Art thou a babe? If thou canst not walk, nor lift, nor carry, thou canst cry. Take care to cry right lustily. Art thou a child? Thou canst not climb; thou canst not as yet teach; but thou canst run. Take care to run in the ways of heavenly obedience. Art thou a young man? Thou canst not as yet give the reverend advice of hoary age; but be strong, and overcome the wicked one. Art thou an old man? Thou canst not now fight the battles of thy youth, nor lead the van in heroic deeds, but thou canst abide with the stuff, and guard those old doctrines which, like the heavy baggage of the army, must not be lost, lest the battle itself should go from us. Every man to his place and to his post. By thus diligently using what we have, we shall gain more. Rivers increase by their onward flow, flames by burning; sunlight increases by the sun's shining, lights by kindling other lights. And so do thou. Do thou grow rich by enriching others—rich by spending. Lengthen out thyself by cutting off the ends that thou canst spare from all thou hast, for it is the way to grow; by giving up that which was an excrescence thou shalt get that which shall be a real growth. Oh! use thyself, and God shall make use of thee; come out, and God shall lead thee forth. Be a man, and God shall make thee more than an angel; be an angel, and God shall make thee something more. He will make the better, holier, happier, greater. Oh! do this, and so shall thy latter end be joyous, thy peace shall be like a river, and thy righteousness like the waves of the sea.

Thus I have spoken this for the comfort of God's people—would that I could hope that all I have said belonged to all of you! but, ah! if it does not, may God convert you, may the new life be given to you! Oh! remember, if you are longing for it, the way of salvation is freely opened to you. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

God bless us now and for ever, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

The Rev. Stephen Small's Temptations; OR, THE STORY OF A BAPTIST PERVERT.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE BOON OF SLEEP.

IT may possibly be thought by some that the temptations of Mr. Small had now come to an end. As the pastor of a flourishing church, with a wife who sympathised with his views and with an amount of popularity and success calculated to gratify any ordinary minister, looking at the outside all seemed to be bright and fair. But all who know anything of church life will come to a different conclusion. As in business, in commercial pursuits, political organizations, or even in family life, there are certain to be differences of opinion, conflicts, offences given and the display of passions aroused that are by no means flattering to human nature or pleasing to God; so in the best of our Dissenting churches in the land, scenes are at times witnessed that grieve the hearts of all who seek their welfare. For twenty-eight years in the church at Swan-shore, Mr. Small had his share of these kind of burdens to bear, and to the glory of His divine Master be it said that he was able to bear them manfully, patiently, and in such a manner as served not only to obliterate his past defection, but also to win the confidence and esteem of other religious communities besides his own, and of men of no particular creed whatever.

But it is not on these things that I intend to dwell. They are so common that comment is almost unnecessary. The temptation that I shall endeavour to describe is of quite a different character to any such scenes, as it has sole relation to the Rev. Stephen Small himself, and the reader may rest assured that the picture is drawn from real life.

The somewhat sudden deaths of his wife and youngest daughter shortly after the celebration of his 28th anniversary as pastor of the church, left him with a son who was married and lived in the metropolis, and a daughter named Julia, who at the age of twenty-one years found herself installed as his housekeeper. This heavy loss saddened his heart greatly. It is true, as we have seen that Mrs. Small was not by any means a perfect woman. But that goes for nothing, knowing as we do that perfect women as well as perfect men are very rare. In justice to her let it however be said, that from the time she saw it to be her duty to rejoin Mr. Small after her father's lamentable suicide, with all her faults she proved herself to be a devoted wife, a loving mother, a splendid housekeeper, and one who tried in all respects to make her home as cheerful and bright

as possible for all who dwelt beneath its roof. His youngest daughter Dolly was in her nineteenth year, when her life terminated through a malignant fever. How much her father loved her no one could tell. Intelligent, fine looking, and in love with everything that was good, she had been looked upon as her father's pet; and she clung to him fervently. In a moment of consciousness just before she expired she turned her head towards him and said, "Kiss me, father," and then passed away. To be deprived of his daughter and wife within three months of each other was almost as much as he could bear, and pacing up and down his study-room now left so desolate, all he could do was to utter the wailing cry, "Lord help me!" and then sit down to his work to do it as best he could.

The reader will not be surprised to learn that after his hard work at Swanshore for so many years followed by these sore bereavements, that Mr. Small's turn came next, that he finally broke down as the result of "nervous overstrain," and for some weeks to the dismay of many hundreds of anxious people, hovered between life and death. So great was the strain upon the heart's action that he often feared overnight that he would not live till the morning. But "his times were in God's hand," and therefore he lived on and by degrees became convalescent.

But one thing tried him sorely, and that was his inability to get sufficient sleep. For nights, in spite of all that could be done to promote it, he would lie awake, listening to the beating of his heart and to the striking of the clock downstairs as the weary

hours passed by, and dreading lest the morning light should dawn and find him still unable to sink into dreamland, or into the better state of total unconsciousness. This told upon him, and people in pity began to wonder in what it would end.

People who can sleep the night throughout and rise in the morning both strengthened and refreshed, cannot be too thankful for the boon. It has well been called by the poet,

"Tired nature's sweet restorer
Balmy sleep."

And "sweet and balmy" it is indeed to the weary. Of the peasant's sleep the poet has well said:—

Sweet is the peasant's sleep,
Sweet it by toil he earns his bread,
He knows but half the care and
dread

Which agitate the rich man's mind,
And make him watch and weep.
But casting sorrow to the wind,
Sweet is the peasant's sleep.
And when the cheerful morn,
The watchful cock proclaims aloud,
Light fly his slumbers as a cloud,
Reflected by the noon-day sun,
On wings of light is borne.
No headache veils in mantle dun,
The peasant's happy morn.

But, unhappily for the human race, with all its groans, aches, pains and sorrows, the number cannot be counted who rarely know what it is to enjoy such sleep as this. They retire to bed but not to sleep. They shut out the light and are enshrouded in darkness. They close in vain their heavy eyelids. They turn over and over, first this side and then that, but all to no purpose. They rise with aching heads, and worse still, with aching hearts. With but little inclination to eat, feverish and exhausted, they com-

mence their daily round of tasks, getting through them as best they can, and though intensely longing for repose, yet forced to retire with but little hope of obtaining what they so sorely need. The victims of insomnia, alas! may be found among all classes of society, causing the sufferers often to feel that life is hardly worth living, death being in their view preferable to their present earthly existence. Cases might be quoted by the hundred, but by way of illustration we will merely give one.

On the table before me lies the life of Jane Welsh Carlyle, the brilliant, suffering, patient wife of that morose, but towering sceptical genius, Thomas Carlyle. No thoughtful person can read this book through without feeling sad to think that destiny should have brought these two ill-assorted natures together to share so many long years of unhappy wedded life. Both the victims of insomnia—she frequently in its worst and most painful forms—this is how on one occasion she describes her horrible sufferings. Giving certain dates, she says:—

“They must be comfortable people who think about going to heaven; my most constant and pressing desire is to keep out of Bedlam.” “What a sick day this has been with me. Oh! my mother, nobody sees when I am suffering now.” “Oh! to cure anyone of a terror of annihilation, just put him on my allowance of sleep, and see if he don’t get to long for sleep—sleep, unfathomable and everlasting sleep, as the only conceivable heaven. To get refreshing sleep, she takes

“a great dose of morphia,” and records that “she was thankful to get four hours of something like forgetfulness by that ‘questionable’ means.” Long before this we are informed that her nervous debility showed that “sleep was beginning to forsake her—three hours one night, forty minutes the next, and then none at all.” To a gifted woman, whose pessimistic creed swayed her more or less throughout her married life, such a state of existence must have been miserable indeed.

But Stephen Small had a better hope, knowing that if he could not sleep much on earth he would by-and-bye, not find death an eternal sleep, for while his body slept peacefully in the grave, his spirit would be in heaven, and thus he would “sleep in Jesus and be blessed.” But relief was coming to him on earth in a singular way. His doctor, very eminent as a medical man, one night sent him a powder that gave him a whole night’s refreshing sleep, and to his joy he woke up in the morning feeling himself to be a new man.

As the white powder was occasionally renewed he felt for the time being its powerful and soothing influence. In an ingenious way he managed to get from his doctor the name of the powders, and afterwards ascertaining that they were sold for the purpose of portability at all chemists shops in the shape of tabloids, he forthwith obtained bottles from time to time, and took three tabloids each night when retiring to rest, with what results the next chapter will show.

(To be continued.)

He that thinks much of himself is standing at a great distance from God. Out of self into Christ.

The Secret of the Lord.

BY HENRY COUSENS, LEYTON, ESSEX.

"The Secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, He will show them His covenant."—Psalm. xxv., 14.

IN Daniel ii. 28th verse we may read, "There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets," and in Proverbs iii. 32, "His secret is with the righteous." The possession of Godly fear is a very precious *heritage*, and one of the clearest evidences of any person being a partaker of the New Birth. A fine illustration of it is recorded in Gen. xxxix. 9, "How, then, can I do this great wickedness and sin against God." In Psalm iii. 10, we are taught, "That the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and an habitual fear of offending God *in any thing*, is a prominent part of His secret. *True spiritual religion is a grand secret, and a grand fact.* A great cloud of living witnesses will attest this from personal experience and daily observation.

The Secret of the Lord, which honour have all His saints, comprises so many branches, so to speak, that in view of the limited space allowed I can only name some parts, all of which are "special and particular," and bear the impress of the New Creation work of the Lord the Holy Ghost.

We might commence with the 1st verse of this xxv. Psalm, that contains a precious secret, and how many more secret utterances Divinely inspired are to be found in this one Psalm only, to which God's people will be prepared to add their AMEN? Let them search.

The special knowledge which the supernaturally regenerated have of God diverse from all other persons whatever, is a secret, also the knowledge concerning ourselves—the same of our estimation of sin, its nature, heinousness in the sight of God, its essential badness, dangerousness, ramifications, and results, especially if unrepented of in this world, and mercy and forgiveness not sought through the Lord Jesus Christ. Then by Divine illumination, our personal needs discovered, the outcome thereof, of prayer for relief, supply, strength, and help of all kinds; all those secret habits of soul before God, and communion with God, and comforts and consolations of the Gospel, are all *grand secrets*, and what shall we say about our inward conflict with sin, Satan, and the flesh, even to this day, and every day; and about the preciousness and suitability of Christ, and our desire to be personally interested in all He came to procure us the sweetness of the Scriptures, and about our expectations of heaven, where our hearts are already. These are *all secrets*, and He will show them His covenant.

By a covenant we understand an agreement or contract between two persons or parties, say, just for instance, it may relate to a house or lands, &c. The owner agrees to sell or lease, the purchaser agrees

to purchase or become tenant; on both sides there are *conditions enumerated*, few or many, but while the conditions are *performed* the covenant stands legally *intact*; if THE CONDITIONS are *not fulfilled*, of course the covenant is *broken*; but God has said, "My covenant shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." I take it that the promise in our text is applicable to the wondrous plan of redemption and salvation of myriads of guilty sinners by Jesus Christ, in accordance with Everlasting Covenant. See Heb. xiii. 20.

That the design to people heaven was agreed upon in the counsels of eternity by the Divine Persons in the Trinity, the Lord Jesus undertaking in the fulness of time to be made flesh, &c., for the purposes of redemption, and to make atonement, satisfy all claims of law and justice on behalf of His redeemed, *according to the everlasting covenant*, so that His marvellous Incarnation was according to His covenant, so of His spotless life and obedience, so of His sacrificial offering and ignominious death, so of His resurrection and ascension to heaven, so of the safe arrival of every one of His redeemed—the Lord will show them His covenant, by which I take it He will show them essentially and efficiently enough of His way of Salvation to result in their safe arrival by faith—some of them more elaborately—some less formally. We shall know more about it in the better country *definitely*.

READER—Strive to enter in at the straight gate, and read over Matthew vii. 13, 14, and 7th and 8th verses, both for a reason and encouragement to do so.

GOD'S PROMISES.

ALEXANDER commanded his treasurer to give Anaxarchus, the philosopher, whatsoever he demanded. Whereupon his treasurer brought him word that he craved an excessive sum, namely one hundred talents. The king replied, "The man doeth very well, knowing as he doth that he hath such a friend in as both can and will bestow so much upon him." And we may ask great things of the great God, being assured that He both can and will make good His promises. He will give like a God.

"WHOSE LAND THE RIVERS HAVE SPOILED."

We cannot enter into the full force of this expression, because the rivers in our country are so different from the rivers in Palestine. These torrents rush with violence from the mountains, and carry devastation before them. The rivers in our level country rather fertilise than destroy; but in that mountainous country they come down with such force, they spoil the land over which they rush. This is the figure the Spirit has used—"Whose land the rivers have spoiled." Has it not been so with the land in which you once so delighted? When you began to think about religion, you thought you would cultivate your heart, bring forth faith, hope and love, and all the fruits of the Spirit, by due attendance on the means of grace. But this land the rivers have spoiled. Look at your worldly schemes *now*—look at your heart, and the image it presents *now*. The once fancied fertile land—the mountains, rivers and torrents have flowed over it, and covered it with earth dirt and stones. Has it not been so?—*7. C. Philpot.*

Some Special Needs of the Age.

By J. MOUNTAIN,

Pastor of St. John's Road Free Church, Tunbridge Wells

EVERY age has its special needs; for thought, experience, conduct, and circumstances are ever changing. While evil is ever with us, its forms vary, or certain forms of it present themselves, at certain times, with special prominence. To meet these fresh advances by the devil, special grace and work are required.

First, as regards *doctrine*, we live in an age of decay, effeminacy, irresolution and invertebracy. I am not alluding to the conceit of what calls itself "the higher criticisms." I am referring to that spirit which has got amongst many evangelical Christians, whose motto would be expressed as follows:—"It does not matter much what we believe; and it does not matter at all to what denomination, or church, we belong."

This is a serious error, and it greatly weakens the testimony of Christians who fall under its influence. To such we would recommend a prayerful reading of the epistle to the Galatians. To such we would recommend a perusal of the records of our Free Church history. There they will see that it has only been by definite views, by dogged perseverance, by unflagging energy and by persistent unwavering testimony that error has been overcome, and that truth has triumphed.

Second, as regards the *spirit in which we are to carry on our Christian work*, it never was more important than now that we should maintain a spirit of love even towards those whom we are compelled to regard as, in some sense, our opponents. Whatever work we are engaged in, if that work cannot be carried on in the spirit of the Corinthians, and the thirteenth chapter, that work had better be left undone by us. Over and over again we are exhorted to love our brethren, and even to love our enemies. We cannot rightly work for God in an unloving spirit, nor can we have any influence upon our opponents except as we speak the truth *in love*."

I know how hard all this is. The controversies of our day—political, religious and educational—are bustling with strife; and as Christian men we are bound to take our due part in these questions. May the Lord so fill us with love that we may consider, speak, write and act in regard to them in the spirit of our Master, ever blending Christian affection with Christian fidelity and courage.

Third, as regards the *quality of our inner character*, do we not need a deeper spiritual life? It is astonishing how active a man may be and yet how little of real spirituality he may have. I know how difficult it is to define spirituality; but we all know what it is to feel the need

of it. Thank God, we all know what it is to have had times of special revival, when spiritual life has been deep and strong.

As Baptists, we should be taking the very lead in this matter. The sacred and solemn ordinance for which we have sacrificed so much, speaks in loud tones of our union with Christ, of our death and burial with Him, and of our rising to "newness of life." Our very existence is a protest against worldliness and in favour of spirituality. May God so pour out His gracious Spirit upon us, that in private and public prayer, in pastoral visitation and in public ministrations, the one great cry and effort may be for more of God amongst us and within us; that our victory over sin, through the power of Christ, may be more complete and uniform; and that the Lord may make us, as individual Christians and as a denomination, a greater power for Truth, Holiness, and Righteousness.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

BEGIN the day with God,
Kneel down to Him in prayer,
Lift up thy heart to His abode,
And pay thy worship there.

Go through the day with God,
Whate'er thy work may be;
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad—
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God,
Thy spirit heavenward raise,
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God,
Thy sins to Him confess,
Trust in the Saviour's precious blood,
Cleave to His righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,
Give Him thyself to keep,
Till thou the vale of death has trod,
Then calmly go to sleep.

THE LIGHT OF GLORY.

THE light of glory will be a complete commentary on the Bible, and loose all the hard and knotty questions in divinity. There is no joy on earth comparable to that which ariseth from the discovery of the truth; no discovery of truth comparable to the discovery of Scripture truth made by the Spirit of the Lord unto the soul. Yet it is but an imperfect discovery we have of it while here. How ravishing then will it be to see the opening of the whole treasure hid in that field!—*Boston.*

“It is the Voice of My Beloved.”

SOLOMON'S SONG.

JESUS shall be my theme
There is no other name
So charms my ear.
On Him my hope is staid,
My debt He freely paid,
And full atonement made;
No name's so dear.

In him I will rejoice,
I love to hear His voice.
Oft' when unsought,
He kindly says to me,
“Remember Calvary,
My Blood was shed for thee;
Forget it not.”

He is my heart's delight,
My chief joy day and night;
Bless'd be His name.
When earthly comforts flee
I hear Him say to me—
“Lo I am still with thee;
My love's the same.”

While life's prolonged to me,
Jesus my theme shall be;
I'll bless His name.
When I shall stand among
The ransomed blood bought throng,
The burden of my song
Shall be His name.

J. DORE.

THE ground of our comfort, the cause of our justification, is not the grace of faith, but the righteousness which is of God by faith; not the act of believing, but that grand and glorious object of a sinner's belief, the Lord our righteousness.—*Hervey*.

WHEN Paul was a Pharisee, he thought himself blameless; but when a Christian, he called himself the *chief* of sinners.

Hints for Teachers and Workers.

FAITHFUL PRAYER.

"Therefore, I say unto you, what things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."—MARK xi. 24.

INTRODUCTION.—We are thus encouraged to pray with faith. Mere words, however eloquently expressed or grammatically uttered, are altogether out of place, and will not be reckoned prayer. They will not procure a blessing, but he used them will go down to his place unjustified, like the Pharisee, who went into the temple, as he thought to pray.

1. *The Authority of Jesus Christ.* We are thus encouraged when we have as an authority the Words of a King. When he speaks we must listen to what he says, the Great King of Souls speaks in our text. We shall do well to give heed, for His position and authority give Him a claim to be heard. He speaks like a King—"Verily, I say."

2. *The Proper Spirit of Prayer.* Faith. There must be such a reliance in the Almighty's power and love and willingness to bestow His mercies, and such a consciousness of the power of prayer that we shall be inspired with a holy confidence as will cause us to realize the possession of the blessings even before they are actually received.

3. *The Assurance Promised.* Possession. We are promised an answer, if we have faith, the answer then, is conditional. It is not given to all that ask, but only those who ask aright. May our prayer be, therefore—"Lord increase our faith."

Application. Let us remember that we may enjoy a greater amount of happiness while here below than we do. We lose all by want of Faith. We lose our peace and joy and security and Salvation through our want of Faith.

Plymouth.

THOMAS HEATH.

REST.

How sweet the sound! It is melody to my ears! It lies as a reviving cordial at my heart, and from thence sends forth lively spirits, which beat through all the pulses of my soul! Rest! Not as the stone that rests on the earth, nor as this flesh shall rest in the grave, nor such a rest as the carnal world desires. O blessed rest! where we "rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!" where we shall rest from sin, but not from worship; from suffering and sorrow, but not from joy. O blessed day! when I shall rest in the bosom of my Lord! when I shall rest in knowing, loving, rejoicing, and praising! when my perfect soul and body shall together perfectly enjoy the most perfect God! when God, who is love itself, shall perfectly love me, and rest in His love to me, as I rest in my love to Him; and rejoice over me with joy, and joy over me with singing, as I shall rejoice in Him.—*Baxter.*

My Eleventh Hour.

A YOUNG man on his death-bed said to his doctor, "I have missed it—at last. I was awakened and was anxious about my soul a little time ago. But I did not want religion then. Something seemed to say to me, 'Don't postpone it.' I knew I ought not to do it. I knew I was a great sinner and needed a Saviour. I resolved, however, to dismiss the subject for the present, yet I could not get my own consent to do it until I had promised that I would take it up again at a time not remote, and more favourable. I bargained away, insulted, and grieved the Holy Spirit. I never thought of coming to this. I meant to have religion and make my salvation sure; and now I have missed it—at last." "You remember," said the doctor, "that there were some who came at the eleventh hour." "*My eleventh hour*," he rejoined, "was when I had the call of the Spirit. I have had none since—shall not have. I am given over to be lost." "Not lost," said the doctor, "you may yet be saved." "No, not saved; He tells me I may go my way now. I know it—I feel it here," laying his hand upon his heart. Then he burst out in despairing agony: "Oh, I have missed it! I have sold my soul for nothing—a feather—a straw—undone for ever." In agony and horror he again said, "Oh, I have missed it—at last!" and died. This is a sad case, but not a solitary one. There are thousands who allow their "eleventh hour" to pass; and they die without hope. The Devil's narcotic "*Not now*" lulls the conscience, and they sleep on, dreaming of having salvation in the future; but, alas! the dream is deceptive, for the soul is lost.

Felix had his "eleventh hour." Paul, in the presence of the King, speaks of "righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come." The Roman's guilty life—looked at in the light of the words spoken—becomes a terror and he trembles. The Spirit of God and conscience urge him to repent *now*, but the opiate, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for thee," is his ruin. The Divine call he rejects—at least, postpones; and, as a consequence, we never more hear of his asking for religious instruction. Paul is often called, but it is in hope of getting mercy from Him. Yea so hardened has Felix become that, "to shew the Jews a pleasure, he leaves Paul bound." The *incline* had been reached, and there was a hasting down the way of ruin.

Many of the young have had their "eleventh hour." Like the young man mentioned above, they have been subjects of deep religious

convictions—time after time warned, and time after time impressed. At some special season they have been more than ordinarily concerned when they have felt that they must *now* or *never* decide about Christ. But they have procrastinated, and fallen short of heaven.

Men full of vigour have had their "eleventh hour." They put off religion when young, promising to attend to it when settled in life. Did they do so? Conscience reminded them of the promise; and they were restless and uneasy. They admitted that religion was of the first importance; yet they had a "*but*," which was their ruin. Their words now are, "I have no time. My gains forbid religion; *but* I will have more leisure when old. Then I hope to have nothing else to do." Thus they sinned away their seasonable hour of grace, and the opportune time never returned.

It is really the "eleventh hour" with the aged. Their day is far spent, and they are only one hour from midnight. Sad it is when youth and manhood are given to the world, and, being old, still without Christ. Yet even then the uttermost of God can reach them. It is cause for gratitude that some of the aged repent and believe; but we fear the many die as they have lived. An old man one day taking a child on his knee entreated him to seek God *now*—to pray to Him and to love Him; when the child, looking up at him, asked, "But why do not *you* seek God?" Deeply moved, he answered, "I would, child, but my heart is *hard*—my heart is *hard*."

Let the reader remember, that whatever be his "eleventh hour," the Spirit strives sufficiently so as to make salvation possible. This is a solemn, but it is a true utterance. No Gospel hearer but has felt the uneasy feeling and the desire after good. This has been seen in the anxious look, in the tearful eye, and in the excited spirit. And had there been a willing response to these gracious Spirit voices there would have followed conversion and the blessing of eternal life.

Another solemn truth is, that none can perish without opposing the strivings of the Spirit. This we have from Stephen's words: "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, So do ye." (Acts vii. 51). Thus, there is resistance on the part of sinners. They fight against the Spirit's influences by carelessness, worldliness, ungodly associations. But there are limits. God says, "My Spirit shall not *always* strive with man" (Gen. vi. 3). The day of grace will have an end. It was so with the antediluvians in Noah's time, with the inhabitants of Jerusalem in Christ's time, and it will be so with all those that frustrate God's gracious purposes. Left to themselves, their case will become hopeless.

Reader, if you would improve your "eleventh hour," never fight with the Spirit. Harden not your heart, but seek to have it susceptible to gracious influences. Attend to God's Word. Repent of sin, and go to Christ at once for salvation. Do this TO-DAY; for says the Spirit, "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." (Heb. iv. 7).

A story is told of a certain king who lighted a lamp and had it hung in his palace. He sent heralds forth to bring every criminal and rebel to his presence, that they might obtain pardon. Those that came while the lamp burned were pardoned; those who delayed till

the lamp had gone out—neglecting the invitation—met with a terrible death.

“As long as life its term extends,
 Hopes blest dominions never ends;
 For while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The greatest sinner may return.”

Songs Over.

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

‘T WAS the voice of age as it passed along,
 Murmuring softly its evening song;
 For the daughters of music were hushed and low,
 And climbed not now where the high notes flow.
 Yet once that voice in the village choir,
 Could rise till no singer might warble higher.
 “But my days of song are passed,” she said,
 “And the lays of summer for ever fled.”
 O whisper not thou in thy wintry days,
 That thou canst not sing to thy Saviour’s praise.
 ’Tis true that the summer birds take their flight;
 But the robin sings when the snows are white:
 And thou, though hoary with winter’s frost,
 With many a sunny companion lost,
 Mayst sing thy song and the nearer come
 To the open door of the heavenly home.

’Twas the voice of grief, as of joy bereft,
 A sorrowing spirit its treasures left,
 Where many a treasure is safely kept,
 Where many a sorrowing heart has wept.
 The sun had gone down that made life once bright,
 And the shadows fell of a long, long, night.
 Never again would the mourner rejoice,
 And sing her songs with the loved ones voice.
 O whisper not so, though the spirit may grieve,
 Yet the sweetest songs are the songs of eve,
 And still when the shadows grow long and dark,
 There are songs at midnight for those who hark.
 And the birds that sing where the gardens bloom,
 Are the birds that sing o’er the silent tomb:
 While the gladsome bee finds her choicest store,
 On the graves, in the shade of the old church door

But I hear a voice that is sadder still,
 It is not the saint on life’s sloping hill,
 It is not the sigh of a mourner’s woe,
 ’Tis the wail of one who has fallen low:
 Who has wandered far in the evil way,

Who has sung the song of the wild and gay;
 But the heart has failed, with the prize unwon,
 And the songs of mirth are for ever gone.
 O whisper not so, for to mourn the wrong
 Will but tune thy voice for the pardon—song.
 The lark, from the valley may clear the skies,
 And thou from thy valley of sin may'st rise
 To sing in the beautiful heaven above,
 The unending song of forgiving love:
 As the prodigal sang at the festive board,
 The song of a wandering child restored.

Singer, O say, art thou singing the song
 That will last through life, should that life be long?
 O song that will swell with thy dying breath,
 And ring in the ears of approaching death?
 A song so long that eternity is day
 Will never hear ended that endless lay?
 O sad is their lot who will find at last
 That their days of song are for ever passed.

LIFE'S CARES.

“Fear not, for I have redeemed thee.”—Isa. xliii. 1.

LIFE is full of cares, beset with difficulties. What heart is there that has not some secret bitterness, some painful solicitude, of which it would gladly be relieved? It lies down with the man at night, it rises with him in the morning; it is a weight upon his spirit that subdues, if not consumes it, day by day. But beloved, however it be with others, it ought not to be so with you, that are Christ's. You have a refuge which others have not; you may take all to One, who says, I care for you; One that bids you come to Him, and let *Him* care instead of you. . . . O! be persuaded to try Him whether He will not be as good as His word. Trust Him with this day's anxieties; and, if it be for once only, see if he will fail your hope, though it be ever so faint and feeble. Oh, no, He has never failed them that seek Him. He has said, and He does as He says, “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”—*Francis Goode.*

Cling to the Mighty One,
 Cling in thy grief;
 Cling to the Holy One,
 He gives relief;
 Cling to the gracious One,
 Cling in thy pain;
 Cling to the faithful One,
 He will sustain.

ELECTION.

It was the wise remark of an old Christian woman, when some preachers near Olney, were discussing election,—“Ah, I have long settled that point; for if God had not chosen me before I was born, I am sure He would have seen nothing in me to have chosen me for afterwards.”

Reviews.

The Vision of the Cross. By Stanley Hope. A. H. Stockwell and Co., 17, Paternoster Row.

A charming sixpenny booklet, containing instructive illustrations of the Power of the Cross.

Part 9, volume 2, of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

A handsome gilt cloth case for binding vol. 1 may be had at all booksellers. Price 2s. nett, or 2 and 3 post-free. Part 9 of this unique work contains opening chapters by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, and deals with correspondence and letters in reference to the Love, Courtship, and Marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon, and gives the reader excellent likenesses of some who have gone to the Better Land: Pastor James Smith, Charles Waters Banks, James Wells, and as we look at them we are carried back to Mr. Spurgeon's earliest days at Park Street as described with faithfulness and power in this work, which grows in deeper and larger interest as we proceed in the History.

The Treasury of David. Part 35. This number completes "Commentary and Notes on the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm," and takes in as far as Psalm cxxii. We doubt if there is a work so comprehensive, instructive and informing, and so serviceable to all, as *The Treasury* contains on the sixth Psalm.

Great Thoughts for September, is, as usual, brimful of gems. The "Talk with Major Arthur Griffiths, by Raymond Beathwayt, on "Prison Discipline," is very valuable, as coming from one who knows. The illustrations, and "Chapters on Things which improved me in Rome; Her Gorgeous Churches," are very interesting. The likenesses and photographs of Dr. Faber and the Right

Rev. Samuel Crowther, will be very acceptable to the readers. "Helping Words" has good reading and illustrations of the Queen's Church at Crathie. "The Forbidden Reading" is very touching. *The Prize Reciter* is a good average number. Published at *Great Thoughts* Offices, Hutton Street, London.

The Quiver. Cassell and Co. London.

The September part will give very special pleasure to Kent and the hop-growing districts. The pictures and the conversation are very real. Same Historic Pulpits, by the author of the Queen's favourite hymns, the Pulpits commencing with Peden's Open-air Pulpit, and closing with Lady Huntingdon's Chapel. Both will have an awakening and abiding interest.

Inspirations on Fidelity. By James Sprunt. George Stoneman, 39, Warwick Lane.

An appeal and a defence of the verbal inspiration of the Word of God. We commend it.

Night and Day. By Dr. Barnardo.

The summer number is of special value. The account of the Thirty-Second Annual Meeting and photos of the speakers. We wish to direct attention to the paper headed "A Tremendous Failure." We trust the failure is only temporary, and that the appeal to free all the properties from monetary claims, and thus render Dr. Barnardo's work permanent will yet be responded to with success. We advise our readers to send for a copy of *The Rescue of the Waif*. Some notes on "My Life Work," by Dr. Barnardo. It is a touching story and beautifully illustrated, by the rescuer of 5,000 children. Price 3d.

We have received a Circular from J. B. Paton, advocating Evening

Schools and Social Institutes in the School-rooms of our Churches. Information may be obtained from the Secretaries of the Evening Schools' Association, 37, Norfolk Street, Strand.

The Protestant Alliance Official Organ and *The Catholic*, edited by Rev. Thomas Connellan.

We are thankful for these Watchmen on the walls, who answer the question, What of the night?

Summer and winter subscribers edition of *Within our Gates*, the

Spurgeon Orphanage Quarterly, contains description of the Burning of the Tabernacle, and views of the exterior and interior of the building after the fire.

The Boys' Own. Religious Tract Society. A combination of good stories and useful information, giving the boys something to read and something to do. Also a worthy paper with good illustrations on the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, by the editor, G. A. Hutchinson.

Books and Magazines which come too late will be noticed next month.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. J. H. Robinson, from Lea Mount Chapel, Halifax, to Oaks Church, Huddersfield.

Rev. W. G. Owen, from (Llifton) Corris, to Talsarnan and Rehoboth Churches, Merioneth.

Rev. W. Evans, from Nottingham College, to Ripley.

Rev. Llewellyn Williams, from Bolton, to Tabernacle at New Swindon.

Rev. J. Davis, late of Cullingworth, to Tabernacle, Brentwood.

Rev. W. Hogan, from Bristol College, to new church at Gloucester.

Rev. John Young, from Barnsley, to Saffron Walden.

Rev. T. G. Atkinson has resigned the pastorate at Sandhurst, Kent which he has held ten years.

Rev. Thomas Jones has resigned the pastorate of Queen-street Church, Woolwich, which he has held for over twenty years.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. E. M. Andrews has been recognised as pastor at Ramsbottom.

Revs. J. H. Atkinson and J. E. Roberts took part.

Rev. J. H. Millard, late of Wick, has been recognised pastor of Clydebank Church. Rev. John McLean, Glasgow, and Rev. Buchanan Blake,

B.D., Yoker Free Church, took part.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. E. H. Jackson, with an illuminated address and a purse containing thirty-two guineas from Northgate Church, Louth, on completing twenty-one years' ministry.

Rev. J. Wilson, gold watch and illuminated address, on completing twenty-one years' ministry at Woolwich Tabernacle.

Rev. A. C. G. Rendell, purse of twenty-two guineas from Long Buckby Church, on returning from his wedding tour.

NEW CHAPELS

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

Beulah Chapel, erected under the auspices of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, to the glory of God, and in memory of her beloved husband, C. H. Spurgeon, was opened on Wednesday, August 17th. The services commenced with a meeting for prayer and praise in the morning at eleven, conducted by Rev. J. S. Hockey (pastor). Among those taking part were Rev. Hugh Rodger, G. B. Richardson, Edward Compton, and J. W. Harrald.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon delivered an appropriate sermon, based on the third chapter 1st Epistle of St John,

fifth verse: "And ye know that He was manifested to take away our sins; and in Him is no sin."

Pastor Charles Spurgeon preached in the evening, and his text was the 89th Psalm, 15th verse: "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance; in Thy name shall they rejoice all the day, and in Thy righteousness shall they be exalted." That house in which they were met was, he said, for the glory of God, to the memory of His honoured servant, and as a monument of their principles as baptized believers.

The total thankofferings for the day amounted to £51 15s. 3d.

The new chapel in Florence-road, Preston-park, Brighton, the initiative in the erection of which was taken by the older Baptist churches in Brighton and Hove has been opened. Rev. E. G. Gange preached, and delivered an address at the evening meeting. Revs. J. S. Geale, H. Oakley, and D. Llewellyn (pastor) were among those who took part in the services.

WALES.

The Welsh Baptists of Ponkey, Ruabon, have resolved to build a new church at a cost of about £1,000. Another will be erected at Cefn Mawr at an estimated cost of £2,000. A piece of ground has also been secured at Johnstown (Ruabon), where another church will shortly be erected.

Foundation-stones of a new church in Alexandra-road, South Shore, Blackpool (Rev. W. Evans), have been laid. Rev. James Wayman took part in the ceremony. The building, when complete, will seat 650 worshippers. The secretary of the building fund said they purchased the land for £500, and it was now worth £2,500. The cost of the structure is estimated at £4,500, towards which about half has been subscribed. Mr. Evans said that was but the beginning of the movement in which they were going to garrison this coast. They intended

to have new chapels at South Shore North Shore, Revoc and one over the bridge.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WALES.

The annual summer tea meeting has been held at Henllan Baptist Chapel. The weather being fine, a large number of friends assembled. A goodly number came from Abergavenny. After tea, a public meeting was held, presided over by the pastor, J. N. Smith. Mr. Goulbourne offered prayer, and hymns were sung from sacred songs and solos. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. R. Lewis, D. F. Davies, J. D. Hamer, and Mr. Beveridge. The organ, which has only been placed in Henllan Chapel very recently, is of a very rich tone, and was supplied by Mr. S. King, organist of Bethany Baptist Church, Abergavenny.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

Services are now held—Sunday morning at the Conference Hall, Pastors' College, and at the Memorial Hall, Stockwell Orphanage.

The Evening Service is continued at Exeter Hall.

Contributions for Rebuilding Fund may be sent to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, or T. H. Oiney, Esq., Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.C.

BAPTISMS.

- Alnwick*.—August 14, one; August 21, one, by A. Kirk.
Abercarne.—August 14.—four, by C. Rees.
Aberdeen, Academy-street. — September 4, two, by A. S. Rigg.
Bardwell, Suffolk.—August 31, two, by G. F. Wall.
Bull Lane, Staff.—September 1, five, by H. Whetnall.
Beifont, Middlesex.—July 19, four by J. E. Johnson.
Blackwood, Mon.: Mount Pleasant. — August 14, two, by H. J. Harris.
Blaenau Ffestinog, Zion.—August 14, eleven, by M. Roberts.
Braintree, Essex.—August 21, one, by A. Curtis.
Caersws, Montgomeryshire.—August 28, two, by Rhys Davies.

Cardiff, Hope.—August 28, two, by T. W. Medhurst.
Cefnmaur: Ebenezer.—August 21, five, by W. O. Williams.
Cullompton.—August 14, one by J. L. Smith.
Cambridge, Mill-road.—August 23, two, by R. W. Ayres.
Derby: Junction-street.—August 21, six, by A. Hudgell.
Duffryn, Maesteg.—August 21, three, by T. Roberts.
Diss, Norfolk.—August 28, one, by J. Easter.
Farnworth, Bolton.—September 4, two, by W. Jenkins.
Glasgow: Cambridge-street. August 28, four, by E. Last.
Gelli Yohad, Rhondda Valley.—August 11, four, by G. Harris.
Halstead.—August 28, six, by A. B. Preston.
Hawick, N.B.—September 4, three, by J. W. Kemp.
Hebden Bridge, Waingate.—September 4, two by D. Lindsay.
Leeds, York-road.—August 28, one, by C. Riseborough.
Lerwick, N.B.—August 31, one, by H. Failey.
Longton, Staff.—August 28, one, by H. Whetnall.
Leeds.—August 28, six, by W. Walter.
Leeds: Hunslet, August 28, six, by A. E. Greening.
Malvern.—August 21, three by W. J. Povey.
Motherwell, N.B.—August 31, three; September 4, two, by J. Burns.
North Bradley.—September 4, nine, by C. Davis.

Pentze, Rhondda Valley: Zion.—August 21, five, by D. G. Morris.
South Leith, N.B.—September 4, one, by D. Tait
Sainthill.—August 21, one by J. L. Smith.
Southampton: Carlton.—August 28, Two, by N. T. J. Miller.
Seion Ponkey.—August 28, five, by E. Mitchell.
Walgrave, Northants.—August 24, twenty-one by S. W. Hughes.
Heydon Bois, Essex.—August 18, one by F. W. Woods.
Treherbert: Bethany.—August 14, twelve, by J. L. Williams.
Ryde, I.W.: George-street.—August 26, four, by E. Pearson.
Romsey.—August 14, four, by C. T. Johnson

LONDON DISTRICT.

Bromley-road Tabernacle.—August 21, two, by J. W. Davies.
Bow-road.—August 28, eleven by F. H. King.
Providence, Meyrick-road. Clapham Junction.—August 28, two, by R. E. Sears.
Ealing Dean, W.—August 28, six, by W. Gibbs.
East Plumstead.—August 14, four, by J. Seeley
Slough, Bucks.—September 1, four, by Theo. Cousens.
Shooter's Hill-road, S.E.—August 28, three, by W. L. Mackenzie.
Westbourne Grove.—August 28, two, by G. Freeman.
Walthamstow, Erskine-road.—August 31, one by R. H. Easty.

STRANGE, NEW SOUNDS.



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High Doctrine.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"And all things are of God."—2 Cor. v. 18.

I WOULD have you look on this text as being a summary of all the things which we have preached to you these years. It has been my endeavour, constantly and continually, to maintain that salvation is of God's good will, and not of man's free will; that man is nothing, and that Jesus Christ is both Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. And I think I may truly say, "Now of the things which we have spoken, this is the sum"—"all things are of God." And oh, my brethren, what a large summary it is! it contains words which grasp the compass of everything that your mind can think upon—"all things;" and it proclaims him to whom all things owe their being—"God." Grasp this total if you are able, "*All things!*" What is here omitted? Surely whatsoever the Christian can desire is to be found in those words "all things." But lest even that should not be comprehensive enough, our summary contains a still greater word, one which is supreme over all, inasmuch as all things spring from his loins, and yet he remaineth still the same, as full as ever. "All things are of God." If we be thirsty, here are streams that can never be exhausted. If we be hungry, surely here is bread enough and to spare. If we be poor, here are treasures and riches that are utterly inexhaustible, for here we have all things, and all things in God.

I shall hope this morning to do two things; first, *to lay down clearly and distinctly, the doctrine of this sentence*, and then secondly, *to shew the excellent practical tendency of such doctrine*.

I. To begin with THE DOCTRINE ITSELF:—"All things are of God." In enlarging upon that doctrine, I shall have need to sub-divide it, taking it first as to *what*, and then as to *how*, and then as to *why*.

"All things are of God!" *What* is meant here by the term "all things?" The reply is to be found in the context—all things of the new creation are of God. It is not necessary for us to remind you that all the things of the old creation are of God. None but the infidel will ever for a moment affirm, that there is anything which exists apart from the Creator. We believe that he hath laid the beams of his chambers in the waters, he hath spread out the heavens like a tent to dwell in, the isles have been created by his hand, and the winds still are, as they ever were, under his guidance and control; nothing is, and nothing shall be, but that which he ordains, determines, and

supports. Concerning the matter of the new creation, it is wonderful that there ever should have been any controversy. Do we call that man an infidel who should teach that some things of the old creation were of man? What name shall I give to the being who will dare to say that anything in the new creation of grace is of man? Surely if the first be an heresy, the second must be an heresy equally damnable, and perhaps more so. For the one doth but touch the external works of God, while the other thrusts its sacrilegious hand into the internal works of his grace, plucks the brightest jewel from his crown, and treads it in the dust. We hold, and ever must maintain, that all things, without exception, in the new creation, are of God, and of God alone.

"What things!" do you say again. We answer, all things that refer to the new nature—all things that refer to our new privileges and to our new actions—whatsoever things refer to the new nature are of God. The personal desire after Christ which is found in the sinner's contrite heart is of God. The first new hope which gilds the darkness of the poor benighted mind is of God. The first glimpse of new faith, when that man turns his eye to the Saviour, is of God. The first beginnings of divine love in the soul are of God. Leave men to themselves, and the corruption of their nature may fester, and rot, and breed the fungus of a vile imagination. But the life of God never yet sprung naturally from a dead heart. Whatsoever thing is good in its beginning, as well as in perfecting, "cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Some seem to teach, that man is to take the first step in salvation, and God will take the rest. No, sirs, if man can take the first, he can take the last, and take the whole. If man, dead in trespasses and sins, can quicken himself, he certainly can maintain the life of which he is himself the author. If man, corrupt, debased, and cast away from God, can say, unawakened by grace, "I will repent, I will change my ways and turn to God," and if he can carry out that resolution to himself, and by his own unaided mind, then there is no room for God in salvation at all. Let man have the whole if it, and let him have all the glory. But know thou my hearer, if thou hast but one good thought in thy heart it is of God; if there be a something which says to thee, "Arise and go to thy Father," that voice is God's voice. If thy bowels begin to yearn towards the Father, whom thou hast angered and aggrieved, and if thy feet desire to leave the mountains of sin and vanity, and to tread the right road, it is a Father's hand that draws thee, it is a Saviour's voice that sweetly impels thee to seek his face, for "All things are of God."

Everything moreover with regard to the new nature is of God, not merely as to its first implanting, but as to its subsequent outworking and full development. Has the believer strength—it is of God. Does he stand, and is he kept from falling—his standing is of God. Is he preserved in the midst of temptation true to his covenant, and does he stand in the day of trial firm to his Master—his integrity is of God. There is nothing in him by nature apart from God, which is not vile and deceitful. "In me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing."

If there be anything good in my nature, if I have been transformed by the renewing of my mind, if I am regenerate, if I have passed from death unto life, if I have been taken out of the family of Satan, and adopted into the family of God's dear son. and if I am now no more an heir of wrath, but a child of heaven, then all these things are of God, and in no sense, and in no degree whatever are they of myself.

Still further, as the new nature is of God, so the new privileges of the new nature are all of God; and what are these? Rich and precious assuredly they are. There is pardon, the washing away of all my sins, and who shall say that is not of God? There is the justification, the being robed with a snow-white garment, which shall make me meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light, and is not that of God? There is sanctification, which cuts out the very root of sin, and treads the old Adam-nature beneath the feet of the new-born babe in Christ; is not that of God? There is the privilege of adoption, which the Father has given to as many as believe on his only begotten Son, that they may have power to become the sons of God. O Lord, surely this adoption is of thee! There is communion, by which through Christ Jesus we have access by one Spirit unto the Father. But whoever dared to think of communion apart from the unspeakable grace of the Most High? I am sure, my brethren, you who have traced the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths of covenant mercies and covenant privileges, have never yet met with a single privilege which was not of God. You have walked the broad acres of God's rich grace, but you have not seen there a plant or a flower which was not of his sowing and his rearing. When you have gone into the treasure house, and have taken down those shoes of iron and of brass, and that helmet or proof, the sword of steel, when you have laid hold upon that crown of eternal life that fadeth not away, you have been constrained joyfully to confess that all these things are of God. You cannot imagine such a thing as a single boon of grace, a single gift of mercy, which is of yourselves and not of God.

Once again, to conclude this summary, all the actions of the new nature are of God. See yonder missionary, leaving house and home, and all the comforts of his native land, to go and do battle for Christ among a people who will scorn him, mistrust his motives, and repay his self-denial with persecution. Do you see him with his life in his hand venturing even unto death? That man, oppressed with fever incidental to the land in which he has come to live, as he lies on his bed, with a melancholy interval for reflection, never repents of the step which he has taken. He recovers strength enough to crawl out beneath a tree, and there he stands, and instead of recanting the vows he made of dedication to his Master, he confirms them yet afresh, by once more preaching the Word. He continues to labour until worn out, he commits his body to the earth far from his fatherland and the homestead of his native land, a witness against the unbelievers, that God hath sent the Gospel to them. Shall we applaud the man? Shall we with clamorous songs sing his praise? Let us give him his meed of tribute; he hath done valiantly. But let us re-

member that everything in him that was good, was of God. He would have been idle and indifferent and careless to the souls of men had not God made him what he was. Does the martyr burn at the stake? Does the confessor lie and rot in the dungeon? Does the heroic child of God do battle against the current of his times, and seem to stem the flood with his own strong arm? Are Christians prepared to suffer contumely and scorn, and rebuke and reproof, for Jesus' sake? Surely all these things are of God. Is there a Christian munificent, generous, thoughtful of the woes of others? Is there another mighty in prayer and diligent in service? Can you meet with a third who lives so near to Christ that his face seems to shine with the lustre of Jesus' love—all these things are of God. Set down no virtue to man. Good things are exotics in the human heart. They are not like the weeds which spring up naturally in such poor soil as human hearts are made of, but they are rare choice flowers brought down of the Spirit's hand from above and then planted in this unkindly soil. Oh! let us ever know that anything that we can ever do, or feel, or think that is right, is of God. My brethren, discard for ever with detestation and abhorrence any doctrine which would lead you to think that any work, or grace, anything just, pure, lovely, or of good report, *in man*, is *of man* himself. Depend upon it, though it come to you in the garb of earnestness, and paint its cheeks, and look fair enough to you, it is the harlot of Popery in another dress. Only let such doctrine be pushed to its fair conclusion, and you come at once to salvation by works. Ever stand by the good old Calvinistic banner, the banner which Augustine waved of old, and which Paul handed down to us direct from our master, Jesus; and hold, believe, and affirm, never swerving from it, that all things in the new creation are of God.

2. But the second division of the doctrine was to be *How!* How and in what respect are all things of God? All things in the new creation are of God in the planning. God from before all worlds planned the new creation with as much exactitude and wisdom as he did the old. There are some men who seem to think that God does his work bit by bit: altering and making additions as he goes on. They cannot believe that God had a plan; they believe that the most ordinary architect on earth has prefigured to himself some idea of what he meant to build, though it were but a mud cottage, but the Most High God, who created the heavens and the earth, when he says, "Behold, I make a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness," hath no plan but what is left to the caprice of manhood; he is to have no decrees, no purposes, no determinations, but men are to do as they will, and so virtually man is to usurp the place of God, and God is to become the dependent of man. Nay, my brethren, in all the work of salvation, God is the sole and supreme designer. He planned the time *when*, and the manner *how*, each of his people should be brought to himself; he did not leave the number of his saved ones to chance, or to what was worse than chance—to the depraved will of man; he did not leave the choice of the persons to mere accident, but on the stones of the eternal breastplate of the great High Priest he engraved the names of those he chose. He did

not leese so much as one tent-peg, one single line or yard of canvas to be afterwards arranged; the whole of the tabernacle was given by pattern in the holy mount. In the building of the temple of grace every stone was squared and chiselled in the eternal decree, its place ordained and settled, nor shall that stone be dug from its quarry till the hour ordained, nor shall it be placed in any other position than that which God, after the counsel of his own will hath ordained. Everything in the new creation is of God in the planning.

Alas for us, however, if God had simply planned and left the execution to us! Everything in the new creation is of God in the purchase, and of God in the procuring. One price hath bought his people: that price—the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. Who contributed so much as a mite to that wealth of treasure which bought our souls? Did he not tread the winepress alone? Had his people a part in enduring the load, the intolerable load of guilt that overwhelmed our suffering Lord, when he his own self bare our sins in his body on the tree? What arm helped him, or what other foot but his did tread the foeman down? Nay, O Lord! thou has redeemed us by thy blood; we have not contributed thereto; thou art Alpha and Omega in this; and unto thee be all the honour.

And as it was of God in the planning, and of God in the purchasing, so it is all of God in the applying and bringing of it home to each individual conscience. The cross of Christ is not put up there merely for every man to look at, and then left to chance as to whether men will look or no. There stands the cross free to every soul that lives, but, nevertheless, God has determined that it shall not be neglected. There is a number that no man can number, who shall by all-constraining grace be brought to clasp that cross as the hope of their souls. Jesus shall not die in vain, and that because God will make men willing in the day of his power. They are hardened; he can break their hearts: they are stubborn; he can bend their knees: they will not come; but he can make them come. He hath a key that can wind up the human heart, and make it run at his pleasure. Think not that man is an independent being, so free that God cannot control him; that were to make man God, deify humanity, and undefy the Godhead. Man is free to be responsible, but he is not free from a perpetual bias and inclination to evil. But man is subject to the restraint or the constraint of God. If he doeth right, then it is God's constraint, and not his free-will. When he doeth wrong, God hath left him to himself; but as sure as ever he doeth good, it is because a Master-hand hath got him now. Man by nature is as a wild horse dashing yonder to the precipice; if he be restrained in his course and turn thitherward away from danger, it is because he hath a mighty rider, and one that knows how to pull the bit and guide him as he pleases; and though he kick and plunge, and long to turn away, his rider can pull him up upon his very haunches, and turn him round, and make him go as He wills, and lead him as He pleases. In this matter is it true that all the bringing home of the gospel to the soul of man is of God.

Nor is this all. The works of the new creation are of God, not only in the planning, procuring, and applying, but in the maintaining of

them. Leave the Christian to himself to maintain the grace already begun, and he is gone. The candle is alight, but the devil's breath would blow it out. The gas is burning—cut the connection between it and the great gasometer, and the light is quenched. The Christian lives, but it is because Christ lives, and because he is one with Christ. O Lord, if thou shouldst cease to send forth the streams of thy grace, thy glorious Church, with all her beauty, must be as a fading flower; all her strength would be fainting weakness, and she herself, though she be as a tower in her glory, must crumble down to the very earth, and lie with the base stones of the valley. All is of grace then, and all of God, in the maintaining.

Still more must it be all of grace in the completing. When you and I shall go up the celestial hills to the gates of Paradise, those last steps shall be of God as much as the first steps. And when we shall stand upon the golden streets, and wear the white robe, I am sure we shall not have a word to sing about free-will, or about self, but our cry will be, "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood"—unto him be all the glory for ever. Men may hold what doctrine they like on earth; they cannot hold any doctrine in heaven but that of free, rich, and sovereign grace. The song never was divided yet, and it never will be. There shall be no selfishness to mar its melody, but every heart shall send forth the same melodious notes of music, and every tongue shall mingle in the same undivided song—"Thou hast done it; O Lord, thou hast done it—

'Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.'

8. My third point upon the doctrine was to be the "*Why*" Why is it that "all things are of God?" How can we clearly see this? I shall use no arguments but such as would be manifest and palpable to us all.

Everything in grace must be of God, because we are quite clear there cannot be anything of man. Man is in such a position that there can be nothing of him. Lazarus was laying a corpse in his tomb; he comes forth quickened; the grave clothes are taken from him; he lives, he breathes; do you tell me that his resurrection was in part owing to himself? Well, sir, your mind must be strangely deluded indeed. What could that dead man do towards his own resurrection? Surely it must be a fact in philosophy which might strike every rational man, that that which does not exist, cannot put itself into existence. And so my new nature which did not exist before God gave it to me, could not bring itself into being. And yet you say a dead man makes himself alive, or at least does something towards it. Oh, sir, you cannot mean it; you cannot mean it. To reason with you were ridiculous. You must feel that if a man be dead there is nothing he can do; it must be a work of some superior power that can give him life. So with the sinner dead in sin, what *can* that sinner do? Unless the Scripture be an exaggeration, unless you are prepared to cast overboard that passage where we are spoken of as being dead in trespasses and sins, I cannot see how you can dream that man

is capable of doing anything in the work of grace. He may work when God sets him working, and he will; he may move when God gives him power to move, and move he will then with joyful alacrity, but till then—

“How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load,
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.”

Till the stone shall of itself fly upwards towards the sun, till the sea shall of itself beget fire, and until fire shall by its own nature distil the shower from its own bowels, then and not till then shall depraved humanity breathe the goodness within itself. It must be grace; it must be grace alone.

Let me give you another reason why we are quite sure that all things in the work of grace are of God. It is expressly told us that every good gift, and every perfect gift, cometh from above. Now, that word “every” is very comprehensive; it does not exclude a single case. Is there any good gift? I am not told that some good gifts, and some perfect gifts are from above, but every one; and I am quite sure this rule must apply to any good gift you have—any good gift in fact, that is in the heart of any man living upon the face of the earth. God were only in part the Father of lights, if there were light stream-from somewhere else; God were only in part the world’s benefactor, if there were other fountains out of which the world could draw, and other helpers who could raise up souls to heaven.

Yet again, we are quite certain that all things are of God, because all the glory is God’s. Now, if all the *glory* be God’s it stands to reason that the *work* must have been his; for where the work is, there must be the merit. If man hath done it, man can claim the honour. If I have been my own Saviour, I will claim the honour and the dignity; and nothing but superior force can wrest from me the glory which I deserve. But if God hath done it, and if I must feel that I have been passive in his hands until he made me active, then must I lay all my honours at his feet, and crown him Lord of all. I am quite certain we do not differ here about God’s having all the honour, and yet if we should differ about his doing all the work, we might have fair ground on which to dispute his right to take all the glory.

Oh, men and brethren, if I want argument, your own experience shall bear witness. You as Christians are compelled to feel—“Thou hast wrought all our works in us.” You can say, “We are his workmanship, created of God in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.” Set it down then for a certainty—I have tried to explain it as best I can—“All things are of God.” Grasp every mercy of the covenant, and every blessing of grace, but say that all things in all senses, are wholly and entirely of God, the great giver of all.

II. And now I am proposing in the second part of my subject, briefly, to show THE EXCELLENT TENDENCIES OF THIS DOCTRINE.

There is one thing about the doctrines of the gospel which to my mind always commends them, they always enlist the attention of men, and rouse them to think. If you hear a sermon in which God’s grace

is magnified, you are perhaps offended; you are angry because the doctrinal sentiments are not in keeping with your own carnal pride. For you to be angry is one of the healthiest things that can happen to you. Do not imagine that the sermon has been wasted when it has made you vexed: conceive not that it has been lost upon you when it has made you angry with it. Perhaps there was but that joint of the harness through which the arrow could reach you, namely, your own anger against the truth. I have known many who have frankly confessed, that after they have been to this place, they felt disturbed; they could not sleep. They hated the preacher, and they hated the subject, yet, in about a month's time, they felt they must come again; they disliked it so much they were compelled to hear again of this matter. They could not quite see it, in fact, they would not; they would still hold to their own opinion, but they said within themselves, "I never thought so much about religion in all my life." There is a something in these doctrines that drives right into the soul of man. Other forms of doctrine run off like oil down a slab of marble, but this chisels them, cuts into the very quick. They cannot help feeling there is something here, which if they kick against, it has nevertheless force, and they must ask themselves, "Is the thing true or not?" They cannot be content with huffing it, and making themselves easy; it takes hold of their thinking powers, and wakes them up to enquiry whether these things are so or not. And it is remarkable that wherever the doctrine, that salvation is of God, and God alone, has been revived; it has always happened that God has sent a revival of true religion. To give you a practical illustration—on the Continent I have been informed, by many who have had good reason to judge, that the Lutheran church is to a very great extent, fallen from its faith, and becoming Unitarian or Neological and the like, but the Calvinistic churches never,—there they stand just the same. There is a salt in these doctrines which preserves truth; there is a savouriness and pungency about them which keeps the constitution of men right. It is a great big sheet anchor; it may seem cumbrous, and in these modern times it may be said to be rather rusty, but in days of storm, that great big bower anchor will have to be thrown out into the sea again. The more I preach the more am I concerned not to give a double testimony about this matter, but to lay it down clearly and distinctly, that salvation is of God; that all things in fact, in the new creation of grace, are of God, and God alone.

And oh! what enthusiasm these truths will stir up in the minds of those who believe them. I have heard them preached by simple, uneducated, unlearned men, and the congregations have been bathed in tears. There has been no stolidness upon the countenances of the hearers. They have heard as if they were hearing the very Word of God and felt the power of it. I have preached during this week in the simplest manner I could these truths to somewhere about twenty or thirty thousand Welsh people in one congregation, and such a sight I never saw, when all as one man they kept crying out, "Aha! Amen! Amen—Gogoniant!" the whole sermon through, carried away with enthusiasm because they heard again the good old truths that Christmas Evans used to thunder out to them, and which the Welsh

still hold intact, even though the English may choose to reject and scorn them. There is something in them that would nerve men on to do mighty deeds. Cromwell's sword was so sharp and his arm so strong, because he knew the Lord of hosts and trusted in his mighty power, and believed in God's overcoming grace. This made the Ironsides invincible; there were never such men as they. The Calvinist's arm is always strong; he that is of God and knows not man, he who looks to God's purpose and grace and gives him all the glory, is not a man to bow before a tyrant, or to lick the feet of any being. He knows himself chosen of God, and he stands upright, and yet while standing he is full of a fire, of an enthusiasm that makes him work, and compels him to serve the cause of God and truth.

That, however, perhaps, is but by-the-bye. I have other tendencies to mention concerning this doctrine. The fact that conversion and salvation are of God, is an humbling truth. It is because of its humbling character that men do not like it. To be told that God must save me if I am saved, and that I am in his hand, as clay is in the hands of the potter, "I do not like it," saith one. Well, I thought you would not; whoever dreamed you would? If you had liked it, perhaps it had not been true; your not liking it is an indirect evidence of its truthfulness. To be told that "he must work all my works in me," who can bring me so low as that? Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? the law of works? No, by the law of grace. Grace puts its hand on their boasting mouth, and shuts it once for all; and then it takes its hand off from the mouth, and that mouth now does not fear to speak to man, though it trembles at the very thought of taking any honour and glory from God. I must say—I am compelled to say—that the doctrine which leaves salvation to the creature, and tells him that it depends upon himself, is the exaltation of the flesh, and a dishonouring of God. But that which puts in God's hand man, fallen man, and tells man that though he has destroyed himself, yet his salvation must be of God, that doctrine humbles man in the very dust, and then he is just in the right place to receive the grace and mercy of God. It is a humbling doctrine.

Again, this doctrine gives the death-blow to all self-sufficiency. What the Arminian wants to do is to arouse man's activity; what we want to do is to kill it once for all, to show him that he is lost and ruined, and that his activities are not now at all equal to the work of conversion; that he must look upward. *They* seek to make the man stand up; *we* seek to bring him down, and make him feel that there he lies in the hand of God, and that his business is to submit himself to God, and cry aloud, "Lord, save, or we perish." We hold that man is never so near grace as when he begins to feel that he can do nothing at all. When he says, "I can pray, I can believe, I can do this, and I can do the other," marks of self-sufficiency and arrogance are on his brow. But when he comes to his knees and cries,—

"Oh for this no strength have I,
My strength is at thy feet to lie,"

then we think that God has blessed him, and that the work of grace is in his soul. O sinner! think not that thy own unaided arm can get the victory. Cry unto God, and beg him to take your soul in

hand, for you cannot be saved unless he doth it for you. Bless him for the promise which says, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Oh! cry to him, "Lord, draw me by thy grace, that I may run after thee; work all my works in me, and bring me to thyself and save me!" Not to yourself do we bid you look, nor to your prayers, nor to your faith, but to Christ and to his cross, and to that God who is "able to save unto the uttermost them that cometh unto God by him."

And there is in this doctrine some consolation for the troubled heart. If all things be of God, my soul, let not thy spirit be ruffled and affrighted by the tempest. "All things are of God;" if there were one thing of me, I were a lost man. If you were about to build a great bridge, and would let me have the placing of one stone, you shall build it as you please, and it will fall. Let me have the management of the keystone, and I will undertake that it shall not stand. So if in the work of salvation there is one thing left dependent upon myself, it must all fall; but if everything be guaranteed and settled by Eternal *wills* and *shalls*, then it stands fast and rests secure. Oh! joyous thought to the Christian, his soul is safe, he has given himself up into Christ's hand to be kept, and now the keeping rests with Christ, he has surrendered himself to his Lord and Master to be preserved, and now he knows that come what may, Christ is his buckler and his shield, and nothing will hurt him, because Jesus keeps daily watch and ward, and will preserve him safely to the end. I do not know where our Arminian brethren get their consolation from. I know, if I believed their doctrine, I should be driven to distraction; but believing as I do, that those whom God begins to save, he will completely save, and that there is not a single stone in the entire building that can ever fail or give way, my soul can sing,

"This covenant stands secure,
Though earth's old columns bow;
The strong, the feeble, and the weak
Are one in Jesus now."

I have one more thing to say about this doctrine. It encourages the sinner. Sinner, sinner! come to Jesus! "for all things are of God." You are naked; the robe in which you shall be dressed is of God. You are filthy; the washing is of God. Come, and be washed. But you are unworthy; your worthiness must be of God. Come as you are, and he will cleanse you. You are guilty; your pardon is of God. Come to him, and his pardon shall be freely given. But you say, you are hard-hearted; a new heart is of God. Come to him; he will give you the heart of flesh, and take away the heart of stone. But, you say, "I cannot pray as I would." True prayer is of God; he will pour out upon you the spirit of supplication. But you say, my very coming must be of God. Ay, blessed be God for that. And, therefore, if now you feel something saying to you, "Let me go and trust in Christ," that is of God. Oh! come with cheerfulness! for there is nothing wanted of you, everything is of God. Is your heart barren? Fruitfulness is of God. Is your heart stubborn? Obedience is of God. Can you not repent? He is exalted on high to give repentance. Repentance is of God. Do you say, "I cannot believe?"

his of God; it is one of his unspeakable gifts. But do you say, am afraid I shall not be able to persevere? Perseverance is of God. All you are bidden to do is simply to be a receiver. Come with your empty pitcher, and hold it now to the flowing fountain; come with your empty lap, and receive the golden store; come with a hungry mouth to feed, and with thirsty lips to drink. You are asked to do nothing; you are asked to be nothing. Cease from thyself, O man, and begin with God. Leave off now to do, and feel, and be, and come and trust in him who did, and was, and felt for you; and then afterwards, being saved, you shall begin to be, and to feel, and to act, through a new energy, leading to a new life. To live to Christ you must first die to yourself. Every hope of mortal nurture must be killed before you can receive a divine hope within you. Come, bruised and mangled, crushed and broken, come and take Christ to be your all in all; and if thou canst not stretch out thine hand of thyself, as indeed thou canst not—I speak in my Master's name, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, by his Spirit's power, believe. It is the duty of God's servants not only to exhort, but with divine authority to command. Man with the withered hand! in the name of Jesus, stretch out thine hand. Thou who hast never believed or repented! "God commandeth all men everywhere to repent." Dost thou receive the command? The power goes with it. Art thou willing to obey it? That will is God's gift: the power is with the will. Believe Christ; trust Christ; take him to be everything, and you are saved; your sins are washed away; you are an heir of paradise, and you may rejoice. Clap your wings ye angels; tune your harps anew ye seraphs, ye redeemed! louder, louder, let your strains of music rise toward heaven. O ye cherubim and seraphim! sing loud unto his name, of whom, and to whom, and by whom are all things, unto whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

A MAN should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

ST. PAUL said that God had appointed the bounds of men's habitations that they might seek after Him. This implies that to find Him was possible.—*N. McLeod.*

THE way through the Red Sea was safe enough for Israel, but not for Pharaoh; he had no business to go that way; it was a private road that God had opened for His own family.—*Welsh Preacher.*

THERE are only three passages in the Bible which declare what God is although there are thousands that speak about Him. "And what, are they?" "God is a Spirit." "God is Light." "God is Love."

GENERAL SHERMAN, the great American Army leader, once made a little speech to school children, and in it he said "You may think children, when you read about us war men, we like battles and fighting. It isn't so. Most of us hate it. So far as I am concerned I have been engaged in wars, and with business connected with war for forty years, and I hate it with a deep and growing hatred."

The Rev. Stephen Small's Temptations;

OR, THE STORY OF A BAPTIST PERVERT.

CHAPTER IX.—BANEFUL, TABLOID FRUIT.

“**N**OW, who is the gentleman you wish me to see, Mrs. Matewell?” This question was put to Mrs. Matewell in Strawberry House by an eminent medical man, as he entered to see a patient.

“He is my uncle, sir, the Rev. Stephen Small, late of Swanshore. Perhaps you know him, sir?”

“I regret to say that I do not, ma'am. The claims made upon my time even on Sundays are so numerous that I rarely have the opportunity afforded me of crossing the doors of either church or chapel. I hope that frank admission will not, Mrs. Matewell, make you look upon me as a veritable heathen?”

“No, doctor, we will not do that, specially when we think how many are heathens that *do* go.”

“Capital, Mrs. Matewell; that's encouraging for me! It makes me hope that I may not be so bad after all. But, if you please, we must now come to business, as I have an unusual number of calls to make this morning. What about your uncle? Is he very sadly?”

“This is how the matter stands, doctor. About a week ago he came on a visit to us, as he has often done before, but so altered. That he was very weak we could tell, but he did not appear to be the same uncle we have known from our childhood. He used to

be bright, sparkling, full of fun, and there was no holding him in. Oh, the merry hours we have had together with him; I can never forget them. But now all is changed. He will rarely speak but in monosyllables. Declines to enter into conversation. Has a vacant stare when you talk to him, as if he can hardly comprehend what you are saying. Suffers much from loss of memory. Will not answer his numerous letters, sometimes not even open them, or pay any heed whatever to them. A great reader once, he will scarcely touch a book or a newspaper now. Prefers lying in bed to walking with me in the garden, and seems to be fast becoming incapable of attending to his own personal needs. But, worst of all, in the middle of last night we were alarmed by a heavy fall in his bed room and knew not what to make of it. On entering with a candle, Will, my husband, found that in getting out of bed in the dark to reach something he had had this ugly fall, and we are afraid it may have been either a stroke or a fit; we thought therefore, Dr. Cobden, that it was time you were sent for.”

“I think so too. Shall I go up now, ma'am?”

“Yes, sir. Will, will you please show the doctor up to see uncle?”

As they entered the room, with

intuitive perception the patient cast his eyes upon the medical man and said briefly, "You are a doctor!"

"I am—will you kindly allow me to examine you?"

"Certainly, sir."

A thorough examination took place accordingly. And apparently the doctor was satisfied. He then put a few questions.

"Are you comfortable, Mr. Small?"

"Yes, sir, very. They are all very kind to me."

"Then you like lying in bed, do you?"

"I do, sir. I spend most of my time in it."

"And why do you do that, my friend?"

"Because I feel so weak, sir; and all my old powers seem to be failing me. In fact I don't care how soon its ended and I am called Home."

"Well, wait patiently, it will be all right," said the kind-hearted doctor with a slight tremour in his voice. "Now go to sleep, if you can. Good-bye!"

On reaching the room below, he was met by Mrs. Matewell, who naturally enough wished to know what the family doctor thought of him. "Isn't he patient and submissive?" asked the good lady.

"Very," said the doctor with a smile and rather drily. "Indeed, I wish he were not so patient."

"Why do you say that, doctor. Is it the result of his illness?"

"It is, Mrs. Matewell."

"Has he had a fit or stroke, sir?"

"No, neither. To be plain with you and your husband, I must tell you that unless it is checked, the greatest calamity is likely to

fall upon him that can ever curse an intelligent man. He has no disease about him whatever, but his brain is beginning to soften."

"Oh, doctor, you don't really mean that!"

"I do Mrs. Matewell, and the sooner you get him back to his own home the better. But before I go I must ask one question. Is he in the habit of taking a sleeping drug when going to bed?"

"He is, sir."

"I thought as much, pray what is it?"

"Here is the bottle, sir, half-full of tabloids."

The doctor startled visibly. "Ah! Here is the root of the evil. One more of these horrible results of this broadly cast professed sleeping friend but real foe. Do you know, Mrs. Matewell, I have a lady now among my patients who will habitually persist in taking this very drug, and increasing it, and the result will be that, in spite of all my warnings, she will ultimately become a perfect wreck in mind and body?"

"But the label on the bottle says they are harmless: Mr. Small says so too, and numbers of doctors have also given certificates to the same effect."

"I know all about that but cannot stop to argue it now. The best advice I can give you is—send him home at once and let his own doctor know all about him. The sooner the better. But, by-the-way, how long has he taken them?"

"A little over three years, sir."

"In what quantities nightly, do you know?"

"He tells us he began with three tabloids, then increased them to four, and lately to five. But we

are afraid, from what we have seen, that unconsciously to himself he has increased the latter quantity while here."

"Just so. That's how the thing goes on. Why, the man has taken enough to infect his whole system. It is the nature of these baneful drugs to remain in the body when the disease is subdued or cured, and then the remedy is found, when too late, to be worse than the disease itself. At his age, if he even breaks them off gradually, I am afraid he will have a terrible battle to fight. But it must be that, or insanity, or death, and perhaps both. Good morning!"

"Good morning," doctor.

Things had now assumed a serious aspect. Immediate and effective steps were accordingly taken to get the patient home. Arrived there in safety, he seemed to be very pleased to find himself in his own house, and bed. Dr. Hunter, having been previously sent for, then came in.

Having been made acquainted with Dr. Cobden's views, on examination, he concurred with them. Then, in a light tone, he said, "I suppose, Mr. Small, you are still taking those tabloids every night?"

"I am, sir."

"How many do you take?"

"Five sir."

"Well, cannot you take four?"

"I could, sir, but I shouldn't sleep so well. I'd rather have five."

"Very well, then, take five to-night, and go on with them."

"Oh! thank you, sir. I thought you would take that view of my case, seeing I'm so weak, and need sleep and as much rest as I can get."

"Now, Julia," said the doctor

to Miss Small, when out of the patient's hearing, "we must act with a little guile. Do you know that these tabloids are softening your father's brain, and to them is to be attributed all this mischief?"

"I did not, doctor."

"Well, alas! it is so; and they must be reduced and ultimately abolished, but you must help me in doing it. I have hitherto warned him in vain against increasing the dose which, for a most beneficent temporary purpose, I originally gave him. But increase it he would, thinking it, of course, to be both harmless and helpful. But we must not be mastered now, for it is a question of permanent imbecility, and finally premature death. You will please give him the five tabloids to-night, and tomorrow I will send you a number of imitation tabloids very harmless indeed, and yet useful. These you must put with three of the original ones, and be sure and let him see that you give him five altogether. When he has become accustomed to three you must put three of mine and two of the original ones, and then one; and by that time I hope he will be able to see the propriety of taking none at all. Do you see?"

"I do sir, and I will do it. But you will look in again, sir, will you not?"

"Oh yes, rest assured I will look well after him. He will need it," said the doctor, impressively.

"Julia," said Mr. Small, a few days afterwards, "I don't seem to sleep so well as I did. Do you give me five tabloids?"

"Yes, every night, father."

"Well, that is strange; they must be losing their power. But, Julia, I will tell you one thing, if I don't sleep so much, I begin to

feel like my old self again, at least a bit, and that's better, isn't it?"

"It is father, a deal. Well, you shall have five to-night. Now lie down and be comfortable."

"But I don't want to lie down, Julia. I want to sit up and read a book. Reach me the Bible. I'm afraid I've neglected it of late because of my weakness, but if I get stronger I shall read it more than ever. No book has ever comforted me like that — none, Julia."

The original tabloids had been reduced to two per night, and as the poor young woman heard her father's request, and saw the light again flashing in his eye, her frame shook with emotion. With tears in her eyes, she handed him the Bible, and then went downstairs to weep for joy and to pray.

Each returning day, in spite of sleeplessness and consequent restlessness, saw the patient improving. He ate better. He read books and papers often, and conversed with his daughter and friends more freely.

Now was the time to make the revelation. He could stand it. A battle had to be fought which could not be fought without his concurrence and aid. His help must therefore be sought.

An opening was unexpectedly made by his saying, "I suppose you are acting up to your instructions crush up five tabloids every night and put them in the hot milk?"

"Yes, father," and then, with a twinkle in her eye, adding, "last week you had but three, and this week we are only giving you two."

Mr. Small stared at his daughter as if he wondered whether she was right in her head. Give me five every night, yet only three and then two. What do you

mean, child? Do you know what you are talking about?"

"Yes; look here, father, here are five, are there not? Please examine them. There are the five you are going to have to-night. Do you observe any difference in them?"

"Yes, on looking, closely, I see these three are smaller and harder, and these two are like what I am in the habit of taking. How is that? Has Dr. Hunter changed them?"

"He has, father, and now I must tell you a sad piece of news. Do you know what was the matter with you?"

"Weakness, child—pure weakness, and perhaps old age creeping on into the bargain."

"Nothing of the kind, father. It is these dreadful tabloids that have done it."

"Never, child, they are so harmless."

"Harmless, father! It had been better for you if you had died before you had taken any of them. They were ruining you; giving you a soft brain; yes, father, they were doing that; they really were."

In perfect astonishment the afflicted man heard in detail the whole of the story. It took him some time to take it all in. But when he did his anger and sorrow knew no bounds. His folly stared him in the face, and, realising the dismal depth of the hideous precipice over which, when so near the verge, he had nearly fallen, he said with energy, "I will never take another of those tabloids if I die, God helping me. And he never did. But did he die in making the struggle. We shall see.

(To be continued.)

Anecdotal Illustrations and Meditations from C. H. Spurgeon's Works.

Gathered by PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, Cardiff.

An Unpublished Exposition of Psalm cxxxii ; delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Thursday Evening, May 24th, 1883. Reported by REV. CHARLES SPURGEON MEDHURST, now Missionary at Tsing Chu Fu, China.

(Concluded from page 243.)

12. IF THY CHILDREN WILL KEEP MY COVENANT AND MY TESTIMONIES THAT I SHALL TEACH THEM, THEIR CHILDREN SHALL ALSO SIT UPON THY THRONE FOR EVERMORE.

SO it would have been. The kingdom of Judah would never have been broken up, either by internal rebellion or external attack, if it had not been that their kings flagrantly turned aside from the love of God. He bore with them very long, much longer than He did with the kings of Israel, whom He put away, but the kings of Judah waxed worse and worse. Yet to-day, in spirit, this covenant stands fast for the Lord Jesus, as keeping the covenant and the testimony which He learned : for "Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered," and He kept it. Now He shall sit upon the throne of David for evermore, King of kings, and Lord of lords. Blessed be His Name !

13. FOR THE LORD HATH CHOSEN ZION ; HE HATH DESIRED IT FOR HIS HABITATION.

These are such sweet words. Depths of sweetness. Here we have the *election* of the Church of God. "*The Lord hath chosen Zion.*" Some people cannot stand the doctrine of election. I suppose they like to choose their own wives ; but Christ is not to choose His bride. Everybody is to have a free will but God ; but let all men know that God exercises still a sovereign choice among the sons of men. Jesus says, "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." Blessed be His Name ! this truth stands, "*The Lord hath chosen Zion.*"

"*He hath desired it for His habitation.*" Those whom we love we delight to dwell with. God so loves His Church that He desires to dwell in her, and He does dwell in her by His Spirit. The day will come when the New Jerusalem shall come down from the throne of God, and then shall the Lamb be the light thereof.

14. THIS IS MY REST FOR EVER ; HERE WILL I DWELL, FOR I HAVE DESIRED IT.

"*This is My rest for ever.*" Is it not marvellous that Jehovah

should say of His people, "This is My rest for ever?" If He rests I am sure we may. It is very remarkable that when God was yet in the world He never rested until He had fitted it for His people. There was everything ready for Adam, and God never rested from His work until it was so. When it was all done, He said, "I have finished." "And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made." So when He had done everything for His Church, and it was all completed, then did Christ rest, but not till then. "For Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." When Zion's glory is brought forth, then will Jehovah say, "This is My rest for ever." Jesus Christ does not rest on His work as a Creator, but on His work, of course, as the Redeemer.

"For I have desired it." He desired it, and His desire cannot be disappointed.

15. I WILL ABUNDANTLY BLESS HER PROVISION: I WILL SATISFY HER FOOD WITH BREAD.

I understand there will be a provision, there will be an abundant provision, and there will be an abundant blessing on that provision.

"I will satisfy her poor with bread." Satisfied and yet poor. Satisfied with bread, but what kind of bread? The Bread that came down from heaven; the corn of heaven. The Bread of God, which is Christ Jesus, whose "flesh is meat indeed," whose "blood is drink indeed."

"I will satisfy her poor with bread." He does not say anything about her rich; but in another Scripture we read, "The rich He hath sent empty away." I wish to remain among the poor, and not to be among those perfect people who are so rich that they must tell everybody about it. I would be among the poor, because God hath prepared His goodness for the poor. "I will satisfy her poor with bread."

16. I WILL ALSO CLOTHE HER PRIESTS WITH SALVATION; AND HER SAINTS SHALL SHOUT ALOUD FOR JOY.

"I will also clothe her priests with salvation." In the eighth verse the prayer was, "Arise, O LORD, into Thy rest." In the fourteenth verse the answer was, "This is My rest for ever." In the ninth verse the prayer was, "Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness." Here the answer is, "I will also clothe her priests with salvation." Righteousness is only a part of salvation. But O, the silken dress of salvation! Speak of a cloth of gold! There is nothing among royal array that can be compared to these vestments of the saints. I go in for vestments, when they are vestments of this kind. "I will also clothe her priests with salvation." Covered from head to foot, so that there is nothing to be seen but salvation.

All God's saints are priests unto God. Each believing man, each believing child, each believing woman, is a priest; and under the Gospel dispensation there are none other priests.

In the ninth verse the prayer was, "Let Thy saints shout for joy." Here is the answer, "And her saints shall shout ALOUD for joy." God always gives more than we ask. Silver prayers and golden answers. "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Yes, and then open it again, and He will fill it again. He "is able to do exceeding

abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us."

17. THERE WILL I MAKE THE HORN OF DAVID TO BUD: I HAVE ORDAINED A LAMP FOR MINE ANOINTED.

"*There will I make the horn of David to bud.*" As the stag's horn grows it puts forth fresh horn's buds. So shall the kingdom of David grow and be enlarged. When God makes us to bud, none can cause us to fade.

"*I have ordained a lamp for Mine anointed.*" David's name shall never go out like an extinguished lamp. If it go out in the death of Solomon, or any other king, yet it shall be lighted in another. Christ Jesus will always have a brightness in the world. As the holy lamp in the Sanctuary did never go out, so has Christ ordained His people shall ever shine to the glory of His name.

18. HIS ENEMIES WILL I CLOTHE WITH SHAME: BUT UPON HIMSELF SHALL HIS CROWN FLOURISH.

Two sets of clothes. You can have which you like. In verse sixteen, "*I will also clothe her priests with salvation*"; and here is the other, "*His enemies will I clothe with shame.*" Shame is an ugly thing. Many a man has thrown away his life to escape from the shame of a condemning conscience; but eternal shame shall cling to the ungodly. If you are an enemy of Jesus Christ, shame is the garment you will live in for ever.

"*But upon Himself shall His crown flourish.*" Upon Jesus, and upon all who believe in Him, the laurels shall never wither.

"Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy chosen King
Through all eternity."

BLESS God for what you have, and trust God for what you want.

THERE is nothing will make you a Christian indeed but a taste of the sweetness of Christ. "Come and He" will speak best to your soul.—*Samuel Rutherford.*

WHEN one providence fights against you another will come in to deliver you. The Lord's thoughts towards His people are thoughts of good, and not of evil, and they shall see it to be so.—*Spurgeon.*

MAKE yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought, proof against all adversity.

Jottings from the History of the Baptist Church at Park Street, Luton.

By JAMES H. BLAKE, Tonbridge.

WE have often been requested to write a brief history of this historic church, but circumstances have hitherto prevented us doing so. But we have often wished to see a history of the Luton and other churches in Beds and Herts, originally associated in former days with the church which met for worship in the Dell in Kensworth Woods. Lacking this, we will try and make a few jottings of the Park Street Church's history. So gathering up some fragments that they be not lost. This Church was a branch of the ancient Church of Kensworth Wood, Herts. After the Act of Tolerations it branched out into several district churches and congregations, including St. Albans' Hemel Hempstead, Markyate Street, and others. The first Resident Pastor was Thomas Marsom, who had been Assistant-Pastor at Kensworth. In 1675 nineteen of its members were resident at Luton, two of whom were Mr. Marsom and his wife. The Church in the Woods numbered over 300 members, and, immediately after the passing of the Toleration Act, 1688, steps were taken to build the first chapel at Luton. It was built by Richard Sutless, collar maker of Tring, and sold to the trustees for a few shillings. It is said a working man named Hirions gave some ground and some labour.

Previous to this meetings were held in a loft in the roof of Dallow Farm House, also in the Bull Yard. History says that John Bunyan frequently preached at Dallow Farm. The church was formed on Free Communion Principles. This is confirmed by the transfer of one of the Bedford members to the church at Luton, under the pastoral care of dear Bro. Marsom. This servant of God was subject to severe persecutions. He kept an ironmonger's shop, and his goods were frequently seized. On one occasion to pay a fine of £40. But at the public sale no one would bid for them, and Marsom's friends were allowed to buy them at a mere nominal price. Among the many bitter annoyances an unruly mob, from the Half-Moon public-house, threatened to pull down the Meeting House. At last Marsom said, "My friends, do you know the rumour that the Queen is dead, and if that be true, and you pull down that place, you will all be hanged for it." This prevented them from carrying out their threats, and on the following morning an express passed through Luton with the news "The Queen is dead."

Jottings.—Then Marsom gave the first £50 towards the chapel building, and preached the Gospel freely for 50 years.

He is said to have frequently gone forth with John Bunyan disguised,

to preach the Gospel in the surrounding district, and leaving no clue with his family as to his destination.

He had three sons all preachers of the way of salvation. He was one of the publishers of a valuable book on Baptism, written by Pastor Ewer, of Hemel Hempstead, which was a worthy and powerful reply to a recent work on Infant Baptism. Mr. Ewer was a scholarly man, a faithful preacher, giving services without fees or reward. The book has Marsom's strong recommendation. He was fellow-prisoner with John Bunyan in Bedford jail, and is said to have been the first reader of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and advised that it be not printed, but after a careful reading he altered his mind and advised that it be printed, which is said to have caused Bunyan to write:—

"Well, when I had thus put my ends together,
I shewed them to others that I might see whether
They would condemn them, or them justify.

Some said, John, print it; others said Not so

Some said it might do good; others said, No.

Mr. Marsom died January 26, 1726. His funeral sermon was preached by Pastor John Needham, of Hitchin, in which Marsom is described as sound in the faith, fixed in his principles, and a lover of all good men. He not only preached the Gospel, but in the day of persecution took joyfully the spoiling of his goods, knowing that in heaven he had a better and more enduring substance. He lived in frequent and serious thought of his latter end. And it pleased God to give him even such a death as he desired. He requested, if it pleased God, that these circumstances might attend his dissolution—That he might have the gracious presence of God, the free exercise of his reason, and an easy passage out of this world. And God graciously granted the request of His servant. The burial of Marsom is entered in the Parish Church books 26th of January, the same day that the funeral sermon was preached. There is some uncertainty as to the place of his burial. The Marsom's had a vault in the Parish Church, and his brother Nathan was buried there on March 13, 1683. Also a stone is in the Chapel-yard, dating back to 1703; Samuel Chace Thomas Marsom, junior, and others were buried there. No trace found of the tomb or grave of Thomas Marsom. Some have supposed that he was buried in the Chapel.

Jottings of the first Chapel.—The building was double roofed, and 30 feet by 36; no seats nor pews. It was little more than a shell.

After the lapse of years certain members requested to be allowed to provide themselves with pews, and at Church meeting, 2nd March, 1732, it was agreed "that leave be given to erect pews in the Meeting House round by the wall, and to come out from the wall six feet four inches. None of the pews shall have locks or doors, and if at any time the place is full and any room to spare in the pews the owners shall offer places for those standing to sit in the pews. It is said the services were conducted by the minister and people standing."

No singing, though at this time in some of the churches it had been resolved one hymn should be sung after the Lord's Supper and one after the usual Benediction, but allowing time for objections to leave

during the ministry of Mr. Pilley, who was formerly a member of Abraham Booth's church 1763, the chapel was enlarged at a cost of £206, the sum being raised at two collections. Mr. Pilley's ministry continued for 31 years, and was eminently successful. His salary was £40 a year. The church bore the funeral expenses at his death, amounting to £30, and erected a memorial stone with the inscription: "A Real Christian and an ornamental Pastor of this church 31 years."

Jottings.—Second Chapel. It was built during the ministry of Ebenezer Daniels, whose services were characterised by constant diligent and persistent work, which made him a blessing as well as a wonder unto many. He commenced his ministry in 1812 and continued till 1830, when he devoted himself to missionary work in the Island of Ceylon, where he earned for himself amongst the natives the description "the holy man Jesus Christ man." The second chapel was erected in 1814. It was octagonal, 21 feet from floor to roof, 52 feet diameter, king post roof, gallery all round, four seats deep, seated 800 people, and cost £1,600.

Jottings.—Third chapel. The third chapel was erected during the ministry of Thomas Hands. The building was roofed and rapidly approaching completeness, and was built in front of the octogen building, and on the Sunday evening the octogen had been crowded, and the Lord's Supper had been observed by a large number of church members, who had returned to their homes, and within one hour a terrific storm arose and threw the upper part of the new building with crashing force on the old chapel, reducing both places to a heap of ruins. The church and congregation had now to meet for worship in an old brewery while the new building was raised, which was done by great self-denial, perseverance and prayer.

We wish our space would allow us to say something of the faithful services rendered by Samuel Chace, the three Marsom's, Blundell-Davis, and in later days by Pastor Genders and others, but we are compelled to close our jottings. We all rejoice in the continued blessing resting on the present worthy minister, Frank Thompson, and the writer has a happy memory of nearly sixteen years pleasant work at Park Street, during which time many improvements were made, a new organ purchased, and above all for the gracious blessing of God which brought nearly seven hundred to join the Church.

Pitby Thoughts.

He loseth nothing that loseth not
God.

Good words are worth much, and
cost little.

Were there no hearers there
would be no backbiters.

The devil is not always at one
door.

More have repented speech than
silence.

He is not poor that hath little,
but he that desireth much.

He that sows trusts in God.

Virtue and trade are the best por-
tion for children.

Better suffer ill than do ill.

Thoughts for the Hour.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK.

BE calm, O hearts of men,
In this dark hour of strife ;
Far, far above earth's battle-roar,
Still reigns the Lord of Life.

His legions onward go,
To work His sovereign will ;
With Him it rests to bring forth good,
From what to us seems ill.

The nations need our prayers ;
And strong our cries should be,
That truth and love might take the place
Of strife and enmity.

Men love to cover o'er
Their purposes of shame ;
And often deeds they count as fair,
Deserve a darker name.

The mighty need not deem
That vantage gained or given,
Is surest pledge that they are right,
And stand secure with heaven.

The records of to-day,
The future may efface ;
And Time's firm finger write in fire,
Far truer in their place.

What mortals call success,
Is fruitful soil for pride ;
And pride develops vanity,
And many a sin beside.

Soon may the blood-red sword,
Lie still and rust away ;
And all the peoples of the earth,
Yield to Immanuel's sway.

Bass River, Nova Scotia.

Spiritual Logic.

If I have faith in Christ,
I shall love Him ;
If I love Him,
I shall keep His word.

If I do not keep His sayings,
I do not love Him ;
If I do not love Him,
I do not believe on Him.

Denomination Meetings.

OUR Union and Missionary Meetings, held at Nottingham, were of a most encouraging and stimulating character. It is difficult to limit ourselves to a few words on such important topics and enthusiastic recognitions. We are indebted to the *Freeman* and the *Baptist* for their serviceable reports. On the first day of the session, in consequence of the serious illness of Dr. Booth, the President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and the Rev. E. Ganger were requested to make the present to [Dr. Booth at his home, which consists of a beautifully illuminated address and £200 a year for life and £200 for immediate use. The Rev. J. H. Shakespeare accepted the office of Secretary. At the second session Dr. Lorimor delivered a most effective address, which was received at several points with the greatest enthusiasm, his subject being the "Preservation of Primitive Christianity." A devout meeting was held in connection with the Ministers' Prayer Union, President, Rev. F. Meyer. The meeting of the Baptist Tract Society was presided over by John Marnham, Esq., J.P., and addresses were given by the Revs. E. H. James, E. S. Summers, B.A., E. H. Rouse, D.D., and William Cuff. We think this one of our most important societies. The young people's meeting was presided over by Dr. J. A. Spurgeon. The address by Mr. R. Everett, J.P., was very stirring, among other things advocated were *good preaching, better preaching, MIGHTY PREACHING*. At the closing meeting of the Union, the Chairman, Mr. Lloyd George, gave an address full of Welsh fire and good things. One hit at the Ritualists as the Religious Haberdashery was received with much amusement. Our Missionary Society held its Missionary Breakfast on Friday morning, September 30th, followed by the Conference, at which the Rev. J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D., and others spoke. The young people's meeting was held at Castle Gate Chapel on Friday evening. The meeting of the Zenana Society was of a most moving and excellent character. We wish we could say more, but we must close by earnestly commending the proposal and the efforts which are being made to raise the annual income of our Baptist Missionary Society to £100,000.

" Rise ! If the past detains you,
Her sunshine and storm forget ;
No chains so unworthy to bind you
As those of a vain regret.

Sad or bright she is lifeless ever ;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day."

Reviews.

A Cluster of Camphire, or words of cheer and comfort for sick and sorrowing souls By Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

This chaste little book is got up in similar style to the Cantilon of Bells, which was filled with the music of the cross, so this precious cabinet of Divine Truths will be very effective in giving comfort and uplifting to weary hearts and cast down souls. It contains 19 chapters on various topics, all full of consolation and cheer.

Part 10, C. H. Spurgeon's *Autobiography*.

This part of the second volume carries us into the lights and shadows of Mr. Spurgeon's earliest work in London, and the criticism and even iterness with which he and his work were looked at by some who afterwards saw their mistake. The value of the work includes the capital engraved likenesses of ministers and others. This part contains the Rev. Thomas Binney and James Grant.

We have received part 36 of the *The Treasury of David*, with the incomparable notes and comments reaching to the 127 Psalm. Passmore and Alabaster.

The Treasury of Religious Thoughts (America) contains good sermons by the Rev. S. E. Battens, The greatest change in the world. D. L. Moody on Excuses and on Prayer by Rev. Burdette Hart, D.D.

The Public School Magazine (illustrated). Number 9, volume 2. 132-132, Temple Chambers, London.

A very informing magazine for Day School Teachers.

We have before us a too brief Tract by our friend William Luff.

The Gospel by Hand, Religious Tract Society. Also by Edward Judson, D.D., on "The use of Tracts." American Baptist Publication Society. All engaged in Tract distribution will do well to read them.

Magazines. A word for them. *The Quiver*, established nearly forty years ago by the late John Cassell, in prospecting the volume for 1899 says: "Several new ventures have been arranged for the important subject of Temperance, Notable Anniversaries, Work in the Mission Field, Household Papers for mothers and the young members of the Family." The little ones will also have their own Sunshine Rooms. Next month (December) will be advanced by two coloured plates and a large presentation plate suitable for framing. The *Great Thoughts* for October is quite up to its usual fullness of matter of history, science, biography, illustrations, &c., &c. It is a marvel of wise and intelligent. *Great Thoughts*. November commences a new volume. Cases for binding and index can be had at the office or by order of any bookseller. We have to hand from the office of *Great Thoughts*, Hutton Street, London, the admirable *Prize Reciter* and *Helping Words*.

Religious Tract Society, *The Leisure Hour*, with its very beautiful frontispiece, "At the Fountain," by W. J. Godward, has good healthy stories and chapters on science, history, &c. This part contains title page and index. *The Sunday at Home*, a favourite with us, complete another volume. Among other worthy contributions we place the musings for Sunday mornings, Rev. J. H. Jowettt, Obenlin's Pulpit by Fred Hastings, and the Feast of Tabernacles by Menganer Thomas. *The Boys' Own* gives index and title page with the October part. *The*

Light in the Home, solid and good. *The Child's Companion* and *Little Dots* we know make many a merry smile and child's happy heart. *The Cottager and Artisan* is very attractive this month with its picture "In the House of Simon."

Our Own Magazines. *The Baptist Magazine* "The next Hundred Years in Sunday School Work," Rev. D. W. Faunce, D.D. *Sword and Trowel*, "The Special Difficulties of To-day in the way of an Evangelical Ministry," by Pastor C. Ingram. *The Irish Baptist Magazine*, attractiveness as a quality in religion. *The Missionary Herald*, special effort to increase the increase the income to £100,000.

Brief notices for want of space. The Bible Societies *Monthly Reporter* and excellent gleanings for young readers. *The Home Messenger*, editor Frederick A. Atkins. *The Free Churchman*, very good. Welcome words, *Free Church Messenger*, the White

Ribbon, Our Brothers' Tears, Life and Light, and Tirings of the Nyassa Industrial Mission. Information may be obtained from the General Secretary, Rev. A. Walker, Shoreham, Kent.

The Christian Pictorial, a religious illustrated weekly, edited by the Rev. David Davies, Alexander and Shepherd, Furnival Street. We welcome this eleventh volume. We have no criticisms to offer, but could make a catalogue of its merits and excellencies. Its matter is just the kind to do good and stimulate to the doing of good. The illustrations are a multitude of pictures, which speak of us, such as the Tabernacle before and after the Fire, &c. The binding and the letter-press are of the best kind, and we hope the editor may be spared many years, and have the same amount of vigour and aptitude continued to him which is so clearly manifest in this volume.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. T. Adamson, from Kegworth to Waterloo, Liverpool.

Rev. J. C. Dalrymple, from Pinchbeck to East Molesey Church, Kingston-on-Thames.

Rev. Charles Thomas, from Deer-park Church, Tenby, to Station-hill, Chippenham.

Rev. J. H. Grant, from Coalville to Dawes-road, Fulham.

Rev. J. E. D. Beresford, from Stapleton, Bristol, to Radstock, Bath.

Rev. Joseph Gott, from Midland College, Nottingham, to Turret-green Church, Ipswich.

Rev. C. V. Pike, from Harley College to Union Chapel, Amptill.

Rev. John Elder, from Ebenezer

Church, Glasgow, to the church at Wick.

Rev. W. H. Spinks, of Bristol College, has accepted an invitation to spend a year at Queen's-road Church, Coventry, where he will assist Rev. W. E. Blomfield in the varied work carried on by that church both in the city and surrounding country villages.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. C. S. Douglas, late of Brighton-grove College, Manchester, has been ordained to the pastorate of Zion Church, Horsforth. Principal Marshall and Professor Ellis gave the charges to the pastor and church; and Professor Glass and Rev. A. P. Fayers took part.

Rev. W. E. West has been recognised as pastor of Old and Scaldwell churches. Revs. C. S. Larkham and S. Hughes delivered addresses.

Rev. Charles P. Thomas has been ordained to the pastorate at Montgomery. Revs. Dr. Morris, T. D. Edwards, T. E. Williams, J. Griffiths, and G. Davies took part.

Rev. C. S. Rose has been ordained to the pastorate at Coggeshall. Principal McCaig gave the charge to the church, and Rev. Charles Spurgeon the charge to the pastor.

Rev. H. Spendelow, late of Dartford, has been recognised as pastor of Victoria-street Tabernacle, Grimsby. Rev. J. Wilson, Rev. A. Sturge, and Mr. F. S. Bennett delivered addresses.

Rev. H. J. Preece has been recognised as pastor at Tewkesbury. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached; Revs. H. A. B. Phillips, J. Connor, J. Meredith, and W. Davies took part.

Rev. G. W. Bevan has been recognised as pastor of Carley-street Chapel, Leicester. The late minister, Rev. J. C. Forth, presided. Revs. J. Thew and W. Evans also took part in the proceedings. Mr. Bevan was accepted nine years ago by the Baptist Missionary Society, and has laboured in India, but ill-health, much to the regret of the committee, compelled his return. Mr. A. H. Baynes was present and bore testimony to the high character of Mr. Bevan's missionary life.

Rev. E. Poole Connor has been recognised as pastor at Borough-road, Sauthwark. Rev. F. G. Kemp, W. J. Mills, W. Williams and G. Wareham took part. Mr. E. Cooper announced "The Messiah" to be given on behalf of the organ fund on October 20th.

Rev. Ernest P. Thorpe, of Manchester College, has been ordained to the pastorate of Queensberry-street Church, Old Basford, Nottingham. The membership is 135, and the Sunday school has 500 scholars. The church has been founded twelve years, and hitherto has not had a

pastor, though for three years past Mr. J. H. Rushbrooke (to whose work several warm tributes were paid) has acted as student-pastor, while pursuing a course at Midland College.

Rev. Arthur J. Harding, of Rawdon College, has been ordained to the pastorate at Ripley-street, Bradford. Rev. W. Medley gave the charge to the pastor, and Dr. Tymms addressed the church. Revs. C. W. Skemp, A. C. Hill, T. Clarke, and G. Green took part.

PRESENTATIONS.

Mr. R. B. Belcher, an address and a purse containing 100 guineas from Blockley Church, on the 80th anniversary of his birth, in recognition of forty-five years' services; Miss A. E. Brown, a gold watch and chain from Newark Church, in recognition of five years' services as organist; Rev. F. C. Morris, a bicycle from Crown-lane Church, Maldon; Miss Paul, a marble clock from Bethel Church, St. Albans, in recognition of services as organist; Mr. H. Chilvers, an arm-chair from Chelmsford Bible Class, in recognition of services as conductor; Mr. J. I. Mortimer, books from Elland Sunday school superintendent; Mr. G. B. Marsh, an illuminated address from Trowbridge Village Preachers' Association, in recognition of his services and hospitality; Rev. A. P. Pepperdene, a purse of money on resigning the pastorate at Soham; Rev. J. H. Markham, an oak writing table from Princes Risborough Church; Mrs. Markham, a teapot and inkstand.

NEW CHAPELS.

A new chapel erected in the village of Booksbridge, Som., at a cost of about £500, has been opened for public worship. The building is lit by acetylene gas and heated by hot water. Rev. R. Richard, of Bristol, preached. "The chapel, which was greatly admired," writes a correspondent, "is one of a group known

as the 'Cheddar Association of Baptist Churches,' which are under the pastoral care of Rev. J. W. Padfield, and the new building is rendered necessary by the increasing success of the work, the present congregations being unable to find accommodation in the old chapel."

The foundation stone of a new English Church for Bargoed has been laid by Mrs. John Llewelyn. The structure will cost £800.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

Services are now held—Sunday morning and evening at the Memorial Hall, Stockwell Orphanage.

Contributions for Rebuilding Fund may be sent to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, or T. H. Olney, Esq., Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.C.

BAPTISMS.

- Abercorn*, Chapel of Ease.—October 2, Five, by D. Lewis
Alnwick, Northumberland.—October 2, One, by A. Kirk
Abergavenny, Darrenfelen.—September 11, Ten, by W. Jones
Anstruther, N.B.—September 11, Two by H. Edwards
Aldershot.—September 7, Three, by F. G. Kemp
Beverley.—September 11, Two, by T. Gardiner
Belfast, Antrim-road.—September 11, Seven; 14, Two, by C. S. Donald
Birmingham, Christ Church, Six Ways, Aston.—September 25, Six, by I. L. Near
Carlton, Notts.—September 25, Sixteen, by A. Gibson
Colne, Lancs.—September 25, Five, by S. Kent
Coggeshall, Essex.—September 18, Five, by C. S. Rose
Castle Hall, Taffswell, near Cardiff.—September 18, One by R. A. James
Caersalem, Maesteg.—October 2, Six, by W. Morgan
Chatham, Zion.—September 28, Three, by F. E. Blackaby
Cheltenham, Cambray.—September 28, Five, by H. A. B. Phillips
Clay Cross—October 2, Seven, by W. R. Poulton
Dunfermline, Viewfield.—October 2, Two, by J. T. Hagen
Dundee, Ward-road.—September 11, Three, by D. Clark
Devonport, Pembroke-street.—September 18, Two, by G. H. Jackman
Dunchurch.—September 18, Three, by J. Young
Glasgow, Cambridge-street.—September 11, Two, by E. Last
Guisley, Yorks.—September 21, Two, by R. Scott
Hawick, N.B.—October 2, Five, by Jos. W. Kemp
Kingston on Thames, Bunyan Tabernacle.—September 25, Eight, by J. O. Stalberg
Knighton—September 4, Three; October 2, Five, by W. Williams
Largo, Fife, N.B.—September 4, One, by W. Pulford
Leeds, Burley-road.—September 25, Two, by F. W. Walter
Liverpool, Tue Brook.—September 25, Six, by J. C. Elder
Lerwick, N.B.—September 28, Two, by H. Bailey
Milton, Cumberland.—September 11, One, by F. J. Mathison
Maldon, Essex.—September 22, Three, by F. C. Morris
Motherwell, N.B.—September 25, Two; September 26, One, by J. Burns
Nantyglo, Bethlehem.—October 2, Four, by D. Lewis
Newport, Mon., Duckpool-road.—September 18, Three, by A. T. Jones
Oswestry, Salop-road.—October 2, Three, by M. M. Thomson
Okehampton.—September 18, Four, by G. J. Whiting
Pontypridd, Temple.—September 11, Three, by H. G. James
Ramsgate, Cavendish.—August 31, One; September 18, Two, by T. Hancock.
Risca, Mon., Bethany.—October 2, Three, by T. Thomas
Risca, Moriah.—September 4, Four, by J. O. Jenkins
South Bank, Yorks.—September 18, One, by D. M. Tryse
Sheffield, Cemetery-road.—September 25, Three, by E. Carrington
Skegness, St. Paul's.—September 25, One, by G. Goodchild
South Leigh, N.B.—September 25, One; October 2, Two, by Pastor Tait
Stockport.—September 25, Ten, by W. H. Thomas
Stantonbury, Bucks.—September 7, Five, by
Swansea (Mumbles), Bethany.—September 25, Six; September 28, Two, by T. Dair
Twynrodyn, near Cardiff.—October 2, Two, by W. Morris
West Hartlepool.—September 25, One, by A. W. Curwood
West Vale, Halifax.—September 27, Two, by D. R. Lewis
Worcester.—September 4, Three, J. B. Johnston, M.A.
Zion, Pontycymmer.—September 11, Four, by W. Reynolds
Woodhouse Eaves, Leicestershire.—October 2, Five, by W. J. Tomkins

LONDON DISTRICT.

Bermoudsey, S.E. September 28, Six, by T. E. Howe
Church-street, W. Three, by J. Tucker
Penge Tabernacle. September 21, Two, by J. W. Boud
Waltham Abbey. September 25, Six, by Geo. Kilby
East Plumstead. September 18, Three, by J. Seeley
Waltham Cross. September 18, Two, by T. Douglas.

THE best of earth is the shadow of heaven.

GOD'S sentinels must not be caught asleep.

It is bad to be a blank in the church of God, but worse to be a blot.

DIFFICULT DUTIES.



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THERE is nothing in the world like energy. To succeed, it is required that the aim in view be pursued with unwavering determination. It is the persistent effort to advance which we commonly designate by the term "push." A business man without "push" might as well shut up shop and save his money, for sooner or later he will be swamped by the irresistible onward rush of progress. Quite different, however, from this faculty of "push" exerted in a particular direction for individual advancement, is the being pushed by others. He who is awake to his own interests, who is possessed of "push," needs no pushing from others; and, on the other hand, no amount of pushing will benefit the weak and the laggard. Constant spurring will only induce stubbornness and sulkiness; and we all know how the mule will act if urged against his will.

WINTER EVENING LECTURES & PENNY READINGS.

Large Coloured Illustrations

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Love to Jesus.

A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"O thou whom my soul loveth."—Solomon's Song, i. 7.

IF the life of a Christian may be compared to a sacrifice, then *humility* digs the foundation for the altar; *prayer* brings the unhewn stones and piles them one upon the other; *penitence* fills the trench round about the altar with water; *obedience* lays the wood in order; *faith* pleads the Jehovah-jireh, and places the victim upon the altar; but the sacrifice even then is incomplete, for where is the fire? *Love*, love alone can consummate the sacrifice by supplying the needful fire from heaven. Whatever we lack in our piety, as it is indispensable that we should have faith in Christ, so is it absolutely necessary that we should have love to him. That heart which is devoid of an earnest love to Jesus, is surely still dead in trespasses and sins. And if any man should venture to affirm that he had faith in Christ, but had no love to him, we would at once also venture to affirm as positively, that his religion was vain. Perhaps the great want of the religion of the times is love. Sometimes as I look upon the world at large, and the Church which lieth too much in its bosom, I am apt to think that the Church hath light, but lacketh fire; that she hath some degree of true faith, clear knowledge, and much beside which is precious, but that she lacketh to a great extent, that flaming love with which she once, as a chaste virgin, walked with Christ through the fires of martyrdom; when she showed to him her undefiled, unquenchable love in the catacombs of the city, and the caves of the rock; when the snows of the Alps might testify to the virgin purity of the love of the saints, by the purple stain which marked the shedding of blood in defence of our bleeding Lord,—blood which had been shed in defence of him whom, though they had not seen his face, "unceasingly they adore."

It is my pleasant task this morning to stir up your pure minds, that you, as part of Christ's Church, may feel somewhat in your hearts to-day of love to him, and may be able to address him not only under the title, "Thou in whom my soul trusteth," but "Thou whom my soul loveth." Last Sabbath day, if you remember, we devoted to simple faith, and tried to preach the gospel to the ungodly; the present hour we devote to the pure, Spirit-born, godlike, flame of love.

On looking at my text, I shall come to regard it thus: First, we shall listen to the *rhetoric of the lip* as we here read it in these words, "O thou whom my soul loveth." We shall then observe *the logic of the*

heart, which would justify us in giving such a title as this to Christ; and then come in the third place, to something which even surpasses rhetoric or logic, the *absolute demonstration of the daily life*; and I pray that we may be able to prove constantly by our acts, that Jesus Christ is *He* whom our soul loveth.

I. First, then, the loving title of our text is to be considered as expressing RHETORIC OF THE LIP. The text calleth Christ, "Thou whom my soul loveth." Let us take this title and dissect it a little.

One of the first things which will strike us when we come to look upon it, is the *reality* of the love here expressed. Reality, I say; understanding the term "real," not in contradistinction to that which is lying and fictitious, but in contrast to that which is shadowy and indistinct. Do you not notice that the spouse here speaks of Christ as of one whom she knew actually to exist; not as an abstraction, but as a person. She speaks of him as a real person, "Thou whom my soul loveth." Why, these seem to be the words of one who is pressing him to her bosom, who sees him with her eyes, who tracks him with her feet, who knows that he is, and that he will reward the love which diligently seeketh him. Brethren and sisters, there often is a great deficiency in our love to Jesus. We do not realise the person of Christ. We think about Christ, and then we love the conception that we have formed of him. But O, how few Christians view their Lord as being as real a person as we are ourselves,—very man—a man that could suffer, a man that could die, substantial flesh and blood—very God as real as if he were not invisible, and as truly existent as though we could compass him in our minds. We want to have a real Christ more fully preached, and more fully loved by the church. We fail in our love, because Christ is not real to us as he was to the early Church. The early Church did not preach much doctrine; they preached Christ. They had little to say of truths about Christ; it was Christ himself, his hands, his feet, his side, his head, his crown of thorns, the sponge, the vinegar, the nails. O for the Christ of Mary Magdelene, rather than the Christ of the critical theologian; give me *the* wounded body of divinity, rather than the soundest system of theology. Let me show you what I mean.

Suppose an infant taken away from its mother, and you should seek to foster in it a love to the parent by constantly picturing before it the idea of a mother,—and attempting to give it the thought of a mother's relation to the child. Indeed, my friends, I think you would have a difficult task to fix in that child the true and real love which it ought to bear towards her who bore it. But give that child a mother; let it hang upon that mother's real breast; let it derive its nourishment from her very heart: let it see that mother; feel that mother; put its little arms about that mother's real neck, and you have no real hard task to make it love its mother. So is it with the Christian. We want Christ—not an abstract, doctrinal, pictured Christ—but a real Christ. I may preach to you many a year, and try to infuse into your souls a love of Christ; but until you can feel that he is a real man and a real person, really present with you, and that you may speak to him, talk to him, and tell him of your wants, you will not readily attain to a love like that of the text, so that you can call him, "Thou whom my soul

loveth." I want you to feel Christian, that your love to Christ is not a mere pious affection; but that as you love your wife, as you love your child, as you love your parent, so you love Christ; that though your love to him is of a finer cast, and a higher mould, yet it is just as real as the more earthly passion. Let me suggest another figure. A war is raging in Italy for liberty. The very thought of liberty nerves a soldier. The thought of a hero makes a man a hero. Let me go and stand in the midst of the army and preach to them what heroes should be, and what brave men they should be who fight for liberty. My dear friends, the most earnest eloquence might have but little power. But put into the midst of these men Garibaldi—heroism incarnate; place before their eyes that dignified man—who seems like some old Roman newly arisen from his tomb, they see before them what liberty means, and what daring is, what courage can attempt, and what heroism can perform; for there he is, and fired by his actual presence, their arms are strong, their swords are sharp, and they dash to the battle at once; his presence ensuring victory, because they realise in his presence the thought which makes men brave and strong. So the Church needs to feel and see a real Christ in her midst. It is not the *idea* of disinterestedness; it is not the idea of devotion; it is not the idea of self-consecration that will ever make the Church mighty: it must be that idea incarnate, consolidated, personified in the actual existence of a realised Christ in the camp of the Lord's host. I do pray for you, and pray you for me, that we may each one of us have a love which realises Christ, and which can address him as "Thou whom my soul loveth."

But again, look at the text and you will perceive another thing very clearly. The Church, in the expression which she uses concerning Christ, speaks not only with a realisation of his presence, but with a firm *assurance* of her own love. Many of you, who do really love Christ, can seldom get further than to say, "O thou whom my soul desires to love! O thou whom I hope I love." But this sentence saith not so at all. This title hath not the shadow of a doubt or a fear upon it. "O thou whom my soul loveth!" Is it not a happy thing for a child of God when he knows that he loves Christ? when he can speak of it as a matter of consciousness?—a thing out of which he is not to be argued by all the reasonings of Satan?—a thing concerning which he can put his hand upon his heart, and appeal to Jesus and say, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee?" I say, is not this a delightful frame of mind? or, rather, I reverse the question, Is not that a sad miserable state of heart in which we have to speak of Jesus otherwise than with assured affection? Ah, my brethren and sisters, there may be times when the most loving heart may, from the very fact that it loves intensely and loves sincerely, doubt whether it does love at all. But then such times will be times of distress, seasons of great soul-searching, nights of anguish. He who truly loves Christ will never give sleep to his eyes, nor slumber to his eyelids, when he is in doubt about his heart belonging to Jesus. "No," saith he, "this is a matter too precious for me to question as to whether I am the possessor of it or no; this is a thing so vital that I cannot let it be with a 'perhaps,' as a matter of hap-hazard. No, I

must know whether I love my Lord or no, whether I am his or not." If I am addressing any this morning who fear they do not love Christ, and yet hope they do, let me beg you, my dear friend, not to rest contented in your present state of mind; never be satisfied till you know you are standing on the rock, and until you are quite certain that you really do love Christ. Imagine for a moment, one of the apostles telling Christ that he *thought* he loved him. Fancy for a moment your own spouse telling you that she hoped she loved you. Fancy your child upon your knee saying, "Father, I sometimes trust I love you." What a stinging thing to say to you! You would almost as soon he said, "I hate you." Because, what is it? Shall he, over whom I watch with care, merely think he loves me? Shall she who lieth in my bosom, doubt, and make it a matter of conjecture, as to whether her heart is mine or no? O God, forbid we should ever dream of such a thing in our ordinary relations of life! Then how is it that we indulge in it in our piety? Is it not sickly and maudlin piety? is it not a diseased state of heart that ever puts us in such a place at all? is it not even a deadly state of heart that would let us rest contented there? No, let us not be satisfied till, by the full work of the Holy Spirit, we are made sure and certain, and can say with unstammering tongue, "O thou whom my soul loveth."

Now, notice something else equally worthy of our attention. The Church, the spouse, in thus speaking of her Lord, thus directs our thoughts not merely to her confidence of love, but to the *unity* of her affections with regard to Christ. She hath not two lovers, she hath but one. She doth not say, "*O ye* on whom my heart is set!" but, "*O thou!*" She hath but one after whom her heart is panting. She has gathered her affections into one bundle, she hath made them but one affection, and then she hath cast that bundle of myrrh and spices upon the breast of Christ. He is to her the "*Altogether Lovely,*" the gathering up of all the loves which once strayed abroad. She has put before the sun of her heart a burning glass, which has brought all her love to a focus, and it is all concentrated with all its heat and vehemence upon Christ Jesus himself. Her heart, which once seemed like a fountain sending forth many streams, has now become as a fountain which hath but one channel for its waters. She hath stopped up all the other issues, she hath cut away the other pipes, and now the whole stream in one strong current runs toward him, and him alone. The Church, in the text here, is not a worshipper of God and of Baal too; she is no time-server, who hath a heart for all comers. She is not as the harlot, whose door is open to every wayfarer; but she is a chaste one, and she seeth none but Christ, and she knoweth none whom her soul desireth, saving her crucified Lord. The wife of a noble Persian having been invited to be present at the wedding feast of King Cyrus, her husband asked her merrily upon her return whether she did not think the bridegroom-monarch a most noble man. Her answer was, "I know not whether he be noble or not; my husband was so before my eye that I saw none beside him; I have seen no beauty but in him." So if you ask the Christian in our text, "Is not Such-an-one fair and lovely?" "No," she replieth, "my eyes are fully fixed on Christ, my heart is so taken up with him that I cannot tell if there be

beauty anywhere else; I know that all beauty and all loveliness is summed up in him." Sir Walter Raleigh used to say, "That if all the histories of tyrants, the cruelty, the blood, the lust, the infamy, were all forgotten, yet all these histories might be re-written out of the life of Henry VIII." And I may say by way of contrast, "If all the goodness, all the love, all the gentleness, all the faithfulness that ever existed could all be blotted out, they could all be re-written out of the history of Christ." To the Christian, Christ is the only one she loveth, she hath no divided aims, no two adored ones; but she speaketh of him as of one to whom she has given her whole heart, and none have aught beside. "Oh thou whom my soul loveth."

Come, brethren and sisters, do we love Christ after this fashion? Do we love him so that we can say, "Compared with our love to Jesus, all other loves are but as nothing." We have those sweet loves which make earth dear to us; we do love those who are our kindred according to the flesh, we were indeed beneath the beasts if we did not. But some of us can say, "We do love Christ better than husband or wife, or brother or sister." Sometimes we think we could say with St. Jerome, "If Christ should bid me go this way, and my mother did hang about my neck to draw me another; and my father were in my way, bowing at my knees with tears entreating me not to go; and my children plucking at my skirts should seek to pull me the other way, I must unclasp my mother, I must push to the very ground my father, and put aside my children, for I must follow Christ." We cannot tell which we love the most till they have come into collision. But when we come to see that the love of mortals requires us to do this, and the love of Christ to do the reverse, then shall we see which we love best. Oh, those were hard times with the martyrs; with that good man for instance, Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, who was the father of some twelve children, all of them but little ones. On the road to the stake his enemies had contrived that his wife should meet him with all the little ones, and she had set them in a row kneeling down by the roadside. His enemies expected that surely now he would recant, and for the sake of those dear babes would certainly seek to save his life. But no! no! He had given them all up to God, and he could trust trust them with his heavenly Father; but he could not do a wrong thing even for the felicity of covering these little birds with his wings and cherishing them beneath his feathers. He took them one by one to his bosom, and looked, and looked again; and it pleased God to put into the mouth of his wife and of his children words which encouraged him instead of discouraging him, and ere he went from them his very babes had bidden the father play the man and die boldly for Christ Jesus. Ay, soul, we must have a love like this which cannot be rivalled which cannot be shared; which is like a flood tide—other tides may come up very high upon the shore, but this cometh up to the very rocks and beats there, filling our soul to the very brim. I pray God we may know what such a love to Christ as this may mean.

Furthermore, I want to pluck you one more flower. If you will look at the title before us, you will have to learn not only its reality, its assurance, its unity; but you will have to notice its *constancy*. "O thou whom my soul loveth." Not, "*did love yesterday*"; or, "may begin to

love to-morrow"; but "thou whom my soul loveth,"—"thou whom I have loved ever since I knew thee, and to love whom has become as necessary to me as my vital breath or my native air." The true Christian is one who loves Christ for evermore. He doth not play fast and loose with Jesus; pressing him to-day to his bosom, and then turning aside and seeking after any Delilah who may with her witchery pollute him. No, he feels that he is a Nazarite unto the Lord; he cannot and he will not pollute himself with sin at any time or in any place. Love to Christ in the faithful heart is as the love of the dove to its mate: she, if her mate should die, can never be tempted to be married unto another, but she sitteth still upon her perch and sigheth out her mournful soul until she dieth too. So were it with the Christian; if he had no Christ to love he must e'en die, for his heart has become Christ's. And so if Christ were gone, love could not be; then his heart would be gone, too, and a man without a heart were dead. The heart, is it not the vital principle of the body? and love, is it not the vital principle of the soul? Yet, there are some who profess to love the Master, but only walk with him by fits, and then go abroad like Dinah into the tents of the Shechemites. Oh, take heed, ye professors, who seek to have two husbands: my Master will never be a part husband. He is not such a one as to have half of your heart. My Master, though he be full of compassion and very tender, hath too noble a spirit to allow himself to be half-proprietor of any kingdom. Canute, the Danish king, might divide England with Edmund the Ironside, because he could not win the whole country, but my Lord will have every inch of thee, or none. He will reign in thee from one end of the isle of man to the other, or else he will not put a foot upon the soil of thy heart. He was never part-proprietor in a heart, and he will not stoop to such a thing now. What saith the old Puritan? "A heart is so little a thing, that it is scarce enough for a kite's breakfast, and ye say it be too great a thing for Christ to have it all." No, give him the whole. It is but little when thou weighest its merit, and very small when measured with his loveliness. Give him all. Let thy united heart, thy undivided affection be constantly, every hour, given up to him.

"Can ye cleave to your Lord? can ye cleave to your Lord,

When the many turn aside?

Can ye witness he hath the living Word,

And none upon earth beside?

And can ye endure with the Virgin band,

The lowly and pure in heart,

Who, whithersoever their Lamb doth lead,

From his footsteps ne'er depart?

Do ye answer, 'We can? Do ye answer, 'We can,

Through his love's constraining power?'

But ah remember the flash is weak,

And will shrink in the trial hour?

Yet yield to his love, who round you now,

The bands of a man would cast;

The cords of his love, who was given for you,

To the altar binding you fast."

May that be your lot, constant, still to abide in him who has loved you.

I will make but one more remark, lest I weary you in thus trying to anatomize the rhetoric of love. In our text you will clearly perceive a vehemence of affection. The spouse saith of Christ, "O thou whom my soul loveth." She means not that she loves him a little, that she that she loves him with an ordinary passion, but that she loves him in all the deep sense of that word. Oh, Christian men and women, I do protest unto you I fear there are thousands of professors who never knew the meaning of this word "love," as to Christ. They have known it when it referred to mortals; they have felt its flame, they have seen how every power of the body and of the soul are carried away with it; but they have not felt it with regard to Christ. I know you can *preach* about him, but do you love him? I know you can *pray* to him, but do you love him? I know you trust him— you think you do—but do you love him? Oh! is there a love to Jesus in your heart like that of the spouse when she could say, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his lips, for his love is better than wine." "No," say you, "that is too familiar for me." Then I fear you do not love him, for love is always familiar. Faith may stand at a distance, for her look is saving; but Love comes near, for she must kiss, she must embrace. Why, beloved, sometimes the Christian so loves his Lord, that his language becomes unmeaning to the ears of others who have never been in his state. Love hath a celestial tongue of her own, and I have sometimes heard her speak so that the lips of worldlings have mocked, and men have said, "That man rants and raves—he knoweth not what he saith." Hence it is that Love often becomes a Mystic, and speaks in mystic language into which the stranger intrudeth not. Oh! you should see love when she has her heart full of her Saviour's presence, when she cometh out of her chamber! Indeed, she is like a giant refreshed with new wine. I have seen her dash down difficulties, tread upon hot irons of affliction and her feet have not been scorched; I have seen her lift up her spear against ten thousand, and she has slain them at one time. I have known her give up all she had, even to the stripping of herself, for Christ: and yet she seemed to grow richer, and to be decked with ornaments as she unarrayed herself, that she might cast her all upon her Lord, and give up all to him. Do you know this love, Christian brethren and sisters? Some of you do I know, for I have seen you evince it in your lives. As for the rest of you, may you learn it, and get above the low standing of the mass of Christ's Church at the present day. Get up from the bogs and fens and damp morasses of lukewarm Laodiceanism, and come ye up, come ye up higher, up to the mountain top, where ye shall stand bathing your foreheads in the sunlight, seeing earth beneath you, its very tempests under your feet, its clouds and darkness rolling down below in the valley, while you talking with Christ, who speaks to you out of the cloud, are almost caught up into the third heaven to dwell there with him.

Thus have I tried to explain the rhetoric of my text, "Thou whom my soul loveth."

II. Now let me come to THE LOGIC OF THE HEART, which lies at

the bottom of the text. My heart, why shouldst thou love Christ? With what argument wilt thou justify thyself? Strangers stand and hear me tell of Christ, and they say, "Why shouldst thou love thy Saviour so? My heart, thou canst not answer them so as to make them see his loveliness, for they are blind, but thou canst at least be justified in the ears of those who have understandings; for doubtless the virgins will love him, if thou wilt tell to them why thou lovest him. Our hearts give for their reason why they love him, first, this: We love him for *his infinite loveliness*. If there were no other reasons, if Christ had not bought us with his blood, yet sometimes we feel if we had renewed hearts, we must love him for having died for others. I have sometimes felt in my own soul, that setting aside the benefit I received from his dear cross, and his most precious passion, which, of course, must ever be the deepest motive of love, "for we love him because he first loved us;" yet setting aside that, there is such beauty in Christ's character—such loveliness in his passion—such a glory in that self-sacrifice, that one must love him. Can I look into thy eyes and not be smitten with thy love? can I gaze upon thy thorn-crowned head, and shall not my heart feel the thorn within it? Can I see thee in the fever of death, and shall not my soul be in a fever of passionate love to thee. It is impossible to see Christ and not to love him; you cannot be in his company without at once feeling that you are welded to him. Go and kneel by his side in Gethsemane's garden, and I am persuaded that the drops of gore as they fall upon the ground, shall each one of them be irresistible reasons why you should love him. Hear him as he cries, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Remember that he endures this out of love to others, and you must love him. If you ever read the history of Moses you believe him to be the grandest of men, and you admire him, and look up to him as to some huge colossus, some mighty giant of the olden times. But you never feel a particle of love in your hearts towards Moses; you could not; he is an unloveable character; there is something to admire, but nothing to win attachment. When you see Christ you look up, but you do more, you feel drawn up; you do not admire so much as love; you do not adore so much as embrace; his character enchants, subdues, o'erwhelms, and with the irresistible impulse of its own sacred attraction—it draws your spirit right up to him. Well did Dr. Watts say—

"His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too."

But still, love hath another argument why she loveth Christ, namely, *Christ's love* to her. Didst thou love me Jesus, King of heaven, Lord of angels, Master of all worlds, didst thou set thy heart on me? What, didst thou love me from of old, and in eternity choose me to thyself? Didst thou continue to love me as the ages rolled on? Didst thou come from heaven to earth that thou mightest win me to be by thy spouse, and dost thou love me so that thou dost not leave me alone in this poor desert world; and art thou this very day preparing a house for me where I shall dwell with thee for ever? A very wretch Lord I should prove had I no love to thee. I must love thee, it is impossible for me to resist it; that thought that thou lovest me hath compelled

my soul to love thee. Me! me! what was there in me; couldst thou see beauties in me; I see none in myself; my eyes are red with weeping, because of my blackness and deformity; I have said even to the sons of men, "Look not upon me, for I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me." And dost *thou* see beauties in *me*? What a quick eye thou must have, nay, rather it must be that thou hast made my eyes to be thy looking-glass, and so thou seest thyself in me, and it is thy image that thou lovest; sure thou couldst not love me. That ravishing text in the Canticles, where Jesus saith to the spouse, "Thou art all fair my love, there is no spot in thee." Can you imagine Christ saying that to you; and yet he has said it, "Thou art all fair my love, there is no spot in thee," he hath put away thy blackness, and thou standest in his sight as perfect as though thou hadst never sinned, and as full of loveliness as though thou wert what thou shalt be when made like unto him at last. Oh brothers and sisters, some of you can say with emphasis, "Did he love me, then I must love him." I run my eye along your ranks, there sits a brother who loveth Christ who not many months ago cursed him. There sits a drunkard—there another who was in prison for crimes: and he loved *you*, even you; and you could abuse the wife of your bosom, because she loved the dear name, you were never happier than when you were violating his day, and showing your disrespect to his ministers, and your hatred to his cause, yet he loved you. And *me!* even *me!* forgetful of a mother's prayers, regardless of a father's tears, having much light, and yet sinning much, he loved me, and has proved his love. I charge thee, oh my heart, by the roes and by the hinds of the field that thou givest thyself wholly up to my beloved, and that thou spend and be spent for him. Is that your charge to your heart this morning? Oh! it must be if you know Jesus, and then know that Jesus loves you.

One more reason does love give us yet more powerful still. Love feels that she must give herself to Christ, because of Christ's suffering for her.

"Can I Gethsemane forget?

Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?"

"When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God! my sacrifice!
I must remember thee."

My life when it shall ebb out may cause me to lose many mental powers, but memory will love no other name than is recorded there. The agonies of Christ have burnt his name into our hearts; you cannot stand and see him mocked by Herod's men of war, you cannot behold him made nothing of, and spit upon by menial lips, you cannot see him with the nails pierced through his hands and through his feet, you cannot mark him in the extreme agonies of his awful passion without saying, "And didst thou suffer all this for me? then I must love thee, Jesus. My heart feel that no other can have such a claim upon it as thou hast, for none others have spent themselves for me as thou hast done. Others may have sought to buy my love with the

silver of earthly affection, and with the gold of a zealous and affectionate character, but thou hast bought it with thy precious blood, and thou hast the richest claim to it, thine shall it be, and that for ever."

This is love's logic. I may well stand here and defend the believer's love to his Lord. I wish I had more to defend than I have. I dare stand here and defend the utmost extravagancies of speech, and the wildest fanaticisms of action, when they have been done for love to Christ. I say again, I only wish I had more to defend in these degenerate times. Has a man given up all for Christ? I will prove him wise if he has given up for such an one as Christ is. Has a man died for Christ? I write over his epitaph that he surely was no fool who had but the wisdom to give up his heart for one who had his heart pierced for him. Let the Church try to be extravagant for once; let her break the narrow bounds of her conventional prudence, and for once arise and dare to do wonders—let the age of miracles return to us—let the Church make bare her arm, and roll up from her the sleeves of her formality, let her go forth with some mighty thought within her, at which the worldling shall laugh and scoff, and I will stand here, and before the bar of a scoffing world, dare to defend her. Oh church of God, thou canst do no extravagance for Christ. Ye may bring out your Marys, and they may break their alabaster boxes, but he deserves the breaking well. Thou mayst shed thy perfume, and give to him rivers of oil, and ten thousands of the fat of fed beasts, but he deserves it well. I see the Church as she was in the first centuries, like an army storming a city—a city that was surrounded with a vast moat, and there was no means of reaching the ramparts except by filling up the moat with the dead bodies of the Church's own martyrs and confessors. Do you see them? A bishop has just now fallen in; his head has been smitten off with the sword. The next day at the tribunal there are twenty wishing to die that they may follow him; and on the next day twenty more; and the stream pours on till the huge moat is filled. Then, those who follow after, scale the walls and plant the blood-red standard of the cross, the trophy of their victory upon the top thereof. Should the world say, "Why this expense of blood?" I answer, he is worthy for whom it was shed. The world says, "Why this waste of suffering?" "why this pouring out of an energy in a cause that at best is but fanatical?" I reply, "He is worthy, he is worthy, though the whole world were put into the censor, and all men's blood were the frankincense, he is worthy to have it all sacrificed before him. Though the whole Church should be a slaughtered hecatomb, he is worthy upon whose altar it should be sacrificed. Though every one of us should lie and rot in a dungeon, though the moss should grow upon our eyelids, though our bodies should be given to the kites, and the carrion crows, he is worthy to claim the sacrifice; and it were all too mean a gift for such an one as he is." Oh Master, restore unto the Church the strength of love which can hear such language, and feel it to be true.

III. Now I come to my last point, upon which I must dwell but briefly. Rhetoric is good, logic is better, but a POSITIVE DEMONSTRATION is the best.

I sought to give you rhetoric when I expounded the words of the

text. And now I want you to give—I cannot give it—I want you to give, each for himself, the demonstration of your love for Christ in your daily lives. Let the world see that this is not a mere label to you—a label for something that does not exist, but that Christ really is to you “him whom your soul loves.” You ask me how you shall do it, and I reply thus: I do not ask you to shave your crown and become a monk, or to cloister yourself my sister, alone and become a nun. Such a thing might even show your love to yourself rather than love to Christ. But I ask to go home now, and during the days of the week engage in your ordinary business; go with the men of the world as you are called to do, and take the calling which Christ has given to you, and see if you cannot honour him in your calling. I, as a minister of course, must find it to some degree less honourable work to serve Christ than you do, because my calling doth as it were supply me with gold; and for me to make a golden image of Christ out of that is but small work, though God wotteth I find it more than my poor strength could do apart from his grace. But for you to work out the image of Christ in the iron, or clay, or common metal of your ordinary conversation,—Oh, this will be glorious indeed! And I think you may honour Christ in your sphere as much as I in mine; perhaps more, for some of you may know more trouble, you may have more poverty, you may have more temptation, more enemies; and therefore you, by loving Christ under all these trials, may demonstrate more fully than ever I can, how true your love is to him, and how soul-inspiring is his love to you. Away I say, and look out on the morrow, and the next day, for opportunities of doing something for Christ. Speak up for his dear name if there be any that abuse him; and if you find him wounded in his members, be you as Eleanor, Queen of England’s king, suck the poison out of his wounds. Be ready to have *your* name abused rather than he should be dishonoured; stand up always for him, and be his champion. Let him not lack a friend, for he stood thy friend when you had none beside. If thou meet with any of his poor people, show them love for his sake, as David did to Mephibosheth out of love to Saul. If thou knowest any of them to be hungry, set meat before them; thou hadst as good set the dish before Jesus Christ himself. If thou seest them naked, clothe them; thou dost clothe Christ when thou clothest his people. Nay, do thou not only seek to do this good temporally to his children, but seek thou evermore to be a Christ to those who are not his children as yet. Go among the wicked and among the lost, and the abandoned; tell them the words of him: tell them Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; go after his lost shee; be thou shepherd as he was a shepherd, so wilt thou show thy love. Give what thou canst to him; when thou diest, make him heir of some of thy estate; I should not think I loved my friend, if I did not sometimes make him a present; I should not think I love Christ if I did not give him somewhat, some sweet cane with money, some fat of my burnt sacrifices. I heard the other day a question asked concerning an old man, who had long professed to be a Christian. They were saying he left so much and so much, and one said, “But did he leave Christ anything in his will?” Some one laughed and thought it ridiculous. Ah! so it would be, because men

do not think of Christ as being a person; but if we had this love it would be but natural to us to give to him, to live for him, and perhaps if we had ought at last to let him have it—and so even dying we might give our friend in our dying testament a proof that we remembered him, even as he remembered us in his last testament and will. Oh brothers and sisters—what we want more of in the Church is, more extravagant love to Christ. I want each of you to show your love to Jesus, sometimes by doing something the like of which you have never done before. I remember saying one Sabbath morning that the Church ought to be the place of invention as much as the world. We do not know what machine is to be discovered yet by the world, but every man's wit is at work to find out something new. So ought the wits of the Church to be at work to find out some new plan of serving Christ. Robert Raikes found out Sabbath-schools; John Pounds the Ragged School: but are we to be content with carrying on their inventions? No; we want something new. It was in the Surrey Hall, through that sermon, that our brethren first thought of the midnight meetings that were held—an invention suggested by the sermon I preached upon the woman with the alabaster box. But we have not come to the end yet. Is there no man that can invent some new deed for Christ? Is there no brother that can do something more for him than has been done to-day, or yesterday, or during the last month? Is there no man that will dare to be strange and singular and wild, and in the world's eye to be fanatical—for that is no love which is not fanatical in the eye of man. Depend upon it, that is no love that only confines itself to propriety. I would the Lord would put into thy heart some thought of giving an unwonted thank-offering to him, or of doing an unusual service, that so Christ might be honoured with the best of thy lambs, and that the fat of thy bullocks might be exceeding glorified by your proof of love to him.

God bless you as a congregation. I can only invoke his blessing, for O these lips refuse to speak of love which I trust my heart knows, and which I desire to feel more and more. Sinner, trust Christ before thou seek to love him, and trusting Christ thou art saved.

Prayer.

I KNOW not by what methods rare,
 But this I know, God answers prayer,
 I know not when he sends the word,
 That tells us fervent prayer is heard.
 I know it cometh soon or late,
 Therefore we need to pray and wait.
 I know not if the blessing sought
 Will come in just the guise I thought.
 I leave my prayers with Him alone
 Whose will is wiser than my own.

The Rev. Stephen Small's Temptations;

OR, THE STORY OF A BAPTIST PERVERT.

CHAPTER X.—THE VICTORY WON.

"OH, Julia! my head, my head; my poor head!"

Such was the exclamation of Mr. Small to his daughter as she entered his bedroom, the first morning after he had spent the night without taking any of the baneful tabloids.

"Does it hurt you much, father?" asked his daughter in a sympathetic tone.

"It does, specially at the back; it is so heavy."

"Well, how have you got on, my dear father?"

"Very badly my child; very badly indeed. You know when you left me I said I would try to sleep. And so I did, but I might just as well have tried to fly. I turned over and over and over, but sleep would not be wooed. So some hours passed on, and I was still awake, wanting to sleep and couldn't. As the morning light began to dawn I seemed to be dropping off, but suddenly gave a spasmodic jerk; and lo! there I was wide awake again! Then my head began to ache and my eyelids felt heavy; but still no sleep. But it did come at last, such as it was, only a dreamy sort of doze. Then, just as I thought I might possibly drop off, you came in."

"Well, father, cheer up; the doctor is going to send you a soothing draught to-night, and that may possibly help you."

The aching head being some-

what relieved by a cup of tea and a slice or two of bread and butter for breakfast, throughout the day Mr. Small was enabled to take a more cheerful view of things; and then came the night, the much dreaded night.

"Shall I sit up with you, father?" kindly enquired his daughter.

"No, there is no need, child. I've asked help of God, and I'm sure He will pull me through. Here kiss me. Good-night."

But that night was destined to be one never to be forgotten. Bad as the first night was, this one was far worse. He wanted sleep and he got it. But ere he got it he began to jerk. First his body would jerk, then perhaps one arm, afterwards the other; now the legs would lift up the bed clothes; and then the head would turn as if it were going to twist itself from the neck. Was he going to have spasms, convulsions, hysteria, or what? Then there was a cessation of the jerks, and he began to dream. But how horrible were some of the dreams. They could not be told; they were too ghastly. Animals appeared before him mutilated, skinned, and lifting up their blood-stained heads and pleading eyes as if seeking for his help. Then a horse with flaming eyes and open mouth would make a rush at him and wake him up.

Now he would be on the edge of a precipice and then tumbling down. The faces of dead people that he had once known would stare at him and they would laugh and talk, and he could hear again the voices long silent in the grave. Then the scene would be a little more cheerful. He was in the pulpit preaching again; a large congregation would be gathered; he was about to address it, when all would suddenly vanish, and there instead before him appeared his late wife sailing in the air and beckoning him away. Now his head was being battered; the blood vessels in the brain seemed to be in motion; and a heavy weight pressed his skull down as if to crush it. Was he dreaming all this or was he awake and imagining it? He could hardly tell. The outlines were so clear and well defined; the voices so real; the buildings so much like those he had often seen that they could hardly be dreams; it must be a kind of hideous nightmare which, if continued, would surely drive him mad. And this, too, all the long, long night. Who can be surprised that when the sun rose in the morning he gazed upon its brilliance and then wept like a child! Had true natural sleep forsaken him for ever? Had the mere imitation of it brought him to this wretched condition—a condition that bade fair to leave him the inmate of a lunatic asylum?

As the morning wore on, Dr. Hunter called to examine his patient and make enquiries. His practised eye saw at once what was going on. But he heard his patient's tale through for all that, and then said:—

“Did you take a good tablespoonful of the soothing draught?”

“I did, sir.”

“When?”

“In the middle of the night.”

“Why in the middle?”

“To get natural sleep before I took it, if it were possible.”

“Good; but then I think a better plan is to start with it. It's tendency is to soothe and make you more likely to fall into natural sleep.”

“But what is the meaning of this jerking, doctor?”

“Well, it's very extraordinary, I will confess. But I account for it in this way. For three years you have been giving the brain help in the production of so-called sleep. Now that help is withdrawn you are casting the whole of the necessary labour on the brain alone, and for the time being it is unable to do the work you want it to do. So it shows it in this strange way.

“Do you think, doctor, I shall ever sleep naturally again?”

“Yes, I hope so.

“What, after I am sixty years of age? If I was a young man, doctor, I should stand a chance.”

“I think you stand a good chance even if you reckon yourself an old man. Cheer up, my good friend; after all I think we shall conquer.”

“Then, with help from the Lord, suffer what I may, I will try.”

“That's the spirit that is sure to win the day. Mind what you eat, and take digestible food only, and not too much even of that. Whenever you feel inclined to sleep by night or day do so, and never bother about the jerks. By degrees they will diminish, and your sleep will be as the sound sleep of other men.”

And as the kind-hearted doctor predicted so it came to pass.

Gradually natural sleep again became the coveted boon of the struggling man. Then his flesh looked healthier, and in fact he began to make flesh; his strength both mental and physical returned, and as he entered the pulpit once more to preach God's holy Word no one not in the secret would have supposed that they were listening to a venerable man of God who had fought such a terrible battle for real sleep, and won it.

But the end at last came, and now peacefully Stephen Small "sleeps in Jesus and is blessed." And never does his daughter Julia with her husband and two little children visit the grave to plant flowers upon it than she calls to mind the heroic battle fought in the darkness of the night, and which has now culminated in an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled amid the light of an everlasting day.

It would hardly be proper to close this narrative without saying a word by way of explanation, and that, too, in Mr. Small's defence. If he sinned in thus perverting the ways of nature as aforesaid he had done in perverting his ministerial ways, let it be remembered that what he did he did in ignorance. Not until it was brought home to him in the awful way we have shown did he even dream that he was doing wrong. But he was doing so for all that; and his perversion of natural law was brought home to him with a vengeance that nearly took away his intellect and his life.

It cannot be too widely known that no drug, no medicine, ever did or ever can produce natural sleep. The most that the advocate of this so-called "harmless

sedative" that Stephen took can claim for it is that it *induces* sleep. Sanco Panza in Don Quixote is represented as saying, "God bless the man who invented sleep." But that man has yet to live to be blessed. A learned physiologist has truly said, "that the physician who first discovers the true cause of sleep and how to procure it at will, may count upon receiving the undying gratitude of mankind." The discovery has, however, yet to be made; at present it is as much a secret as that of life itself. This baneful unnamed drug,* and still more powerful sleeping drugs such as opium, laudanum, chloral or morphia may by their hypnotic influence produce stupor, and for a time give rest to the weary; or more justifiably they may be used to relieve pain, but that is about as much as they can do. Yet even the late great Statesman, Mr. Gladstone, shrank from that. To relieve the terrible pain and agony of cancer he began to take opiates, but very unwillingly. He was "afraid," he said to Mrs. Gladstone, half seriously and half playfully, "of falling into bad habits." He knew well what opiates could do and what they could not; he knew that the relief given could only be temporary, and that stored up in the system they would breed calamities of a far worse nature than the disease for which they were originally prescribed: perhaps insanity, decline, or some miserable end.

But what shall be said about those druggists and medical men who laud this baneful drug so highly, tell of its supposed

* Unnamed because more or less all sleeping drugs are open to the charge.

benefits, urge those suffering from insomnia to take it as a safe and certain remedy, and even go so far as to say that it "does not affect the heart, digestion, pulse, or temperature." Are we to suppose that they are telling us so many deliberate falsehoods? Not at all. They speak according to the light they have up to date. But time that tries all things gives abundant proof that further investigation is needed to get at the facts of the case; and alas for this baneful sleeping drug, the more it is tested the worse it comes off. It is demonstratively found that its habitual use affects the brain, the heart, the digestive powers, the pulse, the limbs, the temperature, and what is far worse, even the mind itself. This being so, no powder or bottle should be sold without a label warning purchasers not only against its habitual use, but also far more strictly enforcing them

than is done at present never to take any except by the direction of or under the supervision of their own doctor. Let not sleeping drug takers of any kind deceive themselves. Nature will not be cheated. Within every man's environment there are certain laws to be carried out, and if he steps over the boundary and breaks them, a heavy penalty will be the result. So it has ever been in the past, so it is in the present, so will it be in the future. "Whatsoever a man sows that also shall he reap." "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely, but he that perverteth his ways"—moral, natural or spiritual—"shall be known;" his folly shall be made manifest to others, and well will it be for him if such knowledge is not acquired too late for his own good here and his eternal well-being hereafter.

H. W.

Keeping a Good Conscience.

LORD ERSKINE, when at the bar, was remarkable for the fearlessness with which he contended against the bench. In a contest he had with Lord Kenyon he explained his rule and conduct at the Bar in the following terms: "It was," said he, "the first command and counsel of my youth always to do what my conscience told me to do my duty and leave the consequences to God. I have hitherto followed it and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has ever been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it on the contrary the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children.

*"Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed:
Love truly and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."*

BONAR.

Ivan : A Story of Russia.

“WHAT is that that I hear of thee, Ivan? Surely it cannot be true: thou canst not have forsaken the religion of our fathers to embrace the faith of these mad Evangelists! Tell me, dear brother, that what I have learned about thee is but idle gossip; tell me Van-iushka, that it is not true.”

“That can I not, Kostia; it is true—quite true.”

“Alas, my brother!” exclaimed Konstantin, “no news could be more dreadful for me to hear, for I know what changes it makes in a man’s life to become a pervert to these new doctrines.”

Ivan said nothing, and his brother went on—

“Then thou wilt go no more to confession, Ivan?”

“I confess only to the High Priest of our profession,” replied the young man. “He alone can give me true absolution.”

“And thou makest no sign of the cross on brow and breast when thou prayest?”

“What need, brother? Is not the sign of the cross in my very heart of hearts, and the love of Him who died for us all?”

“And what about the *Ikons*, Ivan. What about the sacred pictures which all we of the Greek faith have in our houses, and before which we burn the never-extinguished lamp, and bow and cross ourselves in prayer?”

“They are all taken down, Kostia. God is a Spirit, and they who worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.”

“Well, my brother,” said Konstantin sadly, “I can only grieve for thee as a renegade and a heretic. If this religion of ours was good enough for our fathers in days that are gone it is good enough for us, and thou art a fool—I say it with sorrow, not with anger, Ivan—to give it up and to follow the mad counsels of these Evangelists who in an evil day have come among us.”

“I cannot help myself, Kostia,” replied Ivan; “my conscience will not suffer me to do otherwise.”

“At least for the sake of us that love thee, Ivan—to save us pain and humiliation—wilt thou not be persuaded to give up these wild notions of thine! If thou lovest me, brother, prove it by renouncing this new faith.”

“God knows I love thee Konstantin,” said Ivan, his voice strained and husky; “but God hath called me, and I cannot but obey. I love thee dearly, my brother, but I love my Lord yet better, and I read that he that taketh not up his cross and followeth Jesus is not worthy of Him.”

“Hast thou counted the cost, Ivan? Hast thou considered that, if thou dost persist in this folly, there can be no further intercourse between thee and me and mine?”

"Is this final, Kostia? Must it indeed be?"

"It is final," replied Konstantin.

"Then there is nothing to be said but farewell," sighed Ivan.

The brothers looked silently in each other's face for a moment; then, after a long embrace, they parted and went to their respective homes, as much separated as though they lived in different countries instead of the same village.

In this place Ivan had no friends who sympathized with him in his change of faith. The villagers scoffed at his new-fangled notions, as they called them; the priest spoke against him openly and maliciously; even the children ran after him down the little crooked street calling out, "Ach, there goes this very good man who puts all of us sinners to shame!"

But bitterest of all against him was Kostia's wife, Fedosia, who declared that this change in religion was with Ivan only the result of selfishness and covetous greed, and that doubtless he had accepted bribes or expected benefits for denying the belief of his forefathers. Altogether this sort of persecution with the young convert had to bear was very painful to any one so sensitive and affectionate as Ivan; and but for the thought of his beloved Master, who had said to his disciples of old, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," he could not have remained steadfast, patient and resentful.

About this time a war with a foreign country broke out, and fresh troops were levied all over Russia by conscription. Among others from this village, Konstantin drew what they called a bad number in the military lottery, and his wife was broken-hearted when she learned that he was at once to leave her for a distant town, where the new recruits were to be drilled and disciplined and put into shape for active service.

He and Fedosia were sitting one evening in their little kitchen, over the last meal they expected to have together, when the recruiting sergeant appeared at the door.

"Konstantin Isakovitch Lesnoi," he said, "I bring thee good news!"

"And what good news can there be for either my husband or myself," said Fedosia passionately, "when in an hour or two he must leave me and his children and his home?"

"It is about that very matter that I am come," said the sergeant. "Be comforted, my friends! Our number is made up without thee, Konstantin, and for this time at least thou art safe, for a man has volunteered to take thy place. Hush! interrupt me not, my time is brief. But make the most of thy freedom, for it may well be the next time thou shalt be less fortunate."

Too happy at first for words, the husband and wife threw themselves into each other's arms, sobbing for very joy, and the little ones awoke and sat up in their cribs in the next room, peering through the open door to see what all this excitement could mean.

As soon as Konstantin found his voice he wanted to ask a number of questions, but the sergeant could not wait to answer them.

"We march at once," he said; "so farewell, you lucky people; try and deserve your good fortune, and pray heaven that the brave

volunteer lose not his life through this noble deed of self-sacrifice.'

The next morning, having some free time, Fedosia took her children out in the woods to gather mushrooms and pick berries, for the Russian peasants depend much for their food upon these wild products of nature, and especially in fast time, when no animal food is allowed. As she was returning with laden baskets, her elder child running by her side and the younger gleefully perched upon her shoulder, she met a neighbor.

"Good morning, Fedosia Petrovna," said the woman; "how happy you look to-day!"

"Yes, and I have reason, since my husband remains with me instead of going to that horrid war."

"And yet methinks you might grieve a little over the man who has taken his place," said the neighbor.

"Why should I? He is a stranger to me."

"A stranger! Fie upon you! A change of religion may be a bad thing; but, after all, the ties of blood cannot be broken altogether, and your husband's brother should not be called a stranger."

"My husband's brother? Ivan?" cried Fedosia, dropping her basket; and in a moment all her hard words, her cruel contempt, came back to her memory. She and Kostia had cast him off, and how had he repaid their bigoted unkindness.

"And further," the woman continued: "Ivan left behind him with my husband a small book, a New Testament, and entreated that you would both read it every day for his sake."

That night Konstantin, in reverent obedience to his brother's last request, read a few verses out of the book, and every evening he did the same, until gradually God's Spirit revealed to him and to his wife the simple truth as it is in Jesus; and they began to understand how and why Ivan had thrown aside the old rites and customs of the Greek faith and embraced the new and simple religion, and they learned to appreciate more and more fully the self-abnegation which was only an outcome of his love to Christ, and the forgiving spirit which he had learned from him.

It was not very long before the news came that the young soldier had fallen in the very first engagement in which his company fought—gone home to the Captain of his salvation, to hear the blessed words spoken, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

There could be no headstone to mark the lowly grave of that noble Christian man in the foreign land where his body lay; but Konstantin and Fedosia, who were now following their brother, with their faces steadfastly set Zionwards, in memory of Ivan wrote on the flyleaf of the precious little book these words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his own life for his friends."

LIGHT IN THE HOME.

U.S.A.

It needs much grace to discern beauty in eyes keen to observe our faults.

"Behold, He Cometh!"

Rev. I. 7.

BEHOLD, He cometh! not in manger lowly,
 As when angelic songs proclaimed His birth,
 And told to wond'ring shepherds their glad story,
 "Goodwill to all mankind, and peace on earth."

Behold, He cometh! not a homeless stranger;
 No more to tread the winepress all alone;
 But now, in clouds, ten thousand times ten thousand
 Attendant angels bear Him on His throne.

Behold, He cometh! robed in regal splendour,
 No more despised, forsaken, and unknown;
 No more the "Man of sorrows," grief's acquaintance,
 In triumph now He comes to claim His Own.

Behold, He cometh! "every eye shall see Him,"
 Shall gaze upon the face of Him who died;
 Shall hail with joy and gladness His returning,
 Or from His searching presence seek to hide.

Behold, He cometh! raised in power and glory,
 To summon sinning nations to his feet;
 The dead in Christ, from slumbers deep, shall waken,
 And, with the waiting saints, their Lord shall meet.

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! welcome tidings,
 Which break the solemn stillness of the night!
 Go forth with lamps all ready, trimm'd and burning,
 To meet the King returning in His might.

Behold, He cometh! "Come Lord Jesus, quickly!
 Yea, come, and tarry not," Thy children pray;
 We long to greet the bright millennial morning
 When Thou shalt reign with universal sway.

Brentford.

JOHN BURNHAM.

SATAN is the hardest taskmaster, and the worst paymaster.
 He is most in want of our patience, who has none of his own.
 It is the man with one talent, who usually wastes his power.
 SUBMIT and conquer. God fights the battles of a will resigned.

David's Sweetest Psalm.

THE Twenty Third Psalm is the nightingale of the Psalms. It is small, of a homely feather, and singing shyly out of obscurity; but, oh! it has filled the air of the whole world with joy melodious, greater than all hearts can conceive. Blessed, yea, sevenfold blessed be the day on which David was inspired to pen this Psalm, and when his harp was attuned to its heaven-born melody. Its truths and consolation and peace are eternal.

This Psalm has charmed more griefs to rest than all the philosophy of the world. It has strangled more felon thoughts, destroyed more black doubts, arrested more thieving sorrows, than are the sands on the sea-shore. It has comforted the innumerable host of the poor. It has sung courage to the army of the disappointed. It has poured balm into the hearts of the sick; it has poured consolation into the hearts of captives in dungeons; it has ministered support to widows in their pinching griefs; and it has spoken comfort to the souls of orphans in their loneliness. Dying soldiers have died easier as this twenty third Psalm was read to them; glad the hospitals have been illuminated by its light; its music has visited the prisoner and broken his chains, and, like the angel to Peter, has led him forth in imagination, and sung him back to his home again. This Psalm has made the dying Christian slave freer than his master, and consoled those whom, dying, he left behind mourning, not so much that he was gone, as because they were left behind, and could not go too. Nor is this Psalm's blessed work finished. It will go on singing to our children, and to their children, and to their children's children, through all the generations of time; nor will it fold its wings till the last pilgrim is safe, and time is ended; and then it shall fly back to the bosom of God, whence it first came forth, and sing on, mingled with all those songs of celestial joy which make heaven musical for ever and for evermore.

Let the reader now pause, and ask himself the question, "Can I say, 'The Lord is my Shepherd?'" Vitally important is this question, and closely does it concern each one of us. May the Spirit of the Living God teach us to *know and feel* that we possess Jesus as our very own Shepherd, who laid down His life for His sheep.

BAND M.

Oliver Cromwell's Idea of Civil and Religious Liberty.

HE wanted good soldiers and good men; and if they were these, the Independent, the Baptist, the Leveller, found entry among his Ironsides." "The State," he boldly lay down at last, "in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions. If they be willing faithfully to serve it that satisfies."—*Green's Short History.*

“Bells Across the Snow.”

O Christmas, merry Christmas !
 Is it really come again ?
 With its memories and greetings,
 With its joy and with its pain.
 There's a minor in the carol,
 And a shadow in the light,
 And a spray of cypress twining
 With the holly wreath to-night.
 And the hush is never broken
 By laughter light and low,
 As we listen in the starlight
 To the “Bells across the snow.”

O Christmas, merry Christmas !
 'Tis not so very long
 Since other voices blended
 With the carol and the song !
 If we could but hear them singing
 As they are singing now,

If we could but see the radiance
 Of the crown on each dear brow,
 There would be no sigh to smother
 No hidden tear to flow,
 As we listen in the starlight
 To the “Bells across the snow.”

O Christmas, merry Christmas !
 This never more can be ;
 We cannot bring again the days
 Of our unshadowed glee.
 But Christmas, happy Christmas !
 Sweet herald of goodwill,
 With holy songs of glory.
 Brings holy gladness still.
 For peace and hope may brighten,
 And patient love may glow,
 As we listen in the starlight
 To the “Bells across the snow.”

Frances Ridley Havergal.

The Blessed Day.

SWEET day of rest! the pearl of days,
 The cream of time, the type of heaven,
 Which, in the Lord's abounding grace,
 “Was made for man,” and to him given.

When through such toil, and care, and strife,
 We have to press our weary way,
 How dark, how drear this mortal life,
 But for the blessed Sabbath-day !

My weary limbs and aching breast
 Alike enjoy the sweet repose
 Afforded by the day of Rest—
 Sweet day ! on which the Saviour rose.

Reviews.

First Book of Samuel to Job. The Rev. F. B. Meyer. Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

This daily homily may be placed among the most valuable of Mr. Meyer's many contributions to religious literature. It is full of precious gems and sacred thoughts. A condensed commentary enclosed in strong durable exterior.

"Whence and Whither," and other poems. By S. Trevor Francis. Morgan and Scott.

In some prefatory words by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., reference is made to some of the most beautiful of these contents, *God, Mother, Home*, and the hope expressed that drooping hearts will be cheered and sad ones comforted, and above all, our Master glorified. It contains many sacred psalm-like songs, and also some touching moral pieces such as "The Dying Cripple" and "A Child's Home in London."

The Study of the Types. By Ada R. Habershon, author of the *Priests and Levites, A Type of the Church*, &c., &c. Morgan and Scott.

All readers of this book will be enriched thereby. It adds to our store on typology, is full of useful hints and thoughts and illustrations without being strained or fanciful. The Types of Calvary and their prominent lessons are specially good, and the sixteen chapters will be a valuable addition to the minister's study. But while we read, we ask with this good book in our hand, while all Scripture is profitable and may be used to instruct and furnish the mind for every good word and work, *are we at liberty to call every illustration a type?*

Christ Come and Coming. By Folland. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

We have had a rich treat in reading this instructive and soul-comforting little book. It is based on a great fact. Christ has come a second time by His Spirit, and has come to abide with His Church for ever. Millions of Christians can testify to this precious truth, and these pages make one say, "Yes, Christ is come, Christ is here." Nevertheless we are waiting and watching for a further glorious coming when He shall come to reign over all and for ever, and we join the prayer, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Fire Ships, Fire Works, and Fire Brands By Stanley Martin, author of some "Famous Bonfires," &c., &c. William Wileman, 27, Bouverie Street, S.E.

We think this shilling illustrated work should be in the hands of thousands of our young people. It is a timely book and lifts the veil off the past and helps us to look back and see what Romanism was, and by new claims to infalibility is now, and and always will be. We see prizes are offered to any boy or girl under twelve years of age who will write some short compositions in answer to certain questions in this book, also a second prize to any boy or girl over twelve but under sixteen for best answer. We say to our young readers get the book.

Sunlit Spray from the Billows of Life. By Mrs. N. A. Chapliss, authoress of "Chimes for the Times." W. Wileman, Bouverie Street.

If you are fond of grand truths in verse; faithful to the written word and with the true ring of the old story of Jesus and His love, this is the book for you. Here are the first lines of a piece on the old paths. Oh give me the old-fashioned faith of my brother,

The joy that sustained him in
numberless woes ;

The Blood that was Balm on his sin
stricken conscience,

The God who was nearer and
stronger than foes.

On the Look Out, and other readings,
being the herald of many annuals.
Morgan and Scott,

Full of pictures and lively good
sound reading, and nice strong
covers, with gilt ornaments. A book
for one shilling which would be an
acceptable present for young or old
as a New Year's gift.

The Treasury of David, part 37. "The
Treasury of David." By C. H.
Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster
4, Paternoster Buildings.

We are reaching nearly to the end
of this rich work. THE WORK of the
late Pastor of the Tabernacle, and
we feel many will be thankful to the
publishers for putting it within the
reach of all by publishing it in
shilling parts.

Part II C. H. Spurgeon's Biography.

We are so glad to read these re-
minders of the great preacher and
great pastor's earliest days, reviving
pleasant memories when the writer
was neighbour and near fellow
minister with him in London. We
are favoured also with the first
appearance of our valued friend and
contributor to the *Messenger*, Pastor
T. W. Medhurst.

The Quiver for November is the
first part of a new volume. It is up-
to-date, containing the Emperor's
visit to the Holy Land (illustrated).
The Great Anniversaries in Novem-
ber, with likenesses of Richard Bax-
ter, the Duke of Wellington, Dean
Swift, William Cowper, Sir H. Have-
lock, and Archbishop Temple; it is
also rich in gifts. A frontispiece of
Esther and Haman, and Holman
Hunt's picture, in rich colours, of
the "Finding of the Saviour in the
Temple," delivered unfolded; and
this number also presents the first of
six coupons which will secure in
April six fine art plates for one
shilling.

Great Thoughts. Its pages are so
full of poetry and literature, and so
enlivened by biography that it is
difficult to say we have reached the
end, for it seems to finish, then begin
again and again, yet never repeating
itself.

The Prize Reciter supplies an im-
portant need for our Band of Hope
and Christian Endeavour Societies.

Titles and indexes for the volume
of *Helping Words*, 1897, may be had
on receipt of one halfpenny by the
publisher, A. W. Hall, 28-32, Hutton
Street, Whitefriars, London.

The Treasury of Religious Thoughts,
New York, E. B. Treat and Co.

November number, besides much
valuable matter, gives a sermon on
"Consecration," preached to Christ-
ian Endeavourers, by Rev. S. A.
Cornelius. Also a sermon on "The
Good Shepherd," by Rev. David
Gregg, D.D., and very beautiful dis-
courses on "Loves Difficulties and
Surprises," by Dr. W. H. Allbright.
"John Carter's Good Name; how
he won it." By H. Watts. Copy-
right reserved. Price twopence. Re-
printed from the *Baptist Messenger* by
permission of Rev. H. Watts. A
very thrilling story.

May be had of W. Sidwell, Queen's
Road, Feltham.

"Ritualism in the Church of Eng-
land" Speeches delivered in the
House of Commons by Samuel
Smith, Esq., and Sir William Har-
court; and an address by Samuel
Smith, Esq., on "Ritualism and
Elementary Education." Sixtieth
thousand. Charles J. Thynne, Wy-
cliffe House, Great Queen Street,
London. Price 2d.

We should like to hear of it reach-
ing a sale of hundreds of thousands.

"The Lord's Day; its Divine
Claims and Blessedness." By
Edward Evans, Evangelist of
several Churches of Christ in
North Wales and Cheshire.

This sermon is most timely. It
has been favourably received in many
quarters, and we hope it may help to

stem the unholy attempt of Sabbath-breakers, and also fire up some lukewarm Christian on the very sacred subject.

We are glad to see *The Bible Societies Reporter* and also *Gleanings for the Young* will be enlarged with the New Year. We join with the Editor in wishing for these magazines a very largely increased circulation.

The Boys' Own. The first part of a new volume is very lively and bright with its long coloured picture of the Flags and Funnels of our Steamship Liners. A new story by David Ker (illustrated). Also five chapters, and to be continued, "Hunted through the Frozen Ocean, or the Russian Prince and Cabin Boy."

The Cottager and Artisan, The Little Dots, and The Child's Companion and Light in our Home are good numbers.

The Leisure Hour, Sunday at Home, etc., have not reached us,

The Baptist Magazine gives its Literary Review; the *Sword and Trowel* the Report of the first meeting in the Tabernacle Basement; and *The Baptist Irish* has an article by J. G. Greenhough, M.A., on "The Art of Keeping Young."

Our readers will read with regret that our friend, the Rev. Henry Watts, of Grantham, feels himself compelled to retire from contributing to the future pages of our Magazine. We acknowledge his valuable services for the long period of twenty-five years, and are glad to know that we shall not lose his sympathy, and we hope *sometimes* to have his valuable help. We are glad to inform our readers that we have secured the services of the Rev. A. W. Barker, of Worthing, who will write the serial for 1899.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. W. Leyshon, from Croyde to Longhope.

Rev. J. H. Thomas, from Wrexham to Mill-street Church, Bedford.

Rev. F. G. Smith, from Crayford, Kent, to March.

Rev. C. T. Johnson, from Romsey to Dartford.

Rev. John Dickie, from Kelso to Forfar.

Rev. Edwin Jones, from Bangor College to Caerwys and Pencelli churches.

Mr J. Manton Smith is unable to continue his work as a Metropolitan Tabernacle evangelist for the present. He returned from Yorkshire with a poisoned foot, and it is feared that he may lose one of his toes.

Mr. A. Carr, late of Harley College, and Miss Louie Weston, who have been appointed to the British and Foreign Seamen's Society Mission at the Canary Isles, have been married at Kingsthorpe Chapel, Northampton.

Miss Gleager and Miss Blower, members of Queen's-road Church, Wimbledon (Rev. C. Ingrem), have been accepted by the Zenana Missionary Society for service in India.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. C. H. Underwood, late of South Cerney, has been recognised as pastor of Ruscombe, Pitchcombe and Painswick Edge churches. Mr. R. Hastings, presided, and Revs. H. J. Mitchell S. Thomas and C. A. Davis took part.

Rev. J. R. Aitken has been recognised as pastor of Dunnington Church. Revs. J. Bell Johnson, H. B. Case, G. Fowler, J. R. Russell and E. J. Crofts took part.

Rev. Samuel Jones has been recognised as pastor of Bridge-street Church, Banbury, Revs. G. Hay Morgan and Samuel Vincent preached. The Mayor (Mr. A. Fairfax) presided over the public meeting, at which Revs. J. Judson, S.

Cheshire, and H. Butler delivered addresses.

Rev. G. H. Bennett, late of Bourne, has been recognised as pastor of Northgate Church, Louth. Revs. E. H. Jackson (late pastor), W. Orton (a former pastor), Dr. Clifford and Alderman Wherry took part.

Rev. W. T. Baldwin, of Regent's-park College, has been recognised as pastor at Woking, Professor Gould gave the charge to the pastor; Dr. Clifford, in his address, said he had known Mr. Baldwin for some time as a member of Westbourne-park Chapel.

Rev. H. J. Milledge has been recognised as pastor of Brighton-road Church, South Croydon. Rev. Charles Spurgeon conducted the afternoon service, and Dr. Spurgeon presided over the public meeting. Revs. E. Roberts, J. E. Jasper, Alden Davies, A. J. Reid and H. J. Hayward took part. It was announced by Mr T. Dabbs, one of the trustees, that it had been decided to testify satisfaction at the appointment of Mr. Milledge by erecting a substantial permanent building, which will soon be commenced.

Rev. G. D. Hooper has been recognised as pastor of Westbourne Tabernacle, Bournemouth. The Mayor of Luton presided. Revs. J. Stephens, A. Corbett, R. B. Morrison, F. Shiper, E. F. Thomas, J. Dennick, W. V. Robinson and J. Collins took part.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. G. J. Knight, a mantel clock from the Christian Endeavour Society, Newbury; Mr. T. Fowler, a gold watch from Claremont Church, Bolton, in recognition of eleven years' services as financial secretary; Mr and Mrs. Wynne Roberts, an illuminated address, timepiece, albums, and photographs from Oswestry Church, in recognition of services; Rev. T. G. Atkinson, ten guineas from the church at Sandhurst; Rev. Alfred Dickerson, a gold watch and framed address from Raleigh-park Church, Brixton, at the close of three

years' ministry; Rev. J. W. Humphreys, a gold watch and chain from Llanwrtyd and Llangammarch churches; Mr. S. K. Bland, an easy chair, a clock and £32 from the churches associated with the Norfolk and Suffolk Baptist Home Missions; Rev. J. Robinson, a writing-cabinet, purse of gold and books from Oakes Church, Lindley, on resigning the the pastorate; Rev. J. Young, a secretaire from the church at Barnsley, on resigning the pastorate; Rev. A. G. Edgerton, £30 from Chiswick Church.

NEW CHAPELS.

The foundation-stones of the new chapel in Cranbrook-road, Ilford, have been laid. The building is being erected by the London Baptist Association to commemorate Rev. W. R. Skerry's chairmanship last year. The seating accommodation will be for about 800; the style will be decorative Gothic. The contract provides for vestry and Sunday-school arrangements, and the estimated cost is £5,450. High-street Church, Ilford (Rev. J. Parker), is in cordial concurrence with the new movement. Revs. E. G. Gange and J. H. French took part in the early proceedings. Messrs. F. L. Edwards, of Loughton, J. A. Tawell, of Earl's Colne, H. Wood, J.P., of Camberwell, and Rev. W. R. Skerry laid the stones. In the evening a public meeting was held in the Wesleyan Church, Mr. Herbert Marnham, treasurer of the Association, presiding.

Seventeen memorial-stones of a new chapel to seat 480 on the ground floor, for the congregation gathered at Ford, a branch of George-street Church, Plymouth, have been laid. The site, which cost £400, has been presented to the building committee by George-street Church, and the cost of the structure is estimated at £2,522. The collection at the stone-laying realised £20.

The London Baptist Association has obtained a site for a new chapel

in the centre of a rapidly developing neighbourhood at Palmer's-green, N., a mile north of Wood-green. The site is about half a mile from that secured by the Congregation-als for the newly-formed congregation at Bowes Park.

MISCELLANEOUS

SANDHURST, KENT.

The Rev. T. G. Atkinson, after 10 years' work, has resigned the pastorate. The anniversary sermon was preached by Pastor James H. Blake, the former minister. In the evening, a purse was presented to the Pastor and also a handsome clock was presented to Miss F. M. Munn, who has given her valuable services as organist for 10 years.

NEW TABERNACLE, PENGE, reports fifty-six members admitted during the past year, making 1,502 received since the commencement of Rev. Wesley Boud's pastorate in 1881; in the Sunday-schools are 700 scholars. The pastor, in his review of the work, said the members of the Young Men's Bible-class conducted cottage meetings at Penge and South Norwood. They had also taken Guide Misslon Hall, South Norwood, where they hold Gospel services every Sunday. A children's mission had been started of the Birkbeck, which was the outcome of the open-air services held there during the summer. It was also their intention to open a mission-hall on the same estate. Revs. J. P. Clark, J. Briggs and D. Bennett delivered fraternal addresses. The collections at the anniversary services realised £122.

SCOTLAND.

In connection with the Scottish Baptist Union there are now 105 churches, with a membership of 14,886. There are 1,728 Sunday-school teachers, 14,746 scholars.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

Services are now held—Sunday morning and evening at the Memorial Hall, Stockwell Orphanage.

Contributions for Rebuilding Fund may be sent to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, or T. H. Olney, Esq., Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.C.

BAPTISMS.

- Bovey Tracey*.—October 23, Two, by W. H. Payne
Bangor: Penrallt-road.—October 16, One, by W. R. Saunders
Barnet Tabernacle.—November 3, Four, by J. Smart
Belper.—October 30, Seven, by H. Collard
Bideford, North Devon.—October 31, Three, by F. Durbin
Birkenhead: Jackson-street.—October 28, Two, by R. Fraine
Birkenhead: Clifton-road.—October 30, Five, by B. Cook
Chester: Milton-street.—October 30, One, by W. Povey
Clayton-le-Moors.—October 30, Four, by S. Caldwell
Cardiff, Hope.—October 30, Two, by T. W. Medhurst
Glasgow: Frederick-street.—October 30, Three, by E. Aubrey
Hawick, N.B.—November 6, Six, by W. Kemp
High Wycombe.—October 16, Five, by C. Hobbs
Kingston-on-Thames: Bunyan Tabernacle.—October 30, Three, by I. O. Stalberg
Leeds: Hunslet.—October 30, Six, by A. E. Greening
Motheywell, N.B.—October 16, Two, by J. Burns
Oldham: Pitt-street.—October 16, Three, by W. Hughes
Pembroke Dock: Bush-street.—October 30, Two, by R. C. Roberts
Pulham St. Mary, Norfolk.—October 30, One, by T. Stannard
Pembroke: Pisgah.—November 6, Eight, by J. Roberts.
Fole-Moor, near Huddersfield.—November 6, Three, by T. Iles
Ramsbottom.—October 30, Nine, by E. M. Andrews.
Risca: Moriah.—October 30, Two, by J. O. Jenkins
Rugby.—October 30, Four, by J. Young
Redditch.—November 6, Two, by W. E. Berry

Stockport: Greek-street. — October 30, Three, by W. Thomas
Sholing, near Southampton.—October 23, One, by J. Grinnell
Semley.—October 30, One, by T. Yauldren
Slough, Bucks.—November 6, One, by T. Cousins
Tring, New Mill.—October 30, Six, by H. J. Martin
Treforest: Calvary.—November 6, Eight, by E. Lewis
Ystalyfera, Caersalem.—October 16, Nine, by D. Williams.

LONDON DISTRICT.

Barking Tabernacle.—October 26, Four, by H. Trueman
Brinsley Road, Lee, S.E.—October 30, Three, by J. W. Davies
Church-street, Edgware Road, W.—Two, by J. Tucker
Harlesden, N.W.—October 30, Two, by E. Thomas
Harringay, N.—October 19, Four, by T. Edgley
Harringay, N.—October 30, Five, by T. Edgley
Shcoter's Hill-road, S.E.—October 30, Five, by W. L. Mackenzie
Stratford-grove, E.—October 30, Three, by W. H. Stevens
Woolwich Tabernacle.—November 1, Fourteen, by J. Wilson.

THINGS OF THE PAST.



"All my life was troubled with hoarseness, bad cough, short breath, severe headache, pain in ears, and was quite deaf. I used Aerial Medication in '96—it quite restored my health and hearing, which has been perfect ever since." Miss A. STREETON, 2, Wood Street, Luton, Beds.

FREE.

To prove beyond doubt that Aerial Medication is a positive cure for deafness, catarrh, throat and lung diseases, I will, for a short time, send medicines for three months' treatment, free. For symptom form and particulars, address—J. H. MOORE, M.D. (U.S.A.), Dept.—H. 9, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.

The Book of Books.

THANK God, there is one book—the Book of books—which we all perforce hear, and in which day by day we read. In all great literature you may learn to see God, but best and clearest there; and we might be content to sacrifice the rest of human wisdom for all which that one sentence means—"Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh, if you can read nothing else which is calm and good and true, read that book; its teachings will stay with you in lines of blessing when the world itself has begun to fade away.—*Farrar*.

WINTER EVENING LECTURES & PENNY READINGS.

Large Coloured Illustrations

Lent for Lectures to Scholars and the Working Classes. These diagrams are printed on strong cloth, size 4 feet by 3 feet, are boldly executed and appropriately coloured, so as to render clearly visible, either by gaslight or daylight, to large audiences. They have been used for illustrating lectures in all parts of the United Kingdom, during the last twelve years, with the greatest success. All who have used them bear testimony to their value as helps in instructing the unlearned. As the illustrations pack in a small compass, the cost of carriage to any part of the country is small. For further particulars respecting the prices of hire, details of the subject illustrated, and books for the help of lecturers, see "The Descriptive Key," sent post free for two stamps, by ELLIOT Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

THE
BAPTIST YEAR-BOOK
AND
ALMANACK FOR 1898.

CONSISTING OF
SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND MEDITATIONS
For Every Day in the Year.

METROPOLITAN CHAPEL DIRECTORY, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF DECEASED MINISTERS, AND OTHER DENOMINATIONAL
INTELLIGENCE.

TOGETHER WITH
THE USUAL ALMANACK INFORMATION.

London:
61, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1. S. O God, Thou art my God: my soul thirsteth for Thee. Ps. lxxii. 1.

A delightful view of a soul seeking God and His grace, and obtaining a personal possession.

2. Sun. He trusted in the Lord God of Israel, so that after him was none like him amongst all the kings of Judah. 2 Kings xviii. 5.

Herakiah's piety was seen in his great confidence in God—his faith was strong in a supreme crisis—and in his obedience.

3. M. They soon forgot His works, they waited not for His counsel. Ps. cvi. 13.

Unbelief has a bad memory, but when grace comes it comes to the whole soul.

4. Tu. I have manifested Thy Name unto the men which Thou gavest me out of the world. John xvii. 6.

'He came to tell the Father's love,
 His wisdom, truth, and grace;
 To show the brightness of His smile,
 The glory of His face.'

5. W. My soul shall be satisfied and my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips. Ps. lxxii. 5.

A present joy. How precarious the present life! Comforts fail and death levels all, but God is sufficient.

6. T. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift. 2 Cor. ix. 15.

God the giver, and God the gift, the greatness of the gift; in these you have a key to the love of the Giver; for this we owe thanksgiving.

7. F. Thou art my hiding; Thou shalt preserve me from trouble. Ps. xxxii. 7.

This refuge is ample, accessible, and friendly:
 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me. . . Other refuge have I none.'

8. S. And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent. John xvii. 3.

The knowledge of God is essential to the healthful growth of the spiritual life. This can only be gained in Jesus Christ.

9. Sun. For now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face. 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

We see through an imperfect mirror of knowledge, feeling we now see God the Saviour, and heaven, then perfection of knowledge and experience.

10. M. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Heb. xiii. 8.

As Head of His Church, central subject of religious teaching, and in His saving power and grace.

11. Tu. If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. Rom. xii. 20.

Conquer his wrongs by your benefits. Never allow yourself to be so far defeated by another's evil as to seek to repay it with evil.

12. W. That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith. Eph. iii. 17.

Not lodge as an occasional guest, but abide. Strength of will and heart needed to retain the Saviour in the soul as an habitual inmate.

13. T. Because Thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee. Ps. lxxiii. 3.

It makes up all the deficiencies of life, sweetens all its bitterness, reconciles to all its losses, and adds blessedness to all the blessings of life.

14. F. Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. Ps. cxvii. 7.
 God is our resting-place, and many have said this with tearful gladness.

15. S. A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench. Matt. xii. 20.

He who has compassion upon the broken-hearted sinner could also make allowance for the weak in faith.

16. Sun. In the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. Rev. i. 9.

John was enabled to bear his suffering because he had part in this kingdom; the fire from heaven had touched and purified him.

17. M. I can of mine own self do nothing. John v. 30.

He trusted to the Divine assistance and blessing, the most perfect trust in God, the trust of a human soul which lived in God.

18. Tu. And ye are complete in Him, which is the head of all principality and power. Col. ii. 10.

Jesus Christ is the one infallible Guide and Teacher; Divine knowledge, wisdom and power dwell in Him, united to tenderest human sympathies.

19. W. Prove all things, hold fast that which is good. 1 Thess. v. 21.

The religion of Christ is good, and if good, it is true. The true, the good, and the beautiful are all one.

20. T. That the man of God may be perfect. 2 Tim. iii. 17.

The high and noble purpose for which the Scriptures are given. The Divine purpose is the full development of our whole nature.

21. F. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna. Rev. ii. 17.

We must master the evil that is within ourselves. We have the Divine promise of strength and support, known only to them who receive it.

22. S. Their Redeemer is strong, the Lord of Hosts is His name. Jer. l. 84.

The thought must have been felt to be great and wonderful that God is next-of-kin to every soul, and ready to be its Saviour.

23. Sun. He shall thoroughly plead their cause. Jer. i. 34.

The perfect fulfilment of this in the man Christ Jesus. He is our kinsman, our nearest friend, our brother. He is nearer to us than our dearest one.

24. M. Who went about doing good. Acts x. 38.
 He lived only to do good. The lives of other teachers fall below the standard of their teachings: His life rose above it. He loved others better than Himself.

25. Tu. By the grace of God I am what I am. 1 Cor. xv. 10.

His humble confession, then thanksgiving; this is the true order.

26. W. If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed. 1 Pet. iv. 16.

The name we bear is the badge of the highest distinction, name for which it is glory to suffer.

27. T. In returning and rest shall ye be saved in quietness and confidence shall be your strength. Isa. xxx. 15.

Not the confidence of cowardice, contempt, or scorn, for the who do not understand for calmness and endurance.

28. F. And he answered: Fear not, they that be with us are more than they that be with thee. 2 Kings vi. 16.

The dangers of our life are many, seen and unseen. We have sufficient protection; angels help, and God is on our side.

29. S. That in everything ye are enriched in Him, in all utterance and all knowledge. 1 Cor. i.

The source of all spiritual gifts—of preaching, hearing, holiness and perseverance—all traced to Jesus Christ.

30. Sun. For he that is joined unto the Lord one spirit. 1 Cor. vi. 17.

Arms may be twined, but they must be unlinked some day. We are in actual spiritual union with Christ. How great our privilege!

31. M. And where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty. 2 Cor. iii. 17.

He is a freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are so beside. The Holy Spirit working in us makes our service of perfect freedom.

1. Tu. But Peter followed Him afar off unto the High Priest's palace. Matt. xxvi. 58.

The failure of a true confidence, the force of curiosity, and self-confidence—a sinful mixture of motives—swayed his conduct.

2. W. God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Rom. v. 8.

'His great love and foreseen human woe
Struck forth a mighty fire that sent a glow,
And, flooding Heaven itself with radiance new,
Revealed the heart of God, all merciful, all true.'

3. T. Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus. Heb. x. 19
'Now the holiest with boldness we may enter in,
For the open Fountain cleanseth from all sin.'

4. F. To know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God. Eph. iii. 19.

'Lord, we ask it hardly knowing
What this wondrous gift might be;
But full to overflowing,
Thy great meaning let us see.'

5. S. Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God. 1 John iv. 7.

'Dialects of love are many,
Though the language be but one,
Study all you can, or any,
While life's precious school hours run.'

6. Sun. Continue in My love. Love one another as I have loved you. John xv. 9, 12.

'Loving each other, blessing and blessed,
In the strength of our gladness calm and bright,
Because in His love we are nevermore lonely,
Because we will live for Him ever and only.'

7. M. Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble. 2 Cor. i. 4.

'Seldom can the heart be lonely
If it seek a lonelier still,
Self forgetting, seeking only
Empirer cups of love to fill.'

8. Tu. Whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation. 2 Cor. i. 6.

'Every lesson you shall utter
First is gained by earnest learning,
Cared in letters deep and burning
On a heart that long endures.'

9. W. Who shall be able to teach others also. Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. 2 Tim. ii. 23.

He traineth us that we may teach the lessons we are taught, that younger learners may be further brought, led on by us.

10. T. Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake. Phil. i. 29.

'O words of golden music, unknown to harps on high,
Which and a tuneful anthem where we have found a sigh.'

11. F. What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. John xiii. 7.

'Not yet thou knowest what I do, O feeble child of earth!
The smallest leaf, the simplest flower,
Have lessons of My love opened too hard for thee to spell.'

12. S. Thy thoughts which are to upward. Ps. xl. 5.

Each may deem himself a tiny centre of that thought, for how mysteriously wrought are all our movements in its folds of might!

13. Sun. Lo, these are parts of His ways; but how little a portion is heard of Him. Job xxvi. 14.

'Then onward and yet onward, for the dim revealings show
That what we deemed a volume but one golden verse may be,
One rhythmic cadence in the flow of God's great poetry.'

14. M. Thou art near, O Lord. Ps. cxix. 157.

'I could not do without Thee,
O Jesu, Saviour dear; . . .
How dreary and how lonely . . .
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee.'

15. Tu. We which have believed do enter into rest. Heb. iv. 3.

'Resting 'neath His guiding Hand for untracked days,
Resting at the eventide beneath His wing
In the fair pavilion of our Saviour King.'

16. W. Rest (be silent) in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him. Ps. xxxvii. 7.

'Rest and be silent. For faithfully listening,
Patiently waiting, thine eyes shall behold
Treasures of promise that He shall unfold.'

17. T. With gladness and rejoicings shall they be brought. Ps. xiv. 15.

'Everlasting life is ours, purchased by the Life laid down;
And our heads oft bowed and weary everlasting joy shall crown.'

18. F. Sanctified by faith that is in me. Acts xxvi. 18.

'Holiness by faith in Jesus,
Not by efforts of thine own;
Sin's dominion crushed and broken
By the power of grace alone.'

19. S. I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness, even unto Me in faithfulness. Hosea ii. 19, 20.

'Unto Him betrothed for ever
Not by life shall own and bless.
By His name Thou shalt be called
Christ the Lord our Righteousness.'

20. Sun. Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you. 1 Pet. v. 7.

'Without a shade of care,
Because the Lord Who loves us
Will every burden bear.'

21. M. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee. Isa. xxvi. 3.

'Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding as He promised
Perfect peace and rest.'

22. Tu. The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin. 1 John i. 7.

'Precious, precious Blood of Jesus! let it make thee whole.
Let it flow in mighty cleansing o'er thy soul.'

23. W. He doeth according to His will. Dan. iv. 35.

'In Thy sovereignty rejoicing, we Thy children love and praise,
For we know that kind and loving, just and true, are all Thy ways.'

24. T. Keep this for ever in the imagination of the thought of the heart of thy people. 1 Chron. xxix. 18.

'Only for Jesus, Lord, keep it for ever
Sealed in the heart and engraved on the life.
Secret of rest, and the strength of our strife.'

25. F. The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in His mercy. Ps. cxlviii. 11.

'O mystery of Grace!
That chooseth us to stand before Thy Face
To be Thy special treasure
In Thy sweet mercy's boundless measure.'

26. S. Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price. 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

'Not your own. To Him ye owe
All your life and all your love,
Who hath claimed you for His own.'

27. Sun. Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Eph. vi. 10, 16.

'Distrust thyself, but trust His strength;
In Him thou shalt be strong;
His weakest ones may learn at length
A daily triumph song.'

28. M. Jesus said, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise. Luke xxiii. 43.

Sweetest encouragement to the vilest sinner to look to Jesus; strongest assurance for the weakest believers to abide in Him.

SUN'S RISING AND SETTINGS.
 1st d. 13th d. 25th d. 2nd d. 14th d. 26th d. }
 6.48 6.21 5.54 5.40 6.1 6.21

March.

MOON'S CHANGES.
 F.M., 8th d., 9.29 m. L.Q., 15th d., 7.48 m.
 N.M., 22nd d., 8.57 m. F.Q., 30th d., 7.40 m.

1. Tu. That He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him. John xvii. 2.

Though He had given over all flesh, yet only to those whom the Father had given Him was He to give eternal life. They are the precious jewels of His crown—not one of them can be lost.

2. W. That He should gather together in one the children of God who were scattered abroad. John xi. 52.

Has Christ gathered you? Has He called you by the grace of His Word? If so, you are really a child of God by faith in Christ.

3. T. Filled with all the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God. Phil. i. 11.

O Christian, here is the heavenly spring of all holy zeal, fervent obedience, and abounding in all the fruits of righteousness.

4. F. Who hath saved us, and called us with a holy calling. 2 Tim. i. 9.

When called with an effectual calling to Jesus by the word and power of the Spirit, we possess and enjoy hope in God and comfort from Him.

5. S. Striving against sin. Heb. xii. 4.
 The Lord's promise is, 'I will drive out your foes by little and little. In a very short time the joyful sound of perfect victory shall be proclaimed, and the enemies you strive and fight against shall harass you no more for ever.'

6. Sun. Christ died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live to themselves. 2 Cor. v. 15.

Lord, in the belief of this, fire our hearts with a holy zeal for Thy glory and unwearied constancy in obeying Thy will.

7. M. My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up. Psa. v. 3.

May we not justly charge many of our slips, sins and fallings to the neglect of this duty? Ask and receive, that your joy may be full.

8. Tu. O visit me with Thy salvation! Psa. cvl. 4.

Here is the cry of a convicted sinner of a truly gracious heart. This is a blessed frame of soul. Lord, help us to consider it, and animate us to live to Thee.

9. W. This people have I formed for Myself, they shall show forth My praise. Isa. xlii. 21.

How precious is that word, formed for Himself. Lord, fill our hearts with such a sense of Thy distinguishing grace.

10. T. Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. Heb. xii. 14.

Holiness is our vocation, our business, and is ever to be our constant aim, that we may glorify Him who hath made us accepted in the Beloved.

11. F. All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me, and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out. John vi. 87.

All whom the Father loved with an everlasting love, and chose in the morning of eternity, He committed into Christ's hands to be saved by Him with an everlasting salvation.

12. S. If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love, even as I have kept My Father's commandments, and abide in His love. John xv. 10.

The more loving faith and faithful love to Jesus abide in our hearts, so much the more will peace, consolation and joy be increased in our souls.

13. Sun. But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into Him in all things, who is the Head, even Christ. Eph. iv. 15.

This is blessed growing. All this comfort and blessedness is enjoyed in the faith of Christ. Lord, make our souls thus increase with all the increase of God!

14. M. Only believe. Mark v. 36.
 A short answer to a case of distress. Only believe that Christ hath redeemed, justified, and will eternally glorify us.

15. Tu. And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee. Psa. xxxix. 7.

Where Jesus is the object of faith, and the anchor of hope is cast within the veil, that soul shall safely and comfortably weather out every storm.

16. W. What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee. Psa. lxxvi. 3.

A Christian's fears commence with his joys. Being new born, he is the subject of new joys, and new fears also.

17. T. Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also that shall believe on Me through thy word. John xvi. 30.

Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ? If so, thou hast as much reason to conclude that Jesus prayed for thee as though thy name was written at full length in this very petition.

18. F. Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit. 2 Cor. vii. 1.

'Cleanse ourselves.' What powerful motives for cleansing and purifying our hearts! What precious privileges as living children in a state of salvation under the covenant of love and grace!

19. S. I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help. Psa. cxxi. 1.

The hills afford us a pleasing idea of Jesus. He hope our sins and carried our sorrows. All our hope is in Him, and our help cometh from Him.

20. Sun. Perfecting holiness in the fear of God. 2 Cor. vii. 1.

Saint of God, thou art called to perfect holiness in the fear of God by daily looking to Christ for sanctification, by daily subduing sins, exercise of graces, and performance of duties.

21. M. Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man. Col. iv. 6.

The tongue, though but a little member; words, though but as wind; speech, though but as a sound; yet the name, the work, the love, the glory of Jesus, are hereby greatly advanced in the world.

22. Tu. This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them. Luke xv. 2.

Well is it for thee, my soul, that the son of God hath received sinners, else how should I have been looked upon by Him?

23. W. Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this? John xi. 26.

Well mayest Thou ask, 'Believest thou this?' For in the faith of this consists all my comfort, which results in loving Thee and glorifying Thee in life and in death.

24. T. This is the name wherewith she shall be called, The Lord our righteousness. Jer. xxxiii. 16.

This is the rejoicing of simple-hearted believing souls. They are beloved and chosen by the Father.

25. F. Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God. 1 John iii. 21.

Let us cry to the blessed Spirit to enable us to live more upon the love—the matchless, everlasting, unchangeable love—of God to us in Christ Jesus.

26. S. Ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's. 1 Cor. iii. 23.

Hence, O believer, how clear thy title! how certain thy possession! Thou enjoyest all in Him, and receivest all from Him.

27. Sun. Thy Maker is thine husband. Isa. liv. 5.

Dost God thy Father say of thee, 'Thou art all fair, My love; I see no spot in thee?' Christ took thee at first for better, for worse; His love to thee is ever the same, affectionate and constant.

28. M. The Father seeketh such to worship Him. John iv. 23.

The Father seeks us before we seek Him. Hast thou found God? Dost thou know Him as thy Father? Dost thou worship Him in spirit and in truth?

29. Tu. Jesus said, One thing is needful. Luke x. 42.

This one thing comprehends all wisdom, holiness and happiness. To know Jesus is to believe Him. To believe on Him is to love Him. To love Him is to keep His commandments.

30. W. Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice. Psa. li. 8.

Remember David's pains and groans under a sense of sin. See hence the exceeding sinfulness of sin, but forget not the Saviour whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin.

31. T. Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings. Jer. iii. 22.

Our hearts imperceptibly backslide from the sense of His presence; but, oh! the love of our Lord. He reminds us, though backsliders, that He still owns us as His children.

1. F. The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer. 1 Pet. iv. 7.

Oh, may we be concerned to watch continually against the motions of the enemy, the stirrings of pride and lust, watching after prayer for an answer of peace.

2. S. Behold we come unto Thee, for Thou art the Lord our God. Jer. iii. 22.

One look of love from Christ broke Peter's heart, made him weep bitterly, and return to a crucified Saviour earnestly.

3. Sun. He restoreth my soul; and He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for His name's sake. Psa. xxiii. 3.

Believers can never sin themselves beyond the extent of Christ's love, nor the reach of His power to restore them. The precious blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

4. M. Ungodly men, who turn the grace of God into lasciviousness. Jude 4.

Oh, brethren, as you love the Holy Jesus, as you value your precious souls, as you prize communion with God, peace of conscience and joy in the Holy Ghost, beware of such ungodly men.

5. Tu. Let God be true, but every man a liar. Rom. iii. 4.

Feed by faith upon God's truth, and you shall prosper, while others cavil against it and grow lean.

6. W. In a little wrath I hid My face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. Isa. liv. 8.

Love is ever in His heart, though wrath may appear in his conduct. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

7. T. Incline your ear and come unto Me; hear, and your souls shall live. Isa. lv. 3.

Never misconstrue your soul's burdens and spiritual distress as black marks upon you. They are love-tokens from Him who says, 'Hear, and your souls shall live.'

8. F. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation. Isa. xii. 8.

The everlasting love of the Father, the rich grace of the Son. Compare these wells of salvation. Yet it is but one fountain of grace, flowing from the fulness of the man Jesus.

9. S. Thy God reigneth. Isa. lii. 7.

For as He dwells in our hearts by faith, He spiritually reigns over all within us. O what a matter of joy and consolation this is!

10. Sun. Commit thy ways unto the Lord: trust in Him, and He will bring it to pass. Psa. xxvii. 5.

Committing our way to God unburdens the mind, trusting our all to Him makes the heart quite easy, relying on Him makes the spirit joyful.

11. M. Thou standest by faith; be not high-minded, but fear. Rom. xi. 20.

Standing by faith, and living by faith are ever opposed to pride, vain confidence and a high conceit of our own attainments.

12. Tu. Ye are fallen from grace. Gal. v. 4.

A fearful word! Enough to excite in us a holy fear, a godly jealousy, and an earnest cry, 'Lord, uphold me by Thy free Spirit!'

13. W. My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto Him. Josh. vii. 19.

O Christian! thou son of the Most High, give glory to the Lord God of Israel! Make confession unto Jesus of all that is vile in thee.

14. T. By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous. Rom. v. 19.

By this one obedience of Christ, you are perfectly righteous in God's sight. He looks on you, loves you, and will treat you as such.

15. F. Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip. Heb. ii. 1.

Divine truths, eagerly heard and soon forgot, neither comfort nor strengthen the soul.

16. S. He who trusteth in his own heart is a fool. Prov. xxviii. 26.

The graces of the Spirit are not bestowed to exalt self-confidence, but to glorify Jesus, in whom should be our sole trust.

17. Sun. He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul. Psa. cvii. 15.

We should ever be concerned, in all our petitions, to make the enjoyment of God the chief, the ultimate end.

18. M. For Thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great. Psa. xxv. 11.

All manner of sin shall be forgiven unto men. Oh, while these glorious truths stand upon record, I need not doubt, I dare not despair!

19. Tu. Then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures. Luke xxiv. 45.

Hath the Lord thus blessed thee? Then thou seest Jesus to be the sum and substance of the Scriptures.

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

To be faithful unto death is to renounce the filthy rags of our own righteousness, cleaving to Christ.

21. T. But grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. 2 Pet. i. 18.

Hast thou experienced a little of this special grace? Hast thou tasted that the Lord is gracious? In this consists thy present peace and joy.

22. F. He who is of God heareth God's word. John viii. 47.

Do you love God's Word? Is it the delight of your heart and the glory of your soul? Do you believe its truth? Then, so sure as you are a son of Adam, you are a son of God.

23. S. Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

We cannot comprehend how God dwelt in the flesh, but we are fully assured he did. We have the fullest proof of it in His Word, and His Word is truth.

24. Sun. God left him to try him, that he might know all that was in his heart. 2 Chron. xxxii. 31.

The Lord withdraws for a season: He suffers pride to rear its head that He may wound it by the power of His grace, and bring the poor sinner to his feet.

25. M. I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection. 1 Cor. ix. 27.

It is hard work to fight with an enemy that is part of one's self, but Jesus' banner hath this motto: 'Deny thyself, take up thy cross, and follow Me.'

26. Tu. Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not him. Gen. xlii. 8.

So does all our safety and comfort in time and eternity spring from Christ's first knowing and loving us as His brethren.

27. W. The Lord will not cast off His people, neither will He forsake His inheritance. Psa. cxlv. 14.

Jesus is the skilful Physician; He will heal and restore His beloved members; He knows them, He loves them, they are His property.

28. T. Awake to righteousness, and sin not. 1 Cor. xv. 34.

Lord, let us never lose our convictions of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Let conscience rather smart with pain than steep in stupid security.

29. F. That your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in judgment. Phil. i. 9.

The soul that is not concerned that it may be so with him is not alive to God. Let us beware lest we despise the comforts of the Holy Ghost.

30. S. Then I saw and considered it well. I looked upon it and received instruction. Prov. xxiv. 32.

Diligence in the ways of God accompany salvation; without this we cannot enjoy the full assurance of hope that we are the followers of those who, through faith and patience, do now inherit the promises.

1. Sun. Doth the ploughman plough all day to sow? doth he open and break the clods of his ground? Isa. xxviii. 24.

As the ploughman minds his work and does his duty, so do thou. Be diligent in thy work; be humble in heart, knowing that God giveth the increase.

2. M. That every mouth may be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God. Rom. iii. 19.

When the soul is become guilty in its own sight the mouth is thus stopped; every self-righteous plea is silenced.

3. Tu. If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed, but let him glorify God on this behalf. 1 Pet. iv. 16.

Do not hang down your head with fear, but look up to God with joy. Glorify Him for thus honouring you.

4. W. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand in the evil day. Eph. vi. 13.

Thus armed, you are a match and proof against all the devices of Satan. You can never fall while fighting in this armour.

5. T. Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. John xiv. 1.

The troubles of the disciples of Christ are His concern. He has a remedy against them, He will give comfort under them.

6. F. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness. Eph. vi. 14.

Oh, think not of standing without the girdle of truth. Let Christ and His truth be the strength of thy loins and the glory of thy soul.

7. S. And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. Eph. vi. 15.

What though the way be set with sharp stones? If this shoe go between the Christian's foot and them they cannot be so much felt.

8. Sun. And they said to one another, Did not our hearts burn within us while He talked with us by the way. Luke xxiv. 32.

When the fire of Divine love burns in the heart, disciples cannot refrain from speaking of it to each other.

9. M. Above all, taking the shield of faith. Eph. vi. 16.

Only by taking the shield of faith, and holding up the work of Jesus for Him, can you quench the fiery darts of the enemy.

10. Tu. And take the helmet of salvation. Eph. vi. 17.

Take this helmet, for this keeps hope alive in the heart; it defends the head, makes the heart happy; it fortifies the mind, and purifies the life.

11. W. And take the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Eph. vi. 17.

By it He conquers the pride of our hearts, the self-righteousness of our spirits, and the rebellion of our nature against Christ and His salvation.

12. T. But to do good and communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased. Heb. xiii. 16.

To live without prayer and praise argues ingratitude; not to study to glorify God in our actions, shows the want of love.

13. F. Ye are called in one hope of your calling. Eph. iv. 4.

Blessed be God at all times, our hope is one, therefore we rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

14. S. Now the just shall live by faith. Heb. x. 38.

Thus the life of faith is a life of present peace, precious love, and joyful hope, for Christ is our life.

15. Sun. The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand. Isa. xxxii. 8.

If I have but a cup of cold water to give, I give it in my dear Lord's name, in love and gratitude to Him. Such are the generous sentiments of the liberal soul.

16. M. But some are fallen asleep. 1 Cor. xv. 6.

So sure as by faith we now live in Jesus, so at death we shall fall asleep in Jesus, and awake in His presence to behold His eternal glory.

17. Tu. What shall we then say to these things? Rom. viii. 31.

Say with our Lord, in sweet submission to His sovereign will, Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight. We give Thee the glory of all!

18. W. If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence. Exod. xxxiii. 15.

It is a blessed thing to have an especial eye to God's presence as well as to His providence.

19. T. Building up yourselves on your most holy faith. Jude 20.

For the Lord is my portion, saith my soul. O Christian, bless the day and bless the Lord when this holy faith was given you.

20. F. My son give Me thine heart. Prov. xxiii. 26.

Oh, where is the faithful, grateful soul but in ecstasy of love will cry out, Give, Lord, the power to do what Thou commandest, and command what Thou wilt.

21. S. But He giveth more grace. James iv. 6.

It is a sure mark that the true grace of God by Jesus Christ is conceived in the heart when the cry of the soul is for more grace.

22. Sun. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me. Ps. lv. 5.

Thanks to the loving Spirit, He doth convince of sin, not as a tormentor, but as a comforter, to testify of Jesus and His salvation.

23. M. I die daily. 1 Cor. xv. 31.

My Lord lives in me, that is a death to all without me.

24. Tu. Honour the Lord with thy substance. Prov. iii. 9.

You are a pensioner upon God. Can you refuse Him who speaks? Can you withhold anything from Him by whom you enjoy all?

25. W. I laboured more abundantly than they all, yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me. 1 Cor. xv. 10.

Do we labour more than others for God? Let us beware we do not sacrifice to ourselves, exalt our own power and faithfulness.

26. T. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood dwelleth in Me, and I in him. John vi. 56.

This food strengthens man's heart, this drink makes him of a cheerful countenance.

27. F. By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned. Matt. xii. 37.

Thus the state of every soul at the last day will be determined by his faith in Christ, or his unbelief of Him, declared by his words.

28. S. In the Lord have I righteousness and strength. Isa. xlv. 24.

O believer, rejoice in thy privilege. This is thy triumph against every accusation. In Jesus I have righteousness.

29. Sun. By grace are ye saved. Eph. ii. 5.

His grace will be all thy plea, all thy hope, and thy glorying. Hereby thou wilt be kept humble and walk safely.

30. M. And confessed they were pilgrims and strangers on the earth. Heb. xi. 13.

Admire these ancient heroes of faith. View and imitate their conduct. Though they saw the precious promises afar off, yet they were realized to their hearts by faith.

31. Tu. In hope of eternal life give, I give, I give, that cannot lie, promised before the world began. Titus i. 2.

Thou hast also eternal life in hope now, and the possession is as sure to thee as if thou wast in actual enjoyment of it.

1. **W.** Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God. 1 John v. 1.

It is a holy faith: it dwells in holy hearts, and produceth holy fruits. Happy the heart that hath received the power and privilege to become a child of God.

2. **T.** I will call upon God, and the Lord shall save me. Ps. lv. 16.

The more fears and oppressions beset us, they should excite more calls upon God from us. They are calls from God to call upon Him.

3. **F.** To them who have obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God. 2 Pet. i. 1.

Precious faith will show itself by its fruits, inward as well as outward.

4. **S.** Lord, be merciful unto me: heal my soul; for I have sinned against Thee. Ps. xli. 4.

Nothing but the blood of the Lamb can bring pardon to my heart, peace to my conscience, and healing to my soul.

5. **Sun.** Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. Ps. xc. 11.

Tried faith is true faith. True faith stands the fire of temptation, and trusts Christ in heaviness.

6. **M.** There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death. Prov. xiv. 12.

We can never enough call to mind, love and praise, our Good Shepherd, who came to seek and save us from our own way.

7. **Tu.** Lord, behold he whom Thou lovest is sick. John xi. 3.

Art thou often sick, and fearest this master-sin will prove the death of thy soul? Jesus is the alone physician—He only can cure it.

8. **W.** Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood. Rev. i. 5.

Oh, wonderful to think, joyful to believe, our sins are washed away by Christ's own blood! The precious, the mighty work is for ever finished!

9. **T.** And hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father. Rev. i. 6.

When lusts present, and Satan tempts, consider Christ hath made you a king to reign over them. Study your regal dignity and priesthood.

10. **F.** And His disciples came and took up the body and buried it, and went and told Jesus. Matt. xiv. 12.

Take up the deceitful, unclean body of sense and carnal reason, bury it, and go tell thy Saviour—He is a perfect match for thy subtlest enemy.

11. **S.** We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God. Dan. vi. 5.

Let every disciple see to it that he suffers as a Christian. Take heed that thy life and conduct be as becometh the Gospel.

12. **Sun.** For Christ is entered into heaven itself now to appear in the presence of God for us. Heb. ix. 24.

Notwithstanding all our base, unloving behaviour to Him, still, O soul!—affecting truth—He appears before God for us.

13. **M.** Then is the offence of the cross ceased. Gal. v. 11.

The cross of Christ is the Christian's glory. The offence which the world takes at him is proof that he hath taken up the cross of Christ, and is following Him.

14. **Tu.** It is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure. Phil. ii. 13.

O disciple of Jesus, how art thou sweetly constrained to own this from the rich experience of the truth upon thy own soul!

15. **W.** We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened. 2 Cor. v. 4.

Believers' groans are Jesus' concern: they evidence the life of the soul; and also, under the Spirit's influence, work for the profit of the soul.

16. **T.** The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. 1 Pet. iii. 4.

By close walking, constant communion, free conversing with Jesus, love is maintained in the heart, and a meek and quiet spirit ever accompanies love.

17. **F.** For the Lord will not cast us off for ever. Lam. iii. 31.

He loves as a father, therefore He corrects us as children. He hates our sins at the same time that He loves our person.

18. **S.** Because in him there is found some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel in the house of Jeroboam. 1 Kings xiv. 13.

Children of grace often spring from the loins of ungodly parents.

19. **Sun.** Let no man beguile you of your reward. Col. ii. 18.

We must still consider Satan as a restless, implacable foe, who will strive by all means to perplex and distress our soul.

20. **M.** Verily thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour. Isa. xlv. 15.

When God hides Himself from the souls of His believing children it is to advance His own glory and further the prosperity of their souls.

21. **Tu.** God is no respecter of persons. Acts x. 34.

This is a most comfortable truth to the vilest of the human race. There is nothing that claims respect in the person of one man above another in the sight of God.

22. **W.** The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him. Ps. xxv. 14.

The grace of His covenant strengthens our confidence in Him, keeps up fear of sinning against Him.

23. **T.** And the counsel of peace shall be between them both. Zech. vi. 13.

Here is a peace established between heaven and earth, between the righteous Lord and sinful man.

24. **F.** As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him. Col. ii. 6.

Walking implies the whole of a believer's life, that his soul should be in constant motion, that the eye of his faith should be ever looking to Christ Jesus the Lord.

25. **S.** When my soul fainted within me I remembered the Lord, and my prayer came unto Thee, into Thine holy temple. Jonah ii. 7.

Grace creates a good heart memory where there is a bad head memory. The soul can never forget the Lord Christ.

26. **Sun.** Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth? Song of Solomon iii. 3.

Here is the evidence of a heart truly converted to Christ: in the darkest seasons there is love to Christ and breathings after Him.

27. **M.** And shall not God avenge His own elect that cry day and night to Him, though He bear long with them? Luke xviii. 7.

Deliverance is the Lord's: be assured, in His own time, way, and manner thou shalt receive it.

28. **Tu.** I stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance. 2 Pet. iii. 1.

Forgetfulness of dangers causes one to fall into them; forgetting our own weakness to stand causes us to fall. Hence our pure minds want stirring up.

29. **W.** The Lord is in His holy temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him. Hab. ii. 20.

To every waiting heart at His feet Jesus will speak, silencing the clamour of the law, the commotion of sin, and the accusation of Satan.

30. **T.** By one offering Christ hath perfected for ever them who are sanctified. Heb. x. 14.

Hath Christ for ever perfected you before God? Then with what holy confidence may you draw nigh to God!

1. **F.** Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering, for He is faithful that promised. Heb. x. 23.

Why should thy mind, then, waver at any time? The foundation of God standeth sure.

2. **S.** I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. Rom. i. 16.

Lord, strengthen our souls in the faith and love of Thee. Oh, suffer us never to be ashamed of Thee and Thy cross.

3. **Sun.** My sheep hear My voice; I know them and they follow Me. John x. 27.

It was a sound of glad tidings, love and salvation to lost sheep indeed. It proved effectual to recall our souls from the dangerous paths in which we had lost ourselves.

4. **M.** If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. 1 John i. 9.

Souls thus confessing sin are not left in doubtful suspense. God the Father absolutely will pardon.

5. **Tu.** Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptation. 1 Pet. i. 6.

Though a Christian be not always in a joyful frame, yet he has abundant cause to rejoice always.

6. **W.** Give diligence to make your election sure. 2 Pet. i. 10.

There is no election to salvation but in Christ. Sinners are chosen, justified, sanctified, and saved in Him with an everlasting salvation.

7. **T.** Men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed. Ps. lxxii. 17.

Men, miserable sinful men, shall not only be blessed in and by Christ, but shall bless themselves in Him.

8. **F.** God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Thess. v. 9.

If you have trembled under a sense of wrath, now rejoice at the sound of everlasting love.

9. **S.** But faith worketh by love. Gal. v. 6.

Truth and love are equally precious. The belief of the truth is the precious love of a Christian.

10. **Sun.** Fear ye not; stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord. Exod. iv. 13.

Stand still, O soul! admire, adore and confide in a gracious saving Lord. Look on thy enemies as the foes of the Lord.

11. **M.** One mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus. 1 Tim. ii. 5.

Lord, help us to live upon it in our consciences from day to day; for it is not a speculative, but an experimental truth, and the source of every blessing.

12. **Tu.** Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities. Rom. viii. 26.

Our infirmities are the effects of our fall. Shortly we shall be perfectly freed from them. This is our glorious hope.

13. **W.** All things work together for good to them that love God. Rom. viii. 28.

God makes all work for the spiritual good and eternal salvation of His people.

14. **T.** Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness leaning upon her beloved? Song of Sol. viii. 5.

It is a poor sinner, hopeless and helpless in himself, coming up from a dangerous state leaning on Jesus the mighty to save.

15. **F.** And, lo, an horror of great darkness fell on him. Gen. xv. 12.

O believer, under spiritual darkness and distress write not bitter things against thyself. God ever rears in love; He changeth not; His love is ever the same.

16. **S.** No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost. 1 Cor. xii. 3.

A saving confession of Jesus with the lips proceeds from inward believing on Jesus with the heart.

17. **Sun.** Jesus said, Will ye also go away vi. 67.

Such a tender exhortation will put to the soul. Let it earnestly cry, 'Lord, keep me; never, never let me forsake thee.'

18. **M.** Let the lying lips be put to silence; speak grievous things against the righteous xxxi. 18.

How? By the grace of Jesus teaching thee to denounce godliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously in this present world.

19. **Tu.** Save yourselves from this ungeneration. Acts ii. 10.

Separate from them, come out from among them. Kill dear Lord's enemies, and save yourselves from them.

20. **W.** Holding the mystery of the faith in conscience. 1 Tim. iii. 9.

The conscience can only be purified by Jesus' blood; the mystery of faith is only known to enlightened minds.

21. **T.** Wisdom is the principal thing, to get wisdom. Prov. iv. 7.

Seek to enjoy the knowledge of an interest in Christ, after more experience of His grace and fellowship with your souls.

22. **F.** This is the true God and eternal King yourselves from idols. 1 John v. 20, 21.

Yea, eternal life we have in our wonderful Friend the (Christ Jesus. Blessed be His infinitely precious name!

23. **S.** O wretched man that I am! Who deliver me from the body of this death? Rom. 24.

None but Jesus is able; and He hath, He doth, deliver.

24. **Sun.** Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee; He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved. Ps. lv. 32.

This is the hope that supports them. Jesus will sustain heavy burden; they cannot sink.

25. **M.** I press toward the mark for the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Phil.

The more we see our all in Jesus, and expect all from such the more we press toward Him.

26. **Tu.** If any man love the world, the Father is not in him. 1 John ii. 15.

When the love of God lives in the heart, the love of the world is not in him. If the love of the world gain the affections, the love of the Father subsides.

27. **W.** But ye have not so learned of Ephes. iv. 20.

Christian, what hast thou learned of Christ to-day? He been bearing your sins and your sorrows? Ye have learned Christ, who says, 'Come unto Me, all ye that are weary.'

28. **T.** I am with you, saith the Lord of Haggai ii. 45.

This passage shines bright, as it manifests the most precious love and love to saints.

29. **F.** The answer of a good conscience to God by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. 1 Tim. iii. 21.

The resurrection of Christ is to be held fast as that which the conscience can maintain peace, and the heart happy.

30. **S.** I have remembered Thy name, O Lord the night. Ps. cxix. 55.

This is a blessed season for meditation upon the promises, His providence and grace.

31. **Sun.** Lovest thou Me? John xxi. 17.

Look back, soul, to thy past conduct. Say, was there a generous love to thy Lord in it?

SUN'S RISINGS AND SETTINGS.
 1st d. 13th d. 25th d. 2nd d. 14th d. 26th d.
 4.25 4.43 5.2 7.45 7.23 6.58

August.

MOON'S CHANGES.
 F.M., 2nd d., 4.29 m. L.Q., 9th d., 6.13 m.
 N.M., 17th d., 10.34 m. F.Q., 24th d., 8.32 a.
 F.M., 31st d., 0.51 a.

7. **M.** What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Mark viii. 36, 37.

Reason daily, O Christian, upon thy spiritual gain by the knowledge of Jesus. Study to look with contempt upon thy worldly loss.

2. **Tu.** Moses endured as seeing Him who is invisible. Heb. ix. 27.

If Christ is in your eye you cannot hesitate one moment. Moses' choice will be yours.

3. **W.** If ye continue in My word, then are ye My disciples indeed. John viii. 31.

Continuance in truth is the touchstone of faith; thus only is it evidenced. Thou must abide the tribulations of Jesus' word as well as his consolations.

4. **T.** And ye are complete in Him. Col. ii. 10.

As in Christ all the fulness of the Godhead dwelt bodily, so His disciples should see that they are complete in Him.

5. **F.** Let us run with patience the race set before us. Heb. xii. 1.

While our Beloved is viewed, patience possesses the heart; the feet run with delight the way of God's commandments.

6. **S.** And if a son, then an heir of God through Christ. Gal. iv. 7.

Oh, my soul! why art thou not filled with an ecstasy of joy? Help me, Thou blessed Spirit, to believe this glorious truth in all its Divine fulness.

7. **Sun.** And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father! Gal. iv. 6.

Thus, when we take hold of Christ by faith, we cry through Him, 'Abba, Father!'

8. **M.** Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts. 1 Pet. iii. 15.

When the Lord Jesus is the glory of the soul, it is the glory to sanctify Him and Him only.

9. **Tu.** Great peace have they who love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them. Ps. cxix. 165.

This law of salvation is the delight of believers. They have great peace from it. They know that it has made them free.

10. **W.** The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable. James iii. 17.

Thus, where Christ dwelleth in the heart by faith that soul dwells in wisdom, and is united to purity and peace.

11. **T.** My son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. 2 Tim. ii. 1.

Be bold in faith, strong in hope, confident in the grace that is in Christ.

12. **F.** Whom He justified, them also He glorified. Rom. viii. 30.

The glory of God lies near the hearts of sanctified souls; the way of truth and the paths of holiness are their delights.

13. **S.** Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls. Matt. xi. 29.

What sweet encouragement is this! He hath an ear for thy complaints, a heart of love to pity thee, a powerful arm to relieve thee.

14. **Sun.** Keep yourselves in the love of God. Jude 21.

Oh, be concerned daily to keep thy soul in and under a lively sense of this love, and keep thyself by this love from worldly lusts.

15. **M.** Consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds. Heb. xii. 3.

Come, Christian, look up, look forward, and be of good courage. The battle is the Lord's. Thy foes are all conquered.

16. **Tu.** And they laughed Him to scorn. Matt. ix. 24.

See your calling, brethren; it is to confess and follow a once laughed at, scorned, ridiculed Jesus. Never once dream of being excused pleading your Lord in the same cup.

17. **W.** Thou hast received gifts for men. Ps. lxxvii. 18.

For ever blessed be God! Salvation from first to last is all of free gift by free grace, secured by free promises in Christ.

18. **T.** And He said unto them, Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Luke xxiv. 38.

A sight of Christ by faith expels troubles and fears from our hearts.

19. **F.** The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit. 2 Tim. iv. 22.

A most precious benediction. It is heaven in the heart and glory in the soul to have Christ with our spirits. It disposes and qualifies the soul for heavenly glory.

20. **S.** Earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered to the saints. Jude 3.

Consider the doctrines of the Gospel and the faith of them are of the greatest moment, both to your being and wellbeing as a Christian.

21. **Sun.** That no flesh should glory in His presence. He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord. 1 Cor. xxix. 31.

Flesh is proud, and prone to glory, even in the presence of God. But faith in Jesus cuts off all glorying in the flesh.

22. **M.** Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? John xx. 15.

Our fears are seen, our sorrows are felt, by our sympathizing Lord, but He will know the cause of our sorrows from our own lips.

23. **Tu.** They crucified Him. Matt. xxviii. 35.

Ever view then, O soul, the sovereign cure of death, the eternal source of life on the accursed tree, to make thee blessed and happy.

24. **W.** The flesh lusteth against the Spirit. Gal. v. 17.

It profiteth us very much to see sometimes the wickedness of our nature and corruption of the flesh, that by this means we may be waked and stirred up to call upon Christ.

25. **T.** I am found of them who sought Me not. Isa. lxxv. 1.

Who can resist Divine attraction? Heaven is before you. Jesus stands ready to receive you. Let the language of the heart be, 'None but Christ.'

26. **F.** Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty, only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh. Gal. v. 13.

Sure it ought to be matter of concern and grief to the heart of disciples to yet need this caution of the Spirit, but verily we all do.

27. **S.** I have seen his ways, and will heal him; I will lead him also, and restore comfort unto him. Isa. lvii. 18.

As Jesus is thy salvation, His Spirit assures thee of thine interest in His love.

28. **Sun.** Worthy is the Lamb! Rev. v. 12.

Can you say from your inmost soul, 'Worthy is the Lamb?' Then you have the grace of heaven in your hearts.

29. **M.** The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. Ps. xxiii. 1.

The voice of the Lord is a mighty voice. All comfort is derived to the soul from the knowledge of what Jehovah is to us.

30. **Tu.** Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Matt. v. 3.

They are chosen to it by the love of the Father, having nothing in themselves, yet possessing all things in Christ Jesus.

31. **W.** Likewise reckon ye yourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom. vi. 11.

Though sin be alive in thee, yet thou art to reckon thyself dead to that, so as to have nothing to do with it.

1. **T.** Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things. 1 John ii. 20.

All who receive the truth in love are Christians, or anointed ones of God.

2. **F.** He shall glorify Me. John xvi. 14.

The more Jesus is thus glorified, the more we are enabled to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, to the praise and glory of Him.

3. **S.** Joseph sought where to weep. Gen. xliii. 30.

methinks one cannot meditate on Joseph's conduct without calling to mind some sweet weeping seasons of spiritual joy.

4. **Sun.** All the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him Amen, unto the glory of God by us. 2 Cor. i. 20.

Blessed be God for a precious Christ, precious promises, and precious faith!

5. **M.** The Apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith. Luke xvii. 5.

Do you complain that your faith is weak? Look unto Jesus. Cry unto Him to increase your faith, so shall your heart be happy.

6. **Tu.** If a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. Gal. vi. 3.

O believer, when thou thinkest thyself nothing, knowest nothing of thyself, then thou thinkest and knowest right.

7. **W.** Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself. Luke xxiv. 39.

It was to confirm their faith in His dying for their sins and rising again for their justification.

8. **T.** My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in thy weakness. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

The Lord whom thou servest will strengthen thee, and bring thee safe through all thy troubles. He knows every distress of the soul.

9. **F.** Judge not according to the appearance; but judge righteous judgment. John vii. 24.

Christian, beware of judging men! Be cautious of determining matters by appearances; they are very deceitful.

10. **S.** By the obedience of one many shall be made righteous. Rom. v. 19.

Who are made righteous? Even all who see themselves miserable sinners, and believe in Christ for righteousness unto justification of life.

11. **Sun.** Behold, this dreamer cometh. Gen. xxvii. 19.

Cruel mockings are only for a short season. Soon you shall receive the end of your faith—the salvation of your soul.

12. **M.** They who feared the Lord spake often to one another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it. Mal. iii. 16.

He is always most worthy to be uppermost in our hearts and upon our tongues.

13. **Tu.** I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably to her. Hosea ii. 14.

The Saviour who was led into the wilderness to be tempted for the soul, will lead the soul into the wilderness to wean it from its carnal delights.

14. **W.** He saw His glory, and spake of Him. John xii. 41.

The sight of Christ's glory blinds us to our own fancied glory. The more we see of Jesus the less we like ourselves.

15. **T.** No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God. Luke ix. 62.

If thou hast chosen Jesus for thy portion and thy all, wherefore dost thou look back to the world? What slight and contempt doth such conduct pour on the blessed Lord!

16. **F.** Search the Scriptures, for in them ye shall find ye have eternal life; and these testify of Me. John v. 39.

If we neglect the Scriptures that testify of Jesus, no marvel if we enjoy not the comfort of the Spirit's witness of Jesus.

17. **S.** Ye are come to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling. Heb. xii. 24.

Christ's blood speaks pardon from God. Happy to come to Jesus, and joyful to believe in Him as our Mediator.

18. **Sun.** We walk by faith, and not by sight. 2 Cor. v. 7.

Though a Christian by the eye of sense can see neither God, Christ, nor the things of the heavenly world, yet he walks in the firm belief of what the Word of God testifies of them.

19. **M.** Jesus said unto Peter, Wherefore didst thou doubt? Matt. xiv. 31.

Our Saviour loves to hear His poor disciples cry to Him. He loves their persons, approves their crying, but reproves their doubting.

20. **Tu.** If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them. John xiii. 17.

Faith in Jesus makes all things easy; His commands are not grievous. To know them is our privilege, to do them is our delight.

21. **W.** Many there be which say of my soul, There is no help for him in God. Psa. iii. 2.

Happy for the sinner when, with David, he goes with childlike simplicity and tells his sorrowful complaints to his dear Saviour.

22. **T.** If ye do these things ye shall never fall. 2 Pet. i. 10.

Add to your faith every Christian grace and good work. If ye live in the exercise of grace and the discharge of duty, ye shall never fall.

23. **F.** Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. Matt. v. 6.

As verily as the righteous Jesus wrought out righteousness for sinful man, all thirsty souls who come to Him shall be filled with righteousness.

24. **S.** There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Rom. viii. 1.

O believer, thou art called ever to rejoice in this liberty, and to evidence it by walking not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

25. **Sun.** I will put My fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from Me. Jer. xxxii. 40.

This fear shall dwell in the hearts of saints all their days. The blessed effect of it is that they shall never depart from the Lord.

26. **M.** For wo who have believed do enter into rest. Heb. iv. 3.

When Christ is known and believed on in the heart, ease and rest are enjoyed in the conscience.

27. **Tu.** I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing. Rom. vii. 18.

This is the knowledge which puffeth not up, but, like love, it edifieth the soul in deep humility.

28. **W.** If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness. Rom. viii. 10.

Oh, what a special mercy for the soul to be alive to God! What a joy to have the perfectly glorious righteousness of Christ to plead before God!

29. **T.** We are perplexed, but not in despair. 2 Cor. iv. 8.

Take heed of giving the least way to despair, for hereby you slight the everlasting love of God the Father to sinners.

30. **F.** I am like a green fir-tree; from me is thy fruit found. Hosea xiv. 8.

Out of His fulness we receive all supplies. Oh that it may quicken our diligence, influence our conduct, and animate our zeal in the way of holiness!

1. S. Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you. 1 Pet. v. 7.

While we cast our every care on Him we obey His will, honour His word, and gather from that heavenly plant the blessed fruit of heart's ease.

2. Sun. But was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Heb. iv. 15.

Go and lay all in Thine heart open to the Lord. Christ knows hat sore temptations mean, for He has felt the same.

3. M. Behold, I have erred exceedingly. 1 Sam. xxvi. 21.

David's faith surmounted his fears. Oh, precious gift of precious faith! Precious Lord, increase it in our souls!

4. Tu. All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient. 1 Cor. vi. 12.

Though all things which are innocent in themselves are lawful to us, yet the cause and interest of our dear Saviour should ever be near our hearts.

5. W. What dost thou here, Elijah? 1 Kings xix. 13.

Carnal reason is a bad judge in spiritual things: The wisdom of the flesh ever determines contrary to the wisdom of God.

6. T. Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us. Heb. xii. 1.

It is thy wisdom to know thy foes, and to guard against them; to know thy own weakness, and to look to thy Friend for power.

7. F. That I may know Him. Phil. iii. 10.

If thou art not thus kept knowing Jesus, feeding upon Him continually, thou wilt know and feel other things which will sadly distress thy mind.

8. S. Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that which he alloweth. Rom. xiv. 22.

Never allow thyself any outward practice which is attended with inward condemnation.

9. Sun. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad. Ps. xxxiv. 2.

If Christ is the boast and glory of our souls, His name will ever be uppermost in our hearts and upon our tongues.

10. M. Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. Phil. ii. 12.

Tremble to entertain any hope of salvation but by the atoning blood of Jesus. Fear ever to ascribe any glory to thyself.

11. Tu. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven. Matt. v. 16.

Thus the light of Jesus, when it shines into the heart, beams forth its evidence and glory in the outward life and conversation.

12. W. Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. Eph. iv. 30.

We never send the Spirit grieved to heaven, but He leaves our spirits grieved on earth. What reason have we daily to pray, 'Cleanse Thy servant from secret faults'!

13. T. What then? Rom. vi. 15.

Whenever you think of God's everlasting love, and Christ's finished salvation, and of glory being sure and certain to you, ask your heart, 'What then?'

14. F. I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword. Matt. x. 34.

Sin is the cause of all contention and division among men. Every Christian is a soldier; the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, is one blessed part of his armour.

15. S. Jesus said unto them, Why sleep ye? Rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. Luke xxii. 46.

Why sleep ye when you are called to activity? Sleep is unreasonable when danger is near.

16. Sun. I rejoice at Thy word, as one that findeth great spoil. Ps. cxix. 162.

The victory of Jesus is the Christian's spoil. Here he holds sin subdued, death conquered, and a crown of eternal glory.

17. M. Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace. Rom. vi. 14.

What a heart-reviving promise is this! How delightful to hear that our worst foe, our bitterest enemy, is overcome!

18. Tu. Wherefore we labour, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of Him. 2 Cor. v. 9.

Shall we pretend to believe that Jesus is our Saviour, and yet not labour and strive that our works may please Him?

19. W. Behold, he prayeth. Acts ix. 11.

The spirit of prayer arises in the heart from a discovery of a God in Christ, belief in His word of grace and truth, and expecting His mercy and salvation.

20. T. But one thing is needful. Luke x. 42.

Close communion with our Saviour is above all other things needful—needful in the hour of prosperity and in the day of adversity.

21. F. Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you. James iv. 8.

Here is our encouragement—the word of promise. God will draw nigh to you. This, O soul, is thy happiness, to have access to the God of mercies.

22. S. Thy holy Child Jesus. Acts iv. 30.

There is somewhat so very sweet and precious in this expression, that, my soul, I would have thee to meditate upon it.

23. Sun. Now therefore go, and I will be thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say. Exod. iv. 12.

He that made man's mouth will give everything suitable to the mouth, and proportion everything to the necessity of His people.

24. M. My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi. Song of Sol. i. 14.

Every way and in everything that is lovely and desirable Jesus is a cluster indeed to His people.

25. Tu. Is anything too hard for the Lord? Gen. xviii. 14.

O soul, whenever thy mind is puzzled with any mysterious truth of God's Word, solve the difficulty with thy Lord's own interrogation.

26. W. Take heed and beware of covetousness. Luke xiii. 15.

That insatiable desire prevents present content, destroys thankfulness, and keeps the enjoyment of Christ out of the heart.

27. T. I have chosen thee, and not cast thee away. Isa. xli. 9.

Jesus resteth in His love; He hateth putting away. Cast down as thou art, thou art not cast off. Though fallen, He can raise.

28. F. Master, carest Thou not that we perish? Mark iv. 38.

The affections of God's love never cease though storms surround us, and the sense and comfort of love may seem to us as it were asleep.

29. S. Wisdom is justified of all her children. Luke vii. 35.

Hold fast wisdom's truth in your hearts as your chief glory, in opposition to all gainayers.

30. Sun. As thy day so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

What a thought that God's love hath provided adequate strength for every emergency, and that it has proportioned the back of His people to the burden!

31. M. If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. John vii. 36.

How great is Jesus' power! how rich His love! All came unmerited, unsought by us. Unbound is this freedom.

November.

1. **Tu.** Is not this the carpenter's son? Matt. xiii. 55.

Mean and contemptible as He appeared in the eyes of others, do you see such matchless beauty, such Divine glory, shine in His person as to say, 'My Lord and my God'?

2. **W.** Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say rejoice. Phil. iv. 4.

Every believer in Christ hath a continual feast, therefore has reason always to be of a merry heart.

3. **T.** God hath sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts. 2 Cor. i. 22.

None but a sinner believing in Christ can say 'God hath sealed me,' but every believer in Him may truly say so.

4. **F.** For we believe, and are sure that Thou art Christ. John vi. 69.

The more steadily and confidently you believe and hold this truth in your conscience, the more solid peace, holy comfort, and heavenly joy.

5. **S.** As He who hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation. 1 Pet. i. 15.

Ever remember thou art a son of the King of Kings. Thy Father is holy; study to be like Him, aim to resemble Him in thy daily walk.

6. **Sun.** The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. Isa. liii. 6.

Grace reigns, mercy triumphs, sinners are pardoned, believers rejoice.

7. **M.** The path of the just is as a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Prov. iv. 18.

If the comforting Spirit had not left another word of proof in the whole Bible, for the perseverance of the just, this one is sufficient.

8. **Tu.** The grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men. Titus ii. 11.

Hath the grace of God thus appeared to thee? Hath it brought salvation to thy soul? Dost thou believe the Gospel?

9. **W.** Experience worketh hope. Rom. v. 4.

Experience worketh hope of one's own interest in Jesus and salvation by Him. Upon His finished work all hope in time and for eternity is laid.

10. **T.** He will rest in His love; He will joy over thee with singing. Zeph. iii. 17.

This verse is worthy the study of our whole lives. Eternity itself will never exhaust the fulness of that rich and glorious grace contained in it.

11. **F.** He who receiveth Me, receiveth Him who sent Me. Matt. x. 40.

If you have received Christ, God is now your loving Father in Christ, and there is nothing but peace and love in His heart towards you.

12. **S.** I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of My hand. John x. 28.

What consolation may the children of faith draw from it! They are in the hands of their precious Saviour, hence they are safe and secure.

13. **Sun.** The Lord is able to give thee much more than this. 2 Chron. xxv. 9.

He can, and He will, repay every loss thus sustained in doing and suffering His will. Be content to suffer for thy Lord's sake.

14. **M.** Perfect as pertaining to conscience. Heb. ix. 9.

To maintain peace and perfection of conscience, observe first the moment the guilt of sin is felt, confess it to Jesus, and pray Him to take it away.

15. **Tu.** My God shall supply all your need. Phil. iv. 19.

As soon might a God of truth prove false, a God of faithfulness be unjust, as any one of His promises in Jesus to His people fail.

16. **W.** But rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven. Luke x. 20.

Though we cannot read the book of life, yet we have the records of truth. These reveal it plainly, and assure us we are children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.

17. **T.** He is our peace. Ephes. ii. 14.

Not a transgression a disciple of Jesus commits, but the precious blood of his Master was spilt for.

18. **F.** Let every man prove his own work; and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone. Gal. vi. 4.

Dost thou hate sin and eschew it as contrary to the glory of Christ? Rejoice in thyself. Thou art born again of Christ.

19. **S.** Good and upright is the Lord; therefore will He teach sinners the way. Ps. xxv. 8.

This implies that no ignorant are sinners of Divine truths, that no teaching beside the Lord the Spirit can instruct and make them wise unto salvation.

20. **Sun.** When the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away. 1 Pet. v. 4.

He is what no other shepherd can be, and in this He is chief indeed to our souls. That dear hand that was nailed to the cross for you shall be stretched forth to crown you.

21. **M.** Judge me, O Lord, according to my righteousness, and according to mine integrity that is in me. Ps. vii. 8.

Study to profit by thy enemies' treatment. Cease ye from man. Like the Lord, learn obedience by the things which you suffer.

22. **Tu.** Come and see. John i. 39.

There cannot an inquiry arise in a poor sinner's mind concerning Christ, but he has a meek and loving answer to give.

23. **W.** Now, faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Heb. xi. 1.

Though the Lord suffers His children to be attacked by many adversaries, He doth not leave Himself without a witness and an evidence in their heart.

24. **T.** Freely ye have received, freely give. Matt. x. 8.

Consider the rich and free bounty of the Giver, the misery and unworthiness of the receiver, and say, art thou not bound to obey His command?

25. **F.** For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. Phil. i. 21.

O happy soul, who can thus say with Paul: 'In life and death, Christ is my gain!' Verily if thou believest on the Son of God thou mayest.

26. **S.** Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him. Rev. i. 7.

O joyful day! most desirable sight! Then our sorrows, our fears, shall for ever cease.

27. **Sun.** Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory. Ps. lxxiii. 24.

Amen, saith the believing heart. I cannot guide myself. Jesus, be thou my guide, my companion, and my familiar friend.

28. **M.** Zealous of good works. Titus ii. 14.

If we love our God and only Saviour, we shall delight to serve and study to glorify Him in our souls and bodies.

29. **Tu.** I say unto all, Watch. Mark xiii. 37.

The diligence and number of our enemies should urge us to watch, that we be not surprised. Satan never sleeps. Therefore the call of love from thy Lord, 'Watch!'

30. **W.** I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Ps. xxvii. 13.

Faith will support when all things else fail. By faith we endure every sight of affliction, seeing Him who is invisible.

1. T. Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth: for Thy love is better than wine. Song of Sol. i. 2.

What are the smiles of the world if Jesus frowns? His presence creates a paradise. Nearness to Him is heaven on earth. His cross is our glory, His kisses our comfort.

2. F. I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee. Jer. xxxi. 3.

What motive so powerful to animate the soul as the daily reflection of the unchangeable love of God to us in Christ Jesus?

3. S. The times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord. Acts iii. 19.

Are we tried and afflicted? Yet times of refreshing shall come. That dear Comforter who brought us to Christ will refresh our souls with a sense of the love of Christ.

4. Sun. Who delivered from so great a death, and doth deliver. 2 Cor. i. 10.

Consider the everlasting love and almighty power of thy precious Deliverer. Exalt and triumph with 'Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory.'

5. M. Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy Word is truth. John xvii. 17.

Man cannot sanctify himself—it is the work of the Lord and the Spirit; He effects it by His sovereign power.

6. Tu. By the grace of God I am what I am. 1 Cor. xv. 10.

Grace shines with resplendent lustre in the person of Jesus. Grace operates with sovereign irresistible power in the hearts of His members.

7. W. Put Me in remembrance: let us plead together: declare thou, that thou mayest be justified. Isa. xliii. 26.

Stand at My throne what I am ever well pleased with, the blood and righteousness of My beloved Son only, and thou shalt be justified from all things.

8. T. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand. Ps. xxxvii. 24.

Saints may fall, and do fall, in many ways; but fall into hell they cannot, because they are held up by the arm of omnipotence.

9. F. For whatsoever is not of faith is sin. Rom. xiv. 23.

Therefore whatever is undertaken without an eye to God in Christ, and for God's glory in Christ, is sin.

10. S. He who eateth Me, even he shall live by Me. John vi. 57.

Does your soul hunger after Christ? Will nothing satisfy but the flesh and blood of the Son of God? This is the soul who eats Christ, feeds upon Him, and shall live by Him.

11. Sun. Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Luke xii. 32.

When poor sinners are converted to Jesus, their poor hearts are often exercised with anxious cares and distressing fears. Therefore their Saviour speaks to them in love, and forbids their fear.

12. M. Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net. Luke v. 5.

Behold, the event, the greatest success they ever met with, succeeded their fruitless toil! Oh, how adorable is Jesus' power!

13. Tu. Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price. 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

Consider daily that thou art not thine own, but a ransomed captive of Jesus. Thou art bought with blood—with blood Divine.

14. W. How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God? Gen. xxxix. 9.

O believer, remember when tempted to commit sin it is a wickedness against the everlasting love of God your Father, and the dying love of God your Redeemer.

15. T. Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

Through watchfulness many evils are prevented, many blessings enjoyed. It is for our good that the Lord commands it as our duty.

16. F. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Matt. v. 8.

Without this inward purity of heart, without holiness, no man ever did or ever shall see the Lord. In purity and holiness His soul delights. With this He blessed His disciples.

17. S. Righteousness delivereth from death. Prov. xi. 4.

When a sinner is enabled to believe he is righteous in the sight of God, then he is truly happy. His soul rejoiceth because he hath found a righteousness that delivers from death.

18. Sun. Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat or drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed? Matt. vi. 31.

Christ would have our hearts simple in faith, and our looks steadily fixed on Him, so as not to be anxious about a dying body and a perishing world.

19. M. Jesus said unto His disciples, If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself. Matt. xvi. 24.

He would have us live totally out of corrupt nature and carnal self, be quite happy and comfortable in following Him.

20. Tu. Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. 1 John i. 3.

Oh, what astonishing grace! Sinners of a mortal race enjoy close fellowship and intimate communion with the high and lofty One who inhabits eternity.

21. W. Underneath are the everlasting arms. Deut. xxxiii. 27.

O drooping believer, why dost thou hang down thy head? Look underneath. There are the everlasting arms to sustain and support thee. What power shall then prevail against thee?

22. T. Say to them who are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not. Isa. xxxv. 4.

Hear your Lord, look to Him. Nothing but love in His heart. His lips speak nothing but grace and truth to fearful hearts and trembling souls.

23. F. Charity shall cover a multitude of sins. 1 Pet. iv. 8.

Love influences to put the best construction upon the behaviour of others, to hide their faults with a veil of charity, to cast a mantle of kindness over their failings.

24. S. Lo, this is the man who made not God his strength. Ps. lii. 7.

Oh, the fearful death of the ungodly who make not God their strength! Oh, the joyful end of the righteous whose strength is in the Lord!

25. Sun. Emanuel, God with us. Matt. i. 23.

This is the chief glory of our faith, the chief joy of our hearts: God with us in the eternal council and covenant before time.

26. M. To reveal His Son in me. Gal. i. 16.

Be not content to live without a constant revelation of Christ to your souls. This makes the conscience peaceful, the heart happy, and the soul joyful.

27. Tu. Ye are all one in Christ Jesus. Gal. iii. 28.

Oh, let us make it manifest that we are in Christ by following Him who is our peace, and by holding the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

28. W. Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. xiii. 14.

Let it be the daily exercise of thy believing mind to put on the Lord Jesus Christ as the essence of every virtue, for in this consists all thy present comfort and holiness.

29. T. The end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer. 1 Pet. iv. 7.

Remember thy calling; it is to love and live upon an unseen Jesus, and to act as daily expecting to receive the end of thy faith, the salvation of thy soul.

30. F. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. xv. 57.

Jesus is the unspeakable gift of the Father's love. Victory over death is given through Jesus.

31. S. He that endureth to the end shall be saved. Matt. x. 22.

Look up for persevering grace
To Jesus, your best friend,
And hope to see His smiling face
Enduring to the end.

BAPTIST CHAPELS IN AND AROUND LONDON.

Times of Service:—Lord's Day, Morning at 11, Evening at 6.30.

Acton	W. A. Davis, 14, Burlington Gardens, Acton.
Acton Lane	W. Archer, 33, Varden Street, Commercial Road, E.
Addlestone	H. Bayley, Oakside, Addlestone.
Alie Street, Little, Whitechapel	
" Great, Zoar Chapel	E. Ashdown, 43, Endwell Road, Brockley, S.E.
Alperton, Sudbury	A. J. W. Back, Abercorn Villas, Wembley.
Arthur Street, Bagnigge Wells Road	W. J. Love, 33, Osborne Terrace, Clapham Road.
Balham, Ramsden Road	T. Greenwood, 182, Bedford Hill.
Barking, Linton Road	H. Trueman, 47, Cambridge Road.
Barnes, W.	C. H. Homer, 56, Cleveland Gardens, Barnes.
Barnet, High	P. J. Smart, Hadley, near Barnet.
Barnet, New	A. E. Jones, Warwick Road, New Barnet.
Battersea, York Road	W. Hamilton, 71, Louvaine Road, New Wandsworth.
" Surrey Lane	P. Howard, 68, Carpenter Road, S.W.
Battersea Park	W. Stott, 11, Chatsworth Road, West Norwood, S.E.
Battle Bridge, Belle Isle	J. Benson, Hilldrop Cottage, Hilldrop Road, N.
Bayswater, Westbourne Grove	
" Westbourne Park	J. Clifford, D.D., 50, St. Quintin's Avenue, North Kensington.
" Bosworth Road	J. Heap, 6, Summerfield Avenue, West Kilburn, N.W.
" Ladbroke Grove	J. F. Shearer, 18, High Lever Road, Kensington.
" Talbot Tabernacle	F. H. White, 164, Westbourne Terrace, W.
Beckenham, Elm Road	R. S. Fleming, M.A., 5, Manor Road, Beckingham.
Bedfont	J. E. Johnson, 9, Winifred Road, Manor Park.
Belvedere, Bexley Road	A. C. Chambers, Kenilworth, Belvedere.
Berkeley Road, Primrose Hill	E. P. Wright.
Bermondsey, Iderton Road	T. E. Howe, 16, Carlton Square, New Cross Road, S.E.
Bethnal Green, Norton Street	J. Clark, 195, Victoria Park Road.
Bethnal Green Road	W. H. Smith, 116, Forest Road, Dalston.
Bexley	A. H. Pounds, 7, High Street, Bexley.
Bexley Heath	
Bexley, New	G. Smith, Albano Villa, Church Road, New Bexley.
Blackheath, Dacre Park	J. H. Lynn, 10, Gilmore Road, Lewisham, S.E.
Bloomsbury Chapel	B. J. Gibbon, 63, Oakley Square, W.
BOROUGH—	
Borough Road	
Surrey Tabernacle, Wansley Street	O. S. Dolbey, 16, Temple Street, Camberwell.
Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington.	T. Spurgeon, 87, Knatchbull Road, Camberwell. Co.
TH.	
Bermondsey, Lynton Road	Pastor, C. B. Sawdy, 97, Angell Road, Brixton.
" Abbey Street	B. T. Dale, 73, Storks Road, Bermondsey.
" Spa Road	A. V. G. Chandler, 36, Grosvenor Road, Rotherhithe.
" Drummond Road	H. A. Bursleigh, 147, Hubert Terrace, Rotherhithe.
Bow, East London Tabernacle	
" Empson Street	
" Bow Road. TH.	F. H. King, 10, Harley Street, Bow, E.
" Botolph Road	W. H. Lee, 65, Romford Road, E.
" Bow Common, Blackthorne Street	T. J. Hazzard, 52, Addington Road, Bow, E.
Brentford, Park Chapel	T. G. Pollard, Avenue Road.
" North Road	R. Mutimer, 1, Boston Park Road.
" Ealing Road	R. Baily, Boston Road.
Brixton, Stockwell Road	C. Cornwell, 50, Crawshay Road, S.E.
" New Park Road	F. Pettman, 95, Tierney Road, Streatham.
" Barrington Road	W. G. Wheeler, 46, Arodene Road, Brixton Hill.
" Wynne Road	Z. T. Downen, D.D., 22, Burton Road, Brixton, S.W.
" Hill, Raleigh Park, S.W.	A. Dickinson, 31, Fairmont Road, Brixton Hill.
Bromley-by-Bow	W. Knight Chaplain, 26, Verne Street, South Bromley.
Bromley College Slip	
Bromley Common	W. Holyoak, 74, Bromley Common, Kent.
Bromley, Park Road	R. Silvey, 13, Glebe Road, Bromley.
Brompton, Onslow Chapel	J. Gardin, 24, Elmstowe Road, Parsons' Green
Brondebury	C. W. Vick, 2, Dyne Road, N.W.
Bushey	H. T. Spufford, Fair View, Grove Road, Watford.
Camberwell, Denmark Place	W. R. Skerry, 177, The Grove, Camberwell, S.E.
" Dugdale Street	J. Waite, 25, St. Thomas Road, Fulham, S.W.
" Cottage Green	J. Smith.
" Mansion House Square	G. W. Linnecar, 56, Hockford Road, S.W.
" New Road	W. B. Haynes, 60, Bramar Road, Denmark Park, S.E.
Camden Road, Upper Holloway	G. Hawker, 27, Anson Road, Tufnell Park.
Camden Town High Schools	

Camden Town, Pratt Street	
Castle Street, Oxford Street (Welsh)	R. E. Williams, 108, Park Street, W.
Caterham Valley	A. E. Fisher.
Catford Hill	J. N. Vanstone, 12, Vancouver Road, Catford.
Chadwell Heath	G. Broad, Heath Cottage, Chadwell Heath.
" Street, St. John's Street Road	E. Mitchell, 25, Calabria Place, Highbury.
Chelsea, Lower Sloane Street	J. Spence, 27, Walpole Street, Chelsea, S. W.
Chiswick, Annandale Road	A. G. Egerton, 15, Homefield, Chiswick.
Clapham, Grafton Square	T. Hanger, 10, Liston Road, Clapham.
" Corland Grove	H. Dadswell, 26, Manor Street.
" Solon Road	J. Douglas, M.A., 48, Lambert Road, Brixton Hill, S.
" Bedford Road	W. Waite, 212, Bow Road, E.
" Junction, Meyrick Road	R. E. Sears, 49, Battersea Rise.
Clapton, The Downs	
Chatsworth Road, Clapton	W. Moxham, 27, Powerscroft Road, Clapton Park.
Commercial Road	J. Fletcher, 322, Commercial Road, E.
Cranford	
Crayford	T. F. Waddell, Laburnum Villa, Dartford.
Crouch Hill, Hornsey Road	E. Smart, 18, Fairbridge Road, Upper Holloway.
Croydon, Brighton Road	R. E. Chettleborough, Avondale Road, South Croydon
" West	J. A. Spurgeon, D.D., 38, White Horse Road, Croydon.
" Croham Road	A. J. Reid, 23, Selsdon Road, South Croydon.
" Derby Road	
" Windmill Road	W. Horton, 67, Sydenham Road, Croydon.
" Tamworth Road	E. Wiltshurst, 9, Tranquil Vale, Blackheath.
Dalston, Queen's Road	R. M. Snelgrove, 67, Evering Road, Stoke Newington.
" Junction, TH.	R. O. Johns, 12, Queensdown Road, Clapton.
Dartford	H. Spendelow, 1, Tower Road, Dartford.
Deptford, New Cross Road	T. Jones, 67, Endwell Road, Brockley.
" Bush Road	H. E. Inman, 151, Upland Road, East Dulwich.
" Octavius Street	D. Honour, 18, Shardloes Road, New Cross, S.E.
Devonshire Square, Kingsland Road	G. P. McKay, 33, Northwell Road, Stoke Newington.
Dulwich, Lordship Lane	E. T. Mateer, 261, Friern Road, S.E.
" Amott Road	G. W. Boale, 76, Friern Road, East Dulwich.
" East, Barry Road	S. Pilling, 100, The Rye, Peckham.
Ealing Dean	W. L. Gibbs, 118, The Grove, Ealing, W.
" Haven Green	Evan Thomas, Mount Avenue, Ealing.
East Ham	R. Sloan, 16, Cowper Road, East Ham.
East India Road, Pekin Street	F. C. Holden, 42, Walwood Street, Burdett Road, E.
Edmonton, Lower	D. Russell, 8, Queen's Road Park, Edmonton.
Eldon Street, Finsbury (Welsh)	W. A. Jones, 88, Portway, West Ham Park.
" Seventh Day Church	W. G. Daland.
Eltham	
Enfield	G. W. White, "Arlesdene," London Road, Enfield.
" Highway	A. W. Welsh, Putney Road, Enfield.
Erith	J. E. Martin, The Manse, Erith.
Esher	F. G. Head, St. Anthony, Esher.
Feltham	W. Avis, Station Road, Chertsey.
Finchley, North End	A. B. Middleditch, Melita Villa, East Finchley.
" East End	J. J. Bristow, Leicester Road, East Finchley.
Foot's Cray	E. A. Tydeman, 17, Carlton Road, Sidecup.
Forest Gate, Woodgrange Place	J. H. French, 96, Hampton Road, Forest Gate.
" Dames Road	
Forest Hill	J. C. Foster, 37, Westbourne Road, Forest Hill.
Fulham, Dawes Road	R. C. Evill, 19, Perrywood Street, Parsons Green.
" Lillie Road	H. D. Sandell, 26, Fortuan Road, Upper Holloway.
Fulham Road, Drayton Gardens	A. Branden, 101, Beaufort Street, Chelsea.
Goswell Road, Charles Street	P. Gast, 12, Noel Street, Islington.
Gower Street, Euston Square, TH.	Supplies.
Greenwich, Lower Woolwich Road	W. E. Wells, Mycene Road, Blackheath.
" Lewisham Road	G. Wearham, 8, Lanier Road, Lewisham.
" South Street	C. Spurgeon, Dartmouth Row, Blackheath.
" Devonshire Road	J. Jarvis, 19, Blackheath Road.
Gunnersbury	J. F. Clark, M.A., The Manse, Gunnersbury.
Hackney, Mare Street	J. E. Bennett, B.A., 54, King Edward Street, N.E.
" Oval	
" Hampden Chapel, Lauriston Rd.	J. Hillman, 51, St. Thomas Road, South Hackney.
Hackney Road, Shoreditch Tabernacle	W. Cuff, Amesbury House, Lordship Road, N.
Hammersmith, West End	F. G. Beskin, B.A., 10, Lasfeld Road, W.
Hampstead, Heath Street	W. Brock, 16, Ellerdale Road, Hampstead
" New End	Supplies.
" Child's Hill, Granville Road	J. S. Poulton, Homelea, Child's Hill.
Hampton Wick	
Hanwell (Union)	G. R. Lowden, Lyndhurst, Hanwell.
Harringay, Duckett Road	G. D. Edgley, 68, Selwyn Road, Plaistow, E.
Harlington	W. F. Edgerton, The Manse.

Harlesden, Acton Lane	B. Thomas, 15, St. Alban's Road, Harlesden.
Harrow, Byron Hill	W. Dyson, West Street, Harrow.
Harrow, Wealdston	J. G. Wells, Woodside, Wealdston.
Hayes	F. E. Cassey, Hillingdon.
Hendon	S. A. McCracken, Hendon.
" West	F. W. Westley.
Henrietta Street, Brunswick Square	G. W. Curtis, 41, Acton Street, Gray's Inn Road.
Herne Hill	F. Carter, Water Lane, Brixton, S.W.
Highbury Hill	W. Stevenson, 83, Sotheley Road, Highbury Park, N.
Higgate, Archway Road	A. F. Riley, 47, Whitehall Park, N.
" Southwood Lane	J. H. Barnard, North Hill, Higigate.
Higgate Hill Road	J. Stephens, M.A., 119, Dartmouth, Park Hill, N.W.
Hill Street, Park Road, N.W.	J. E. Hazeltine, 55, St. Paul's Road, Canonbury.
Holborn, Kingsgate Street	H. Thomas, 25, Percy Circus, King's Cross Road.
Holloway, Upper	J. B. Wood, 56, St. John's Park, Holloway, N.
" Tollington Park	
" Elthorne Road	
Homerton, Row	S. T. Belcher, Fibre Works, Millwall, E.
Honor Oak Hill	M. Cumming, 3, Overhill Road, East Dulwich.
Hornsey Park	
" Ferme Park	C. Brown, 25, Ridge Road, Hornsey, N.
" Rise	R. D. Darby, 17, Harborton Road, Whitehall Park, N.
Hounslow, Zoar	J. Curtis, Ashburton Villa, Uxbridge Road, Hanwell.
" Providence Chapel	J. E. Barnes, Bell Road, Hounslow.
Hoxton, Newton Street	J. T. Bootle, 83, Oldfield Road, E.
Ilford	J. Parker, M.A., Coventry Road, Ilford, E.
Islington, Highbury Place	P. Reynolds, 1, Ardilaun Road, N.
" Cross Street	F. A. Jones, 23, Douglas Road, Cannonbury
" Baxter Road	A. H. Savage, 1, Fairholt Road, Stoke Newington.
James Street, St. Luke's	W. H. Chilman, 4, James Street, St. Luke's.
John Street, Bedford Row	F. S. W. Nicholson (Vestry of Chapel).
John Street, Edgware Road, Trinity	J. C. Carlile, Chapel House.
John Street	W. T. Russell, 26, Cambridge Street.
Kennington, Regent Church, Ethelred St.	D. Henderson, Roslyn, West Hill Road, Wandsworth.
Kensal Rise, Chamberlain Wood Road ...	T. Maycock, 1, Rainham Road, Kensal Rise.
Kensington, West Shepherd's Bush Road	G. W. Pope, Roseford Gardens, Shepherd's Bush.
Kentish Town, Basset Street	M. H. Wilkin, Sydney House, Hampstead, N.W.
Keppel Street, Russell Square	H. T. Chivers, 10, Mornington Crescent, N.W.
Kilburn, Canterbury Road	H. R. Murray, 2, Plympton Avenue, Brondesbury, N.W.
Kilburn Vale	W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie Street, E.C.
King's Cross Road, Vernon Square ...	D. H. Moore, 96, Hemingford Road, N.
Kingston, Providence	
Kingston-on-Thames	G. Wright, 18, Gibbort Road, Kingston.
" Surbiton Hill	W. Baster, Southboro' Road, Surbiton.
Lambeth, Upton Chapel	W. Williams, Lansdowne Road, South Lambeth, S.W.
Lanham Place, Regent Street	J. Adams, 68, Lisson Grove, W.
Leyton, Vicarage Road	G. T. Bailey, Florence Villas, Grange Park Road, Leyton.
" Grange Park Road	H. E. Bond, Church Road, Leyton.
Lee, Bromley Road	J. W. Davies, Burnt Ash, Lee.
" High Road	F. G. French, 2, Quenton Road, Blackheath.
Lessness Heath, Kent	Supplies.
Lewisham, College Park	
Leytonstone	J. Bradford, Ivy Bank, Leytonstone.
" Cann Hall Road	H. T. Gower, 50, Carnarvon Road, Stratford.
Little Wild Street	W. Wheatley, 1, Ampton Street, Regent's Square.
Loughton	J. A. Jones, Algiers Road, Loughton.
Malden, New	S. H. Moore, Cambridge House, Malden.
Manor Park, Greenhill Road	
" Salisbury Road	J. J. Nelson, 48, Clarence Road, Manor Park.
Millwall	J. Davis, Mellish Street.
Mintern Street, Dorchester Hall ...	W. Crowhurst, 23, Balmes Terrace, De Beauvoir Town.
Mitcham, Upper Green	Supplies.
Moulsey, East	G. F. Hooper, 15, Nightingale Road.
New Cross, Brockley Road	J. Lewis, 52, Manor Road, Brockley, S.E.
New North Road, Wilton Square ...	M. E. Green, Chapel House.
Norbiton Tabernacle	D. Thompson, 25, Grange Road, Kingston-on-Thames
Norwood, Weston Hill	S. A. Tipple, Hamlet Road, Upper Norwood.
" Gipsy Road	W. Hobbs, Salter's Hill, Norwood.
" Chatsworth Road	A. G. Brown.
" South	J. Chadwick, "Holmsdale," Tennyson Road, S.E.
" West, Auckland Hill	
Notting Hill Gate, Kensington Place ...	H. C. Bond, Church Street, Leyton.
Old Kent Road, Maze Pond Chapel ...	D. Walker, 120, Avondale Square, Old Kent Road.
Paddington, Church Street	J. Tucker, 12, Fulham Place, Paddington.
" St. Peter's Park	J. M. Cox, 108, Shirland Road, W.
" Praed Street	J. Briggs, 23, Honiton Road, Kilburn.

Paddington, Station Road, Kensal Rise ...	A. Bridge, 89, Ashburn Road, W.
Peckham, Edith Road ...	C. P. Sawday, 86, Kitto Road, Nunhead.
" Park Road ...	F. James, 16, Cicely Road, Peckham.
" James' Grove ...	G. S. Read, 14, Fordyce Hill, Lewisham, S.E.
" Heaton Road ...	
" Rye Lane ...	W. J. Ewing, M.A., Grove Park, Camberwell.
" Gordon Road ...	
" The Tabernacle ...	H. J. Knight, 57, Frescoe Road, Nunhead.
" Central Hall ...	F. M. Smith, 3, Friern Road, Peckham Rye, S.E.
Peckham Road ...	E. Roberts, 34, Camden Grove, Peckham.
Peckham Rye, Barry Road ...	
Penze, Maple Road ...	J. W. Boud, 28, Jasmine Grove, Anerley, S.E.
Pimlico, Westbourne Street ...	
Pinner ...	J. S. Bruce, 17, Adolphus Road, Finsbury Park.
Plaistow, Barking Road ...	R. R. Clifford.
Plumstead, Park Road ...	J. W. Cole, 44, Macoma Road, Plumstead.
" Conduit Road ...	H. J. Martin, 129, Eglinton Road, Plumstead.
" Station Road ...	J. Seeley, 48, Griffin Road, Plumstead.
Ponder's End ...	C. Hewitt, 12, York Terrace, Nag's Head Road, N.
Poplar, Cotton Street ...	W. Joynes, 11, Gough Street, Poplar.
" High Street, Bethel ...	H. F. Noyes, 8, Grove Villas, E.
Potter's Bar ...	J. Dupee, Laurel Villa, Southgate Road.
Putney, Werter Road ...	S. H. Wilkinson, St. Peter's, Oakhill Road, Putney.
" (Union) ...	R. A. Redford, M.A., Forest House, Putney, S.W.
Regent's Park ...	E. G. Gange, Chapel House.
Richmond, Duke Street ...	E. Matthews, 29, Selwyne Avenue.
" Parkshot ...	
Romford ...	J. M. Steven, London Road, Romford.
Shepherd's Bush, Uxbridge Road ...	F. B. Monti, 17, Newburgh Road, Acton, W.
" Avenue-road (Union) ...	W. B. Neatby, M.A., 89, Conningham Road, Shepherd's Bush.
Shooter's Hill Road ...	W. L. Mackenzie, The Manse, Hervey Road, Blackheath.
Shouldham Street, Bryanston Square ...	
Sidcup ...	G. Simmons, Granville Road, Sidcup.
Silvertown ...	
Slough ...	Theo. Cousins, Pastors' College.
Soho Chapel, Shaftesbury Avenue ...	J. Box, 26, Flodden Road, Camberwell.
Southgate, Old ...	
" New ...	G. Freeman, Logan Bank, New Southgate.
Southall ...	T. G. Williams, 22, The Grove, Ealing.
St. John's Wood, Abbey Road ...	H. E. Stone, 14, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.
Stepney, Wellesly Street ...	J. Parnell, 7, Trigon Road, Clapham Road.
Stockwell ...	Arthur Mursell, "Kintore," The Chase, Clapham Common.
Stoke Newington, Bouverie Road ...	W. Mitchell, 43, Bouverie Road.
" Wordsworth Road ...	T. Squire, 51, Cowper Road, Stoke Newington.
Stratford, Carpenter Road ...	F. S. Passmore, 26, Deanery Road.
" Grove ...	W. H. Stephons, Havlock Terrace, Stratford.
" Gurney Road ...	E. Marsh, 41, Borthwick Road.
Streatham, Lewin Road ...	J. Ewen, Tankerville Road, Streatham.
" Hambro Road ...	S. Ponsford, 1, St. James Road.
Stroud Green, Hall Road ...	W. C. Rhys, 55, Crouch Hill.
Sutton, Surrey ...	G. Turner, Kilmedy, Sutton.
Teddington ...	R. J. Williams, Ellington Villas, Teddington.
" Clarence Road ...	
Thornton Heath, Beulah ...	T. Lardner, 85, The Chase, Clapham.
Tottenham, High Road. TH.	W. W. Sidey, 54, Lansdowne Road, Tottenham.
" West Green Hall ...	T. Wheatley, 7, Vernon Road.
" West Green Road ...	
" South ...	
Twickenham ...	S. Jones.
" St. Margaret's ...	J. Durden, 1, Flodden Villas, Twickenham.
Upper Tooting, Nottingham Road ...	H. Oakley, 22, Duseley Road, Balham.
Lower Tooting ...	G. H. Rumsey, Park Road, Merton.
Uxbridge ...	W. J. Chambers.
Vauxhall, Upper Kennington Lane ...	C. Fummell, 28, St. Agnes Place, Kennington Park.
Victoria Park, Grove Road ...	W. Thomas, 5, Cawley Road, South Hackney.
Waltham Abbey ...	G. H. Kilbay, The Manse, Paradise Row, Waltham Abbey.
" (Ebenezer) ...	W. E. Palmer.
Waltham Cross ...	T. Douglas, 24, Coleridge Road.
Walthamstow, Maynard Road ...	G. Elmaugh, 7, Hilsa Road, Clapton.
" Wood Street ...	W. Hetherington, 5, Addison Road, E.
" Boundary Road ...	W. Murray, 2, Clarendon Road, Walthamstow.
" Higham Hill ...	A. Dobson, 24, Coleridge Road.
Walworth, East Street ...	E. T. Davis, Crescent Road, Sidcup.
" Arthur Street ...	R. A. Elvey, Bushey Hill Road, Camberwell S.E.
" Road. TH. ...	W. J. Mills, 13, Grosvenor Park, S.E.

Wandsworth, East Hill	W. Townsend, 25, Rose Hill Road.
„ Northcote Road	J. Felmingham, 31, Keildon Road, Wandsworth.
„ Road	E. Henderson, 21, Victoria Road, Clapham, S.W.
„ West Hill	W. J. Styles, Melrose Road.
„ Chatham Road	
„ Earlsfield	A. J. Payne.
West Drayton	C. B. Warren.
West Ham Lane	J. W. Humphrey, 142, Plasket Road, Upton Park.
West Ham Park, East Road	J. Wilkinson, Upton Lane, Forest Gate.
Westminster, Romney Street	G. Davies, 164, Grosvenor Road, Westminster.
Whitechapel, Commercial Street	J. Otham, Senr., 36, Riversdale Road, Highbury.
Willesden Green	W. J. Sears, 88, High Road, Willesden.
Wimbledon	C. Ingram, "Arnewood," Griffith's Rd., South Wimbledon.
Woodberry Down	G. H. Morgan, 53, Woodberry Grove, Finsbury Park.
Woodford	
Wood Green	W. W. Haines, 19, Park Avenue, Wood Green.
„ Park Ridings	F. D. Robbins.
Woolwich, High Street	E. White, 16, Delafield Road, Charlton, S.E.
„ Queen Street	T. Jones, Oakley Villa, Bexley Heath.
„ Anglesea Road	
„ Beresford Street	J. Wilson, Montague House, Lower Road, Charlton.

* * In the event of changes of residence, Ministers will oblige by forwarding an early notice.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.	PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.
Abergwynff, B. Davies, Dowlas			Elland, T. R. Lewis, Golcar		
Abersychan, O. Tidman, Blaenavon			Edinburgh, Bristol Place, W. B. Nicholson,		
Aldershot, F. G. Kemp, Wigan			Kirkintilloch.		
Andover, J. H. James, Heywood			Edinburgh, C. A. Charter, B.A., Rawdon College		
Barking, H. Tremean, Chesham			Earlsfield, A. J. Payne, Peterhead		
Bridgeton, Glasgow, W. Ruthven, Norwich			Elgin, J. F. Tavernier, Pastors' College		
Barnes, C. H. Homer, Port Elizabeth			Falmouth, H. O. Mackey, Hendon		
Barnoldswick, A. T. Brainsby, Manchester			Ffymounheury, M. T. Rees, Meincian		
Bildestad, E. T. Beckett, Pastors' College			Ffymounheury, W. Lewis, Aberystwith		
Bradford, W. C. Minifie, Bournemouth			Hornsea, C. W. Sykes, Southport		
Belfast, R. F. Jeffrey, Folkestone			Hammersmith, F. G. Benskin, Regent's Park		
Barmouth, B. A. Evans, Foreston			College		
Brasted, Sevenoaks, C. A. Ingrem, New Romney			Hillsboro', F. C. M. Bush, Midland College		
Burton-on-Trent, E. Williams, Cardiff College			Herne Hill, A. G. Short, Sandown		
Bloomsbury, London, B. J. Gibbon, South-			Horningsham, J. Hogben, Glastonbury		
ampton			Honor Oak, M. Cumming, Bury St. Edmunds		
Bramley, Leeds, J. C. Tayler, Burslem			Holyhead, G. W. Davies, Rhondda Valley.		
Berkhamstead, F. C. Hughes, Berkhamstead			Hay, E. Williams, Cardiff College		
Blaengarw, W. William, Ferryside			Hay, J. Walton, Cardiff		
Bath, F. Smith, B.A., Oxford			Hendon, S. A. McGeacken, Irish Baptist Home		
Bocces, F. Fells, Hartley Row			Mission		
Blaenavon, R. L. Morris, Llantarnam			Islington, A. A. Savage, Gorleston		
Barnsley, E. D. Tranter, Driffield			Kelso, J. W. Kemp, Glasgow		
Beckington, D. Carter, Bristol College			Kislingbury, J. Field, Walworth		
Bootle, P. Williams, Tredegar			Luton, C. E. Stone, Middlesbrough		
Bolton, W. Crispin, Manchester			Llwynhendy, South Wales, B. Williams, Den-		
Bluntisham, B. G. Collins, Nottingham			big		
Belper, H. Collard, Nottingham			Leighton Buzzard, A. J. Grant, Dulwich		
Cirencester, H. J. Wicks, Minchinhampton			Llantrisant, W. B. Griffiths, Cape Coast		
Caerphilly, A. O. Hopkins, Cardiff College			Latchford, J. F. Matthews, Audlem		
Canterbury, H. R. Kempton, Pastors' College			Leeds, South Parade, R. C. Lemin, Bradninch		
Cambridge, W. B. Taylor, Chesham			Leeds, Barley Road, F. W. Walker, Beldelston		
Colwyn Bay, D. H. Rees, Bangor College			Llangeunech, A. Morris, Festiniog		
Chipping Norton, E. G. Lovell, Blockley			London, Haringay, G. T. Edgely, Plaistow		
Clitheroe, L. J. Shakleford, Adelaide			Morecambe, E. Smith, Rawdon College		
Clare, W. Tooke, Bury St. Edmunds			Manchester, W. Owen, Swansea		
Crews, F. B. Field, Bacup			Moulton, near Northampton, E. Smith, Regent's		
Coleford, Glos., A. H. Horlock, Bristol College			Park College		
Driffield, W. C. Sage, B.A., Swanage			Manchester, C. H. Watkins, Cardiff		
Devonport, E. Francis, Exeter			Newcastle-under-Lyme, A. S. Langley, Man-		
Dundee, W. Walsh, Newcastle-on-Tyne			chester		
Denholme, J. McNeil, Rawdon College			Nottingham, K. Bryce, Chatteris, Cambs.		
Devonport, Pembrokehire, G. H. F. Jackman,			Newcastle, W. H. Griffith, Greenock		
Coggeshall			Noddfa, T. Parrish, Burgoed		
Dunfermline, G. H. Hore, B.A., Bristol College			Nantwich, W. H. Williams, Bangor		

PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.	PLACE.	NAME.	WHENCE.
Oxford,	E. Packer,	Regent's Park College	Shrewsbury,	D. M. Davies,	Colwyn Bay
Okehampton,	G. J. Whitting,	Dolton	Sibley,	W. Maynard,	Syston
Pontypool,	D. Rees,	Aberfam	Scammonden,	T. Hes,	Manchester College
Pontypool,	J. H. Rees,	Narberth	Thornaby-on-Tees,	A. E. Calver,	Pastors' College
Penderyn,	Glam.,	A. S. Evans,	Cardiff College		
Plaiatow,	R. R. Clifford,	Regent's Park College			
Poole,	W. G. Hallstone,	Reading			
Preston,	S. Hirst,	B.A., St. Andrew's,	Fife		
Plumstead,	J. Scilly,	Bridlington			
Padiham,	J. S. Langley,	Manchester			
Port Mahon,	J. W. Hambly,	Clayton, Bradford			
Rushden,	J. Crook,	Lewisham			
Rhymney,	T. M. Richards,	Calcaria			
Ravensthorpe,	W. J. Young,	Sulgrave			
Swansea,	J. Lloyd,	Maesteg			
Slathwaite,	J. Snow,	Sheffield			
Soham,	Camb.,	P. A. Pepperdene,	Pastors' College		
Swansea,	C. P. Davy,	North India			
Sandown,	M. L. Gaunt,	Helston			
Swindon,	S. S. Sarson,	Pastors' College			
			West Haddon,	F. W. Westby,	Chadwell Heath
			West Retford,	J. Neighbour,	Cirencester
			West Drayton,	E. B. Warren,	London
			Waterbarn,	A. Stock,	Honiton
			Weston-by-Weedon,	J. Spanswick,	Longford
			Wantage,	C. L. Gordon,	Sheepwash
			Worth,	W. Hughes,	Crewe
			Wigan,	Rev. Bosworth,	Rawdon College
			Wootton-under-Edge,	J. B. Rudall,	
			Ynyshis,	E. J. Hughes,	Cardiff College

NEW CHAPELS.

Barry Dock	Cardiff, Eldon Street	Heaton, Newcastle	Nuneaton
Belfast	Cadoxton, Barry	Hebden Bridge	Oadby
Bexhill-on-Sea	Douglas, Isle of Man	Horsham	Pokesdown
Birmingham,	Fairhaven	Ipsley Green, Redditch	Purfleet
King's	Fleckney	Kirton in Lindsey	Rhayader
Heath	Gorbals, Glasgow	Llangetric, Anglesey	Slough
Bowerchalke, Salisbury	Greenwich, Lower Road	Maldon, Essex	Stoke St. Gregory
Brixton, Barrington	Guildford	Morley	Wimbledon
Road	Harlech		
Builth			

COLLEGES.

BRISTOL.—Founded 1770. President, Rev. J. Henderson, B.A.; Secretary, Rev. R. Glover, D.D.; Treasurer, E. Robinson, Esq. Number of Students, twenty-one.

BRIGHTON GROVE (Manchester) BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION.—Founded June, 1866. President and Tutor, Rev. E. Parker, D.D.; Assistant Theological Tutor, Rev. F. Overand; General Literature, Rev. J. T. Marshall, M.A.; Treasurer, William D. Shaw, Esq.; Secretary, Rev. H. Ellis, M.A. Number of Students, twenty.

RAWDON (near Leeds).—Founded at Bradford, 1804; removed to Rawdon, 1859. President, Rev. T. V. Tyrms, D.D.; Treasurers, Sir John Barron, Bart., and W. Town, Esq., Leeds. Classical Tutor, Rev. W. Medley, M.A. Secretary, Rev. C. W. D. Skemp, Bradford. Number of Theological Students, twenty-six.

REGENT'S PARK.—Founded 1810. President, Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A.; Classical Tutors, Rev. E. Medley, B.A., and Rev. S. W. Green, M.A.; Treasurer, E. B. Underhill, Esq., LL.B.; Secretary, Rev. W. W. Sidey. Number of Students, thirty-two.

CARDIFF.—President, Rev. W. Edwards, D.D., B.A. Founded 1807; Cardiff. Treasurer, W. Edwards; Secretary, Rev. D. B. Jones; Classical Tutor, Rev. Joseph Davies, B.A. Students, twenty-five.

ABERYSTWICH.—Founded 1839. Secretary, Rev. B. Thomas; Treasurer, J. Rowlands. Revs. J. A. Morris, D.D., and T. Williams, M.A., tutors. Students, sixteen. The College Term begins on the Third Wednesday in October, and ends on the Second Wednesday in August.

MIDLAND.—President, Rev. T. W. Davies, B.A.—Instituted in 1797, Nottingham; removed to Chilwell, 1861; removed to Nottingham, 1883. Hon. Secretaries, Rev. W. Evans, and Rev. R. Silby. Present number of Students, fourteen.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.—Instituted at Camberwell, 1855; removed to the Tabernacle, 1861; and to College Buildings, Temple Street, Southwark, 1874. President, Rev. T. Spurgeon; Tutors, Revs. F. G. Marchant, Rev. A. McCaig, B.A.; and Rev. W. Usher, M.D.; Tutors of Evening Classes, Mr. S. Johnson and Mr. T. F. Bowers; Secretary, Mr. E. H. Bartlett. Present number of Students, sixty-six. Students in the Evening Classes, 120. Amount required annually, £6,000.

BANGOR, OR NORTH WALES.—Instituted at Llangollen, 1862. President, Rev. S. Morris, M.A.; Classical Tutor, Rev. S. Morris, M.A.; Secretary, Rev. J. Griffiths. Present number of Students, twenty-two.

SCOTLAND.—THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE, GLASGOW. Instituted 1894, in place of the Theological Hall of the Baptist Union of Scotland, which was instituted in 1869. The new College is in no way connected with the Baptist Union of Scotland. President, Prof. J. Coats, M.D.; Vice-Presidents, Mr. H. Bowser, Mr. J. Nimmo, Mr. Baillie Walcot, Mr. J. Wilson; Treasurer, Mr. G. W. Elmslie; Joint Secretaries, Mr. A. Nimmo, M.A.; and Mr. C. H. Bowser; Treasurer, Mr. G. W. Elmslie; Principal, Mr. A. Bury, M.A., T.C.D.; Mathematical Tutor, Mr. S. Willis.

IRELAND.—ROCKEFELLER HOUSE, HARCOURT STREET, DUBLIN. Training Institute. Instituted 1892. Present number of students, 8. President, Rev. H. D. Brown, M.A.; Secretary, Mr. T. R. Warner; Treasurer, Mr. F. A. Nixon, F.R.C.S.I.; Principal, Mr. A. Bury, M.A., T.C.D.; Mathematical Tutor, Mr. S. Willis (Siz., First Honourman T.C.D.); English, Mr. E. Roney.

EAST LONDON INSTITUTE FOR HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS, HARLEY HOUSE, BOW, E.—Hon. General Director, H. Grattan Guinness, D.D., F.R.S. Hon. London Director, Dr. Harry Guinness. Hon. Secretary, Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness. Established 1872. A Missionary College and Training Home where volunteers for Foreign Missionary Service receive special instruction and practical preparation for the work. The Country Branch of the Institute is Hulme Cliff College, Curbar, Derbyshire, and the students spend some part of the time while in training in residence here. The Institution is as Catholic as it is possible. The students are received from all the evangelical sections of the Church. There is also in connection with the Institute a Women's Branch (Doric Lodge, Bow Road) and a Nurses' Training Home (Bromley Hall, Bromley), as well as other departments.

HARLEY COLLEGE.—Principal, Rev. Silas Mead, M.A., LL.B.; Tutors, Rev. Jas. Douglas, M.A., and C. C. Brown, Esq., B.A.

CLIFF COLLEGE.—Rev. J. F. T. Hallowes, M.A., F. W. Schofield, Esq.

RELIGIOUS AND BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, Founded 1792.—Treasurer, W. R. Rickett, Esq.; Hon. Sec., Dr E. B. Underhill; Secretary, A. H. Baynes, Esq., F.R.C.S.; Association Secretary, Rev. J. B. Myers, Mission House, Furnival Street, Holborn.

YOUNG MEN'S BAPTIST MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION is in aid of the Baptist Missionary Society, by forming Sunday-school and other Juvenile Auxiliaries. President, F. J. Marnham, Esq.; Treasurer, Dr. Percy Lush; Secretary, Rev. W. J. Price, 19, Furnival Street, Holborn.

THE BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY has for its object: "To aid in printing and circulating those translations of the Holy Scriptures from which the British and Foreign Bible Society has withdrawn its assistance, on the ground that the words relating to the ordinance of Baptism have been translated by terms signifying immersion; and further, to aid in producing and circulating other versions of the Word of God, similarly faithful and complete." Treasurer, E. B. Underhill, Esq., LL.D.; Secretary, Rev. W. Hill, 19, Furnival Street, Holborn.

BAPTIST TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY was formed to disseminate the truths of the Gospel by means of small treatises or tracts, in accordance with the subscribers' views, as Calvinists and Strict Communion Baptists. Treasurer, H. M. Wilkin; Secretary, Mr. J. C. Wollacoat, New Malden; Editor, Rev. J. Stuart, Depot, 16, Gray's Inn Road, Holborn, E.C.

BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY FOR SCOTLAND. (Chiefly for the Highlands and Islands.)—Formed 1816. Object: "The dissemination of the Gospel of Christ in Scotland." Hon. Treasurer, W. O. Gibb, 21, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh; Secretary, P. Waugh, Esq.; Collector, H. W. Hunter, Lasswade, Edinburgh. The General Committee consists of members of churches in the principal towns of Scotland. Twenty Missionaries are supported, in whole or in part, by this Society.

STRICT BAPTIST MISSION.—President, Rev. John Box; Vice-President, Rev. R. E. Sears; Hon. Secretary, Rev. E. Marsh, Stratford.

ZENANA MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—Treasurer, Mrs. Underhill; Hon. Cash Secretary, Miss A. G. Angus.

BAPTIST UNION.—The objects of this body are said to be: To extend brotherly love and union among those Baptist Ministers and Churches who agree in the sentiments usually denominated evangelical; to promote unity of exertion in whatever may best serve the cause of Christ in general, and the interests of the Baptist denomination in particular; to obtain statistical information relative to the Baptist churches and institutions throughout the world; to prepare annual Reports of its proceedings and of the state of the Denomination. It fully recognises that "every separate church has within itself the power and authority to exercise all ecclesiastical discipline, rule, and government, and to put into execution all the laws of Christ necessary to its own edification." The pastor of every church connected with the Union is a representative ex-officio, and every church is entitled to appoint as representatives two of its members. Every Association of Baptist Churches connected with the Union is entitled to appoint two representatives. Churches, Associations, and Ministers are admitted on written application. Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth, D.D., 19, Furnival Street, Holborn.

BAPTIST BUILDING FUND assists by gifts, or loans without interest, in the building, enlargement, and repair of Baptist Chapels. Hon. Secretary, Mr. John Howard, 19, Furnival Street, E.C. Treasurer, Mr. W. Payne; Offices, 19, Furnival Street, Holborn; Hon. Solicitor, S. Watson, Esq.

BAPTIST BUILDING FUND FOR WALES.—This fund was established in connection with the commemoration of 1862, of the Ejected Ministers of 1662, to assist in paying for the Baptist Chapels of the Principality. Treasurer, D. Davis, Esq., 3, Glebe Lane, Merthyr Tydfil; Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. Phillips, Buryport, R.S.O., Carmarthen; with 24 Committeemen selected from all parts of the Principality.

LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—President, Rev. W. R. Skerry; Secretary, Rev. J. Fletcher, 322,

Commercial Road. The object of this association is the extension of the Denomination in the Metropolitan and its suburbs, the Committee having pledged themselves to build a Chapel every year.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.—President, Rev. T. Spurgeon; Vice-president, Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, D.D.; Treasurer, C. F. Allison, Esq.; Secretary, Mr. A. E. Alder; Depot, College Buildings, Temple Street, Southwark. Object: The increased circulation of religious and healthy literature, blended with personal evangelistic effort by means of Christian Colporteurs. £25 weekly required for the General Fund. Expenditure annually about £7,000.

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.—Object: To promote the unity, edification, and prosperity of these Churches; and to devise and employ means for extending the cause of God in London and its suburbs. President, Rev. E. White. Secretary, Mr. John Box, Soho Baptist Chapel.

HOME COUNTIES BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—Moderator, Rev. J. T. Dunn; Treasurer, Mr. J. Corpe; Secretary, Rev. E. W. Tarbox.

THE PARTICULAR BAPTIST FUND is for the Relief of Ministers and Churches, the education of Ministers, and the presentation of books to Students and Ministers. Treasurers, Rev. S. H. Booth, D.D., and J. J. Smith, Esq.; Secretary, Mr. R. Grace, 160, The Grove, Camberwell, S.E.

IRISH BAPTIST HOME MISSION.—Founded 1814 as the Baptist Irish Society. Chairman, Rev. Hugh D. Brown, M.A., Oakland, Rathgar, Dublin; Treasurer, Mr. H. A. Gribbon, Holme Lea, Coleraine; Secretary, Mr. T. R. Warner, Rockefeller House, Harcourt Street, Dublin.

GERMAN BAPTIST MISSION.—Committee for the distribution of Funds sent out from Great Britain. Treasurer for Great Britain, Mr. M. H. Wilkin, Hampstead, N.W.; Hon. Sec., W. Onckin, Sunny Bank, Lincoln.

WARD'S TRUST.—John Ward, LL.D., Professor in Gresham College in 1754, left £1,200 Bank Stock for the education of two young men for the ministry at a Scotch University, preference being given to Baptists. Trustees, Rev. Dr. Angus, Regent's Park College, J. J. Smith, Esq.; Secretary, Rev. S. H. Booth, D.D., Farnival Street, Holborn.

BAPTIST TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.—President, Alderman White, Esq.; Treasurer, H. Wood, J.P. This Association was formed to utilize to the greatest advantage the Total Abstinence power existing in the churches of the Denomination. Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. Sears.

BAPTIST BOARD OF MINISTERS.—(London), 19, Farnival Street, E.C. President, Rev. P. Reynolds; Hon. Secretaries, Rev. J. H. Cooke and E. T. Davis. Meetings last Tuesday Evening in the month from October until May.

GENERAL SOCIETIES,

IN WHICH BAPTISTS ARE MORE OR LESS INTERESTED.

AGED PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY.—Asylum, Westmoreland Place, Peckham. Secretary, Mr. J. E. Hazelton, 83, Finsbury Pavement; Treasurers, F. A. Bevan, Esq., 54, Lombard Street, W. J. Parks, Esq., 10, The Chase, Clapham Common.

APPRENTICESHIP SOCIETY.—Formed 1829. Secretary, Mr. J. Marchant; office, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street.

ARMY SCRIPTURE READERS AND SOLDIERS' FRIENDS SOCIETY.—Object: "To spread a saving knowledge of Christ amongst our soldiers, without denominationalism." President, General Right Hon. Viscount Wolsley, K.P.; Treasurer, V. G. M. Holt, Esq., Whitehall Place; Secretary, Colonel Phillips, 112, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN, Reedham, Purley, Surrey.—Instituted 1844. Treasurer, C. O. Benson, Esq., M.P.; Secretary, Mr. J. R. Edwards; office, 35, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY, 146, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.—For the circulation of the Scriptures without note or comment. President, Right Hon. The Earl of Harrowby; Treasurer, Joseph Gurney Barclay, Esq.; Secretaries, Rev. John Sharpe, M.A., and J. Gordon Watt, M.A.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY, SAILORS' INSTITUTION.—Mercer's Street, Shadwell, E. Established 1818. Treasurer, Sir J. Dimsdale; Secretary, Rev. E. W. Matthews. 150 agents in 97 home and foreign parts.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY.—Norman School, Borough Road. Formed 1808. Treasurer, J. G. Barclay, Esq.; Secretary, A. Bourne, 9, Central School, Borough Road, S.E.

HOME AND SCHOOL FOR THE SONS AND ORPHANS OF MISSIONARIES, Blackheath, S.E.—Established 1842. Treasurer, Mr. E. Unwin; Head Master, Rev. W. B. Hayward, M.A.

INSTITUTE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE DAUGHTERS OF MISSIONARIES, Walthamstow Hall.—Minute Hon. Sec., Mrs. Pyc-Smith; Treasurer, S. Scott, Esq., Dulwich.

LADY HEWLEY'S CHARITY.—Clerk to the Trustees, A. Armour, Esq., Liverpool.

MILL HILL SCHOOL, HENDON.—Treasurer, T. A. Herbert, B.A., LL.B.; Acting Secretary, H. J. Tucker, The School.

ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, Haverstock Hill.—Instituted 1785. Secretary, A. C. P. Coote, Esq., M.A., 73, Cheapside.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.—Formed 1799. Treasurer, E. Rawlings, Esq.; Hon. Secretaries, the Rev. Canon Fleming and Rev. John Stoughton, D.D.; Secretaries, Rev. Lewis Borrett White, D.D., and Rev. Dr. Green.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 37, Norfolk Street, Strand.—Formed 1844. Holiday Homes Fund. Poor Children's Aid Society. Ragged Church and Chapel Union. President, Marquis of Northampton; Treasurer, Mr. F. A. Bevan; Secretary Mr. J. Kirk.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 56, Old Bailey, and 57, Ludgate Hill, E.C.—Formed 1803. Hon. Secretaries, Messrs. C. Waters, J. Edmunds, and W. H. Groser, B.Sc.

SPURGEON'S (MRS. C. H.) BOOK FUND.—By means of this Fund Mrs. Spurgeon distributes grants of Mr. Spurgeon's, and other useful works, to ministers whose incomes are too small to admit of their purchasing books. Communications to Mrs. Spurgeon, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, and to her all applications for books should be addressed.

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE FOR FATHERLESS BOYS AND GIRLS, Clapham Road, London, S.W.—Trustees and Committee of Management, Revs. J. A. Spurgeon, Chas. Spurgeon, Thos. Spurgeon, T. H. Olney, C. F. Allison, W. Higgs, J. Hall, J. E. Passmore, W. Mills, P. Thompson, S. R. Pearce; Master, Rev. V. J. Charlesworth; Secretary, Mr. F. G. Ladds. Fatherless boys and girls between the ages of six and ten are received, irrespective of creed and locality, but sons of Baptist Ministers are considered especially by the Trustees. Applications, giving full particulars, should be addressed in writing to the Secretary.

SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF AGED AND INFIRM PROTESTANT DISSENTING MINISTERS.—Formed 1818. Treasurer, P. Cadby, Esq.; Secretary, Rev. P. G. Scorey, Venner Road, Sydenham.

SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF NECESSITIOUS WIDOWS AND CHILDREN OF PROTESTANT DISSENTING MINISTERS.—Formed 1733. Treasurer, W. Edwards, Esq.; Secretary, Mr. R. Grace.

MONTHLY TRACT SOCIETY, 181, Queen Victoria Street, Blackfriars.—Secretary, Mr. J. E. Mackenzie.

TRINITARIAN BIBLE SOCIETY, 25, New Oxford Street.—Secretary, Rev. E. W. Bullinger, D.D.; Hon. Secretary, H. C. Nisbet, Esq.

BRITISH SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL AMONG THE JEWS.—Formed 1842. Secretary, Rev. J. Dunlop; offices at 98, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

RECENT DEATHS.

REV. E. BALMFORD, of Westmancoote.—The death of the pastor of the Baptist Church, Westmancoote, occurred at the Manse at an early hour on Monday, March 21. He was in his fifty-third year, had been ill between two and three weeks, consequent on a paralytic seizure. During the time he was at Westmancoote he earned the respect and esteem of the neighbourhood generally, and the news of his death was received with wide and deep regret. Mr. Balford was not by any means a man of robust constitution, and about a month ago he received a severe loss in the death of his only brother, who died suddenly the day after his marriage. He never recovered from the effect of the shock this occasioned, for although he preached once or twice, it was evident that the effort proved too much for him. A memorial service was held in the chapel at Westmancoote, at which a large number of members and friends were present. It was conducted by Rev. J. E. Brett (Tewkesbury).

REV. D. D. BILLINGS, Birmingham.—At the ripe age of eighty-nine years, there passed to his rest and reward one of the oldest ministers in our denomination. Born at Leicester on August 17, 1808, of godly parents, he early evidenced a desire to give his life to the Lord. He was baptized by Rev. S. Wigg, and joined the church at Friar Lane, engaging in Sunday-school and mission work. God's blessing was upon this, and acting upon the advice of those who knew him, he commenced a course of special study to fit himself for the ministry. Applications from several churches confirmed and strengthened his conviction; he accepted the invitation to the pastorate at Gedney Hill, Lincolnshire. The work prospered, a new cause was begun, and a chapel erected at Sutton St. Edmunds. Ere long he was called to the oversight of the grouped churches at Crowle, Epworth, and Butterwick, where he laboured almost day and night, preaching at all those places, and often walking sixteen or eighteen miles between services. Numbers were added to the church, and at the baptisms in the river thousands lined the banks, and the Word was with power. The people of his first choice renewed their request that he would return to them, and to this he yielded, remaining for many years' service there, and for the last fourteen years without stipend. Family considerations led to removal to Warwick, and from there to Birmingham, where, in union with the church at Heneage Street, he served as deacon, and for the last fifteen years as church missionary. 'He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.' His aged widow survives, and his children and children's children are trusting in their father's God. He was interred at Witton Cemetery, Birmingham.

REV. CHARLES ANDREW (Warrington).—The death took place at Rothwell, near Kettering. Mr. Andrew was only about thirty years of age. His early profession was that of a schoolmaster, until he felt called to the work of the ministry. Intending to become a missionary, he entered Hulme Cliffe College, London. It soon became apparent that he was not physically fit for the mission-field. Thinking that a long voyage and a change of climate might have a tendency to develop him physically, he, after his college course and marriage, went to America, where he took up the pastorate of Spirit Lake Baptist Church, Iowa, and ministered with acceptance and success for some time. Here, however, his health first broke down; and he passed through a long and painful illness, being confined to his bed for a year, and to many his restoration to partial health was nothing less than a miracle. As soon as he was able, he and his wife returned to England, and under the influence of his native air he became again buoyant, and comparatively strong, so that soon he was able to travel about, supplying vacant pulpits. During the course of his supplies Mr. Andrew visited Latchford. The impression he made was so favourable that, after hearing him once or twice again, the congregation invited him to become their minister. He accepted, and commenced his ministry in July, 1894. During the eighteen months he was at Latchford the deceased gentleman had several breakdowns, and was often compelled to be absent from the pulpit, and it was with evident and growing weakness that he ministered to his flock. The congregations have increased, and the church has become

much more flourishing since the late pastor's advent. The remains of the deceased were interred in the graveyard of the Rothwell Congregational Church. From the Baptist Chapel, Latchford, a deputation attended. The funeral service was conducted, both in the church and at the graveside, by Rev. H. Butler.

REV. J. D. ALFORD, of Barrow-on-Soar, died at Leicester from heart disease. 'Mr. Alfred,' says the *Leicester Daily Post*, 'was most widely known in Leicestershire and other counties for his able and protracted championship of the cause of fiscal and financial reform. It was a theme, indeed, on which he must have discoursed on a hundred platforms, with all his conspicuous mastery of his subject, grasp of thought, and power of luminous exposition. Under these circumstances, his disappearance from the lecturing staff of the Financial Reform Association cannot but be a considerable loss. But the death of Mr. Alfred must likewise be a serious blow to the Baptist Church at Barrow-on-Soar, of which he was about a year ago appointed pastor. Not only, indeed, did the deceased throw himself into the work of his new charge with conspicuous energy, but he was enabled to render it most substantial special service in the way of restoring its chapel. Adding to this his active co-operation in the work of the local building society, and in other fields of usefulness, it will be realized that the death of Mr. Alfred will be widely and deeply regretted.'

REV. WILLIAM FRITH, pastor of the Memorial Church, Westcliffe, Southend-on-Sea, died on Thursday, April 29, after a severe illness. He resigned Emmanuel Church, Haringay, and on account of health removed to Southend. His pastorates previous to Haringay were at Kensington and Gunnersbury. He entered the ministry in 1861.

REV. SAMUEL HODGES, aged eighty-two, died at Nailsworth, where his declining years had been spent. Born at Stroud in 1815, he early gave himself to mission work, and for seventeen years, part of the time as the associate of Knibb and Burchell and other pioneers of mission work, he laboured in Jamaica till his wife's failing health compelled him to return to his native land. He took charge of the Baptist Church at Charlbury, and afterwards of that at Stow-on-the-Wold until his retirement from ministerial work. Since that time he resided at Gloucester and Nailsworth, actively associating himself with both the churches as far as his health permitted, gaining the esteem and affection of all who knew him.

By the death of Rev. Thomas Martin the Baptist Missionary Society has lost one of its oldest missionaries. It is now forty-seven years since he entered upon his life-work in India. The greater part of his career has been spent in the important district of Barisal, East Bengal. For some years he was associated with the late Rev. John Trafford, in the tutorial duties of Serampore College. His kindness of manner and faithful labours were much appreciated by the native Christians. Many young missionaries going out for the first time found in Mr. Martin—'Father Martin,' as he was endearingly termed—a most helpful friend. Since his retirement he has been residing at Northampton, engaging in deputation visits to the churches. The high esteem in which he was held by the Committee of the Society was shown by their request that he should visit Trinidad on two occasions, and Jamaica for special purposes. Mr. Martin was twice married, his first wife being Miss Tingle, of Kettering; the present Mrs. Martin was widow of Rev. T. M. Thorpe. One of his sons is Rev. T. H. Martin, of Adelaide Church, Glasgow. The funeral service was conducted by his old friend Rev. J. T. Brown, in the Northampton Cemetery. Mr. Martin was in his seventy-fifth year.

PASTOR JAMES SMITH, of Tunbridge Wells, fell asleep in Jesus, February 17, 1897, aged sixty years. He was born at Histon, in Cambridgeshire, of humble parentage. His first work as a minister of the Gospel was at Burwell, Cambs, where God enabled the ploughman to plough into the hearts of many sinners. After spending some time at the Pastors' College, then followed seven years at Redhill, during which time the chapel was built. From thence he went to Haddenham, and continued successful for six happy years; and, after four years at Leeds, came to Tunbridge Wells, where he was eminently successful in saving souls, establishing Christians, gathering large congregations, and building the tabernacle and schools. He may almost be said to have died in harness, for he was engaged in speaking on the Wednesday and Thursday, when on Friday the messenger came, and in a few days he entered into rest. The memorial service was held in the chapel, presided over by Pastor J. H. Blake, who also gave a long address at the grave, and preached the funeral sermon on the following Lord's Day. The ministers of the town, and others from a distance, took part in the memorial services. He was a brother beloved. He lived in the hearts of all who knew him. A faithful standard-bearer. His stand was beneath the Cross of Jesus, His doctrine Jesus and Him crucified; and now he is singing of the love of, and worshipping at the throne of, the Saviour who loved him, and gave Himself for him. The widow and the fatherless have our prayers and our heart's deepest sympathies.

REV. EDWARD SAMUEL, pastor of the church at Sleaford, has died at the age of eighty-four. Born in Russia, he left his native land at the age of sixteen, and subsequently joined the Church of England. Later he threw in his lot with the Baptist denomination, and had been pastor at Sleaford for thirty five years. He had ministered at Farnham, Hitchin, Leicester, Salford, and Manchester.

THOMAS SMITH, a former pastor of the Church at Harrow-on-the-Hill, passed peacefully to the home of glory on Sunday morning, March 21, 1897. He was devout, bright, joyous, feeling the power of God's truth, and living by its direction with exemplary diligence. For many years he had been a deacon, and for nearly twenty years of his earlier life was the pastor. These were days of zeal, labour, and blessing. In one of his outdoor sermons, for instance, he so set forth the Gospel that a young Harrow schoolboy, who was listening from a neighbouring garden, felt the truth, and carried the impression on his mind and heart, till eventually he became a godly man, and ultimately a Christian minister. Mr. Smith enjoyed the friendship of the late Mr. Spurgeon, and of certain well-known brethren of an elder day. As to any remaining points in his character, it may be said that he was thoughtful, kind, a lover of children, and a friend to his pastor, to whom his death is a felt and substantial loss. Starting as a church-goer, he found his way to the Baptists, and was an emphatic Free Churchman to the end. On perfectly good terms with the clergy, he yet desired that his own pastor (assisted by Mr. Poulton) should conduct the interment service in the churchyard, without sound of bell, or other needless form. But his firmness was, apparently, not misunderstood. Several clergy-

men attended his funeral—one of them being the Rev. J. E. C. Weldon, M.A., Head-master of the Harrow School.

REV. EDWARD STEVENSON, for fifty-four years pastor of Baxtergate Church, Loughborough, died on Thursday. He was a son of Rev. Thomas Stevenson, who occupied the same pulpit for thirty years. His pastoral jubilee was celebrated in 1892, when he was presented with a number of congratulatory addresses. Ten years ago he was provided with a co-pastor, and three years later he relinquished his ministerial labours, retaining, however, the office of senior pastor until his death. 'In Edward Stevenson,' says the *Leicester Daily Post*, 'Nonconformity and Liberalism have lost a champion whose memory and services the community of Loughborough will not soon or willingly let die.'

REV. F. PUGH (Swindon).—The church at New Swindon laments the sudden death of its pastor, Rev. Frederick Pugh, which took place at Teignmouth. Mr. Pugh had been somewhat indisposed, and was taking rest at the Devon watering-place. Benefited by the change, he anticipated resuming his work on the following Sunday. Without any warning, while sitting in his chair, he passed away. His age was fifty-four. It is twenty years since Mr. Pugh settled at Swindon, having begun his ministry at Salcombe in 1866. The present substantial chapel, the Baptist Tabernacle, containing sitting accommodation for 1,000 persons, was built in 1886 to meet the need created by his prosperous labours. He proved admirably adapted to minister to the men employed on the Great Western Railway works of whom his congregation has largely consisted. Though without a collegiate training, his natural ability and originality of thought and manner made his preaching specially attractive. Last year he was president of the Wilts and East Somerset Association, and rendered good service to the building fund by visiting a large number of churches in the county and vicinity on its behalf. He was popular on the platform, and will be greatly missed in the town as well as by his own congregation. Mrs. Pugh died some few years ago.

REV. MORRIS ROWLANDS, of Llanfair, has died at the age of eighty-three. He was ordained at Rehoboth Church, Harlech, forty years ago. About five years later he established a church at the neighbouring village of Llanfair, serving for many years both churches. At the funeral Revs. E. O. Humphries, D. Pritchard, B. Davies, M. Roberts, S. Pierce, A. J. Parry, R. G. Roberts, and Mr. R. T. Jones were present.

The Congo mail brought particulars of the death of Rev. George R. Pople. The sad event occurred on April 12, at Tumba. Rev. John Pinnock was also in charge of the station. There are American missionaries located at Tumba, who rendered every possible aid. Rev. W. Holman Bentley, on hearing of the illness, went from Wathen. Mr. Pople fell a victim to the fatal dysentery with which the African fevers are so frequently accompanied. Mr. Pople, who was formerly connected with the church at Bronesbury, was trained at Bristol College; his friends are living at Beckington, near Bath. The society feels that it has lost a most valuable missionary.

REV. W. H. WHITE, who was returning from Yakusu, with his wife and Rev. J. Stephens. He died from fever on the s.s. *Niger*, near Mayumba, and by the kindness of the French officials his remains repose there by the side of those of Rev. Thomas Comber. With Mr. White was buried the infant boy of Rev. G. R. Pople and Mrs. Pople, of Tumba, both recently deceased, who also died on the voyage. Mr. White was a member of West Green Chapel, South Tottenham, and, after studying at Regent's Park College, was accepted in 1889 for the Congo by the Missionary Society during the pastorate of Rev. George Turner, now of Sutton. He came back to England for a furlough after three years' work, and, returning in 1896, founded Sargent Station at Yakusu, near Stanley Falls, where he worked until his departure in company with Mr. F. Dodds, the late Mr. Wherritt, and latterly with Mr. J. Stephens. Serious fevers necessitated a change both for Mr. White and Mr. Stephens.

Rev. W. A. Wicks, Aston, Birmingham, who had been lying seriously ill for six months at his residence at Handsworth. He contracted typhoid fever, and never really rallied from the effects of that fever. Since then he has been confined to his room, and when an attack of pleurisy set in he had no strength to rally therefrom. To the great grief, not only of his relatives, but of large numbers of people who had the highest esteem for him as one of the most promising men in the Baptist ministry, he passed to his rest at the early age of thirty-seven. He had been for more than twenty years a preacher, for he commenced to preach when fifteen years of age. During his first two pastorates (at Moulton and Ross-on-the-Wye) he did most successful work. His success in the larger sphere at Aston has more than justified the choice of those who unanimously elected him their pastor three years ago. Christ Church is a large building, but it was always crowded on Sunday evenings during his pastorate, and large congregations attended the services in the mornings. Mr. Wicks was a large-hearted, loving man, an eloquent and impassioned preacher, an earnest and assiduous pastor, and a man largely used in winning souls for Christ. During his three years' pastorate at Aston the church has increased from 393 to 475 members. At the funeral there was a service at Christ Church, and the interment was at Key Hill, the Nonconformist cemetery, where nearly all the great Free Church worthies of the city lie. Crowds attended both in the church and at the cemetery, the former being inadequate to accommodate all who sought admission. Revs. Scys Howell, George West, Robert Gray, H. Bonner, Walter Hackney, M.A., W. T. Percival, J. Nicholas Knight, and John Hulme took part in the service.

REV. ROBERT WALLACE has passed away, at the age of eighty-six. He was for forty years pastor of the Baptist Chapel at Tottenham, but retired from the active ministry in 1885. Mr. Wallace was a native of Colmonell, Ayrshire. He passed through the parish school and the University of Glasgow, and also had two sessions at Edinburgh University, where Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Welsh were among his lecturers, and the late Dr. McCosh, of Princeton College, and the late Dr. Hannah, son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers, were among his fellow-students. From the lectures of Dr. Chalmers he received an inspiration which, he declared, influenced his whole life. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Stranraer, and ordained by the Presbytery of London. His first settlement was at the Scots Church, Birmingham, where he laboured from 1834 till 1845. His congregation, through his efforts, soon possessed an admirable building instead of a hired room. He was instrumental in founding Presbyterian Churches at Dudley and Stafford, and with Mr. Campbell, of Manchester, took the lead

in reorganizing the denomination as a distinct church in England. Mr. Wallace became a Baptist after reading Dr. Carson's well-known book, and his belief in national Church establishments was removed by a perusal of Vinet's 'Religious Convictions.' Besides his long pastorate at Tottenham, begun in 1845, Mr. Wallace rendered the Baptist denomination valuable service on the Council of the Union, on the Board, and on the committee of the Missionary Society. Tributes to the esteem in which he was held were given at the farewell meetings in June and July, 1885. His last illness was short, though he had never recovered from the shock caused by the death, last year, of his wife, to whom he was married in 1837. The funeral took place at Tottenham Cemetery.

The death is announced of Rev. J. Mostyn, of Ipswich. Trained at Bradford College, he entered on the ministry in 1856, and has held pastorates at Haddenham, Braintree, Stoke Green, and Newtown, the last of which he resigned about seven years ago.

The death has occurred in South Africa of Rev. W. J. Staynes, formerly pastor of Hinckley and Southsea Churches. He went to South Africa two years ago for the benefit of his health.

The Rev. JOHN EVANS, of Eglwysbach, Denbighshire, who has been designated the 'Spurgeon of Wales,' died suddenly in Liverpool. He was to have preached in a Welsh chapel, and on arriving, went to the house of a friend, with whom he was to stay a few days. He had not felt well, and in view of heavy work on Sunday retired to bed. Shortly afterwards he became ill, and died before the arrival of a doctor. Deceased, who was fifty-seven, was a well-known author and lecturer, and one of the most eloquent Welsh preachers.

PUBLICATIONS.

WEEKLY.

The Baptist. One Penny. Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Freeman. One Penny. Alexander & Shephard, Furnival Street, Chancery Lane.

ANNUAL.

Baptist Handbook. Two Shillings. Veale, Chifferiel & Co., 37, Cursitor Street.

Almanack. Twopence. Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

Year-Book. One Penny. Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

Baptist Magazine. Sixpence. Alexander & Shephard.

Messenger. One Penny. E. Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Sword and Trowel. Threepence. Passmore & Alabaster.

Church and Household. One Penny. Marlborough & Co.

Barthen Vessel. Twopence. Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

Missionary Herald. One Penny. Alexander & Shephard.

Juvenile Missionary Herald. One Halfpenny. Alexander & Shephard.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

QUEEN ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA, born May 24, 1819, succeeded to the throne June 20, 1837, married February 10, 1840, to the late Francis Albert, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. *Issue*.—1. Princess Victoria Adelaide (Princess Frederick William of Prussia), born November 21, 1840 (married January 25, 1858).—2. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born November 9, 1841 (married to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, March 10, 1863).—3. Princess Alice Maud Mary (Princess of Hesse Darmstadt), born April 25, 1843 (married July 1, 1862. Died December 14, 1878).—4. Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh, born August 6, 1844 (married Grand Duchess Maria of Russia, January 23, 1874).—5. Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25, 1846 (married to Prince Christian of Augustenberg, July 5, 1866).—6. Princess Louisa Carolina Alberta, born March 18, 1848 (married John, Marquis of Lorne, March 21, 1871).—7. Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1, 1850 (married Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, March 13, 1879).—8. Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert, born April 7, 1853 (married April 27, 1882. Died March 28, 1884).—9. Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora, born April 14, 1857 (married Prince Henry of Battenberg, July 23, 1885).

George William Frederick Charles, Duke of Cambridge, cousin to the Queen, born March 26, 1819.

George Frederick Alexandra, Duke of Cumberland, cousin to the Queen, born May 27, 1819.

Princess Augusta Carolina of Cambridge (Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz), born July 19, 1822.

POST-OFFICE REGULATIONS.

Rates of Postage—

To and from all parts of the United Kingdom, for prepaid letters not exceeding					
4 oz.	1d.	8 oz.	2d.	12 oz.	3d.
6 oz.	1½d.	10 oz.	2½d.	14 oz.	3½d.
		16 oz.	4d.		

And so on, an additional halfpenny for every two ounces.

An Inland Letter must not exceed one foot six inches in length, nine inches in width, nor six inches in depth.

Inland Book Post.—The Book-post rate is One Halfpenny for every 2 oz. or fraction of 2 oz. A Book Packet may contain not only books, paper, or other substance in ordinary use for writing or printing, whether plain or written or printed upon (to the exclusion of any written letter or communication of the nature of a letter), photographs, when not on glass or in frames containing glass or any like substance, and anything usually appertaining to such articles in the way of binding or mounting, or necessary for their safe transmission by post, but also *circulars* when these are wholly or in great part printed, engraved, or lithographed.

Every Book Packet must be posted, either without a cover or in a cover open at both ends, and in such a manner as to admit of the contents being easily withdrawn for examination; otherwise it will be treated as a letter.

Any Book Packet which may be found to contain a letter or communication of the nature of a letter, not being a circular letter or not wholly printed, or any enclosure sealed or in any way closed against inspection, or any other enclosure not allowed by the regulations of the Book Post, will be treated as a letter, and charged with double the deficiency of the letter postage.

A packet posted wholly unpaid will be charged with double the Book Postage; and if posted partially prepaid with double the deficiency.

No Book Packet may exceed 5 lb. in weight, or one foot six inches in length, nine inches in width, and six inches in depth.

Post Cards.—Post Cards, available for transmission between places in the United Kingdom only bearing an impressed halfpenny stamp, can be obtained at all Post Offices, at the rate of 7d. per doz. A thicker card is also issued at 8d. per doz. Reply Post Cards can be obtained at the rate of 1s. 2d. per doz., and a thicker card at 1s. 4d. The Reply Cards are not sold in sheets like the single cards. Private Post Cards, size not less than 3½ by 2½ inches, bearing a halfpenny adhesive stamp, can now be sent through the Post.

Postage on Inland Registered Newspapers.—*Prepaid Rates.*—For each Registered Newspaper, whether posted singly or in a packet, One Halfpenny; but a packet containing two or more Registered Newspapers is not chargeable with a higher rate of postage than would be chargeable on a Book Packet of the same weight, viz., One Halfpenny for every 2 ozs. or fraction of 2 ozs.

Unpaid Rates.—A Newspaper posted unpaid, or a packet of Newspapers posted either unpaid, or insufficiently paid, will be treated as an unpaid, or insufficiently paid Book Packet of the same weight.

The postage must be prepaid either by an adhesive stamp, or by the use of a stamped wrapper. Every Newspaper or packet of Newspapers must be posted either without a cover or in a cover open at both ends, and in such a manner as to admit of easy removal for examination; if this rule be infringed the Newspaper or packet will be treated as a letter.

No Newspaper, whether posted singly or in a packet, may contain any enclosure except the supplement or supplements belonging to it. If it contain any other, it will be charged as a letter.

No packet of Newspapers may exceed 14 lbs. in weight, or two feet in length by one foot in width or depth.

Inland Parcel Post.—For an Inland Parcel the rates (to be prepaid in ordinary postage stamps) are, when not exceeding in weight 1 lb., 3d.; 2 lbs., 4d.; 3 lbs., 5d.; 4 lbs., 6d.

Maximum length, 3 ft. 6 in.; maximum length and girth combined, 6 ft.

Examples: A parcel measuring 3 ft. 6 in. in its longest dimension may measure as much as 2 ft. 6 in. in girth, that is, around its thickest part. Or, a shorter parcel may be thicker: for example, if measuring no more than 3 ft. in length, it may measure as much as 3 ft. in girth.

STAMP DUTIES, ETC.

RECEIPTS.—For sums of £2 or upwards..... 1d.

Persons receiving the money are compellable to pay the duty.

For every delivery order for goods of the value of 40s. and upwards, lying in dock, wharf, or warehouse, 1d. Dock Warrant, 3d.

DRAFT BILLS, ETC.—*Draft, or Order,* for the payment of any sum of money to the bearer or to order, or demand, including banker's cheques..... 1d.

Inland Bill, Draft, or Order, payable otherwise than on demand—

	£	£	s.	d.		£	£	s.		
Not exceeding.....	5	0	0	1	Exceeding	£500	and not exceeding	750	0	7
Exceeding £5, and not exceeding 10,	10	0	0	2		750	"	1,000	0	10
" 10, " " " " " "	25	0	0	3		1,000	"	1,500	0	15
" 25, " " " " " "	50	0	0	6		1,500	"	2,000	1	0
" 50, " " " " " "	75	0	0	9		2,000	"	3,000	1	10
" 75, " " " " " "	100	0	1	0		3,000	"	4,000	2	0
and 1s. for every £100 up to £500.										
										For every additional £1,000..... 0 10

HOUSE DUTY.—Inhabited houses of the value of £20 or upwards.....9d. in the £. If occupied as a farmhouse by a tenant or farm servant, or for purposes of business, 6d.

POST-OFFICE SAVINGS BANK REGULATIONS.

1. Open every day, Sunday excepted.—2. Even shillings to any amount, from one shilling upwards, may be put in; but no more than £50 in a year, nor more than £200 altogether.—3. No charge made for depositors' books, except when lost, then 1s. will be charged for replacing.—4. Interest $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., *i.e.*, $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per pound per month, direct Government security.—5. Friendly and Charity Societies and Penny Banks may deposit to any amount.—6. Other savings banks (not being post-office savings Banks) may be required to transfer accounts to this post-office savings bank.—7. This post-office savings bank may be required to transfer accounts to other savings banks, which are not post-office savings banks.—8. Persons opening an account at one bank may take their books and make deposits at any other post-office savings banks, or withdraw deposits.—9. No charge made for the postage of correspondence with the chief savings bank at the London post-office.—10. All or any part of the amount deposited can be withdrawn in a few days after application.—11. Provision is made for deposits by trustees, minors, and married women.—Officers of the post-office are strictly prohibited against disclosing the name of any depositor, or any amount paid in or taken out.