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Yrs in Gospel bonds

Whittamore

THE
BAPTIST MESSENGER:

AN

Evangelical Treasury

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FOR THE YEAR 1861.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE REV. J. WHITEMORE.

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THE
BAPTIST MESSENGER,
AND
CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

A REFRESHING CANTICLE.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"We will remember thy love more than wine."—Song Sol. i. 4.

THE Hebrew word for "love" here is in the plural—"We will remember thy *loves*." Think not, however, that the love of Jesus is divided, but know that it hath different channels of manifestation. All the affections that Christ hath bestowed upon his Church, and these are so varied that they may well be called "loves," rather than "love." The Septuagint translation is—"We will remember thy *breasts*." Bossuet, and many of the Romanist expositors—who have brought much sanctity of thought and fervent appreciation of heart to bear upon this superlative song—dilate very sweetly upon the word "breasts," as it appears in the Latin Vulgate.

We are still disposed to be content with our own version—"We will remember thy love (or rather thy *loves*) more than wine." By this we must understand, of course, all the love of Jesus, from the beginning even to the end. We will remember those acts of love of which we have heard with our ears and our fathers have declared unto us. It hath been told us by inspired prophets, and God hath revealed it to us in his Word, by his Spirit, that Jesus Christ loved us from before the foundation of the world. We believe that his love is no passion of modern date, no mere spasm of pity. It is ancient as his glory, which he had with the Father before the world was; it is one of the things eldest born of old eternity. This love Divine is not a spring that hath welled up a few days ago, but it is a venerable fountain, that has been ever, ever flowing. We will remember, O Jesus, that love of thine which was displayed in the council-chamber of eternity, when thou didst, on our behalf, interpose as the Daysman and Mediator; when thou didst strike hands with thy Father, and become our Surety, and take us as thy betrothed. We will remember that love which moved thee to undertake a work so burdensome to accomplish—an enterprise which none but thyself ever could have achieved. We will remember the love which suggested the sacrifice of thyself; the love which, until the fulness of time, mused over that sacrifice, and longed for the hour of which in the Volume of the Book it was written of thee, "Lo, I come." We will remember thy love, O Jesus, as it was manifested to us in thy holy life, from the manger of Bethlehem to the garden of Gethsemane. We will track thee from the cradle to the grave, for every word and every deed of thine was love. Thou, wherever thou didst walk, didst scatter lovingkindnesses with both thine hands. As it is said of thy Father, "God is love," so surely thou art Love, O Jesus! the fulness of the Godhead dwells in thee; the essence of love is thy incarnate Person—nothing else but love. And specially will we remember, O Jesus, thy love to us upon the cross. We will view thee as thou comest from the garden of thy agony, and from the hall of thy flagellation. We will gaze upon thee with thy hands and thy feet nailed to the accursed tree. We will watch thee when thou couldst, if thou hadst willed it, have saved thyself, nevertheless giving up thy strength, and bending thy soul downward to the grave that thou mightest lift us up to heaven. We will remember thy

love which thou didst manifest through thy poor bleeding hands, and feet, and side. We will remember this love till it invigorates and cheers us more than wine. The love which we have heard of, which thou hast exercised since thy death; the love of thy resurrection; the love which prompts thee continually to intercede before the Father's throne; that burning lamp of love which will never let thee hold thy peace until thy chosen ones be all safely housed—until Zion be glorified, and Jerusalem settled on her everlasting foundations of light and love in heaven. We will remember all thy love, from its beginning to its end, from old eternity to the eternity that is to come—nay, we will try to push on in imagination, and remember, that long as eternity shall be, so long shall thy love exist, in all its glory, undiminished in its lustre or its force. "We will remember thy love more than wine."

Nor is this all the love we have to remember. Though we ought to remember what we have heard, and what we have been taught, I think the spouse means more than this. "We will remember thy loves;" not only what I have been told, but what I have felt. Come, dear hearers, let each one of you speak for yourselves—or, rather, let me speak for you, and do you think it for yourselves. I will remember thy love, O Jesus, thy love to me when I was a stranger, wandering far from God; the love which restrained me from committing deadly sin, and withheld my hand from self-destruction; I will remember the love which tracked me in my course, "when, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;" the love which held back the axe when Justice said, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" I will remember the love that took me into the wilderness, and stripped me there, and made me feel my weight of guilt, and the burden of mine iniquity. Specially will I remember the love which said unto me, "Come unto me, and I will give thee rest." I cannot forget, I must remember, that matchless love which, in a moment, washed my sins away, and made my spotted soul white as the driven snow. Can I forget, can you forget, my brothers and sisters, that happiest of days, when Jesus first whispered to me, "I am thine, and thou art mine"? That transporting hour is as fresh in my memory now as if it only happened this afternoon. I could sing of it, if it were right to stop a sermon for a sonnet; I could sing of that love passing all measure, which took my soul and washed it in the blood and clothed it in the righteousness of Christ. O love Divine, thou dost excel all loves, that thou couldst deal with such a rebellious, traitorous worm, and make that worm an heir of heaven—an inhabitant of immortality!

But we have more love than this to recollect—love that we have felt since then. I will remember the valley of Baca and the hill Mizar; nor shall my soul forget these chambers of fellowship where thou hast unveiled thyself to me. If Moses had his cleft in the rock, where he did see the trail, the back parts of his God, we too have had our clefts in the rock, where we have seen the full splendours of the Godhead in the person of Christ. Did David remember the tracks of the wild goat, where he was hunted on the mountains, the cave of Adullam, and the land of Jordan and of the Hermonites? We, too, can remember spots to memory dear equal to these in blessedness. The Lord appeared of old unto us, saying, "Lo, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Christian, canst thou not recollect the sweet exchanges there have been between thyself and thy Lord, when thou hast left thy griefs at his feet, and borne away a song? Canst thou not remember some happy seasons when thou wentest empty to him, and hast come away full? Is thy heart heavy? It has not always been so. There have been times when, like David, thou couldst dance before the Lord; times of merriment, when thou couldst take thy timbrel, and say, "Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously." There have been times when Jesus and thy soul were not strangers, but when thou didst link arms, and walk together along the road of salvation. There have been times when your voice commingled with the music of his lips; when your head was on his bosom, and you could feel his heart beat with warm love to you.

Thus, then, in the summary of Christ's loves, which I will now humbly endeavour to pass in review, it will be necessary for us to mention, not only the love we have heard about, but the love we have felt and enjoyed. Do not suppose that I am able to refresh your memories, dear brothers and sisters. It is the Holy Spirit's work to assist you in that; but I do trust the resolution shall be stirred in the heart of each one of you, "We will remember thy loves more than wine;" and may you have grace to carry it out.

I have had a somewhat lengthy introduction to my present discourse, which is rather unusual. It is seldom that my houses have any porch at all. Here, however, I have given you a great deal of porch; still I have designed it for the groundwork of edification; and now I shall endeavour to conduct your thoughts to four distinct particulars.

First, the resolution *positive*, "We will remember." Secondly, the resolution *comparative*, "We will remember thy love more than wine." Thirdly, I shall mention some practical benefits resulting from remembering Christ's love. And, finally, I shall suggest some practical helps to you, that you may not so often forget it, but remember it better.

I. Here then, beloved, we have a RESOLUTION POSITIVELY EXPRESSED: "We will remember thy love." Why does the Church speak so positively? She is inspired: she is not talking like Simon Peter, when he said, "Yet will I not forsake thee," but she is speaking truth; she will not forget the love of her Lord. Why is that? For one very good reason, because she *cannot*. If the Church could forget the love of Christ to her, she would. She is such a forgetful wife, that all her husband's affections would be lost upon her, were it possible. But it cannot be; there is something about the love of Christ that makes it adhere; we cannot forget it. It enters into the heart like wine that seasons the ensk, and the scent thereof abides. It pervades the soul. It imbues every faculty. It brings the secret thoughts into obedience. It flows through every vein of hope and fear, of passion and desire. So the spouse could say, "We will remember thy love." Not that there was virtue in her constancy, but there is tenacity in his affection; wherefore she could not help remembering it.

What, then, is there in the love of Christ, that will compel us to remember it? The things that we remember most are of certain kinds.

Some we remember best have been *sublime things*. When we have stood and seen a mountain soaring to the clouds with its snowy summit splitting the thick abon mass of darkness, if it has been the first time in our life that we have beheld a mountain, we have said, "I shall never forget this hour." When first Humboldt the traveller had a view of the great prairies of North America, he declared that he never could forget the sensations of the moment. I can imagine how Dr. Livingstone, when he first came in sight of the magnificent falls he discovered, would feel, "Now, to my dying day I shall hear the rushing of that tremendous stream of water in my ears." I can myself remember a thunder-storm, when the lightnings flew across the heavens, without a moment's pause, flash after flash, as though a thousand suns were dashing through the sky. I recollect the consternation of men and women, when a neighbouring house was smitten by the lightning, and burnt with a terrific blaze, which could scarcely be seen by reason of the brightness of the lightning; and my recollection of that terrible scene will never depart. The sublimity of what we have seen often causes us to remember it. So with the love of Christ. How it towers to heaven! and, mark, how brightness succeeds brightness! how flash follows after flash of love unspeakable and full of glory! There is not a pause, not a chasm of forgetfulness; not one interval of darkness or blackness. Its sublimity compels us to remember its manifestation.

Again, we are pretty sure to recollect *unusual things*. If we were asked whether we recollected that the sun had risen, we might say, "It is not a matter of memory at all. I believe it did, but I cannot tell you." But if we are asked whether we

ever saw an eclipse, "Oh, yes," we say, "we remember it; we remember looking at it, and how disappointed we were because it was not half so dark as we expected it to be. Why, our children, when they come to be old, will recollect that." We do not recollect the stars much, but who forgets the comet? Everybody recollects that phenomenon of nature, because it is unusual. When we see something strange, something uncommon and out-of-the-way, the memory at once fixes hold of it. So is it with the love of Christ. It is such an extraordinary thing—such a marvellous thing, that the like was never known. Ransack history, and you cannot find its parallel. There is but one love that is like it, and that is the love of the Father to his only Begotten Son. Besides this, there is nothing to which we can compare the love of Christ to his people. That constellation of the cross is the most marvellous that is to be seen in the spiritual sky; the eye, once spell-bound by its charms, must retain its undying admiration, because it is the wonder of wonders, the miracle of miracles, which the universe ever saw.

Sometimes, too, things which are not important in themselves are fixed on our memory, because of *certain circumstances* which happen in association with them. The country people often say, if you ask them whether they recollect such and such a year, "Ah, master, 'twas the year of the hard frost, wasn't it?" And at another time they will say, "Yes; why that was the time when the blight fell upon the gardens, and all our potatoes were of no use, and we were half-starved all the winter." Circumstances help to make us recollect facts. Why, if something particular should happen in politics, should it happen on our birth-day, or our wedding-day, or on some notable occasion, we should say, "Oh, yes, I recollect that; it happened the day I was married, or on the day that So-and-so was buried." Now, we can never forget the love of Christ, because the circumstances were so peculiar, when, for the first time, we knew anything at all about it. We were plunged in sin and ruin, and no helper there was found. We were adrift on the great sea of sin; we had no hope; we were ready to sink, and no shore was near; but Jesus came and saved us. We can never forget those circumstances, for they were awful, with some of us beyond description; therefore we cannot forget the time when Jesus' love first dawned upon our souls. I think, my dear friends, I might give you twenty reasons, all of them as good as this, some of them better, why it would be impossible for the children of God to forget the love, the matchless love of Christ.

And further still, above and beyond every reason, *Christ will not let his people forget his love*. If at any time he finds them forgetful, he will come to them, and refresh their memories. If all the love they ever enjoyed should be passed over, he will come and give them some fresh love. "Do you forget my cross?" says he; "I will afresh cause you to remember it, for at my table I will manifest myself to you as I have not done of late. Do you forget what I did for you in the council-chamber? I will remind you of it, for you shall need a counsellor; I will come to your relief just when you are at your wit's end, and I will give you wisdom. Do you forget me? Have you forgotten that I called you when you were a stranger? I will let you wander a little, and then I will bring you back, and you will recollect me again." Mothers do not let their children forget them. If the boy has gone to Australia, and he does not write, his mother writes, "Has John forgotten his mother?" And then there comes back some sweet epistle, which lets the mother know that the gentle hint she gave him was not lost. So is it with Christ. He often says to his child, "Dost thou forget me? What! is thy heart cold to him who loved thee so much that he could not live in heaven without thee, but must needs come to earth, go out into the wilderness, and enter the grave, to find thee? Be sure, he will have our hearts; prone to wander they are; he knows it; we feel it; but he will have them. I would to God he would drive the nail of the cross right through your hearts, that it might be for ever fastened there. Painful might be the process, some sharp affliction might rend the flesh; yet if I could but be kept near to him, methinks I would thank him and love him all the more.

Yes, brethren, it is a fact that the Church cannot forget the love of Christ; nor can any believer, because it is impossible, or else we should surely do it. "We will"—we can say it boldly, not in self-confidence, but because we believe it must be so, and by Divine grace we say it—"We will remember thy love." This is the positive resolution.

II. Let us now advance another step, and look at THE COMPARATIVE. "We will remember thy love *more than wine.*" Why is "wine" mentioned here? I take it to be used here as a figure. The fruit of the vine represents the chiefest of earthly luxuries. "I will remember thee more than the choicest or most exhilarating comforts which the creature can afford me." Now, my brethren, we have many things on earth which we might compare to wine, in the good and in the bad sense, too. Good, because they cheer, and comfort, and invigorate; bad, because, when we rely upon them, they intoxicate, they overthrow, and cast down to the ground. We very readily, for a season, remember the good things of earth. When creature comforts abound with us, and we have happy and merry days, we recollect them; and when nights of darkness come upon us, we remember the days of our brightness, and we talk of them. So the widow bereaved. She remembers the days of her happiness, when the partner of her bosom was with her—she recollects his affectionate words, and his sweet deeds of love. In case of the mother bereaved of her child, she recollects the love that child had to her, and the solace that it was to her, when the little one slept on her bosom. Have you become poor? Then the wine that you recollect is the wealth you once possessed; you remember how you had no need to foot it over weary miles—how you had no need to shiver in the wintry cold. Now that your pain has come, you recollect your joy, and it makes your pain all the more painful. And if the minister has his wine, it is the wine of being successful. There may come days to him when his chapel may be half empty, when he may have but few comforts, and then he may look back and remember the wine he once had—the chiefest of earthly goods. Now, the spouse saith, "We will remember his love more than we recollect all earthly things;" and this, too, is because she cannot help it; for if she could, she would recollect the world better than heaven. If she could, she would have a remembrance of creature comforts, and she would be forgetful of her Lord.

The fact is, that the impression which the love of Christ makes on the true believer is far *greater and deeper* than the impression which is made by anything earthly. Mere mortal joys write their name on the sand, and their memory is soon effaced; but Christ's love cuts itself into the marble. Deep in our hearts is the remembrance of Christ's love engraven. The joy of the creature is something like the lithograph—cut lightly on the stone, when the stone is cleaned the picture is gone; but the love of Christ is like the steel engraving—it is deeply cut, and not easily erased. Earthly joys tread with light feet, and leave but a slight impression; but the love of Christ stamps into the core of our soul at every footstep, and therefore it is that we remember it better than we remember any earthly pleasure. Earthly comforts, too, like wine, leave but a mingled impression. In the cup of joy there is a dash of sorrow. There is nothing we have here below which is not somewhat tainted with grief. Look upon the wine. There may be a sparkling eye for a while; but "who hath woe? who hath redness of the eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, and mingle strong drink." So is it with the creature. There is a kind of intoxicating delight in the joys of earth which makes us rue too deep a draught. Even friendship, cream of joy, trembles on the confines of disappointment, as it is written, "Cursed is he that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm." The joy is over, and now comes the redness of the eyes. But in Christ's love the sensation is *pure*. There is nothing about Christ's love which you can ever regret. When you have enjoyed it, you cannot say there was ever a dash of bitter in it. When you have been with him, when you have come from his secret chamber, you could reflect on nothing that qualified your enjoyment. You

could not say, "I have been very happy, *but*—" When you have been to a party of your friends, you have said, "I have been very happy, *but*—I could not enjoy myself there six days in the week;" but when you have been with Christ, you have felt, "I can enjoy myself here to all eternity." You could not have too much of it; there was nothing to mar your happiness. True, there is the remembrance of your own sin; but that was so sweetly covered by your Lord's own kindness and goodness, that his love has been better than wine. It has had all the good effects of wine, and none of its ill results.

Equally true is it that the remembrance of earth's comforts, of which wine is the type, must be but *transient*. Ah! if the sinner could live many days, and have much wealth, would he remember what he had when he came into another world? He might remember it, but it would be with awful sobbs. Sinner, "remember that thou in thy life didst receive thy good things, and now thou art tormented" in this fire. But we can say of the love of Christ, it is better than wine, because we shall remember it in eternity—

"There, on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary soul shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount—"

what shall we recount?

"The labours of our feet?"

No, I do not think it. The labours of him who lived and died for us: that is what we shall talk of in heaven. Sure I am that is the theme of paradise.

"Jesus, my Lord, their harps employ;
Jesus their love, they sing;
Jesus, the life of all our joys,
Sounds loud from every string."

Do you not see why this comparison is made? We remember Christ's love more than the best earthly comforts, because they make but a feeble impression, but a mingled impression, but a marred impression; and their impression at best is but transient; but the love of Christ is remembered better than wine.

I have to hurry over these points, although, if you enjoy hearing about this subject as much as I do talking about it, I would not object to preach upon it all night long. For surely it is a theme that sets one's tongue at a happy liberty. "My tongue is as the pen of a ready writer," if I can but once feel the love of Christ shed abroad in my heart.

III. But now I am coming to speak of THE PRACTICAL EFFECTS OF CHRIST'S LOVE.

If we remember the love of Christ to us more than wine, the first practical effect of it will be, that *we shall love him*. Can I remember thy love to me, sweet Lord, and *not* love thee in return? Do I not feel that Watts was right when he said—

"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours?"

True it is there is no light for love in our hearts except the light of thy love; it is the holy fire from thy altar, Jesus, that must kindle the incense in the censer of our hearts. There is no water to be gotten out of this dry well. Thou, Jesus, must open there the bubbling spring! When thou lovest me, Jesus, my heart, knowing it, loves thee.

Another practical effect will be, *love to the brethren*. When we remember Christ's love, we shall not be able to meet a single one of Christ's brethren but we shall fall in love with him directly. Christ has some very poor brethren, and some very unhandsome ones. David sent to inquire about Jonathan, whether he had any sons. "Yes," they said, "he hath one Mephibosheth; he is lame in his feet, he cannot walk." What did David do? Did he say, "Oh, I will have nothing to do with him; I do not want such a lame fellow as that stumbling about my court?"

No; he might be lame in his feet, but he was Jonathan's son. "Ah," said David, "then he shall come and sit at my table, and eat with me!" Did you every know one of Christ's beloved that was not lame in the feet? There is some little lameness about all of them, somewhere or other; and if we only love those saints that are very saintly, and very holy, and very meek, then it seems as if we loved them for their own sakes; but if we can love Christ's deformed and crippled children, that look like loving them for his sake. And methinks, if you could remember what a clumsy child you were yourself, you would not look with such dislike upon some of God's other children. Oh, what things ministers have to bear in connection with some of the people! One man's judgment is so keen that you are always afraid of saying something amiss in his presence; another man's temper is so hot, that you cannot meddle with him, for fear of engendering something of a quarrel; another man is so worldly, that although he has the grace of God in his heart, it seems to be like a spark in tinder, only a spark, and in damp tinder too. Some unseemly children Christ has; but if we can but see they are Christ's, if they have but a little of his countenance about them, we love them directly, and are willing to do what we can for them out of love to him. The remembrance of the love of Christ to us will, I repeat, always kindle in us a love towards all the brethren.

The next effect will be, that we shall have *holy practice*. When we remember the love of Christ to us, we shall hate sin; feeling that he has bought us with a price, we shall abhor the very name of iniquity. When Satan tempts us we shall say, I have nothing to do with thee, get thee gone; I remember Christ's love to me. Have you never heard the story of an Indian woman, who, when she was enticed by some great chief, who wished to lead her astray, made to him this noble answer:—"I know no one in the world to be beautiful or noble but my husband." So will the believer say when he is tempted, "I know of nothing that is good but Christ; I know of nothing that is fair but him; begone, black Satan, my heart is with Christ, and I can have nothing to do with thee."

Another effect will be *repose of heart in time of trouble*. I can but touch upon these things, I cannot pause to speak about them as I wish. When we have lost the light of Christ's countenance for awhile, when "no small tempest lay on us," "in the place where two seas meet," some part of thy vessel already "broken by the violence of the waves," when darkness increases our fears, or day-light reveals fresh dangers—then it is sweet to remember his love. We can say, He did love me once, and he will rest in his love; though he does not shine upon me now, yet I know he is still the same; he did love me once, for I remember the garden of delights, and the banqueting-house, and the place where he showed me his heart, and surely he has not forgotten his poor spouse; he will come to her again; he will "bring her out of the mire, and will set her feet upon a rock, and put a new song into her mouth," and will yet again "establish her goings." A constant knowledge and remembrance of Christ's love to us will make us always cheerful, always dutiful, always holy. Good Lord, grant us this boon; for if thou wilt but give us to remember thy love more than wine, thou wilt give us all things in one. Let thy Spirit keep us up to this our happy resolution, and we shall be holy and happy men, honouring thee and rejoicing in thee.

IV. Lastly, I would put before you A FEW PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS AS TO PRESERVING A DEEPER AND MORE SINCERE REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST'S LOVE THAN YOU HAVE HITHERTO DONE.

The old Puritanical divines frequently compared their hearers to the Egyptian dog, that ran to the Nile, and drank, and then ran away; they came up and heard the minister, took a little sip of the stream, a little sufficed them, and then they were off. One old Puritan said he would have them be fishes; not come and just lap at the stream, but swim in it, and live in it. Now, there are too many in this age who just hear a little of Christ's love, and get a sip by the way. But oh! if you could live in it; if you could come up to what Rutherford says—"I would have my

soul sunk over its mast-head in a sea of love to Christ; I would be sunken fifty fathoms deep in the mighty shoreless ocean of his love, so that there might be nothing left of me, and that I might be swallowed up in love to Christ, and in Christ's love to me." I doubt not but that your complaint is, my dear brethren, that you cannot recollect. You hear a sermon, and it is gone. I know very well what must be your feelings. You hear a sermon, and become awhile absorbed in its divine meditation; but you have to return to your shop to-morrow morning so early, which you only quitted late as twelve o'clock on Saturday night. There are six days for the world, and only one for heaven; it is no wonder that you find the sermon so difficult to remember. You remind me of a person going out into a garden on a dark night with a candle. If the wind is blowing, there is such a careful holding of the hand, lest it should blow out the light. It is but a feeble light you bear away from the public ministry, and there are ten thousand winds blowing to put it out. You must indeed be careful to keep it alight all the week in your recollection. Let me admonish you, however, with a little practical advice how to keep constantly in your mind a remembrance of Jesus Christ's love.

One of the first things I would recommend to you is *frequent meditation*. See if you cannot get sometimes a quarter of an hour all alone, to sit down and turn over and over again the story of his love. Remember, souls grow more by meditation than they do by anything else. The cattle go round the fields and crop the grass—that is like hearing; and afterwards they go and lie down in a quiet corner and chew the cud, and masticate—that is meditation. Get a quarter of an hour, if you can, to masticate the Word, to revolve and re-revolve the love of Christ to you. "But a quarter of an hour!" says one; "why, I could not get five minutes." I think you could. I would not be hard with you, dear brother, but days sometimes can be pulled out, either at one end or the other. If you cannot pull out the day at the night end, can you not pull it out at the morning end? Is there not a possibility of a little saving of time? You know you may plane a little bit off a-day, and it will not be much the shorter for it. Besides, you will do none the less work for allowing a little time for prayer. It is said that "prayer and provender hinder no man's journey;" and I believe that prayer hinders no man's work. Do try and get a little time to think about your soul. What, so much time about this dusty world, and not a quarter of an hour for heaven? All this time for meat and drink, and clothes, and no time at all for the precious Lord Jesus, with all his loveliness? Do get a little time alone; that will help to keep you right. You would not forget your Master's love near so much, if you could secure some time for meditation.

Another means of remembering Christ's love is this—take care that you are *not content with what you knew about Christ's love yesterday*. You want to know a little more about it to-day; you expect to know a little more about it to-morrow. Some Christians do not see their Master once in a month. They live on somehow or other; I cannot tell how. They get a little manna once a-month—poor, stinking manna, that has bred worms—and they live on that till another month comes round. They see their Saviour, perhaps, at the sacramental table—and not always then—and they are content to live from day to day without seeing him. Be not you one of that order. Seek for daily fellowship, daily communion with the Lord Jesus Christ. You are to pray for daily bread: he that bids you pray for that will surely give you daily fellowship with Jesus, who is the bread of heaven. I do not like to hear people talking about what they knew of Jesus five or six years ago, unless they can tell you something about what they know now. Why, what would you think of a wife who said, "Well, my husband said some sweet words to me some ten years ago, and I saw him five years ago, but I have not seen him of late?" You would say, "How can the woman live, if she is a loving wife, without seeing her husband?" Is he in the same house with her, and has not spoken to her all that while?" The Lord Jesus is always near to you, and do you mean to say you can live without fellowship with him? Yes, you can. Some of you do. But pray that you may

never live so any longer, for it is a poor, starving way of dragging on your existence. You have got just enough religion to make you miserable; you have not enough to make you happy. Get a great deal more of it. Drink deep at the heavenly spring of fellowship; and if you learn a little more about Christ day by day you will not forget what you know.

Then, again, as another way of keeping in your heart what you do know—take care, when you have a sense of Christ's love, that *you let it go down deep*. If there were a nail so placed that it was sure to slacken its hold a little every day for six days, only give me the chance of driving it in on the first day, I would try to drive it in hard and fast, up to the very head, and clinch it. So, if you have not much time for fellowship and communion, if you have but a little season for meditation, take care to drive it hard home. When you are at it, do not be content with merely thinking about Christ. Realize him before your eyes, as set forth manifestly crucified before you. See him, as he groans in the garden; and do not be content, unless you can groan with him. See him, as he hangs upon the cross; and do not be satisfied, until you can feel that you are crucified with him. See that you have union with him, as he rises triumphant from the tomb. This will help very much to keep you right. I have heard the story of a man, who, passing by a house one day, saw a poor idiot lad, with a piece of sand-paper, scouring away at a brass plate. The man asked what he was at. The lad replied, "I am trying to scour the name out." "Oh," said the other, "you may scour away for many a day, but you will not be able to do that." And so, methinks, I see the devil scouring away at you, trying to get the name of Jesus out of your heart. Well, if it is cut deep, scour away, devil—you will never get it out. If it is cut thoroughly deep, if it goes into the inmost root of the matter, into the very howels of the man—the devil may scour, and scour again, but obliterated the name shall never be, and it shall be all the brighter for his attempts.

Let me add one more direction. When any of you meet together, it will often be a good thing for you to *turn your conversation upon Christ*. Oh, what a deal of idle gossip there is on Sundays! Many people do not go out of a Sunday afternoon, and they must talk about something. They do not like to talk about their trade; that would be too profane, they fancy. They do not like to talk about strictly sacred things; that, they think, might seem hypocritical. Well, they begin, "Have you ever heard Mr. So-and-so preach?" "Yes, I did once." "Did you like him?" Speaking of one you refer to another; and so the ministers are the bones you mostly pick on Sunday afternoons. Some matter, perhaps, that is not quite secular, nor quite sacred. Talk more about the Lord Jesus Christ than you have been wont to do. You will be less likely to forget his love, if you are often talking of him. Let his name ring in your ears all day long; and if you would have it ring in your ears, it must ring from your tongue. If you would hear the echo of it, you must yourself speak it out. Tell, whenever you have an opportunity, the marvellous story of his love to you; so will your memory be refreshed, and others, drinking from your fountain, will get a large, and it may be an everlasting blessing.

May God now grant to you, my dear hearers, that you may retain a sense of Christ's love to you, if you have ever enjoyed it. If you never have, God give it to you to-night! If you have never come to Christ, come to him now. Remember, Jesus loves sinners. Those that are far from him, when they return to him shall know that he loves them. If you take with you words, and come unto him, groaning and sighing, he will not cast you out. He stands now with open arms and freely invites you. Come, I beseech you. As his ambassador, I entreat you to come, and he will fold you to his bosom. All that heirs of heaven can have, you shall have. All that the brightest saints enjoy shall yet be your privilege. You shall one day walk in white, and see his face, and be with him in paradise, and be blessed throughout eternity. May God grant us his grace now, that our text may become the cheerful sonnet of our experience—"I will remember thy love more than wine."

A TESTING QUESTION.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

CONSCIENCE is often a faithful monitor, a powerful reprovcr, and a wise instructor. If conscience is enlightened by God's truth, cleansed by the blood of Jesus, and kept tender by the communion of the Holy Spirit, it should always be attended to, and its admonitions should be carefully regarded. Such a conscience will propose questions, draw comparisons, and quote Scriptures, which will do us immense good. Treat conscience aright, and it will be your best friend; use it improperly, and it will be your most terrible foe. If, then, conscience speaks, let us listen to it; and if it prompts, let us obey it. The sentence of conscience is next to the sentence of God; and the authority of conscience is only just below the authority of God. But how will an enlightened and honest conscience instruct and improve us? Take one view of the subject, and one only.

A Christian man gets out of temper. He feels wrathful; he speaks rashly; his eyes flash fire; he is almost ready to act as inconsistently as he feels. Conscience is quiet until the storm begins to abate, and then it calmly whispers, "*Is this like Jesus?*" Now the good man admits that he ought to be like Jesus; he desires and prays that he may be made like Jesus; he lives in hope that he shall be like Jesus. The question therefore is like a thunderbolt. It almost crushes him. He feels condemned. He turns the whole torrent of his wrath against himself, and perhaps exclaims, "*Like Jesus! no, it is more like the devil.*" He sinks in his own estimation; he hides his head before God; he loathes himself; yea, he abhors himself. At length, in the dust of self-abasement, he confesses his sin before God, pleads the blood of Jesus for his pardon, beseeches the Lord to send the Spirit to sanctify his nature, and to give him power over his irascible temper. Not for one moment will he attempt to justify himself, or plead the wickedness of human nature; but taking to himself all the blame, he creeps like a well-whipped child into his Father's presence, and prays for restoration and peace.

A believer is tempted to idle his time, wrap up his talent in a napkin, and indulge himself in questionable amusements. Many excuses are presented to him, the flesh pleads piteously, and he yields to it. He becomes formal, inactive, and comparatively unconcerned for the glory of God. Conscience, for a time, seems to slumber; but at length, with a stern strong voice, it asks, "*Is this like Jesus?*" He remembers his Master's words when but a child, "I must be about my Father's business;" and the testimony of the Apostle flashes across his mind, "He went about doing good." The panorama of his Lord's life is spread out before him, and he sees no self-indulgence, no hiding of the Lord's money, no idling or losing of precious time there. He knows that Jesus has left us an example, that we should follow in his steps, and that he said, "Ye should do as I have done." He is perhaps tempted to frame an excuse, or yield to temptation; but again conscience, speaking louder and with more authority, asks, "*Is this like Jesus?*" He is obliged to acknowledge it is not, to admit his guilt, to seek for more grace, and again bow to the command, "Occupy till I come."

Many similar cases may be adduced, but these two are enough. They show the value, importance, and blessedness of having an honest, enlightened, and tender conscience. Beloved, have you such a conscience? My soul, have I? We ought to have. Let us, therefore, ascertain for certain whether we have, or have not. If we have, let us encourage it, and bow to its authority next to the Word of God. If we have not, let us take it to the blood of atonement to be cleansed, to the Word of God to be enlightened, and to the Spirit of God to be made honest and tender. Let us take the question we have supposed to be proposed for our daily use; and in all our transactions with our fellow-men, in all our conduct toward God, and in all we do, both in public and private, let us test it by this, "*Is this like*

Jesus? Is it like Jesus to be so irritable, so hasty, so passionate? Is it like Jesus to be so resentful, or spiteful, or sulky? Is it like Jesus to be so hard, over-reaching, or covetous? Is it like Jesus to be so light, so jocular, so full of jests? Is it like Jesus to be so dull, so gloomy, so forbidding? Is it like Jesus to be so dissatisfied with my lot, to murmur on account of my circumstances, or to complain of all about me? Is it like Jesus to be so self-willed, so self-confident, so self-conceited? Is it like Jesus to be so exacting, so ready to take offence, so backward to forgive? Is it like Jesus—but where should I end? Reader, is your spirit, temper, disposition, and daily conduct like Jesus? It should be. Are you holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners? You ought to be.

Surely if we tried ourselves thus—if we often called ourselves to account as we ought—we should have more humility, and less pride; more spirituality, and less worldliness; more of the temper of Christ, and less of the spirit of Satan. We should have more frequent dealings with the blood of Jesus; we should walk closer with God; we should depend more on the Holy Spirit; and we should adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, more than we do. We should treat the world, more as it becomes us; we should set our affections more on things above; and we should be more prepared than we are, for the coming of the Saviour. Satan would not so easily get an advantage over us; the world would not so frequently ensnare us; nor would the flesh get such fearful conquests over the spirit. Let us, then, as we value our own peace, as we are concerned for the honour of God, as we desire the welfare of this poor, fallen world, as we feel our obligation to the Lord Jesus, and as we would be found prepared for glory, let us endeavour to act more like Jesus. And in order to this, let us make frequent use of this testing question, whenever our temper rises, or our lusts inflame us, or our tongues run too freely, or our conversation is not with grace, or we slight God's ordinances, or prefer the ease of the body to the prosperity of the soul—then let us press home the question, "IS THIS LIKE JESUS?"

MARY BUNYAN, THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD, AUTHOR OF "GRACE TRUMAN."

CHAPTER I.—THE ARREST.

Two hundred years ago! Since then what changes have passed over "Merry England!"

Two hundred years ago there stood in Bedfordshire, near Harlington, a low thatched cottage, the dwelling of a pious husbandman. To it let us go.

It is a calm autumnal evening. The sunset sleeps upon the green hills and twilight drops her curtain. The labours of the day are over, and around the kitchen hearth are gathered the rustics of the adjoining hamlets, awaiting in eager expectancy the coming of one who shall break to the hungry the bread of life, and speak words of cheer to the fainting.

A noble figure, clad in the peculiar garb of that age, stands at the door and knocks. It is John Bunyan.

The door is opened, and he is admitted. A kindly welcome greets him. He passes among a little company shaking the hand of each, and speaking a friendly word to all.

He is about to seat himself by an aged sister, when the master of the house hurries up to him, and drawing him aside, whispers in an eager agitated voice,—

"Oh, Mr. Bunyan, there is a warrant out against you, and the officers are on the lookout for you. We cannot have our meeting. They are prowling around here, and if they find you they will carry you to the justice, and he will send you to prison. You must leave."

"What, brother," says Bunyan—"go away, and not have the meeting?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Bunyan, they are in search of you, and they'll have you in prison if they can find you."

"It is true, Mr. Bunyan, what he tells you," said a white-haired man in the group; "the warrant is out, and they are hunting for you now."

"And what if they are?" says Bunyan. "Shall I dismiss the meeting for this?"

"Oh, I know of what spirit they are, and

I tell you they will send you to prison."

"What if they do? I will by no means stir, neither will I have the meeting dismissed for this."

He spoke with the calm, decided tone of one who, knowing what was before him, had made up his mind to meet the worst.

"But what will become of us when you are imprisoned?"

"Oh, brother," replied Bunyan, "come, be of good cheer; let us not be daunted; our cause is good, we need not be ashamed of it. To preach God's Word is so good a work that we shall be rewarded if we suffer for that."

Seeing that he could not be dissuaded from his purpose, they left off their entreaties, and seated themselves amid the restless group, whose anxious questionings attested deepest interest.

But before entering upon the meeting he "walks out into the close seriously to consider the matter," to lay it before God, and to ascertain his will.

The twilight is throwing its dusky shadows across the sward and over the peaceful straw-thatched homes of the villagers. He walks to and fro in the little garden in pensive soliloquy, and thus he reasons with himself:—

"I have shown myself hearty and courageous in my preaching, and have made it my business to encourage others. What will my weak and newly-converted brethren think if I now run away? Will they not say, 'He is not so strong in deed as in word?' And if I should run, now that there is a warrant out for me, will it not make them afraid to stand when great words only shall be spoken to them? And seeing that God has chosen me to go in this *forlorn hope* in this country—to be the first that is offered for the Gospel—if I should fly, it will be a discouragement to the whole body that may follow after. And will not the world take occasion at my cowardliness to blaspheme the Gospel; will they not have some ground to suspect worse of me and my profession than I deserve? For blessed be the Lord, I know of no evil which I have said or done. I will see the utmost of what they can say and do unto me. I will not flinch if God will stand by me."

Noble words of a noble heart! Who but the man stayed on Israel's God could utter them?

Willing to brave all for him who had "led him into his own words," he comes

again to the house with the *full* resolution to hold the meeting, and not to go away.

His face is radiant with the light of trust and hope as he enters the little room and approaches the stand whereon rests the Bible.

"Let us bow in prayer," says the holy man; and each one of the little company kneels. How earnestly they supplicate the throne of mercy—how fervently they plead the promises of the God of Sabaoth! They feel their need, and as feeble, helpless creatures they venture into the presence of the great I Am. But listen to their leader, as, in deep, fervid tones, he sends up his cry for help. His faith is strong, and he comes "boldly" to a throne of grace. How his zeal and trust inspire the hearts of the less resolute! Hear him say, in the full belief of what he utters, "God will not cast away his chosen people, neither will he suffer their enemies to triumph; but with a mighty hand and an out-stretched arm he will lead them on to victory. The horse and the rider are slain, and they that work iniquity shall be consumed; but he that trusteth in the Lord shall never be confounded, world without end."

How like a healing balm fall those words of faith on the bleeding bosoms of those whose joy had been crushed beneath the heel of the oppressor! and tears of thanksgiving stream down the face of many a bowed suppliant.

They arise. He takes the Bible from the stand, and opening it, reads: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" How searching the question, how suitable to the occasion! What a touch-stone to their faith! As Christ had asked of him whom "they might cast out," so would his servant ask of his people that their faith might be made manifest; and as the despised castaway had answered, so would they now, "Lord, I believe."

But as he reads strange voices are heard without; eager, anxious looks are bent upon the door—it opens. And there stand before them two unfamiliar forms. It needs not words to tell them they are the constable and the justice's man; and the officers have but to cast their eye over the little assembly to find the object of their search. There he sits, his eye steadily fixed upon them, with his finger pointing to the text as if he would ask them too, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?"

They stand before him, and producing their warrant command him to follow them.

He remembers the Apostle says, "Let every soul be subject to its higher powers;" so he closes the Bible and rises to do their bidding.

We fancy we hear him exclaim with the Apostle, as he looks the officers in the face: "I am ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

"Well, then, come along with us, for the justice is ready for you."

"Stay a moment," says Bunyan, as he moves toward the door. He turns round, and addresses the weeping assembly. All is hushed to silence; even the hirelings of the law dare not interrupt him, as he proceeds to exhort the little group to patience and long suffering for the Master's sake.

"We are prevented, you see, brethren, of an opportunity to speak and to hear the Word of God, and are likely to suffer for the same. But be not discouraged, my dear brethren; it is mercy to suffer on so good an account. We might have been apprehended as thieves or murderers, or for other wickedness; but blessed be God it is not so—we suffer as Christians for well-doing, and we had better be the persecuted than the persecutors."

"Leave off your cant, and come along with us," says the justice's man, interrupting him; "this is no time for such talk."

He commends the little company to the care and guidance of God, and departs with the officers.

But as it happened the justice was not at home that night, a friend of his engaged to bring him to the constable on the morrow morning, and he was released from custody.

And now let us go with him to the bosom of his family, and see the brave man there, beset on every side by persecution and affliction: there let us see what it was that supported him amid his deep trials, and nerved his great heart to bear without murmuring the vile accusations of his enemies, enabling him to exclaim in the fullness of determination, "The Almighty God being my help and shield, I will suffer until even the *moss shall grow on mine eyebrows*, if frail life continue so long, rather than violate my faith and principles." And again, on a future occasion, when he was passing through deep waters: "Were it lawful, I would pray for greater trouble, for the greater comfort sake;" and yet again, "I have been able to laugh at de-

struction, and to fear neither the horse nor his rider."

Was not this an unchanging, sublime, eternal trust; that faith which "reaches within the veil and lays hold on the crown?"

He separates from his friends, and slowly and thoughtfully finds his way to his cottage. He is not fearing, neither is he doubting the precious promises—only he cannot tell how to break the intelligence to his wife. With head bent and downcast eye, he walks leisurely on, while fear and hope alternate strive for victory. The light through the little front window meets his eye as he passes up the green. His heart is big with sorrow as he thinks of his faithful Elizabeth, his poor blind Mary, and the little ones—all so dependent upon him for their daily bread. How can he tell them that it may be he will go to prison? It will almost break their hearts to hear that he must be taken from them! From the depths of his soul he sends up agonizing prayer to God for direction in this matter. For though the clouds are as thick darkness around him, he has read, "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ear is open to their cry."

The simple evening meal has been eaten in the little cottage at Elstow, and the family are gathered around the winter fire. The "faithful wife" is engaged with her sewing by the lamp which burns on the stand, whereon rests the Bible. The book is open before her; for the father is away, and she has read a chapter to the children, and bowed with them in prayer. The blind daughter is rocking the youngest child to sleep, while the other two children pursue their quiet play by their mother's side. The old high-backed chair stands vacant in the corner, waiting the return of the master.

"God will give them strength," he says, as he paces on the door stoop.

He enters; Mrs. Bunyan looks up surprised, and there is an expression of wonder and fear on the sightless face of the blind child, for she recognizes the well-known step before a word is spoken. The children leave off their play, for they are glad to see the father back. They note not the unseasonableness of the hour.

"You are home early to-night! Did you have your meeting?" asks the wife in a tone which betrays the anxiety of her heart.

"No, the officers came and broke up our meeting, and brought me away."

"And how did you get away from them? won't they follow you?" asks the wife

eagerly, for astonishment and alarm are increasing every moment.

"No, no; I have not fled from justice; they suffered me to come home to-night, as the justice was away."

He seats himself in the old chair; eagerly the wife listens while he relates his story.

"Just as we were in the midst of our meeting the constable came in with his warrant to take me, and would not give me time to finish my preaching, but hurried me away, only letting me speak a few words of counsel and encouragement to the people; and he would have brought me before the justice, but that he was not at home to-day; so a friend engaged to bring me to them to-morrow morning, otherwise the constable must have given me to a watch or secured me in some other way; my crime is so great."

"And must you go to-morrow to be tried?"

"Yes, for so I have promised, and I must not forfeit my word."

"But oh, my husband, if they should send you to prison!"

"Well, Elizabeth, if the Lord wills it we must submit. He will not put more on us than he will give us strength to bear. If we must suffer, it is in a good cause, and we must be of good cheer. It will all be right in the end."

He speaks hopefully; but as the tears start to the eyes of the loving wife, and the sadness deepens on the *darkened* face, a sigh comes up from the heart of the brave man: "What will become of his wife and children if he is taken from them? Who will give them food and raiment?"

"What *shall* we do," asks the wife inquiringly, "if you have to leave us? We have but little to eat now, and when you are gone who will give us more?"

"God will take care of his children, my Elizabeth. He feeds the sparrows, and he will feed you; and besides, they may not send me to gaol; perhaps they will let me go free after they have tried me. I cannot think they will imprison me for reading the Scriptures and explaining them to the people."

"But the judges are so hard-hearted, my husband. They send all to prison who will not conform to the rules of the Church. I heard yesterday of two who were thrown into gaol at Bedford, without having a fair trial, and they may treat you so."

"Well, we will hope for the best, Eliza-

beth. God will overrule it all in righteousness—we must give it up into his hands."

"But, my dear husband, if they should send you to prison, what shall we do? Who will give us bread?"

This is a gloomy picture even for his brave, trusting heart—his family pinched with hunger and cold, and he shut up in the walls of a dungeon! He bows his face in his hands, and a groan comes up from the depths of his soul as he contemplates it. The little boys look on with timid wonder. 'Tis a strange, sad sight to them to see their father thus oppressed with grief.

A hand is laid on his—an arm thrown around his neck, and a voice whispers in his ear, "Do not be grieved, father, if they do send you to prison: I will help mother to take care of the children."

He looks up as the gentle tones fall upon his ear. The sightless eyes, eloquent with sympathy and love, are turned to his.

"It is but little you can do, my poor child, with your feeble hands and darkened eyes," replies the father sorrowfully.

"But I can do something, father; I can take care of the children when mother goes out to work, and I can hoe in the garden when summer comes."

His eye rests on the delicate blue-veined hand fixed in his, and then on the upturned rayless eyes, and he heaves a deeper groan as he thinks of what hardships this poor child must endure if he should be condemned.

"And I can bring wood for mother," interposes Thomas, the oldest son, "and help sister in the garden and carry the things to market."

"But it will be a long time till summer, my boy, and you must live through this cold winter;" and the father strokes the white hair of the innocent boy, and thanks God for the sympathy of his children.

"If the worst come to the worst, Elizabeth, and I must go to prison, we must trust in the Lord for the future. He will give us meat in due season, and grace to enable us to keep up under all of our trials. I will speak to neighbour Harrow, to-morrow, as I go to Bedford, and get him to attend to you if I should not come back. He can get together the little sums that are owing me, and this will help you for a while; and, when this is gone, God will provide some means of support. He has said, 'No good thing will be withhold from them that walk uprightly,' and we must not doubt him.

"But I hope they will not sentence me, seeing that I have done nothing but read the Scriptures and explain them to the people. But if they do, I must not flinch, but be willing to stand all manner of persecution for the Gospel's sake."

Thus, with words of hope and trust, does his tried soul endeavour to comfort and sustain the sinking heart of his wife.

She is a woman of a brave heart and great fortitude, and she leans for support on his Word who has said, "Fear not, I am with you." But this trial is so sore, so sudden, the issue so momentous, so fatal should her husband be found guilty, that, for the time, she can see nothing before them but despair and death.

Thus the evening passes. The little family at Elstow are in the wilderness; the enemy is in pursuit, the mountains rise on either side, the sea is before them. Will there be no rod uplifted, no hand stretched out for their deliverance? Will there be no "pillar of cloud" to give them light, which shall also be a cloud and darkness to their enemies?

"Fear not," stricken ones, "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, which he shall show you."

The morrow comes. Bunyan is up betimes, that he may meet his word and not keep the officer waiting. He bids his wife and children farewell for the time, commending them to God and bidding them "be of good cheer," for he thinks he will soon come again to them. The wife parts from him with a sorrowful, dejected heart; Mary embraces him affectionately and turns round to weep, while the little ones, Joseph and Sarah, kiss him and bid him "come back again soon;" Thomas goes with his father to Bedford to bring home the tidings of the trial.

On the way Bunyan is joined by the friend who had engaged for his appearance. He stops a few moments at neighbour Harrow's to speak to him about his family's destitution.

"I will see after their wants, friend Bunyan, if you do not get back, but God grant that they may send you free."

"I trust they will, but if they do not it will all be right, brother Harrow."

They shake hands, the neighbour committing the prisoner to the protection of God, and wishing him a speedy return. They part—one to offer up a silent prayer for his brother in the Lord, who is dragged along by the cruel hand of persecution, perhaps

to a felon's death; the other to go on his way, "rejoicing that he is counted worthy to suffer for his name."

Engaged in holy conversation, he and his friend pass along, Thomas all the time wondering how it is his father can talk so composedly about going to gaol. The very thought of the old prison standing on the bridge which he has sometimes seen, with its heavy black walls and small iron-grated windows, fills his childish mind with horror. He starts as he thinks of its dreadful form, and yet his father says, "Rather than give up preaching I will go to it gladly." Strange language to his untaught heart. The mystery was solved in after years, when "the Spirit gave him utterance," and he too felt, while proclaiming the "unsearchable riches of the Gospel of Christ," that, although imprisonment might await him, yet would he not cease "to declare the whole counsel of God."

They find a constable in waiting for them. He is eager for his work. Cruelty feeds on itself and fattens, and this heartless tool of a parasitic magistracy engages in this work of death with a zeal scarcely less fiendish than that of the Roman tyrant who desired that the head of Christianity might be struck off with one blow. Hastening the prisoner to court, he conducts him before the justice.

With magisterial dignity Justice Wingham eyes him, and then turning to the constable asks, "And where did you find him? Where were they met? And what were they doing?"

"I found him at Samsell, your Honour. There were only a few met together to preach and hear the Word."

"And what had they with them?" (meaning what arms.)

"They had nothing but their Bibles, your Honour; no sign of anything else; and the prisoner here was just beginning to preach."

The justice turns upon Bunyan with a frown of indignation, and in a harsh voice asks,—

"And what were you doing there?"

Bunyan looks at him mildly, yet firmly, and in a firm tone that can be heard by all present replies,—

"The intent of my going there and to other places is to instruct and counsel people to forsake their sins and close in with Christ, lest they miserably perish."

"And why don't you content yourself with your calling? Don't you know that

it is against the law for such as you to do as you have been doing?"

"But I can do both of these without confusion," says the prisoner promptly, "I can follow my calling and preach the Word also."

"What," says the justice, chafing with anger. "Then I'll break the neck of your meetings, that I will."

Bunyan unmoved answered calmly, "It may be so."

The justice losing all self-possession, exclaims, "Produce your sureties, man, or I will send you to gaol."

Two friends are ready to go his security, and they are called in.

The bond for his appearance being made, the justice turns to the sureties, "You are bound to keep this man from preaching; do you hear? If you don't your bonds are forfeited."

"Then I shall break them," interposes Bunyan, interrupting him, "for I shall not leave off speaking the Word of God, nor cease to counsel, comfort, exhort, and teach the people among whom I come; for I think, sir, this work has no hurt in it, but is rather worthy of commendation than blame."

"If you will not be so bound," says the Justice, turning to the sureties, "his mittimus must be made, and he shall go to gaol, to lie there till the quarter sessions."

"Make out the mittimus," commands the justice, and retires.

The prisoner stands with folded hands awaiting the order to prison.

While the mittimus is being made, there comes in Dr. Lindale, "an old enemy to the truth," who falls to reviling and taunting the man of God, to whom Bunyan says,—

"I did not come hither to talk with you, but with the justice."

The "old enemy," supposing he had nothing to say for himself, triumphs as if he had the victory, charging and condemning him for meddling with that for which he could show no warrant.

Insolently he questions him, "Have you taken the oaths? If you have not it is a pity but that you should be sent to prison."

"Had I a mind, I could answer any sober question you could put to me," is the calm rejoinder.

Confident of victory, the "old enemy" asks, "Then can you prove it is lawful for you to preach?"

"Doth not Peter say, 'As every man hath received the gift, even so let him

minister the same.'" And the prisoner looks him steadily and fully in the face, to show that he could answer him if he listed.

"Ay," saith the old enemy sneeringly, "to whom is that spoken?"

"To whom? Why, to every man who hath received a gift from God. Mark," and the "sharp quick eye" of the defendant lights up as he speaks, "mark, saith the apostle, 'As every man hath received a gift from God, even so let him minister the same,'" and again, "You may all prophesy, one by one."

Whereat the "old enemy" is a little stopped and goes a softlier pace; but not willing to lose the day, he begins again.

"Yea, indeed, I do remember of one Alexander a *coppersmith*, who did much oppose and disturb the apostles." (This is a thrust at Bunyan because he is a tinker.)

"And I too have read of *very many* priests and Pharisees that imbed their hands in the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Ay, and you are one of those Scribes and Pharisees; for you, with a pretence, makelong prayers to devour widows' houses."

"What," says Bunyan; "I tell you, man, if you have got no more by preaching and praying than I have done, you would not now be so rich."

But he remembers it is written, "Answer not a fool according to his folly," so after this he is as sparing of his speech as he can be without prejudice to truth.

The mittimus is made out, the prisoner is committed to the constable, and hurried off to gaol. A crowd gathers around as he is borne along, some with sympathetic hearts, while others, with the spirit of the ancient persecutors, cry, "Away with him, away with him."

They move as rapidly onward as the crowd will permit.

"Stay, constable," cry two of his brethren, coming up in breathless haste. At the tone of command the officer halts.

"You must not go to gaol. We think we can prevail with the justice to let you go at liberty. We have a friend who will intercede for you. We must back to the justice."

So the two men, joined by a third, hasten to the court-room to speak to the justice. They talk long with him, and come running out again to the prisoner.

"Oh, if you will come to him again," they exclaim, with increased agitation, "and say some words, he will release you."

And what are those words? "Speak to

more in his name." The same bait had been vainly offered his disciples sixteen hundred years before. Should it tempt him from his integrity? Hear his answer.

"I will not promise. If the words are such as can be said with a *good* conscience, I will say them; if they are not, I will not."

They importune him, and he goes back with them, not believing that he shall be delivered. He knows the spirit of the minions of the law too well; they are too full of opposition to the truth to let him go, unless he should in some way or in some thing dishonour his God and wound his conscience.

But he casts it all upon the Lord, wherefore as he goes along he lifts up his heart to God for light and strength to help him, that he may not do anything that would either dishonour him or wrong his own soul, or be a grief or discouragement to any that was inclining after the Lord Jesus Christ.

The justice is awaiting his return. Another personage comes suddenly out of another room, and seeing him, thus greets him—Who is there,—John Bunyan? and with such seeming affection as if he would leap on his neck and kiss him. (A right Judas.)

This is a Mr. Foster, of Bedford. Bunyan has but little acquaintance with him; has seen him but a few times. All that he knows of him is, that he has ever been a close opposer of the ways of God, and he wonders that he should carry himself so full of love to him now. But it is soon explained. Then he remembers those sayings, "Their tongues are smoother than oil, but their words are drawn swords." And again, "Beware of men."

With feigned surprise this new busy-body asks, "But tell me, Mr. Bunyan, how it is that you are here? I was little expecting to see you in this place."

Ah, you "right Judas," do you think to deceive him now, and win him by your flattery?

Bunyan turns a full look on him for a moment, and then, in a calm, significant tone, replies,—

"I was attending a meeting of people a little way off, intending to speak a word of exhortation to them; but the justice hearing thereof, was pleased to send his warrant to fetch me before him."

"Ah, ah, I understand; but if you will promise to call the people no more together, you shall have your liberty to go home;

for my brother is *very loth* to send you to prison if you will but be ruled," says this "right Judas," coaxingly.

"Sir, pray what do you mean by *calling the people together*? My business is not anything among them when they are come together but to exhort them to look after the salvation of their souls, that they may be saved."

"Hist, hist!" exclaimed he, putting his hand soothingly on his shoulder, "we must not enter into explication or dispute now, Mr. Bunyan; only say you will not call the people any more together and you shall have your liberty; otherwise you must be sent away to prison."

"Sir, I shall not *force or compel* any man to hear me; but if I come into any place where there are people met together, I shall, to the best of my skill and wisdom, exhort and counsel them to seek after the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of their souls."

"But this is none of your work," impudently replies the "right Judas," losing his self-possession; "you must follow your *calling*. If you will leave off preaching and follow your calling, you shall have the justice's favour and be acquitted presently."

"Sir, I can follow my calling, and preach the Word too; and I look upon it as my duty to do them both as I have opportunity."

"But such meetings are against the law; therefore *you must leave off*, and say you will not call the people any more together."

"I dare not," replies the brave man, "make any further promise; my conscience will not suffer me to do it, for I look upon it as my duty to do as much good as I can, not only in my trade, but also in communicating to *all* people, wheresoever I can, the *best* knowledge I have in the world."

"The '*best* knowledge!' Why, you are nearer the Papists than any, and I can convince you of it immediately."

"Wherein?" asks the confessor, boldly.

"In that you understand the Scriptures literally."

"Those that are to be understood literally we understand so, and those that are to be understood otherwise we endeavour so to understand them," replies the noble defender of the faith.

"Ah," replies the old enemy, "and which of the Scriptures do you understand *literally*?"

"This, sir: 'He that believes shall be saved.' This is to be understood just as it

is spoken. For whoever believeth in Christ shall, according to the plain and simple words of the text, be saved."

A derisive smile curls the lip of the interlocutor. "You are ignorant, and don't understand the Scriptures. How can you understand them, when you do not know the original Greek?"

"If that be your opinion, sir, that none can understand the Scriptures but those who have the original Greek, then, surely, but very few of the poorest sort will be saved. Yet the Scriptures saith, 'That God hides these things from the wise and prudent,' that is, from the learned of the world, 'and reveals them to babes and sucklings.'"

"But there are none that hear you but a company of foolish people."

"You mistake yourself, sir; the wise as well as the foolish do hear me. Those that are most commonly counted foolish by the world, are the wisest before God; for God hath rejected the wise, and mighty, and noble, and chosen the foolish and the base."

"But, man, you make people neglect their calling. God has commanded people to *work* six days, and serve him on the *seventh*."

"Ah, sir, it is the duty of people, both rich and poor, to look out for their souls on these days as well as for their bodies; and God commands his people to 'exhort one another daily, while it is called to-day.'"

The meddler stands confounded. The tinker shows himself an approved workman.

Breaking into a rage, he again exclaims, "But they are none but a company of poor, simple, ignorant people, that come to hear you."

"The foolish and the ignorant have most need of teaching; therefore it will be profitable for me to go on in my work."

(To be continued.)

"But will you promise not to call the people together any more? If you will you may be released and go home."

"I dare not say any more than I have said. I dare not leave off that which God has called me to."

Then this "right Judas" withdraws to advise with his friend the justice. While they are in counsel several of the justice's servants gather round the prisoner, telling him that he "stands too much on a nicety. Our master," they say, "is willing to let you go if you will say that you will call the people no more together. If you will but make this promise, you may have your liberty."

He returns them the same answer—"I dare not promise."

Presently the council being ended, in come the justice and Mr. Foster (the right Judas), and urge him to promise that he will hold no more meetings.

But Bunyan is not to be moved by persuasion any more than by threats and flattery. There he stands invincible, panoplied with truth.

"Then send him away to prison," says Mr. Foster to the justice in a rage, "and it will be well for all the others to follow him."

And thus they parted, the prisoner and the judges. The one to imbrue their hands yet more deeply in the blood of the saints; the other to the gloomy dungeon which shall be made radiant by the indwelling presence of the "Light of the World." Even as he was going out of the doors of the public hall, he "had much ado to forbear saying to them that he carried the peace of God along with him;" but he keeps silent, and "blessed be the Lord, went away to prison with God's comfort in his soul."

THE IMMORTAL YOUTH OF JESUS A PERENNIAL SOURCE OF JOY AND BEAUTY TO THE CHURCH.

A NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION.

BY THE REV. W. P. BALFERN, AUTHOR OF "LESSONS FROM JESUS."

"Thou hast the dew of thy youth."—Ps. cx. 3.

MAN is at best but a changeable being, and is located in the midst of beings and things as changeable as himself. Nature, which but a few months ago was clothed with her many-tinted robes, has cast them all aside, and we now behold her, nude and desolate, in the arms of winter and death. Many,

too, whom we looked upon but a few months ago as strong men, possessed of all the fire, vigour, elasticity, and beauty of youth, have passed away, and the clouds of the valley have for ever hidden from our eyes the manly forms of those whom we loved. How pleasing, therefore, at the

commencement of another period of time, destined to present but another picture of the past to our view, to direct our thoughts to ONE, who, in the midst of all the changes of time, remains changeless! When we look now upon nature's progeny all barren and desolate, how pleasing to think of those trees of righteousness which can never die—to contemplate that living and true Vine, whose leaf is ever-green, whose fruit ever abides, whose branches shall continue to grow and spread until the entire universe is covered with their everlasting beauty and fruitfulness! When we think with sorrow of the young men of strength, promise, and beauty by the past removed from us, how cheering and elevating to think of Him who ever hath the dew of his youth, upon whose brow immortal strength and beauty for ever sit enthroned! "Oh, trust ye, therefore, in the Lord Jehovah, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

"Thou hast the dew of thy youth." Of whom could the sweet singer of Israel make this glorious affirmation? Of but ONE, of whom it is witnessed that he hath "an intransmissible Priesthood," and therefore is able to save through every age all who come unto God by him. Of this glorious Person it is written, that he "ever liveth"—not merely as an influence, a principle, a law, but as the King of the universe and Head of his Church; and because he thus lives, nature shall again shout forth her joy, and the generation of the righteous be everlastingly renewed.

"Thou hast the dew of thy youth." This Divine fact of heaven's immortal King ensures to the Church—

1. *Perpetual Increase.*—From the womb of eternity Christ had the dew of his youth, for his people were ever with him, inclosed in the purposes of his grace and inscribed upon the love of his heart. The Jewish night, though dark, distilled the dew of Christ's youth; and we see light from the Sun of Righteousness shining upon it through its many rites—its prophetic words and pathetic songs. The Jewish Temple presents us with more than Jewish priests; while faith contemplates the men who, like Abraham, beheld the day of Christ afar off, and were glad. The land of Israel, though often covered with a night of desolation, and transformed by its sin into a very Bochim of weeping and lamentation, was yet blessed with Diviner influences than those which watered Hermon. For even in

the midst of that land, and during its darkest night, Christ had the dew of his youth; and men and women, by the hand of Divine love and spiritual teaching, were located in its midst who were not blinded by the prevalent darkness, but looked and waited for the day when the Sun of Righteousness should arise with healing on its wings. All through the night of her weeping the Church had her children, in whom was fulfilled the Divine promise, "And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children;" but it was on the day of Pentecost that a fuller meaning was given to the words, "Thou hast the dew of thy youth." Then was fulfilled the Divine word, "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Then the Spirit of God watered copiously the parched and barren places of humanity, and Christ revealed himself to the hearts of thousands. Since this bright period when the earth for a time appeared as though about to be spangled with the beauty of heaven, we have had many dry days, in which the heat of persecution, worldliness, and error have appeared for a time to rob Christ of the dew of his youth; but again and again he has come down like rain upon the shorn meadow, and must and will continue so to come, for still he hath the dew of his youth, and he must reign until all his enemies are beneath his feet.

2. *Strength.*—Like as nature sometimes by adverse influences seems for a time to lose her beauty and strength, so the Church, greatly exposed to the winds of temptation and the storms of persecution, seems for a time to perish, and the dew of Christ's youth appears gone for ever; but as nature, when the soft rain comes and the sun shines gently, looks up and puts on her beautiful garments again, so the Church, from the winter of her long desolation and imprisonment, again comes forth in answer to the voice of her Lord, and we see with tears of joy that he still has the dew of his youth.

Christian, thy path at the commencement of this new year may be rough, thy burden heavy, and thou mayest fear, as thou goest forth weeping to face the storm and tempest, and to strive to do thy Master's work, that thy strength may fail thee in the hour of thy adversity. Fear not. Look thou not at thy foes or friends, for change is written upon all below; but look thou upon him who hath the dew of his youth—

who fainteth not, neither is weary, and who will fulfil his own words in the experience of all who love and trust in him; "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day thy strength shall be."

3. *Joy*.—O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, why dost thou say that thy hope has perished from the Lord—that thy labours bring no blessing from his hands—that years of barrenness declare he hath forsaken thee? Hast thou forgotten that he hath still the dew of his youth? that his children are still with him his joy and crown? and that he is able to spangle even thy waste places with the dew of his strength and beauty? O, cry earnestly to him; work on and faint not, while it is written that "he hath still the dew of his youth." And thou, too, afflicted believer,—whose despairing heart is ready to exclaim, while it refuses to be comforted, that thy wound is incurable, and thy bruise is grievous,—ah, say not so, while he lives who hath the dew of his youth, and who is able to turn the shadow of death into the morning. Say, now, hath he not often made his strength perfect in thy weakness? hast thou not seen him dot the low valley of humiliation and sorrow with the dew-drops of his Word, through which some of the light of his own Divine joy hath shone into thy heart again and again? And wilt thou doubt him now? or dare to whisper, *impossible*, to him who hath the dew of immortal strength? Surely, never! Look to him again, and he will make thy wilderness like Eden, and thy desert like the garden of the Lord: joy and gladness shall be thine again,—thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.

4. *Beauty*.—Nature's beauty is a peren-

nial beauty, because Christ hath the dew of his youth; and the Church's beauty is a perennial beauty, for it is the beauty of the Lord. And it is written, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thy everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." Though the world should appear as one vast temple of superstition filled with idolatrous priests, still the spiritual eye would discover a Christian priesthood robed in the garments of salvation, and upon each of their mitres written, Holiness to the Lord; for still the fact would remain, "Thou hast the dew of thy youth." It is the will of God, not only that the branches in the True Vine should bear fruit, but that that fruit should *remain* an intelligent, beauteous, and imperishable witness of the fact that the Saviour of men ever hath, and must continue to have, the dew of his youth.

5. *Victory*.—The dew of Christ's youth may appear, to the eye of sense, but to sparkle through the morning of time, to be exhaled and lost in the night of eternity; but not so—the sun of eternity does but attract the dew of Christ to itself, to cause it more abundantly to distil upon the fields of the celestial Canaan above, and where it shall for ever reflect the beauty of him who from everlasting to everlasting shall still be possessed of the dew of his youth. Oh, what numberless drops of bright and pearly dew will be seen upon the brow of eternity's morning, and each radiant with the beauty of him of whom it is said that "he shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied!" "TRUST YE THEREFORE IN THE LORD JEHOVAH, FOR IN THE LORD JEHOVAH IS THE ROCK OF AGES."

NEEDLESS ALARM.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX.

"For we are here in a desert place."—Luke ix. 12.

THE Lord Jesus was full of grace and truth; all his acts and words were just like himself. But those of his disciples often presented a sad contrast to his. The language uttered by them here savours of *alarm* and *anxiety*, hence they venture to counsel the Lord what to do. How little were they instructed and encouraged by all the wonders which the Saviour had done that very day, see verses 10, 11. All they thought of was "a desert place," and a multitude there wanting food. They forgot what the Lord had just wrought among them, and how he had fed as many

before without *their* "buying victuals." But are not we too much like them, prone to overlook Divine wonders, and to become entangled in the briars of perplexity whenever we get into "a desert place"?

When may we use these words? In dark and bereaving dispensations, when earthly joys fade, dear ones pass away, and worldly riches make themselves wings. Sometimes in our soul's experience, when temptations are strong, and all verdure seems withered by its scorching power. This is especially the case when the foundations of our faith are assailed, and the

truth of Christianity questioned. Then we hear the serpent's hiss, and the lion's roar. It is also applicable to the Church when we see many "waste places," and behold "fruitful fields become a wilderness;" when conversions are few, and backslidings are many.

What should we do when in "the desert place?" There should be serious reflection. We should consider the cause; each one should ask, How came I here? What of my condition may be traced to *sin*; and what to *sovereignty*? Let us beware of partiality here. The question should also be put, What am I here to learn, and how am I getting on with my lesson? We should

never forget who is with us there, and what he is capable of doing. We should go and tell him all about it, ask him to appear without prescribing to him how. Then he will either change the scene, or make it a special sphere of his power.

"'Tis hard when they in death are laid,
O'er whom we watch'd, and wept, and prayed,
The wife, the parent, sister, son;
To say, O Lord, thy will be done!
To find when in our soul's distress,
All, all around is wilderness,
When herb and quickening streams are gone,
To say, O Lord, thy will be done!
And yet how light such sorrows be,
To his in dark Gethsemane,
Who drank the cup with stifled groan,
And said, O Lord, Thy will be done!"

REVIEWS:

Similitudes and Substances. By JOHN COX, Author of "Our Great High Priest," &c.

THIS small volume contains a series of short but impressive articles on striking Bible themes. They are all of them adapted to arrest attention, and are treated with the author's usual spiritual aptitude and power. It is an excellent volume to present to young persons, and well suited for Sabbath-school libraries, and rewards to elder scholars. Nor will older readers fail to be profited by its perusal.

Imputed Righteousness. By EDWARD STEANE, D.D. London: Jackson and Walford.

A CLEAR exhibition of the doctrine of imputed righteousness, as it was held and taught by the Puritan Divines, and treated with that Christian spirit and temper which distinguish so eminently all that the venerated author has published.

Christ's Consecration and Ours. By the Rev. HENRY ALLON. London: John Snow.

A SERMON preached before the London Missionary Society in May last, and which has been criticised, through a series of articles in the *British Standard*, and has created more attention than single sermons usually do. Where doctors of divinity and reviewers have so widely differed in their opinions, we think the best we can do is to advise our readers to peruse it for themselves. It is of the highest importance that ministers of Christ should be faithful in maintaining Evangelical truth, and we have no sympathy with the extreme solicitude some authors exhibit to express even the truth itself in so novel a form and style that ordinary readers are perplexed to know what is meant. Surely plainness of speech and clearness of diction on sacred themes are absolutely necessary to edification. We wish sincerely that Mr. Allon had thought so when he wrote and published this sermon.

The Lord's Business. By TIMOTHY TITCOMB, Author of "Letters to the Young." London: H. J. Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria-lane.

THE design of this little book is to urge the doing of the Lord's business in a business manner. As this affects all the great religious societies of the day, the reading of these 63 pages may do much good, and cannot possibly do harm. As such we commend them to all engaged in the management of our great religious and benevolent organizations.

The Great Mystery. A Sermon by Mr. BLOOMFIELD. Sold at the Vestry of Salem Chapel, Soho.

A SERMON on a great subject, and treated with clearness, full of evangelical savour, printed with good readable type, and in every way calculated to honour the Saviour, and edify the spiritual reader.

Harvest Time; or, Fact and Duty. An Annual Sermon on Behalf of the London Missionary Society, preached at the Poultry Chapel, May 7th, 1860, by Rev. R. BALGARNIE. London: John Snow.

A THOROUGHLY good sermon, and well adapted to inspire the young with missionary ardour.

A Sight of Christ; or, the Sinner's Blessedness. By Rev. D. THOMPSON, Author of the "Bleeding Heart," &c. London: H. J. Tresidder.

THIS admirable little book overflows with spiritual evangelical truth, tersely expressed, and deserving to be circulated by tens of thousands. We never read a better threepenny's worth of sterling good divinity.

The Four Links. By Rev. B. WOOD, Bradford. Bradford: M. Field.

THIS is a very stirring little work, in which earnest truth is forcibly stated. It is just the book to put into the hands of the careless, well suited to the young, and may be very useful to anxious inquirers. It is evidently the production of the revival spirit of the day.

THE NEW YEAR.

"I will be with thee."

The years are marching onward! See, another draweth nigh,
And silently and mournfully the old one passeth by;
It carries many memories upon its hoary head—
Some are of new-born joys—and some of precious pleasures fled!

But the bright, young stranger cometh on, with gladness in his hand,
And a shout of welcome greets him, from the home-groups of our land;
His brow is bound with gems of light—and he has brilliant dreams
For the hopeful, or the sorrowful—all basking in its beams.

Yes, welcome to the gay new year—and all that it may bring—
Yet stay—athwart our path it may some darkening shadows fling—
May lead us, 'mid the cypress' gloom, where densest storm-clouds lour,
And leave us there in loneliness to bide the tempest's power!

Ah! we shall need a mighty arm, to ward the o'erhanging ill;
A loving voice, to hush our fears, when griefs our spirits fill;
A heart of gushing tenderness to shelter us from all,
And bless us, with its deathless love, when anguish shall appal.

"I will be with thee." Ah! that Friend all other friends above—
Will make the new year radiant if he bless us with his love:
Oh, be his smile, his love, his peace, the safe-guards of our way—
And the year will be a blessing, bright, so long as it shall stay.

MARIANNE FARRINGHAM.

THE CHRISTIAN MOURNER COM-
FORTED.

Within a chamber dark and still
A mourner knelt alone,
And breathed a broken, sad complaint
Before her Father's throne.
Deep was her grief, for she had been,
By death, compelled to part
From one more dear than life itself,
The husband of her heart.

My God, oh, why this trial sore?"
She moaned in accents low,
"The cup that thou dost bid me drink
Is filled with bitter woe.
Lord, thou hast far from me removed
My lover and my friend,
And now the evening of my days
In sadness I must spend."

She ceased, and on her pallid cheeks
Fell many a burning tear,
When through the silence of the room
A voice she seemed to hear:
"Be still," it said, "oh, murmuring soul,
And trust a gracious God;
'Tis not in vain his children feel
Their Father's chastening rod.

"God will not suffer those he loves
On earthly props to rest;
And heavy trials oft they need
To drive them to his breast,
Thy Maker is thy Husband still,
Unchanging is his power;
His mighty arm can bear thee up
In this distressing hour.

"This heavenly Husband loveth more
Than earthly husband can;
He loved and chose thee for his own,
Before the world began,
Remember how on earth he died,
To purchase heaven for thee—
What other love can vie with his,
So boundless and so free?"

"Mourn not for thy beloved friend,
He lives in endless day,
And thou, ere long, shalt join him there
To part no more for aye.

Soon thou, with him, wilt spotless stand
Before the great I Am;
Part of the glorious Church of God,
The bride of Christ the Lamb,"

THEODORA.

THE MURMURER'S REBUKE.

"Neither murmur ye, as some of them also
murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer,"
—1 Cor. x. 10.

Heir of glory! wherefore sad?
Is thy case supremely bad?
Hast thou less of this world's store
Than thy Master had before?
Are his suff'rings quite forgot?
Think of them, sad murmur not.

Grieve not at thy humble lot,
Inmate of a lowly cot;
Thy obscurity may be
Safer than a court for thee;
All is ordered for thy good;
Do not murmur, child of God.

Hast thou toil'd in anxious dread?
When dark clouds hung overhead
Honestly with men to live
And a mite to poorer give—
Did thy murmuring mend thy lot?
Say'st thou nay—then murmur not.

Hast thou drain'd affliction's cup?
And thy lov'd ones given up?
Have false friendships pain'd thee sore
Jesus suffered that—and more,
Yea, for thee he shed his blood:
Canst thou murmur, child of God?

When ingratitude creeps in,
Thou art ripe for any sin;
But a truly grateful heart
Prompts to act a holy part,
Shrinks from sin, resists to blood,
Does not murmur—child of God.

Count thy temp'ral blessings o'er—
Think of thy eternal store,
For Christ's sake bestow'd on thee,
Wholly undeserved and free;
Shall such favours be forgot?
Blush for shame—but murmur not.

Oakham.

H. W.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,
NEWINGTON.

In order to accomplish the noble design of opening the above place of worship free of debt, it is proposed to hold a bazaar in the Lecture-hall of the new building, about the month of March next. The contributions of friends towards the above object, either in money or fancy articles of all kinds, are earnestly requested, and will be gratefully received by Mrs. Spurgeon, New Park-street Chapel, Southwark, or Nightingale-lane, Clapham.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

MR. JOSEPH PALMER (late pastor of the church meeting at Romney-street, Westminster) is open to invitation to supply any destitute church.

THE REV. J. MARIOTT, having resigned the charge of the Baptist church, Inskip, near Preston, Lancashire, is open to invitation to supply any church destitute of a pastor. His address at present is, Chapel-house, Inskip, near Preston.

BROUGHTON, HANTS.—The Rev. J. Walters, of Earles Colne, Essex, has received and accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church here to become its pastor.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

TREFOREST, GLAMORGANSHIRE.—Very interesting services were held at this place on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 3 and 4, in connection with the settlement of Mr. Thomas Philips, from Haverfordwest College, as pastor of the Baptist church. On Monday evening two powerful discourses were delivered by the Revs. R. Williams, Hengoed, and B. Evans, Mill-street, Aberdare. The recognition services were held on Tuesday morning at ten o'clock, when the Rev. E. Roberts, Pontypridd, gave an address, on the nature of a Christian church. The Rev. T. Price, Aberdare, asked the usual questions of the young minister, who answered them with great clearness and feeling; after which he was set apart by prayer and imposition of hands by the Rev. R. Williams. The Rev. T. Davies, of Haverfordwest, the young minister's tutor, then gave him a telling charge, on the work and encouragements of a minister, founded on Col. i. 28, 29, and the Rev. T. Price gave a powerful discourse on the duties of the church to the ministry. Services were also held on the same day at seven o'clock in the morning, at two in the afternoon, and at six in the evening, when sermons were delivered by the Revs. D. Griffiths (Carnarvon), R. Williams, B. Evans, — Jones (Penttyrch), and E. Roberts. Mr. Philips enters on his charge with very cheering prospects.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

NEWARK.—The Rev. R. Bayly having completed the fifth year of his ministry in this place, a congregational tea-meeting was held on Monday, the 23th of November, to celebrate the event. After tea, the chair was taken by Mr. R. B. Hindley, one of the deacons. During the evening a purse of gold was presented to Mr. Bayly by Mr. Thomas Bretwell, as a token of the esteem and affection with which the rev. gentleman is regarded by his church and congregation.

LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW
CHAPEL.

BRIGHTON.—The memorial-stone of Bond-street chapel was laid on Tuesday, Nov. 27, by H. Paget, Esq., in the midst of a large number

of people, who evidently took a deep interest in the proceedings. Ministers of different denominations were present. In the evening some 300 persons took tea together in Mr. Paget's school-rooms. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Paget, who presided, and the Rev. G. Isaac, the pastor; Rev. Messrs. Palmer, Hamilton, Bayfield, Wilkins, &c., also by J. Tawaites, Esq., of London. Our correspondent remarks:—Nearly £800 have been given and promised, and the church is most anxious to get the whole of the sum required by time of the completion of the work; which sum will be about £1,800. Contributions, however small, will be thankfully received by the secretary, James Tate, 3, Bartholomews.

OPENING SERVICES.

BILSTON.—Lord Teynham preached two sermons on Sunday, Dec. 9, in the Baptist Chapel, Wood-street, Bilston, which was re-opened on that day. The impression thus made was maintained throughout. In the evening the congregation thronged the building, which, at a cost of £400, has been greatly enlarged and improved. The Rev. D. Evans, of Dudley, preached in the afternoon. Altogether the collections amounted to £50.

PENSAER, ANGLESEA.—The new Baptist chapel in this place was opened on Thursday and Friday, Nov. 22nd and 23rd. The meetings were conducted with great ability and success by the Revs. Mr. Roberts, Rhos; J. Jones, Manai Bridge; H. Williams, Bolton; E. Owen, Amlwch; and Dr. Morgan, Holyhead. The number present at the different services proved evidently that this commodious edifice was absolutely necessary to meet the present circumstances of the locality.

SOUTHERA.—The new school-room in connection with St. Paul's Chapel was recently opened by a series of services commencing on Friday, Nov. 23rd, when a prayer-meeting was held, in which several of the ministers of the town took part. On Lord's-day, Nov. 25th, the former pastor, the Rev. Chas. Egan, preached two sermons on behalf of the building fund to a well-filled chapel; and in the afternoon of the same day the Rev. J. H. Cooke, the present pastor, held a children's service in the new school-room, which was crowded. On the 28th, 29th, and 30th of Nov., a sale of fancy and useful articles was held. In spite of the unfavourable state of the weather, the proceeds of the whole were exceedingly gratifying.

WITTON PARK, DURHAM.—The Welsh Baptists residing in this place having recently enlarged and beautified their chapel, it has been re-opened for worship. On Saturday, Nov. 24, a lecture on "The Life and Times of Christmas Evans," was delivered by the Rev. M. Roberts, of Felinfoel; who also preached on the following Sunday. On Monday, Nov. 26, sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Walters, of Newcastle; and the Rev. J. Marshall, of Hamsterley, in English; and by the Rev. Levi Thomas, of Neath; and the Rev. M. Roberts, in Welsh. The Rev. J. Davis, Presbyterian minister, Witton-park, presided at the lecture, and took part in the devotional services on the Monday. The Rev. G. H. Thomas, the young minister of the chapel, has, under the Divine blessing, been very successful since his settlement among the people, in increasing the church and congregation.

WANTAGE, BERKS.—The opening services in connection with the new Baptist chapel in this

place commenced on Friday, Nov. 30. The Rev. F. Tucker, B.A., of London, preached in the morning, and the Rev. D. Martin (Independent), of Oxford, in the afternoon. Upwards of 200 persons assembled at tea in the Town-hall; after which a public meeting was held in the chapel. The meeting was presided over by the Rev. R. Aikenhead, the pastor, and addressed by the following ministers:—Lewis, of Abingdon; Jeffries, of Farnham; Scorey, of Wokingham; Martin and Major, of Farringdon. On Sunday, the Rev. P. G. Scorey preached morning and evening. The collections amounted to about £40. The cost of the chapel and site is about £1,450, towards which £850 has been raised.

JUBILEE SERVICES.

CRAYFORD, KENT.—On Sunday, Nov. 18, services were held in the Baptist chapel, Crayford, in celebration of the jubilee, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. E. T. Gibson, the pastor. On Tuesday, the 20th, a tea-meeting was held in the new school-room adjoining the chapel. After tea, the friends assembled in the chapel to hold a jubilee meeting. The chair was taken by the Rev. E. T. Gibson. Mr. Josh. Smith, one of the deacons, gave a short account of the formation of the church, and of the principal events in its history. Addresses suitable to the occasion were given by the Rev. Jesse Hobson, Salter's-hall, London; Rev. E. S. Pryce, B.A., Gravesend; Rev. T. Smith, of the Baptist Foreign Mission; Rev. J. Adey (Independent), Bexley-heath; Rev. W. P. Tiddy (Independent), Camberwell New-road chapel; and Rev. E. Davis, Gravesend. It has been decided to commemorate this jubilee by the erection of a new chapel.

WARMINGSTER.—The service in celebration of the jubilee of the Baptist chapel in this place were held on Thursday, Nov. 1. In the afternoon, the Rev. H. Anderson, of Bratton, offered prayer, and the Rev. James Smith, of Cheltenham, preached. A public meeting followed in the evening; Rev. D. Maillard, the Wesleyan minister, the Rev. Wassell, of Bath, the Revs. J. Sprigg, M.A., of Westbury Leigh, and J. Hind (Independent), of Westbury, delivered interesting addresses.

BEAULIEU RAILS, HAMPSHIRE.—A series of interesting jubilee services have been held in the Baptist chapel in this place—it having been erected in the year 1810. On Lord's-day, Oct. 28, sermons were preached by the Rev. J. B. Burt, who has been minister here for upwards of thirty years. On Monday evening the Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, of Southsea, preached; and on Tuesday a tea and public meeting were held, when there was a large attendance. Many friends from Lynton and other places adjacent came to express their sympathy. The Rev. J. B. Burt presided. W. Mursell, Esq., of Lynton, gave an interesting history of the place, he having been present at its opening. Addresses were then delivered by the Revs. J. H. Cooke, D. Martin, and B. G. Moses, B.A.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

SALISBURY.—On Sunday, Dec. 16th, two sermons were preached in Brown-street Chapel by the Right Hon. Lord Teynham, in aid of the fund for the enlargement of the Sunday-school rooms. Although his lordship was suffering from a very severe cold, yet his preaching was marked by much power and fervour, which commanded the attention of all classes of hearers.

PRESTON.—Lord Teynham has been preaching two sermons in the Baptist chapel, Pole-street, Preston, in aid of the funds for liquidating the debt upon that place of worship. His lordship was assisted at both services by the Rev. Mr. Webb, the pastor. His style (says the *Preston Guardian*) was simple and earnest in the highest degree; his address was unadorned by rhetorical flourishes, or by any superfluous ornamentation; his manner of enforcing the truths of religion reminded the listener of the earnest and direct style which characterised the preaching of the earlier Nonconformists.

WEM, SHROPSHIRE.—Special services were held in the Baptist chapel in this town, on Sunday, November 11, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. Dr. Thomas, president of Pontypool College. On Monday, the 12th, services were held for the public recognition of Mr. E. Morgan, late of Pontypool College, as pastor of the Baptist church meeting in the aforesaid place of worship. In the morning the Rev. G. Smith, of Wem, commenced by reading and prayer. The Rev. Dr. Thomas then unfolded the nature of a Christian Church, and also delivered a charge to the pastor. In the afternoon sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Guest, of Wem, and the Rev. E. Roberts, of Bassaleg, Monmouthshire. In the evening a public meeting was held, prayer being offered by the Rev. H. West, of Wem. Addresses expressive of the kindest wishes for the welfare of the pastor and church, were delivered by the Revs. G. Smith, of Wem, who ably presided; T. Hawkins, and J. Williams, of Shrewsbury; J. B. Knapp, of Wem; J. Smith, of Pontesbury; and E. Roberts, of Bassaleg.

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.—On Monday evening, Dec. 3, a tea-meeting was held in the large school-room of Islington Chapel, in aid of the funds for erecting the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The attendance was very large. After tea, Mr. Spurgeon gave an account of the size and peculiarities of the new erection, and added, that their present number of members more than filled their chapel. Their conversions were also more numerous than at any previous period; they were going on at the rate of 300 every year. Many might ask, also, "Why have it opened free of debt?" In answer to this, he would say, because he had said it must be so, and he did not like to draw back. Their chapel would stand for generations as a representative chapel of Dissenters, and therefore he would not like it to be said, "That is all very well, but they had to borrow the money, and they are still in debt." If, therefore, he could get his friends to pay for it now, they would have no burden. But let them not imagine that because they subscribed now, they would not have to do so hereafter, because they would be most mightily mistaken. Other things would occupy their attention, which if they were in debt, they would not be able to perform. They were all aware that he had undertaken to prepare a few young men for the ministry. But he hoped, when their chapel was paid for, to raise his present number to 100. He believed he had a call in this matter. He aimed not to bring out scholars, but rough thunder men that could preach and be understood. He had often felt that there was a lack of these men—men who suited the people and spoke to them in their own language. The sum they originally wanted was £30,000: £24,000 of this had been subscribed, so that £6,000 was now all they wanted. This amount they were desirous of raising by the end

of March, about which time they intended to open. He intended to be a beggar that night—a beggar as bold as brass. It was a matter that could only occur once in his life, and he therefore felt like the man who said when he was doomed to be hanged, "It's only once, and I would like it done thoroughly well." The meeting was then addressed by Joseph Payne, Esq., the Rev. H. B. Ingram, and other ministers and gentlemen, and after a liberal collection the Doxology concluded the proceedings.—On Tuesday evening, Dec. 18, a very interesting meeting was held in New Park-street chapel school-room, by the Chapel-court Bible-class, and the United Catechumen Classes, in connection with the above chapel, in aid of the funds of the "Metropolitan Tabernacle," over which the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon presided. Between 200 and 300 young people sat down to tea at 5.30 p.m., which the young ladies of the class had kindly provided. At 7 p.m. the company adjourned to the chapel, at which time the evening meeting commenced, which was opened by prayer and singing. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon then addressed the meeting. After expressing his delight at being present on this festive occasion, where so many young servants of Christ were gathered together, with such a laudable object in view, addresses were given by Mr. Hanks and some of the young students. The meeting terminated about a quarter to ten, p.m., after a vote of thanks to the chairman.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

SHOULDHAM-STREET CHAPEL, BRYANSTONE-SQUARE.—On Tuesday evening, January 1st, the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon will preach at this place of worship. Service to commence at seven o'clock.

BAPTISMS.

- ABERDARE,** English Baptists, Nov. 11—Six by Mr. J. Owen; two of whom were from the Sabbath-school.
- BAENSLEY,** Oct. 28—Six by Mr. Brown, before a crowded audience.
- BEDFORD,** Nov. 25—Five by Mr. Killen.
- BINGLEY,** Yorkshire, Nov. 4—One by Mr. Harrison.
- BLECHYNDON,** Southampton, Nov. 28—Six by Mr. E. Cavan; one of them from the Sunday-school.
- Bristol,** Old King-street Chapel, Oct. 28—Fourteen by Mr. H. Bosworth, chiefly from the Sunday-school and Bible-classes.
- CARDIFF,** Bethany, Nov. 4—Seven by Mr. Tilly.
- CARLTON,** Beds, Nov. 11—One by Mr. Silverton.
- COLERAINE,** Ireland, Dec. 6—One by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.
- DEREHAM,** Norfolk, Oct. 4—One; Nov. 29, Five by Mr. J. L. Whitley.
- IPSWICH,** Turret-green, Sept. 7—Six by Mr. Morris.
- IWERNE,** near Blandford, Dorset, Oct. 28—Seven by Mr. King for Mr. Davidge; one from a neighbouring church; Nov. 18, Three by Mr. Diffe.
- LERDS,** Byron-street, Nov. 11—Seven by Mr. R. Horsfield.
- LEICESTER,** Carley-street, Oct. 3—Four; Oct. 31, Six, by Mr. James.
- LONDON,** Regent's Park Chapel, Oct. 17—Seven by Mr. W. Landels.

LONDON, New Park-street, Nov. 29—Twenty-eight by Mr. Spurgeon.

—Shouldham-street, Nov. 23—Eleven by Mr. Jones; Nov. 25—Three by Mr. Blake.

—Tottenham-court-road Welsh Chapel, Nov. 21—Two by Mr. L. Thomas, of Neath.

MALTON, Yorks, Oct. 28—Three by Mr. Shakespeare, a father, mother, and daughter.

MILTON, Oxon, April 1—Six by Mr. Irvine, of Ascott; Aug. 5, Two by Mr. Cherry, the pastor.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Bewick-street, Oct. 28—Six; Nov. 26, Five by Mr. W. Walters. One of the number had been an Independent for several years.

NEWBURY, Berks, Oct. 28—Eleven by Mr. Drew. Among the candidates were three persons who were brought to know and love the truth by reading Mr. Spurgeon's sermons; one of the number an aged lady of 78 years.

NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Oct. 7—Three by Mr. A. C. Grey.

NORTHAMPTON, Princess-street, Nov. 11—Seven by Mr. J. Simmons.

OAKHAM, Milton-road, Dec. 2—Seven by Mr. Jenkinson, one of them a Sunday-scholar; four of the others were so until recently.

RUGBY, Oct. 28—Four by Mr. Angus. There are indications that the work of the Lord is going on in this place with power.

SWANWICK, Derby, Oct. 19—Three by Mr. Pottinger, of Rawden College.

USK, Monmouthshire, Oct. 7—Three; Nov. 18, Three, making a total of Twenty-two within the last three years by the beloved pastor, Mr. J. R. Evans.

WALSALL, Stafford-street, Aug. 26—Five; Oct. 28, Nov. 25, Three by Mr. W. Lees.

WELLINGTON, Somerset, Nov. 2—Seventeen by Mr. Green. 54 have now been added since this year commenced; others are expected shortly.

DEATHS.

THE REV. SAMUEL WELLS.—Nov. 23, in certain expectation of a joyful resurrection, the Rev. Samuel Wells, 24 years the faithful and affectionate pastor of the Baptist church, Thurlough, Beds. He was struck with paralysis on the Sabbath evening previous to his decease, and was at once deprived of the power of speech; his appearance was that of calm and prayerful submission to the will of him whom he loved to extol. His memory will long be cherished by many devoted friends who well knew how to appreciate his worth, and also by his affectionate widow who has thus lost his companionship and guidance.

MRS. ELIZABETH BOW, OF WALSHAM-LE-WILLOWS, SUFFOLK, departed this life on Lord's-day, October 21st, 1860, at half-past 12 o'clock, a.m. She was a member of the Baptist church under the pastoral care of the Rev. B. Taylor Pulham, St. Mary, in the county of Norfolk, and was baptized with her bereaved husband, and both added to the church on Lord's-day, Nov. 21st, 1852. The death of our friend was improved by the pastor of the above-named church on Lord's-day, Nov. 4th, 1860, from Num. xxiii. 10. Our dear departed friend was highly esteemed, and greatly beloved by the church, and was much respected by all who knew her. From the time it pleased the Lord to call her by his grace to the time of her departure, she

was a cheerful and zealous Christian. Being removed from us to another part of the Lord's vineyard, her loss was keenly felt, both by pastor and people, especially in respect to her animating conversation, and earnest and fervent prayers. The minister of the Baptist church in the place where the deceased dwelt, writes as follows concerning her last moments:—"I found her in a calm and peaceful state of mind. No extasies; no despondency; but a calm resting on that eternal rock on which the free mercy of our covenant God had planted her feet. On one occasion, when speaking to her of the promises of God, she seemed weighed down with the thought of her dear husband and children; but she said, 'I know the Lord is sufficient for them.'"—B. T.

MRS. SARAH ROWORTH was the subject of early and serious impressions. Under the ministry of Mr. Dashwood, of St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, 1808, she was awakened to a sense of sin and her situation before God. This period was one of extraordinary favour to many. The pious were revived, and many were converted. When Mr. Dashwood left Nottingham, many enlightened men and women seceded from the Establishment, and built different places of worship, where they worshipped, and their successors continue to this day. Mrs. Roworth united with a people under an Independent godly man,

named Bryant, at Zion Chapel. She was soon known, and honoured for her exemplary conversation. About 1820 she was united in marriage with William Roworth, Esq., a gentleman who had been brought to the truth under the same ministry and revival visit. Mrs. Roworth was a lady of superior mind and judgment, much self-possessed, and very judicious in her intercourse and conversation with all. Her religious sentiments were sound, maintaining Scripturally the sovereignty of Immanuel, and his abiding faithfulness to his little flock. Mrs. Roworth was very decided in her views on the immersion of believers, and would silence opponents by firm and temperate words. Her favourite author was Luther, but she was a Bible Christian to her closing days. Infirmities for years borne with cheerful patience, had enfeebled her frame, which was incapable of rising above a bronchial attack. She was well on Wednesday, took cold, and took to her bed. Her soul was beautifully calm during her illness; and she waited patiently for her dissolution. About two hours before death, she saw her son and others around her bed. She pleasantly moved her head to her son, as a closing adieu, with a smile closed her eyes, and then had *euthanasia*, an easy sleep in Jesus, May 6, 1860, aged eighty-two.—G. H. O.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE BUILDING FUND.

RECEIPTS FROM APRIL 18, TO OCT. 18, 1860.

Collections at Birmingham, after Sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon ... 125 13 3	Mr. J. B. Mead ... 2 2 0	Mrs. Buck ... 6 5 0
Moiety of Collections at Worcester ... 25 0 0	Mr. G. Agutter ... 1 1 0	Mr. J. Hiseach ... 0 5 0
Mr. Edwin Thomas ... 5 5 0	Mr. T. Stocks ... 1 1 0	Mr. Gerrard ... 0 5 0
Moiety of Collections at Hackney ... 10 0 0	Mr. Flemmings ... 5 0 0	Mr. Stevens ... 0 5 0
A Friend, per Rev. H. Dawson ... 5 0 0	Mr. Collins ... 1 5 0	Miss Redloe ... 0 11 0
Mrs. Hampton ... 5 0 0	Mr. Fullergar ... 5 0 0	Misses Thorpe ... 0 9 0
Mr. G. Smith, per Rev. W. A. Gilson ... 5 0 0	Donations, per Mr. T. Cook ... 30 0 0	Miss Gosling ... 0 11 0
Moiety of Collections at Ashdon ... 12 6 0	Mr. Goodwin ... 1 0 0	Miss Larkman ... 0 5 0
Miss Holdam ... 2 11 0	Miss Hobbs ... 9 10 0	Miss Whittle ... 5 13 0
Mr. F. W. Dyer ... 0 10 0	Mr. White ... 1 0 0	Mr. Angus ... 1 1 0
A Friend, per Mr. Hawley ... 10 10 0	Mr. Denham ... 1 0 0	Mr. Secons ... 2 2 0
E. Radcliffe, Esq. ... 4 0 0	Mr. T. H. Olney ... 10 0 0	Mrs. Brooks ... 0 10 0
Mr. C. Neville ... 50 0 0	Mr. H. Olney ... 1 1 0	Miss Spiers ... 0 7 0
Henry Kelsall, Esq. ... 100 0 0	Mr. Pasfield ... 0 5 0	Mr. Marler ... 2 12 0
Whittaker, Esq. ... 50 0 0	C. S. ... 10 0 0	Miss Caudlin ... 0 6 0
Apsley Pellatt, Esq. ... 10 10 0	A Friend ... 1 0 0	Miss H. Caudlin ... 0 7 4
James Low, Esq. ... 0 0 0	T. Olney, Esq. ... 15 0 0	Miss E. Caudlin ... 0 5 0
Mrs. Low ... 5 0 0	Mrs. Olney ... 10 0 0	Mrs. Brooks ... 0 10 0
Charles Williams, Esq., per Mr. Low ... 10 10 0	Friends in Glasgow ... 6 12 0	Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins ... 0 10 0
Miss Hawkes ... 0 7 6	Joseph Lush, Esq. ... 10 10 0	Miss Jenkins ... 0 10 0
Joseph Leech, Esq. ... 1 1 0	E. Hunt, Esq. ... 5 0 0	Miss Thomson ... 0 6 0
A Friend ... 9 0 0	Gurney, Esq. ... 3 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Hodges ... 0 13 0
Mrs. Garside ... 20 0 0	Collections at Tunbridge Wells, after Sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon ... 56 12 8	Misses Banks ... 0 15 0
W. Greig, Esq. ... 10 10 0	Moiety of Collections at Scarborough ... 45 0 0	Mr. G. Ely ... 0 7 0
Mr. Murrell ... 10 10 0	Collections at Druffield ... 25 0 0	Mr. Beddall ... 0 5 0
Sannah Morley, Esq. ... 25 0 0	" " Malpas ... 20 0 0	Mr. Churchyard ... 0 10 0
I. Stur, Esq. ... 5 0 0	" " Beverly ... 0 0 0	Miss C. Hill ... 0 5 0
Edward Corderoy, Esq. ... 10 0 0	Mr. Morris ... 0 0 5	Mr. W. R. Abbott ... 0 17 0
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SWEET STIMULANTS FOR THE FAINTING SOUL.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar."—Psalm xlii. 6.

HERE is a common complaint of God's people; and here are two remedies, which David, wisely guided of God, administers with discretion. Let us direct our meditation in this order: first, let us talk of the complaint, and then let us look into the Divine medicine-chest and use the remedies.

I. David's soul was cast down. We do not know what was the precise reason. Perhaps it was because he had been driven out of the royal city by his own son—the son whom he had petted and pampered, and thereby made a rod for his own chastisement. We are pretty sure he was now denied the privilege of going up to the house of God. He could not now join with the multitude that kept holy day. These two things probably worked together to cast down his spirit—his absence from the tabernacle, and the cause of that absence. I am not sure, however, that these two things combined would have been enough to cast down David's spirit, if it had not been for a more bitter ingredient in his cup of sadness. There have been good men in circumstances similar to David who even then could gird up the loins of their mind, and hope to the end. When bitten by that which is sharper than a serpent's tooth—an ungrateful child—and debarred from the house of God, they have even then been able to stay themselves upon the God of Jacob and rejoice in the Most High. The real cause of the Psalmist's distress, no doubt, was that God had, to some degree, hidden his face from him, and therefore the flowers of his graces all drooped, and his joy, which erst did sparkle in the sunlight of God's countenance, was now dim and dark. Troubles may distress the outward man, but they cannot distract the soul of the child of God, while he feels the Lord Jehovah to be his everlasting strength. Yea, it sometimes happens that that very pressure which weighs down the scale of his earthly hopes tends to lift up the opposite scale of his spiritual peace. As long as God is with him trials are nought, for he casts them upon Jehovah. But once let God withdraw from him for awhile, and he is troubled, and that mountain which seemed to stand fast begins to rock and shake, and prove the instability and insufficiency of all mortal grounds of confidence.

The causes of our being cast down are very numerous. Sometimes it is pain of body—peradventure a wearing pain, which acts upon the nerves, prevents sleep, drives away comfort, distracts our attention, and hides contentments from our eyes. Often, too, has it been debility of body; some secret disease has been sapping and undermining the very strength of our life, and we knew not that it was there, while we have been drawing nigh insensibly to the gates of death. We have wondered that we were low in spirits, whereas it would have been a thousand wonders if we were not. We have marvelled if we were cast down, whereas the Physician would tell us that this was but one of many symptoms which proved that we were not right as to our bodily health. Not unfrequently has some crushing calamity been the cause of depression. Trial has succeeded trial, all your hopes have been blasted, your very means of sustenance suddenly snatched from you, and your bread has vanished from your mouth; while all your needs have remained, the supplies have been withdrawn. At other times it has been bereavement; the axe has been at work in the forest of your domestic joys. Tree after tree has fallen; those from whom you plucked the ripest fruits of sweet society and kindred fellowship have been cut down by the ruthless woodman; you have seen them taken away from you for ever, as far as this world was concerned. Or else, it may be, you have been slandered—your good has been evil spoken of, your holiest

motives have been misinterpreted, your divinest aspirations have been slandered, and you have gone about as with a sword in your bones, while the malicious have always said to you, "Where is thy God?" The cases are so various that it must be indeed a rare panacea, a marvellous remedy which would suit all. Yet, I take it, when we shall come to deal with the remedies of our text we shall find them suitable to most of these cases, if not to all—certainly to all in a degree, if not to all in the fullest extent.

Let me pass now from the most obvious to the more subtle causes of soul-dejection. The complaint is very common among God's people. When the young believer first of all has to suffer it, he thinks he is not a child of God, "for," saith he, "if I were a child of God, should I be thus?" What fine dreams we have when we are first converted! We think we are going to sail to heaven on a right prosperous voyage, the wind is always to blow fair; there is never to be a rough wave—no storm-cloud in front of the ship, all day long; and if there are to be any nights, stars will be so brilliant, they will be bright as day. Or we fancy that we have got into a country, where all persons will be kind to us, all circumstances propitious, and everything tend to nurture our piety, and our own hearts, forsooth, for ever rid of all legal terrors and perilous alarms. Oh, silly things that we are! we know not what we are born to; for if man be born to trouble the first time, when he is born the second time he is born to a double share of trouble. Then, he was born to mental and bodily trouble; now, when he is born again, he shall be born to spiritual trouble; and as he shall have new joys, so shall he have also a long list of new sorrows. All that, however, is unknown to us at the first; and when it comes upon us, it surprises us. Am I now addressing one who is on the point of exclaiming, "I will give up all hope; I am sure I cannot be a child of God, because I am so cast down"? Oh, thou simple soul! the most advanced saints suffer the same; men who have been forty, fifty, sixty years followers of Christ complain at the sixtieth year that sometimes it is a question with them whether they know Christ at all. There are seasons with them when they would creep into any mouse-hole and hide their heads, rather than be seen among God's people, because they fear that they are hypocrites, and the root of the matter is not in them. Why, I tell you, young Christians, that the most advanced saints, the men who have great doctrinal knowledge and great experimental wisdom, the men who have stood very near to God, and have seen Jesus and had the most rapt and intimate fellowship with him—even these men have their ebbs, and their winters, and their times when it is an even point with them as to whether they love the Lord or no. Do not think that even an apostle could be exempt from doubts and fears; even Paul fears lest that, "having preached to others, he himself should be a castaway." The man after God's own heart, even David, a man of experience so deep that none of us can fully decipher, much less rival it, a man of love so high that few of us can do more than aspire to catch its hallowed flame—nevertheless, he had to cry aloud, and that very often, "O my God, my soul is cast down within me!"

"Yes," says one, "but this death-like faintness comes upon me so often; therefore I cannot be a child of God." Ay, but I tell thee it will come oftener yet, perhaps. Or should it come more seldom—if so be thou shalt have months of enjoyment, weeks of pleasures; it is just possible that thy doubts will be doubled yet in intensity, and thy soul have greater trials to experience. So great a Saviour is provided for our deliverance, we must expect to have great castings down to be delivered from. Why, believer, what are one half the promises worth, if we are not the subjects of doubts and fears? Why hath Jehovah given us so many blessed *shalls* and *wills*, if he did not know that we should have so many accursed *ifs* and *peradventures*? He would never have given us so rich a storehouse of comfort, if he did not know that we should have a full measure of sorrow. God, you know, never makes greater provision than there will be necessity for; as there is an abundance of consolations, we may rest certain that there will be an

abundance of tribulations. There will be much fear and casting down to each of us, before we see the face of God in heaven. This disease may be traced to many causes; it is common to all saints, there be none of God's people who do escape from it.

And let me go further. The disease mentioned in the text, although it be exceedingly painful, is not at all dangerous. When a man hath the toothache, it is very distressing, but it does not kill; nobody dies of it; there have been some that have peevishly wished to die to get rid of it, but it does not kill them. The bills of mortality are not swelled by its victims. And so God's children are much vexed with their doubts and fears, but they are never killed by them; they are a great trouble, but they are not a mortal disease; they are sorely vexatious, but they are not destructive. Why! it is possible for you to have real faith and yet to have the most grievous unbelief. "Oh!" say you, "how can faith and unbelief live together?" They cannot live together without quarrelling, but together they may live. Do you not know what Christ said to his disciples? he said to one of them, "Oh, thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?" He did not say, "Oh, thou of *no* faith," but "of *little* faith." Thus there was some faith, though there were great doubts. So in our text there is some faith, and a great deal, too, let me say; for the Psalmist says, "O my God." It takes great faith to say "*my* God." Yet is there not great unbelief here, otherwise would his soul have been cast down at all? But meanwhile, had he not the yearnings of lively hope in God, would he dare to say, "Therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, from the land of the Hermonites"? The fact is, we are the strangest mixture of contradictions that was ever known. We never shall be able to understand ourselves. God knows us, but we shall never know *ourselves* completely. You have heard that verse about the women who went to the sepulchre of Christ, and it is said of them that when they had seen the angels, they returned with *fear* and with great *joy*. Strange beings!—fear and great joy. On the one hand, we have the golden fruits of joy, and on the other hand, the black fruits of grief; and so it makes a kind of chequer-work; there be blacks and whites, joys and sorrows, bliss and mourning, mixed together. The highest joy and the deepest woe may be found in the Christian, and the truest faith and yet the most grievous doubts may meet together at the same time in the child of God; of course they only meet there to make his heart a battle-field, but there they may meet, and his faith may be real while his doubts are grievous.

I would remark, yet further, that not only is it possible for a man thus to be cast down and to have true faith all the while, but he may actually be growing in grace while he is cast down, ay, and he may be standing higher when he is cast down than he did when he stood upright. Strange riddle! but he who has passed through it knows it is true: when we are flat on our faces we are generally the nearest to heaven; when we sink the lowest in our own esteem, we rise the highest in fellowship with Christ, and in knowledge of him. Some one said, "the way to heaven was not upward but downward." There is some truth in the saying; though it is upward in Christ, it is downward in self,—

"The more thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie."

The inverse is equally true; the humbler I lay at my Saviour's feet, the more his glories strike my eyes. This very casting down upon the earth sometimes enables the Christian to bear a blessing from God which he could not have carried if he had been standing upright. Oh! there is such a thing as being crushed with a load of grace, bowed down with a tremendous weight of benedictions, having such blessings from God that if our soul were not cast down by them they would be the ruin of us. It is a good thing for us, sometimes, when fears affright us and when prosperity distresses us. You do not comprehend me—you will not, unless you have experienced this; but it doth so happen that often bitters do cleanse and sweeten the palate of God's children, and there are sweets which make their mouth full of

bitters. I know that I have myself had songs in the night when I had groanings in the day, and often a salutary blow from God's living hand that set me smarting has cured some other smart more baneful far. Where kisses wounded blows have healed.

Again, I repeat it, the Christian life is a riddle; yet surely do God's people prove that riddle in their own experience. They must work it out, before they can understand it. I say this casting down is consistent with the most elevated degree of piety; depression of spirits is no index of declining grace; the very loss of joy and the absence of confidence may occur with the greatest advancement in the spiritual life. Mark ye, if it continues month after month, and year after year, then it is a sign of great weakness of faith; but if it cometh occasionally, as clouds pass over our sky, it is well. We do not want rain all the days of the week, and all the weeks of the year; but if the rain comes sometimes it makes glad the fields, and fills the water-brooks; and, after the shower has passed away, and the clear shining comes, it puts a new face on nature, and makes the birds clear their throats and sing a new song, and the world never looks so grand as when she riseth up like one that hath loved his face in the brook, and, in the shining water, showeth the green beauty of her verdure, and tells of the wondrous skill with which God has been pleased to adorn her. Even so is it with the Christian when he cometh forth from great and sore troubles, his harp retuned, his pealtery vocal with praise, and his lips gratefully confessing—Thou hast increased my greatness, and comforted me on every side.

I shall not stop much longer in talking about this disease, for I am desirous of pressing forward to the remedy. Painful as is the disease, it is often very healthful for us. "O my God, my soul is cast down within me." It is often the best thing that could happen for our welfare that we should be cast down. You will say, "Why?" Because, when we are cast down, it cheeks our pride. We are very fond of getting to be too big; it is a grand thing for us to be taken down a notch or two. We sometimes rise so high in our own estimation, because our faith is strong and our joy constant, that unless the Lord did take away some of this joy we should be utterly destroyed by pride, and, were it not for this thorn in the flesh, we should be exalted beyond measure. Besides, when this downcasting comes, it always sets us on self-examination. That religion, which began to be a matter of form and ritual with us, we begin to seek again in deeper earnest; we look at it as a real thing because we have some real doubts. Often, I am sure, when your house has been made to shake, it has made you look to see whether your foundation was on a rock: when your ship had nothing but fine weather you sailed along too presumptuously; but when the storm threatened, then it was that you just reefed your sails awhile, and looked about to find out your latitude and longitude, and turned to your chart, fearing there might be danger ahead. So you get good to your soul by being made to examine yourselves. The sorest loss in business has sometimes helped a man to get rich, for when there has been some great loss on a sudden, he has been more careful in his dealings afterwards; he has begun to change a system of trade which perhaps might gently have brought him to insolvency, and thus he has been put on a better footing than he was before. Even so may this downcasting, by leading us to search ourselves, help, in the end, to make us rich in grace. When our soul is cast down we begin to have closer dealings with Christ than we had before. A long continuance of calm induces listlessness; there is a way of being wanton towards Christ. We begin to think and to do without him, and to imagine that we have some stock of ready-money in hand, and are able to stand of ourselves; but when gloomy doubts come in, we go back to the place we started from, and begin to sing out again—

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

It always does us good, to come there; those are always the healthiest moments in

our life, when we are singing from our heart the hymn which just now went up to heaven—

"All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my hope from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

There is such a tendency in all the branches of the vine to try and bring forth fruit without deriving nourishment from the stem, that the Lord stops the sap; he takes away the visible flowing of Divine consolation, in order that we may be made once more to look to Christ. When you and I were little boys, and we were out at eventide walking with father, we used sometimes to run a long way ahead. But, by-and-bye, there was a big dog let loose somewhere in the road; ah, it is astonishing how close we got to father then! You will remember how John Bunyan pictures that trait in the character of the children: the boys went on ahead till they came to where the lions were; but then they came back and went very close to their mother's skirts and to good Mr. Greatheart. Just so it is with our doubts and fears: we run so far ahead that we lose sight of Christ; frightful things alarm us, and then we flee under the shadow of his grace. All these things, mark you, are good and healthy to us.

One other benefit we derive from being cast down is that it qualifies us to sympathize with others. If we had never been troubled ourselves, we should be very poor comforters. It would do most physicians good if they were always required to drink some of their own medicine; it would be no disadvantage to a surgeon, if he has once had a broken bone; depend on it his touch would be more gentle ever afterwards; he would not be so rough with his patients as he would have been if he had never felt pain himself. Show me a man that has never had a trial, and I will show you a man that has no heart; above all things, save me from the man who has never had a troubled life—let not his shadow fall upon me, let me not come into his house, and if I be sick, let him not pass by the window of my house; for he must be a cold and heartless man who has never known trial, who has never himself been made to pass through the furnace of affliction. I know that whenever God chooses a man to the ministry, and means to make him useful, if that man hopes to have an easy life of it, he shall be the most disappointed mortal in the world. From that day when God takes his soldier out, and says, "See, I will make thee a captain of the hosts of Israel," and we receive our commission, we are to understand we take all that appertains to it, and that includes a sevenfold amount of abuse, misrepresentation, and slander, and a greater extent of soul-exercise than any of our flock, or else we should not keep ahead of them. We should not be able to teach others, if God did not thus teach us. We must have fellowship in suffering as well as fellowship of faith. Still, it is a blessed commission; surely, with all its drawbacks, we would not retire from the service. No, if our enemies have some shots still in store that they have not shot against us, we pray them not to delay; if they have another charge to make, or another accusation to offer, I pray them let it out; and if there be a newspaper yet that has not copied it, let the paper do it at once. Would we stay them? By no means. Did we not accept this in our commission? and we should be foul cowards, indeed, if we ran back. It is too late now; besides, we must either be shot as deserters or else win the day, and therefore let us go on. So, you see, brethren, these castings down of the spirit are but a part of our calling. You must endure hardness, if you be a good soldier of Jesus Christ. You will have to lie sometimes in the trenches, with a bullet lodged here and there, or a sabre-cut in your forehead, or an arm knocked away, perhaps; there must be wounds where there is war, and there must be war where there is to be victory. All these castings down, then, have a good effect upon us, because they ratify our calling, and at the same time prepare us to condole with others.

II. I shall not say more upon our being cast down; but now let us open the great medicine-chest, and there are TWO REMEDIES here at once before us.

The first is the surest; the second—I will not say it is easiest, but sometimes flesh-and-blood adopts it as the readiest to hand, which is generally a foolish thing, and shows a want of sense. Now the remedies that I see in the text are, first of all, the reference to God—"O my God, my soul is cast down within me; therefore will I remember thee." The second remedy, in the text, is a human one; it is remembrance, not of God, but of God's mercy previously enjoyed—"I will remember thee from the land of Jordan, from the land of the Hermonites, and from the hill Mizar;" these being places where the Psalmist had been favoured with special enjoyment of God's countenance and delightful consciousness of rapturous fellowship with him.

1. The first remedy is *a referring of myself to God*. If thou hast a trouble to bear, the best way is not to bear it at all, but to put it on the Eternal shoulders. If thou hast a perplexity, the simplest plan will be not to solve it, but to ask direction of heaven. If thou hast to-night a sore doubt, thine easiest, thy wisest plan will be not to combat the doubt, but to come to Christ just as thou art, and refer the case to him. Remember how men do when they have a law-suit: they do not undertake it themselves; they know that he who is his own lawyer always has a fool for his client; and therefore they take it at once to some one else, and leave the case with him. And if men have not skill enough to deal in common courts of law, do you think that you have skill enough to plead in the court of heaven, and that against such a cunning old attorney as the devil, who has earned the name of the accuser of the brethren, and deserves it well? Never enter the lists with him. We have an Advocate; let your Advocate know about it; refer the case to him; he will decide for you, he will carry the day; you would incur a vast amount of trouble, and then lose the day after all, if you should attempt it yourself. If I call in to see any troubled Christian, do you know what he begins to say? "Oh, sir, I do not feel this—I do fear that—and I cannot help thinking the other." Oh, here is the root of all our sorrows, that great *I*—what *I* feel, and what *I* do not feel—it is enough to make any man unhappy. It is good advice when you can say to such a one, "Very well, I know that all you say about this is right enough; let us hear something about Christ; let us now, for twenty-four hours, leave all about *I* and *self* alone, and now let us for twenty-four hours think about Christ." Oh, my dear friends, what a change would soon come into our spirits! for when we have done with self and cast all on him there exists no reason for care, for trial, or for trouble. After all, that story I told you some years ago about poor Jack, who always stuck to it that "he was a poor sinner, and nothing at all, and that Jesus Christ was his all in all," that is about the highest point of experience, though it is the lowest point too. It is so simple and yet so safe to live day by day by faith upon the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me; to be a little child—not a strong man, but a little child, who cannot fight his own battles, and gets Jesus to fight them for him; to be a little weak one, who cannot run alone, but who must be carried like a lamb on Jesus' bosom. Oh, we are never so strong as when we are weak—"when I am weak then am I strong;" and we are never so weak as when we are strong—never so foolish as when we are wise—and never so dark as when we think we are full of light: we are generally best when we think we are worst; when we are empty we are full, and when we are full we are empty; when we have nothing we have all things; but when we are rich and increased in goods we are naked, and poor, and miserable. O for grace to spell the riddle out, and as we have known it, so may we learn, day by day, to live out of self upon the Lord Jesus Christ!

Let me give you an illustration. It is the easily imagined case of an old woman who has not any money of her own in the world, but she has a rich friend who says to her, "Come to my house every Saturday, and I will give you so much for a regular allowance, and if there are any things besides that you want, I will pay for everything; you may have all you want." He does not give her a lot of money in

stock, because she would not know how to spend it well; she might misuse it; but he gives it her week by week. Well, the old lady, one Saturday morning, is full of fear and alarm. You happen to call in, and hear her complaint—"I have not a farthing in the world, I have just spent my last sixpence, I have not any money in the bank, I have no houses, no rents, no income; I have not anything of my own at all. You see just these two or three old chairs and this bed, that is all I am worth now; how am I to live with only this?" Why, you would sit down and pity the woman; would you not? It comes to be about twelve o'clock, and she says, "I must be going." You ask her "Where?" "I am going to my friend who tells me to come every Saturday and he will give me all I want." "Why," you say, "you silly old soul, to be telling me this tale, and drawing all this while upon my pity: I do not think you entitled to it. Why, you are a rich woman, you have all you want; and because you do not happen to have it just in hand and be able to say it is yours, you have been telling me this long tale of woe. Truly I will not pity you; you may have whatever you like for the asking." And so, when I see an heir of heaven sitting down and mourning and weeping because he has not got this, and he has not got that, and when I turn to a passage of Scripture, and find, "All things are yours, for ye are Christ's and Christ is God's;" and I find promises written like this, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive"—"No good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly"—"Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened"—why, I must say to myself, for I have been as silly as the old woman, "Thou foolish self, thou fool and slow of heart to believe! that thou shouldst be thus sitting down and bemoaning thine own emptiness, when Christ is thine, with all his boundless fulness; when his Father's love, the Spirit's power, and Jesus's grace, are all engaged to bring thee safely through thy trials, rid thee of thy troubles, and land thee triumphantly in heaven." Be of good cheer, then, Christian; apply this sacred remedy—Remember the Lord—look for all to the Lord Jesus Christ.

2. But now we have a second prescription, and this I will speak upon only for a moment or two. David's other remedy for his soul when by reason of present trouble it is cast down, is the *grateful remembrance of the past, when, by tender mercies, it was lifted up*. "I will remember thee from the land of Jordan, from the land of the Hermonites, and the hill Mizar." Look back at your diary. Draw out the old book now. Many of you have grey hairs on your head; your book goes back a long way. Let us read a note or two. Why, here is a bright page. Though the page before it is black and full of trouble, yet this is bright with song. What do I read? I see written here,—

"I will praise thee every day;
Now thine anger's passed away,
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice."

And so you wrote that down just after your sins had been forgiven and you had found Christ. Well, although your harp is unstrung, and you are not praising him to-day, I pray you remember that hour when first you knew his love, and again say, "If I had never received more than that one mercy, I must bless him for it in time, and I must bless him in eternity." But here is another page—I see you have been enduring some worldly trouble, and friends have forsaken you; and just about the middle of the trouble, where I had thought to find these words, "I was utterly cast down; God hath forsaken me"—I find written here—

"When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud;
He near my soul has always stood:
His lovingkindness—oh, how good!"

And do you think he won't stand at thy side now? and if there is a loud thundering and if there be a thick darkness, will he leave you? Surely these reflections

upon what you have known before, should lead you to trust in Christ for the present, and as you bethink yourself of all his dealings with your soul, you may say—

“Can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame?”

God forbid we should think that God was so cruel as to enlighten, and comfort, and cheer, and help so long, that he might leave us at last to sink and to perish. But, beside this, I find one sweet record, which presents a sad contrast with thy present gloomy state—I find that thou hast sometimes had visions of Christ—I find thou hast written—

“Here I sit, for ever viewing
Mercy’s streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see Divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.”

And you! you who have been at the foot of the cross, and yet are afraid of being cast away at last; you have known the sweetness of Jesus’ love, and yet you are cast down; he has kissed you with the kisses of his lips, and his “left hand has been under your head and his right hand has embraced you,” and yet you think he will leave you; you have been in his banqueting-house, and you have had such food as never did angels taste, and yet you think that you shall be cast into hell. Shame on you! fie on you! Go thou up; pluck off those weeds, lay by that sackcloth and those ashes, down from the willows snatch your harps, and now together let us sing—let us sing unto him whose power, and faithfulness, and goodness shall ever be the same.

If there be any here who are strangers to all these things, I can only wish that they might even know our sorrows, in order that they might have an experience of our joys to treasure up in remembrance. Believers are not a miserable crew; they have songs, and they have reason for songs; they have enough to make them blessed on earth, and enough to make them blessed for ever.

THE CHURCH POLITY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE REV. J. A. SPURGHON.

THE one theme of the Bible is redemption; this it reveals fully, and makes the leading and connecting truth of the whole book. All other subjects are introduced in subservience to it, and only so far as they have a practical bearing upon it. This one theme is amply discussed, and other matters are more or less dwelt upon, as they may be connected with the central truth. This fact we must ever keep in mind, when we turn to the Bible to investigate any of those subjects, which are only revealed to us in their bearing upon the leading thought of the whole.

We are not, therefore, justified in expecting to find a full and complete system of ecclesiastical polity in the Bible, nor does it ever profess to give it to us. And in this arrangement we trace the higher wisdom of God. A system elaborated in all its minor details, and fixed as a permanent guide for the Church in all matters, under all circumstances, throughout all ages, would have been a fruitful source of unnumbered ills. If adapted to the Church in its infancy, it would have acted with a cramping influence, when the age of swaddling-bands should have passed away. Or if adapted to the maturer growth of the Church, its early days would have been spent in crushing armour, and in cumbersome clothes. To have given us a permanent code of rules for all matters, would have been to offer a temptation to the legal tendencies of the human heart, too strong to be resisted; and sooner or later their

hampering influence would have been felt, either in the shape of a burden to the weak, or a fetter to the strong. The shell would have been but half filled in some cases, and in others far too small. Many advantages would, no doubt, have attended such a system; the enormous waste of energy in independent, and often adverse action, would have been spared; and with a more united spirit we might have done, and could do, greater things for the glory of our one God and Saviour. The want of unity, however, has not sprung from the absence of a system of Church government in the Bible, but from inattention to what is there clearly revealed to us upon this point. The only remedy is to be found in the Word of God, which has been left too much out of the question. Since it does not reveal all, we must prize the more highly what it does contain, and gather up the fragments that nothing may be lost.

We will begin by first glancing at the Scripture usage of the word CHURCH. We never find it employed to designate a place of worship. It is quite a question whether places especially devoted to the assembling of Christians were then erected, or even contemplated. Certainly the word "Church" is not applied to them in the Bible. Neither is it ever used to describe the assembly of Apostles, Bishops, and Elders. No countenance is given to the error which confines the word to the assembled priests or office-bearers of the Church. Rome would have us to believe that the hierarchy is the Church, and not the whole body of the faithful. Such, however, is not the teaching of the Scriptures. Neither can we defend the use of the word, when we employ it in expressions like the following—the Lutheran Church, the Church of England. We find it used in the Scriptures in two ways. First, to denote the universal and invisible Church of God, of all time, and of every class and age; which Church he has purchased with his own blood. Its members are the first-born whose names are written in heaven, and who are numbered amongst God's children. Secondly, to describe particular parts of that universal Church—such portions of it as are called together in their militant state on earth, for purposes of mutual comfort, support, and edification. From this two-fold use of the word we gather what a church on earth should be. A part of the Church universal, and not the inhabitants of any particular country, regardless of their real character and position before God. No one should ever be a recognized part of any church on earth of whom we have not the highest moral proof that he is a member of the body of Christ. It must be fatal to the peace and prosperity of Israel if the mixed multitude are numbered with it. The Church is made responsible for the deeds of unsanctified men, and has to bear the reproach of their sins, and their want of the true spirit of our holy and loving Master. The dead member has to be borne along; and whilst demanding this expenditure of strength, it is a source of death to others, and of life to none—a weakening, as well as a cumbrous appendage. On the other hand, no greater ill can befall a man than to be received into a church, and yet to be in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity. If he is aware of his state, and yet plays the hypocrite, his acting must be, with his marked profession and prominent place, yet more profoundly hypocritical to correspond; and while each day finds him adding to his sin of deception, he is, and must be, a living lie. If he is not aware of his state, and is self-deceived, then his case is rendered more hopeless than ever: he has passed one test, and will have equal boldness as he meditates upon passing the next—that more awful and searching one, at God's judgment bar, for which he is totally unprepared. His being a member of the Church confirms his grand mistake, serving, alas! effectually to stifle many an unwelcome thought, which, if entertained and used aright, might, under God, tend to undeceive him. It is the putting of a veil over the eyes of the blind, when we welcome such into our midst. None of us wish to do this on system, but we may do it from want of care and attention. It is a mistaken kindness which prompts some to pass doubtful cases, hoping that the beneficial influence of the Church may eventually make them all that could be

wished. No such thing. The Church ripens to fulness of blossom, or to a more speedy decay; it acts with its influences like the moisture of the earth, the winds of heaven, and the rays of the sun, which either mature life and develop its germ into full splendour, or help to hasten decay and make evident the death within. Nothing can be worse for the personal welfare of an ungodly man, than to number him with the Church, for it is then all but hopeless with him. What a mass of persons fancy that, because they are members of the Church of England, they are therefore members of the one true Church! They ought to be, they think they are, and, alas! they are not. Could we make them feel this, how much better it would be for the welfare of their souls! Speaking after the manner of men, their chances of reaching heaven would be increased, if they could see that they were going to hell. Never admit a doubtful member into a church, for he that is not for us is against us. All wolves are grievous wolves, and spare not the flock. To receive such is to help to make their latter end worse than the first, and to countenance and associate of the sons of God with the sons of the evil one, to the damage of the former, and the greater damnation of the latter. Having considered what the Church itself should be, we turn to the subject of its arrangement and government.

We have affirmed the essential characteristic of a church on earth to be this, that it is a part of the universal invisible Church. He who is Head of the whole is therefore Head of the part. Two heads we cannot recognize. Many members make the one body, which has and can have but one head. We acknowledge no Pope, at home or abroad; we feel jealous for our true Head, and must denounce and oppose all who would sit upon his throne, and try to wield his power, and sustain his office. Christ is our Head, and Christ alone; his life and words are our only guide, and by them we test all the pretensions and claims of men. What saith the Scriptures? Search and see if these things be so. To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them. We know of no church history, or decrees of councils, as binding upon us; no, nor even the acts of inspired men, considered as men: if they speak by God's Spirit, we listen to the Spirit and obey; if not, we owe them no allegiance, and copy our Lord and him alone. We turn, therefore, to the Bible to see what it reveals, what it suggests, and what it enjoins touching this matter.

The Scripture teaching on the subject may, we think, be divided into three heads. We have, first, Ordinances; secondly, Offices; thirdly, Principles upon which, and with which, to build up our scheme.

I. ORDINANCES.—The ordinances are two; Baptism and the Lord's Supper. The one for the severance of the Church from the surrounding world, by a clear, beneficial, and significant line of demarcation—the other for the solidifying of the body by a band of union, as evident, healthful, and instructive.

Baptism, or, better, *Immersion*, with its beautiful lessons of death to the world with Christ and newness of life with him, forms a badge of distinction between the believer and the world, which ought never to be wanting, and certainly ought never to be abused. The Scriptures unite this ordinance with the one essential condition of salvation, namely, faith, and this conjunction we hold to be neither an error of the spirit of Inspiration, nor of the agent inspired to record it. It is as beautiful as it is important, that the inward justifying faith should have its outward deed as a proof and profession of its interior life. One great cause of damage to the Church has arisen from the fact, that in an evil hour she administered the sign to those who were *expected* to be possessors of the reality, and drew, in mistaken love, the line of demarcation around those whom she *hoped* would one day be found within her walls. The wish has now become too frequently the father to the thought; and what some few do as a matter of *hope*, many do as a matter of *fact*, believing that they are truly making their children, by the deed of profession, possessors of the inward life, and of the consequent right to be numbered with God's people. We raise our protest against this perversion, and denounce as anti-scriptural the employing of the

ordinance otherwise than as it was first administered, and so meant to be administered for ever. The necessity for some such ordinance is evident, both as a lesson to the world that though in its midst we are not of it, but are a distinct and peculiar people; and as a warning to the ungodly that they are not yet of the number who are enclosed in Christ's Church, and possessed of all the blessings of Christianity. No more fearful calamity could have befallen a great number of our fellow-countrymen than the fact, that they believe that they have really a right to the name of Christian in its full and highest import, because they have been christened; and having received the "outward and visible sign," they imagine themselves to be really possessors of the "inward and spiritual grace." Could we undo what is done by the system of infant-sprinkling, and disabuse men's minds of the false hope that they are Christians, we should have accomplished a mighty work, which would level the refuge of lies, in which numbers are now dreaming that they are safe from the wrath to come. We will have no connection with the error which thus soothes to slumber with its deadly opiate the consciences of so many precious souls, and sends them asleep in mistaken security, to awake no more till it shall be too late for them to flee to Jesus, their only Saviour. Happy will be the hour for the Church, and happy for the world around her, when she shall, as in Apostolic days, rear high her wall of distinction, and make sharp and clear the boundaries of her coast. Though we cannot make perfectly sure, yet we ought to have at all times the highest moral certainty that none are encircled in form who are not included in reality in the number of those who have a right to enter in. The Church would be manifestly purer, and many would be deprived of that broken reed on which they now lean.

The Lord's Supper is the healthgiving band of union to the Church, teaching those truths which bespeak and conduce to our oneness of spirit as Christians—namely, the remembrance of our one Lord in the hour of deepest sorrow, and sublimest self-denial, and the anticipation of his promised coming, perhaps before long. The whole is designed to bring us into communion with each other and with him. The expressive breaking of common bread, and drinking of one cup, the wine poured out in the presence of all, as if the bruising and the spilling were our deeds of to-day, ever presenting him afresh to the memory of the Church, as if shown forth then for the first time by our actions. Can we quarrel under the cross, with the sacrifice of reconciliation before us? We must surely become one in feeling, as we mutually sorrow over the agonies of our Lord. Can we quarrel when the clouds are even now ready to open and display our returning Lord? No, we must be one in feeling, as we look for that blessed hope, the glorious appearing of the great God and Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ. Can anything be more healthy for the soul than the air of Calvary or the Mount of Olivet, as we live in memory on the one, and in expectation on the other? We admire the wisdom which has left this a permanent ordinance, that we must meet under the cross, and anticipate our Lord's return. Nothing could be better adapted for stimulating the slothful, feeding the hungry, or soothing the sorrowful Church.

(To be continued.)

WAITING FOR THE HOPE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

THE Gospel, like some swift-winged messenger of mercy from the upper skies, flies through the world, having in its hand an act of grace for the emancipation of the slaves of sin and Satan, and proclaiming a full, a present, an everlasting pardon to all who will accept of it. It prescribes no conditions, but only asks us to believe, receive, and be happy. It takes the willing soul by the hand, and leads it from the Lawgiver to the Saviour, and, delivering it from the law, places it under grace. Now there is no condemnation. Now there is no ground for doubting or fearing.

Now the slave becomes a child, the servant becomes a son. Into this state the Galatians were brought by the preachings of Paul; from this state they were being led by the Judaizing teachers; therefore the Apostle reproves them, reasons with them, and exhorts them to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free, and be no more entangled with the yoke of bondage. He insists upon it that it must be all law or all grace—Moses alone or Christ alone. That justification must be gratuitous, or altogether by our own works; and if any one sought justification, in whole or in part, by the works of the law, he was fallen from grace. "For we," said he, "through the Spirit, wait for the hope of righteousness by faith," Gal. v. 5. We, through the teaching and power of the Spirit, wait for the blessed object of our hope, even eternal life, by faith.

Here is an attractive object—HOPE. "*The hope,*" not a grace, but a prospect—not a work within us, but an object before us—the hope that is laid up for us in heaven, of which we have been informed in the Gospel. It is something good—exceeding good. Something future, which we are led to expect. Something attainable, though its attainment may be difficult. It is an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, which is reserved in heaven for us. A house not made with hands; a city, which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. It is a state in which we shall enjoy a freedom from all evil, and be put in possession of all real good, both physical and moral. The poor body will no more suffer from pain, but will be healthy, spiritual, powerful, and immortal. The soul will be no more tormented by sin, nor harassed with doubts and fears, but will be holy, confident, and happy for ever. Oh, glorious hope, prepared for us by our heavenly Father's love, procured for us by our beloved Saviour's sufferings and death, and revealed to us by the blessed Spirit in God's holy book!

THE GROUND OF OUR HOPE IS RIGHTEOUSNESS. The righteousness of Jesus—a righteousness which is the gift of grace—a righteousness which becomes ours through faith—a righteousness which Jesus wrought out for us—a righteousness which the Holy Spirit revealed to us—a righteousness which becomes ours by believing in Jesus—a righteousness which was provided by the Son of God, which is imputed to us by the Father of mercies, and which we were enabled to apprehend and appropriate through the aid of the eternal Spirit. This is the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe, without any difference. No righteousness, no heaven. No faith, no righteousness. How important, then, is faith in Christ!

THE MEDIUM OF POSSESSION IS FAITH. Not works, however splendid; not experience, however deep. No, but by simple faith alone the righteousness of Christ becomes ours, and through that righteousness the hope of eternal life. In this faith there is first the persuasion of the existence of this righteousness. Feeling our need of a righteousness, we are led to the Divine Word; there we are informed that God, through the life, labours, and death of his beloved Son, has provided a righteousness for sinners; hence springs up in the mind the persuasion that there is already prepared the very righteousness we need. Then we embrace the righteousness provided for us and presented to us; and perceiving that God has laid up in heaven a glorious hope for all who believe in his Son, a confident expectation of enjoying it springs up in the mind. We expect it as a free gift. We feel confident, because God, who cannot lie, has promised. Being a free gift, no worthiness is expected in the recipient. Being promised by a faithful God, we can look forward to it with confidence and joy. It is promised to faith, not to works; to believing, not to doing. "It is," as the Apostle says, "of faith, that it might be by grace, to the end the promise might be sure to all the seed."

OUR PRESENT POSITION IS WAITING. We wait for the glorious object of our hope. We have to wait God's time when we shall be put in possession. We wait in God's way, which leads us directly to the inheritance. We wait in God's work,

who employs us for our good and his own glory. We wait, and should do so patiently, though briars and thorns be with us. We wait, and should do so with perseverance, though the Lord may delay, and we may be deeply tried, sorely troubled, and often filled with painful solicitude. Waiting supposes that we believe the object of hope to be real, certain, valuable, and worth waiting for; and this is pre-eminently the case. We shall have a real heaven, the same that Jesus has. Its value is incalculable, for it comprises all that is good, great, and glorious. It is certain—certain as the promise and oath of God, the obedience and bloodshedding of the Son of God, and the witness and the earnest of the Holy Spirit can render it. Oh, glorious object of our hope! Hoping for that we see not; that which is real, invaluable, and infallibly certain—well may we with patience wait for it.

THE SOURCE FROM WHENCE WE DERIVE GRACE TO WAIT IS THE SPIRIT. The Holy Spirit—as the Spirit of God, as the Spirit of Christ—works faith in our hearts, produces patience and fortitude; and, fixing the eye on the glorious hope, enables us to wait for it. We are not more indebted to the work of Christ without us for a title to this hope than we are to the Holy Spirit within us for a perception of it, a desire to possess it, and patience to wait for it. By his gracious influences and Divine teaching he encourages us under all our difficulties, supports us in all our conflicts, witnesses to our interest in it, and points us forward, persuading us that we shall possess it. Blessed Spirit, thou didst beget in me a desire for glory; thou didst reveal Jesus to me as the way to obtain it; thou didst work faith in my heart to believe and expect it, and hitherto thou hast enabled me to wait for it.

Brethren, see, first, on what your eye should be fixed—*the hope laid up for you in heaven*. See, second, on what your heart should rest—*the righteousness of God our Saviour*. See, third, the principle you should cherish—*faith*. Not doubts, or fears, or languishing hopes, but faith—faith in Jesus and his finished work—faith in God, and his covenant love and most holy Word. See, fourth, the posture in which you should be found—*waiting*: not sleeping, but watching; not loitering, but working—waiting or looking for that blessed hope, even the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. See, finally, the agent to whom you are indebted—*the Holy Spirit*. Yes, to the Holy Spirit you are laid under the deepest obligation, and to the Holy Spirit you should render constant praise. Seek to realize more of his presence, to feel more of his power, to experience more of his love, and to exhibit in your daily life and conversation more of his fruits. Oh, my soul; see to it that this is thy daily experience, and seek grace to say, “*I, through the Spirit, wait for the hope of righteousness by faith.*”

THE MYSTIC TABERNACLE; OR, THE TRUE REFUGE.

BY THE REV. W. P. DALFERN, AUTHOR OF “LESSONS FROM JESUS.”

“And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the day-time from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain.”—Isaiah iv. 6.

THE Eastern traveller, when on his journey, was generally furnished with a small tent, in which he sought a refuge from the heat of the sun and the various storms which might beat upon his path; and the Christian pilgrim—the man who is journeying through the wilderness of this world, exposed to the heat of various temptations and trials, needs a place of refuge. And this our covenant-keeping God declares he shall find, for he says, “And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the day-time from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain.”

“*A Tabernacle.*”—A mysterious tabernacle this, one large enough to shelter all the people embraced by the promise, and one that should stand through every age. This figure may surely be applied to him of whom it is written that the “WORD was made flesh, and pitched his tent among us.” It was purposed by God that Christ, through weakness, should become strong, and that by exposing himself to our foes, he should provide us with a shelter; but men, being ignorant of God’s intentions, would fain have destroyed this tabernacle before it was well set up in our midst. The Jew

thought he was secure beneath the observance of certain rites; the Greek took the polished stones of human philosophy and sought to build a temple in which, with hope and voluptuous ease, he might dwell in peace; while the less-instructed heathen sought to find an asylum for his conscience, in self-inflicted tortures and sanguinary rites.

Age after age had this experiment been tried, but all in vain; what the intellect could not fabricate, philosophy could not weave; what all the wisest and greatest of men failed to produce, God in love promises to give: "There *shall be*," says he, "a tabernacle from the heat." When Jesus robed himself in frailty the promise was fulfilled. Men looked at it, however, but to despise it, and affirmed that it was mean, frail, and unattractive. "What," said they, "this the King of the Jews, this the Son of God!" What mistakes does reason make! Beneath that frail tent there dwelt a glory upon which no eye but God's could look; a love no heart but God's could grasp; and a power to save which no mind but God's could fully understand.

For a shadow in the day-time from the HEAT.—There is a heat which can afflict the soul as truly as the heat of the sun can afflict the body—the heat of God's fiery and condemning law. Oh, when this reaches the conscience, how it burns up our dross and tin, and causes the stricken heart to exclaim, "Men and brethren, what must I do to be saved?" But Jesus shelters from this heat by bringing the mind to see and believe that he is "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

There is the heat of Satanic temptation. O how the darts of the great enemy wound and torment the soul! But Jesus preserves the soul from their deadly sting and kills their venom with his atoning blood.

The jealousy of spiritual and supreme love to Christ often inflames the heart of a Christian with deep distress, when he cannot read his title clear to mansions in the skies, and makes him to exclaim, with agonizing intensity, "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thy arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame." But Jesus can shelter the soul even from the heat of this cruel jealousy by assuring the heart of its interest in his love. There is the heat too of overwhelming anxiety to which the Christian is exposed, arising often

out of the weakness of his faith and forgetfulness of his Lord; but Jesus saves from this by giving his people to trust in him, while he says, "Take no thought for the morrow; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

"*And for a PLACE OF REFUGE.*"—The people for whom God has provided this mystic tabernacle shall need a place of refuge. The Lord himself will follow them into all their hiding-places, and drive them out, nor permit them to find shelter or rest in any other object than the Son of his love. The stripping, searching winds of temptation and trial which blow upon the Christian, and which he fears will destroy him, are but intended to prove in his experience the truth of the words that "there *shall be* a tabernacle for a shadow in the daytime from the heat, and for a place of refuge."

"*And for a COVERT FROM STORM AND FROM RAIN.*"—Storms of overwhelming affliction often beat upon the Christian, and like one of old, cause him to exclaim, 'O that I knew where I might find him!' but whatever storms may come, God's tabernacle shall not be removed, and beneath its ample folds the true Christian shall sooner or later abide in safety and peace—for, saith the Lord, 'My people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places.'

But why shall this tabernacle be all this to the true Israelite?

1. Because in it his faith shall find the true altar of sacrifice, or, in other words, the precious blood which cleanseth from all sin and which will bring peace to the most guilty conscience.
2. Because he shall find in it the purifying laver, or that Divine and spiritual influence, which will save him from the reign of sin and enable him to serve God with a filial spirit and with holy joy.
3. Because he will find in it the altar of incense, or that fragrant intercession of the great High Priest, which will make his poor unworthy prayers acceptable and prevalent with God.
4. Because he will find in it the shew-bread, which only the priest might eat; in other words, those precious doctrines from the lips of Jesus, which only can nourish and build up the soul to eternal life. In a word, because here the lowly heart will find the very love, mercy, and wisdom of God, condensed and clothed in such winning and attractive forms, as that poverty herself shall smile, and, while she stretches forth

her hands and embraces them, shall remember her misery no more.

Reader, hast thou then found thy way by faith and prayer to the true tabernacle which God pitched and not man? or art thou vainly striving with the costly stones, as thou deemest them, of human systems, to make a temple of ease and safety to thy soul? Be assured of this, that however

thou mayest admire thine own temple and despise God's tabernacle, when the day of storm shall come thine own work will be swept away, while God's, however rude it may appear in thine eyes, shall stand. Oh, fly at once to him who, while he was made flesh and pitched his tent among us, is nevertheless God, and able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him.

MY FATHER.

BY THE REV. W. S. BARRINGER, OF BLANDFORD-STREET CHAPEL.

As Creation unfolds its glories to the wondering view of mortals, and as bright glimpses of the Divine Being communicating his designs to men flash out in the surrounding darkness, let every whisper be hushed, and every object motionless around us, while with each faculty enlisted we contemplate the scene. Modes of manifestation exist around me, and as I watch the rising sun, the falling shower, the warmth of summer, or the cold of winter, I am constrained to believe the great Author of Creation acts a most fatherly part towards those who are dependent upon him.

As the Patriarch slumbers, and visions of sublime grandeur pass before him, or when angels wing their way to whisper in the ear of mortals, I look with expectation for the result. As holy men anticipate, and prophets with inspired minds and delighted hearts tell of coming glories, and in wondrous language proclaim a further revelation of grace and love, speculation itself must draw in its breath; for no finite mind could imagine how the full glory of eternal love could become concentrated and embodied in the person of Jesus. His mission is to unfold the Father's love, and so to declare the grace of Jehovah's heart, that sinners hearing may believe, and enjoy most fully the new proof of the Divine favour. Nopower of intellect or stretch of imagination, no inventive genius or deep research could discover so grand a truth; beyond mortal reason or angelic dream is this wonderful communication of adopting love.

The sun may set with grand effect, but the grazing cattle never pause from their labour or meal, to admire its beauty and enjoy the scene. Man may have revelation of God's goodness, but if no perceptive power is possessed, the most delightful views are lost upon him. Man's eyes are blinded, and the light of the glorious Gospel is to him un-

known. When a new spirit is infused by the Holy Ghost, and as by him led into some acquaintance with the painful and distressing; when repentance for sin works, and gloomy forebodings of coming judgments prey upon him, a ray of light enters unbidden into his benighted mind, and the brief sight of adopting love brings him momentary relief. The dark season may be long and drear, with howling winds and roaring waves, and the spirit fainting through fear; but gradually are the eyes opened, and as suitable promises display themselves in the Word, faith works, the lips open, the hands are stretched forth, the tear glitters under the eye-lash, and the heart heaving a sigh in which hope and fear struggle for mastery, the venturing sinner, seeing the blood, cries "My Father," and thus *appropriation* becomes manifest.

Dark indeed must be the night which cannot be enlightened by a light so bright as this. Amidst the perplexities of this toilsome journey in the wilderness, the onslaught of our foes, the restlessness of our own minds, with the heavy crosses we are called to bear, well may sorrows work; but, above them all, comfort will flow from this redundant store, and every weak one will more or less realize the blessedness contained in the words "My Father." When friends fail us, then to retreat to the arms of a Father's love; and if waves of trouble rush on and over us, even then a Father's care is a solid rock on which we may calmly rest.

If the mountains of Zion are scaled, or we are seated in the banqueting-hall, then the richest cordial or the choicest wine derives its virtue from this revelation. Faith to utter the words "My Father" will bring joy with which nothing under the sun can be compared. Visit the dying Christian with glory full in view, and as heaven unfolds itself to his astonished gaze, none can

tell the amount of realization and the depth of enjoyment which he possesses, as he hastes to reach the blest abode; and as he launches forth, without fear, into the ocean of eternity, he cries, "My Father, into thy

hands I commit my spirit;" and thus having proved, and still further proving, as full realization takes place, that in this blest connection there are pleasures for evermore.

MARY BUNYAN, THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD, AUTHOR OF "GRACE TRUMAN."

CHAPTER II.

THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

"How long father stays, mother! Do you think he will come back to-day?" and Mary left off her work for a moment, and turned her sightless eyes up to her mother's face sorrowfully.

"I hope so, my child! God only knows," and the fearful wife drew a long breath, while the tears started to her eyes.

The child heard the sigh, and understood it; and she left off her questioning, and tried by little kind offices to raise from her mother's heart a portion of the care and apprehension which were pressing it so heavily.

Mrs. Bunyan had watched through the long weary morning hours for her husband's return. At first, her hope was strong and confident. She felt that they could substantiate no accusation against him worthy of imprisonment, and she could not believe they would throw him into gaol under false pretences. But as hour after hour wore by and brought no news of him, her hope by degrees grew less strong, until at last, surprised, she found herself counting "all the cost" of his firm adherence to his principles. As we have before said, she was a brave, noble woman, one of fortitude and true courage, and she had also that hope "which is an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast." And she will need it now, poor woman, for the storm is gathering black and fierce.

After the sad farewell with her husband, she had gone about her usual household duties with her wonted cheerful countenance and quick active step; and if now and then she paused listless and abstracted, it was but for a moment; she rallied her energies, and pursued her morning round.

The sun shone in through the little front window, and as it stretched its flood of radiance farther and farther along the floor, measuring the flight of the silent hours, her heart grew fainter and more faint. Often would she turn aside from

her cares to look across the yard in the direction of Bedford.

The two pursued their work, each endeavouring to console and comfort the other.

Mary is now twelve years old. In thought, in feeling, far beyond her years! With deep, quick sympathies, and a maturity of mind attributable to the circumstances of her outer life, which caused her to think and to reason, she was a companion for her mother, who, though her senior by several years, was yet young, Bunyan having married her after the death of his first wife, and about the time she attained her majority.

"Do you think father will come home to dinner, mother? I will set a plate for him, and I do hope he will come."

"I hope so, my child, but I see nothing of him now," and the mother closed the door, choked down the rising sigh, and went to work to finish little Joseph's stockings.

"Don't you think Thomas would be back before this if father wasn't coming?"

"Yes, I think your father would have sent him to tell us how the matter ended, if he was not coming himself."

"What are they going to put father in that old gaol for, mother? He hasn't done anything bad, has he?" asked Joseph, as he placed himself by his mother's side and looked earnestly into her face.

"No, my son, he has only preached the Gospel."

"Why, that is a good work, father says. How can they put him in gaol for that?"

"They say he disobeys the king."
"And don't the king want anybody to preach, mother?"

"Yes, my child, but he wants them to do it as he says, and in no other way."

"And why don't father preach the king's way, mother? Then they couldn't take him away from us and put him in that old ugly gaol. I wish father would mind the king; don't you, mother?"

"Your father must mind God, Joseph, and do what he says. He cannot preach as the king wishes, because he would not be

preaching as he believes God's book teaches."

"I wish father wouldn't preach at all, mother! Then they wouldn't put him in prison, would they?"

"No, my son; but your father thinks he ought to preach; he thinks God has told him to do it, and you know, Joseph, the Bible says we must obey him rather than man."

"I am glad I don't have to preach, mother. I would be afraid to go to the gaol to live there. I do hope they won't put father in—do you think they will, mother?"

"I hope they will not, my child, but your father will not give up preaching, even if they do. He would rather live in gaol all the rest of his life than do it."

"Why, mother, father cannot preach in gaol, and I don't see what he wants to go there for. Why won't he quit preaching, and stay at home with us?"

"I cannot tell you now, Joseph, so that you will know what I mean. When you get older, you will understand why your father would rather go to prison than to disobey God."

The little child could not comprehend it, so he turned thoughtfully from his mother's knee and went to play with Sarah in the corner.

"We will not wait for your father any longer, Mary. The children are very hungry, and we will eat. Perhaps he has stopped at Neighbour Harrow's to get his dinner."

It was the wife's last hope, and her sinking heart clung to it with the death-like grasp of despair. The little family seated itself around the plain simple board, and with tearful eyes the mother humbly asked for God's blessing upon them while they should partake of it. It was a sad, silent meal, for fear had sealed all utterance. Often before had they gathered around the frugal table when the father was away, but then they knew he would come again. Now that comforting assurance was gone, and fearful apprehension sat a dread unwelcome guest in their midst. The children hushed their innocent prattle as they saw the mother's sad face and heard her heavy sigh, and cast on each other looks of childish wonder and inquiry. Mary essayed again and again to speak words of hope to her mother, but her own heart was almost as sorrowing as hers.

The dinner-hour passed, and the evening

came; and yet no tidings of the father. Their only stay, now, was derived from the fact that Thomas had not yet returned. On this they hung the faint hope, that the trial, though a long and troublesome one, would end well for the prisoner.

"Hark, mother, I think they are coming. I hear the dog-barking, and that is Tom whistling, I believe."

The mother sprung to her feet. She opened the door, and looked out in every direction. The dog was barking in front of the house, but she heard no whistle, and saw no one.

"You are mistaken, my child. I can't see anybody, and I have looked every way as far as I can see."

She seated herself, and again took up her knitting. Disappointment, sad and despairing, marked her noble face. Mary closed her rayless eyes, and as she did so the lids turned out the scalding tears. The children kept on at hushed play, sometimes looking at their mother and sister with mute wonder, and then again, forgetting everything like sorrow, they pursued their childish plays mirthfully.

The door opened; all eyes were raised. Thomas stepped in. No one followed.

"Your father, Thomas, your father!" exclaimed the agitated mother, throwing aside her work and looking eagerly up to the boy. "Where is your father, Thomas?"

"In gaol, mother," the little fellow sobbed out, "they have put father in gaol." She buried her face in hands and wept aloud. Her fortitude forsook her—her resolution gave way. Mary started from her seat and bent towards the weeping mother. The children, crying, clung to her with fright and wonder.

The storm had burst in its wrath over the tinker's dwelling. Was there no hand to stay its fury, no oil to calm its troubled waters, no voice heard above its roar and din, saying in tones omnipotent, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?"

"In gaol, Thomas! Have they sent your father to gaol?" asked Mrs. Bunyan, her face pale with terror.

"Yes, mother, that they have. I—saw—him—go."

Tears and sobs choked her utterance as this last answer shut out every possible ray of hope. The shadows of despair wrapped themselves closely around her, and for some minutes she could see nothing but their thick darkness. After a while a faint glimmering ray struggled through the

blackness of her sorrow, and shone feebly in upon her bursting heart. "The bruised reed he will not break." "Light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright." "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," whispered the Angel of the Covenant; and as the sweet low voice stole in upon her soul she ceased her weeping; and again she heard the gentle tones, "He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee." "He hath torn and he will heal; he hath smitten and he will bind up. Come unto me and find rest. I, even I, am he that comforteth thee."

Tears were streaming from her eyes, and her voice was still broken with the storm of grief that had swept through her bosom, as she looked into the sorrowing face of the boy beside her and asked:—

"Did they try your father, Thomas?"

"Yes, mother, they had him there a long time."

"Were they harsh to him, Thomas—the judges?" and her woman's heart almost broke at the thought of the rudeness and contempt they might have heaped upon her dear husband, whom she might not again see.

"They did not strike him, mother; and they didn't speak much unkind to him, only once the man got mad and said he was going to break the meeting's neck."

A shudder passed through the frame of the blind child as this harsh language fell upon her ear.

"Going to break the meeting's neck. What did he mean by that?"

"I don't know what; that's what he said. Father told him he must preach, and the man didn't want him to do it, and said if father would do it, then he would break the meeting's neck."

"Who said this to your father, Thomas?"

"Mr. Wingate, the great man that sat in the big chair."

"And they sent your father to prison, because he would preach the Gospel, did they? Well, thank God, it was for no crime!"

"Yes, mother, they did, for soon after the man said he would break the meeting's neck, they started with father to the gaol; but they brought him back again and tried him over."

"How was this? Did they want to insult him again?"

"I don't know. As they were going to gaol they met two men that father knew,

and they would take him back with them to see if they couldn't get him off from going to gaol, and let him come home."

"And what did they do with him after they carried him back?"

"They kept asking him if he would leave off preaching, and father said he would not. Then they said if he would not do that, he must go to prison. All the big men said so."

"How long is he to stay in prison, Thomas?" asked the wife eagerly, her voice tremulous with emotion.

"They said till the quarter sessions. I don't know how long that is, mother—but a long time, I believe."

The wife sat as one stupefied, rendered insensible, by the suddenness and force of some mighty and unexpected blow. That which she had most feared had come upon her, and her house was left unto her desolate. What could support her under this grievous affliction? Poverty around her, four little helpless children to feed, and before the horologe should have measured many more days of sorrow, a fifth should open its eyes upon the heartless world, more than fatherless; her husband vilely cast into prison for preaching the Word of God, there to be in pain and neglect till death should end the scene. Oh, how dark all these things were to her—how mysterious—she could not understand them. Had not God forgotten to be gracious? Had he not cast them off for ever? Where now was the gentle Shepherd of Israel? The lambs of his fold were perishing—exposed to the pitiless blast, and he folded them not to his bosom, nor gently led them into green pastures. They called upon him, but he was not near, and there came no cheering voice of his to bid them "be strong and fear not."

Could the hand of faith have torn aside the veil, and her eye peered into the glories of the future—that glory which was to radiate with unfading beam that narrow prison-cell where the holy man of God lay incarcerated, waiting to see "the salvation of the Lord," and that immortality which was to gather around his name, making it the watchword of religious truth and liberty through all ensuing ages until time itself shall be no more—that heart so bowed, so broken, would have looked up and taken fresh courage—yea, would have sung praises unto his name, who remembers Israel in all his afflictions, who "bringeth light out of darkness, who

leadeth his people by a way they know not."

"Mother, won't father come back any more?" asked little Joseph timidly, his eyes filled with wonder, as he again stole up to his mother's side.

"I do not know, my little one; your father is in prison now."

"Did they put father into that old ugly gaol, mother?" and the child began to cry piteously.

"Yes, Joseph, they have put your father in the gaol, and you may never see him again."

She could say no more. The thought of her fatherless children and her own desolate condition overpowered her, and she could not proceed any farther.

Mary removed the children from the weeping mother, and, providing them with amusement, returned to console her.

"You had better lie down and rest now, mother; you are weary; you have been busy all this day;" and she gently placed the pillow, and taking her mother's hand, led her to the bed, where the poor woman lay in a state of almost unconscious helplessness. Then remembering that Thomas had had nothing to eat since the early morning, she prepared him something warm, moving about so noiselessly and with such a dark shadow of grief upon her angel face, that could the "unjust judge" but have seen her, his heart would surely have been moved to pity, and he would have said to the prisoner, "Go free even for thy daughter's sake."

Mrs. Bunyan was aroused from the troubled slumber into which she had fallen by a knock at the door. Mary opened it, and the wife of neighbour Harrow stepped in.

"How do you do, Sister Bunyan? Don't get up because I have come in," and the good woman stepped to the bedside to shake hands with the pale sufferer. "Brother Bunyan stopped by my house a little while this morning, as he was on his way to Bedford to see my good man, and when I saw Thomas coming back without him, I thought I would run in a minute or two and see how things had gone. You look pale. What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"Oh, Sister Harrow, I am undone, undone! They have put my poor husband in prison," and she covered her face with her hands, and bowed her head upon her bosom. She could not weep. The fountain of tears was dry.

"Have they? and what did they do that for? He's done nothing to go to gaol for, I know."

"They put him there for preaching the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. This was all they could say against him."

"Put him there for preaching? Oh, what a shame! God will punish them, I know he will. He'll not suffer his children to be treated in this way without scourging their persecutors. I feel it here." She laid her hand on her heart, and looked up to heaven with faith and resignation.

"Oh, but Sister Harrow, my husband is taken from me. What shall I do with these poor little children?"

"Be of good cheer. The Lord will not let you want. What has he promised? Don't he say, 'I will be with you in six troubles, and the seventh shall not harm you'? It looks dark now, and fearful, but, thank God, he will bring us out of all our troubles, and make all our paths straight to our feet."

"But who will feed these children now their father is gone?"

"Why, they have got a father left. Jesus will take care of them. Don't he say, 'I will be a father to the fatherless'? He feeds the ravens when they cry, and do you think he will let his children want for bread? Oh, no; he is too good for that—blessed be his name. Remember Elijah in the wilderness, sister, and Daniel in the lion's den, and the Hebrew children in the fiery burning furnace, heated seven times hotter than ever it was before. Didn't he deliver all them out of their troubles, Sister Bunyan, and won't he deliver you? Yes; that he will, my blessed Master. I feel it here this minute," and she placed her hand on her bosom, while her upturned countenance glowed with the faith and trust that filled her soul.

"Trust him, my sister, trust him; I tell you he will not deceive you. 'He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' Give yourself up into his hands, and don't you trouble yourself so much about what is to come. He'll give you strength according to your trials, I tell you he will."

"But I deserve nothing but chastening and affliction at the hands of God. I am so forgetful of his love and mercy to me. I stray so into forbidden paths."

"Ah, that's what we all do. If we received what we deserved at his hands, what would become of us, poor sinful creatures? We ought to bear our trials with

out murmuring, for we know they are for our good. God is merciful, and he does not send these things on us willingly, only to keep these poor sinful hearts from forsaking him. What did dear old David say in all his distresses? Didn't he say, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept thy word'? How sweet Brother Bunyan talked on this very passage of Scripture when he was at my house only last week to mend my old kettle! My old man had just been telling me of the king's orders, and how he feared trouble would be abroad in the land, and that all the nonconforming preachers would have to go to gaol or leave the country for ever. I had been thinking about it all the morning; and I said to myself, What will become of us if Brother Bunyan is taken away? It seemed as if my heart would burst with a great burden here. I don't know why it was I felt so. It must have been the Spirit of God bearing witness with my spirit of this very thing. I had been going along with a heavy heart ever since breakfast. I couldn't shake off the load that was here, Sister Bunyan; it would stick by me. I tried to pray, but it didn't do any good. There it was. Presently Brother Bunyan stepped in with his furnace in his hand to mend the ear of my kettle, which John snapped off the other day against the jamb. I had just cleaned it to heat some water in to wash up the plates, when he jerked it up to put it on the crook, and knocked it against the rocks! What day was it— one day last week? You remember I sent John,—

"Oh, Sister Harrow, I can't remember now. Don't talk to me of it. I can't bear to think of such things now, while my poor dear husband is in gaol, and I am left alone."

"Don't talk so, Sister Bunyan. You are not alone. Jesus will be with you if you will only trust him. I know he will. Go to him with all your griefs—he will bind up your broken heart. Nobody ever trusted him in vain. And he is always willing, too. Often when I have felt such a load here, it appeared to me my heart would burst, I have just got down on my knees in prayer, and when I was done it was all gone; Jesus had taken it, and I was as light as air."

"I cannot pray, Sister Harrow. My words rise no higher than my head. I can think of nothing but my husband and these poor helpless children. I cannot pray, I cannot pray."

"Oh, you must not give up this way. Jesus is a mighty and a willing Saviour: He will not forsake you. As I was telling you, while Brother John was mending my kettle that day, he kept on talking about trusting in the Lord and abiding in his strength, and it made me feel good; it lifted me up from this poor earth to hear his words, and to feel here in this heart that God would keep me safe from falling, let man do what he might. I can rest in Jesus, Sister Bunyan; he is my stay and my comfort. Blessed Jesus, I will trust thee, and never fear if thou art with me. Let the adversaries do what they can, thou art my portion for ever."

The pious servant of God turned her exulting face to heaven as she pronounced these words, and a smile of serene trust lighted up her full ruddy face. She had numbered fifty winters, but being endowed with a hardy constitution by nature, which had been developed by active exercise, was yet active and healthful, with a flow of spirits which nothing but a sense of sin and sorrow because of the opposition her Saviour's cause met with in every land, could damp. She was one of God's faithful ones; for her "light was sown in darkness," and to her "no good thing was denied," for she "walked uprightly." Whenever she met with any difficulty, when disappointment appeared to hedge in her way, and all her efforts proved unsuccessful, she would say, "I have done all I can. I will give it up to Jesus now. He will bring it to pass in his own good time." And from the moment she was able to make this unqualified surrender of her troubles, "her burden which she had been carrying, was all gone," as she expressed it.

"You must take courage, Sister Bunyan, and keep up your spirits, or you will be sick. You look pale now;" and she leaned over her, and whispered some words into her ear, which she did not wish the children to hear. "This thing will all be straight, and you may live to see the day when you will thank God for it; and if you don't, when you get to heaven, you will then understand it all. It will then be as clear to you as the shining sun. Only trust Jesus."

The words of faith and confidence of this truly devoted child of God fell like oil upon the stricken heart of the sufferer, and she was able to compose herself so as to talk about her husband's imprisonment with some degree of calmness.

"It is not so bad as if he was dead, for, as long as there is life, there is hope. How long did you say they put him in for?"

"Till the quarter sessions, Thomas says."

"Then I suppose he will be tried again, won't he? and maybe they will let him go then. How long is it till the quarter sessions, do you know?"

"I do not; but I am afraid it will be a long time. They say they are very cruel, and they will keep him in prison just as long as they can, I know."

"Let me see!" she added, counting it upon her fingers, "I heard my good man say this morning that the quarter sessions took place in January. He and Brother Bunyan were talking about it, and this is what he said. I remember it well. This is the twelfth day of the month, and it will only be seven weeks till then; and maybe they will let him go free. We will all pray to the Lord that it may go well with him."

"Oh, it is a long time for him to stay in that cold, damp prison. I know it will kill him."

"We must trust him to Jesus, Sister Bunyan: he will take care of him, and deliver him from his enemies, if it be his will."

"But what shall I do then? We have but little to eat, and when this is gone where shall we get more? There is no longer any one to make bread for us; we must starve—there is no hope."

The sealed eye-balls were turned from the corner in the direction of the bed, and the lips moved as if to speak, but the thought came to the sensitive heart, "She can comfort her better than I can."

"You shall not want, Sister Bunyan, you and your little ones, as long as I have a morsel; and my old man will see that you will get all that is owing to you. Brother John spoke to him about it this morning, and I heard him promise he would see to it, and you know he is always as good as his word."

"I know Brother Harrow will do all he can, but we would be too great a burden," and as she spoke she raised her eyes to those of her kind consoler. They expressed from their sorrowing depths all the fear and hopelessness that words were too poor to utter. "I will not complain," she added; "He doeth what seemeth to him best."

"I brought you some good oaten bread and some meat in my basket outside the door. I was just baking some for myself,

and I thought you would maybe like a little. Things sometimes taste better when we don't cook them ourselves."

"Oh, that my poor husband had it! He hasn't had a mouthful of food to eat to-day, poor man, and I know he is hungry and faint, and they will not give him anything. He will starve."

"These are perilous times, Sister Bunyan, and the people of God must expect to bear afflictions. These are the troubles that are to try men's souls, and happy shall the man be who shall endure to the end. Did you hear of that poor man that was thrown into gaol the other day? I didn't hear his name. They brought him from some other part of the country, but they say it was for preaching the Gospel. Oh, we are going to have dark and bloody times! Oh, that Jesus will give us strength to prove ourselves good soldiers, and bear any burden for his sake!"

"I feel I could bear anything but this: if they had just left my dear husband to me, I would not murmur; but to snatch him up, and put him in gaol, and leave me alone with these poor little helpless children—it seems to me I cannot stand it. It is so hard, so hard!" and the poor woman sobbed convulsively.

"Remember the promise, Sister Bunyan, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be.' Don't forget this. It is a most precious promise. Cling to it. Go to Jesus with all your troubles, and he will give you peace. Do not be downcast; our enemies will reproach us, and it will bring shame on our Saviour's cause. 'I will trust him though he slay me'—that is the confidence, that is the faith. You must pray to God to give it to you."

"Oh, I wish that I could, but how can I? You have never known what it is to be placed in my situation. Your husband has never been torn from you and cast into a horrid prison, and you left with four little starving children."

"Come, my dear woman, do not cry so, you will make yourself sick. You haven't had a morsel to eat since breakfast, have you? You are weak and faint for the want of something. I will call Mary, and let her make you a little broth, and you can eat some of that bread I brought you."

She stepped to the back-door of the kitchen and called the child, but there came no answer.

"I cannot make Mary hear me," she said, as she closed the door after her, "so I

will do it myself," and she hastened to make ready the pot for the broth.

"The poor little creatures have got into the basket as it stood outside the door. See, the bread is almost all gone, and the meat too."

The tears started afresh in the mother's eyes. "They are so hungry, poor little helpless things."

"But they shall not starve. Your neighbours will not let them want for something to eat. But Mary stays a long while. I'll just step out and call her, Sister Bunyan. You keep entirely still while I am gone. You look so pale and sick."

"Here, Tommy, my son, leave off your play a little while, and run towards the spring, and see if your sister Mary's there, and tell her to come here directly; I want to see her. Come here, Sarah, and stay with me, while brother's gone. Come along and we will go where mother is. Come, child, I'm waiting for you."

Little Sarah left off her play very reluctantly, for it was not very often that she was so highly favoured as to have Thomas for a playmate.

"Run on, Sarah, mother wants you," and the boy bounded over the stile in the direction of the spring, while Mrs. Harrow, leading "Baby Sarah" by the hand, hastened to Mrs. Bunyan's room.

"I can't find sister anywhere, mother. I've called her and called her. She's not at the spring, and I don't know where she is, unless she and Joseph have gone over to neighbour Whiteman's. I saw her with her bonnet on a little while ago, and Joseph was with her."

"And which way did she go?" asked the sufferer feebly.

"I don't know, mother. I didn't look which way she went. I was playing with Sarah, and did not see, and had forgot all about it till Mrs. Harrow called her."

"How long since you saw your sister, Thomas? She would not go to neighbour Whiteman's without telling me of it. She must be about the house somewhere. I'll get up and call her myself."

"Oh, pray don't, you are too sick. She will be in directly. Come, be still, my good woman; you will faint if you leave this pillow."

"I am better now, and would like to sit up awhile."

She made the attempt to rise, fainted, and fell back. In the endeavour to restore her to consciousness, Mary was forgotten for the time. Let us follow her!

Her mother's words, "And he has had nothing to eat to-day, and is now in that cold damp prison," fell like burning coals upon her heart. She could not rest while her dear father was cold and hungry. Her resolution was formed, and quietly she proceeded to accomplish her purpose. It was an easy task to gain Joseph's company. She had but to tell him she was going to see father. The little fellow caught the idea in a moment, and with that sense of importance and responsibility which a child always feels when you entrust it to a secret, and ask its assistance, he joined his sister and the two proceeded on their journey. Mary knew part of the way, and she could ask the rest. She placed a basket of provisions on her arm and set out with the child in the direction of Bedford. Let us follow her.

REVIEWS.

Baptist Magazine for January. London: Pewtress and Co., 4, Ave Maria-lane.

REVOLUTION and change are the order of the day. So, among other things, the *Baptist Magazine* has been placed in new editorial hands. This denominational periodical has ever been considered to represent the Calvinistic Baptist Churches of Britain, leaving the communion question in abeyance. Some of its friends have recently concluded that it had become very vague, if not lax, as to its avowed principles, and therefore the change with which the new number begins its course. Without at all either praising or depreciating the past, the present number is a thoroughly good one, and, when we mention the names of the contributors,

Revs. W. Brock, C. H. Spurgeon, D. Katterns—for so we understand the K—Hugh Stowell Brown, Theodore Laffeur, &c. &c., one cannot complain of the bill of fare. We think the January number of the *Baptist Magazine* equal to any periodical that has appeared this year. We trust that it will overflow with sound evangelical articles, written in the spirit of fidelity and love, and thus tend to build up and educate in the Christian faith the churches of the body whose name it bears. In the "Notes and Queries" the question is asked about Oliver, the writer of the hymn "Lo, he comes, with clouds, &c." We thought every one knew that he was one of John Wesley's most devoted preachers, and the writer of that other celebrated hymn, "The God of Abraham praise."

A Dictionary of the Bible: Comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. In two volumes. Vol. I. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street.

IN every work consider the writer's aim, and do not judge him of what he does not profess to set forth. Dr. Smith has not designed his splendid and massive work to be a defence of orthodox doctrines, nor even a dictionary of theological opinions; but a work devoted to Bible subjects as they are distinctly found in the Old and New Testaments and Apocrypha. In carrying out his plan he has availed himself of the literary aid of Protestant Christendom. We fancy the cry of heresy has been raised against the work on the ground that parties have not found in it their own views, in a systematical form. We have carefully looked over the articles in Vol. I., in which heterodoxy would have at any rate lurked had it been present, and have been utterly unable to discover even the shadow of a shade of Neological error.

The miraculous conception of Christ's human nature, and his temptation of the devil, every one knows have been considered the most favourite points of attack for German critics, and British and American unorthodox writers; but here all is sound beyond even a suspicion—and it is only fair that those who have attacked this monument of learning and labour should distinctly point out where the poison is to be found. We need scarcely say that this is just such a book as is needful to keep both the country and city pastor posted up in Biblical criticism and historical discoveries, and every Church that does not give its minister five hundred a-year, should at once place this book in his study. Dr. Campbell's recommendation of the work, ought of itself to be a pretty good guarantee for its general theological soundness, and its freedom from *negativeness*. Is not the fact of Dr. Smith's having engaged so much Nonconformist learning and talent, the sore place that is so painful to the editor of a certain State Church Episcopal newspaper?

A Friendly Warning to the Latter-Day Saints, or Mormons, &c. By One who was of that Community, and a President in Salt Lake. London: Wertheim & Co., Paternoster-row.

THIS admirable pamphlet is the production of one who had been beguiled by that most horrible of all delusions, Mormonism. He and his wife went to the Salt Lake City, and there came into contact with its mysteries of iniquity. He fortunately escaped, and got safe back to his own country. He is now devoting all the time he can in giving his warning testimony against this atrocious system. We would advise all who take an interest in the question to read and circulate the book under notice. Mr. Cook, the author, may be corresponded with, or seen, at 16, Charterhouse-street, City.

The Magdalene's Friend and Female Homes' Intelligencer. A Monthly Magazine. Edited by a CLERGYMAN. London: Wertheim. 8d.

THIS is really a well-conducted periodical, and ought to secure a large circulation among all who take any interest in the raising up and saving of fallen women. The editor feels his theme, and therefore conducts his magazine in an earnest and pious spirit.

The Great Medical Reformation: Hydropathy and the Turkish Bath. An Account of the Paddington-green Establishment. By RICHARD METCALFE. London: Simpkin and Co.

FOR the small sum of sixpence the reader may be supplied with this brief, illustrated, and clear exposition as to what water and hot air may do in invigorating the system, or restoring health to persons suffering from some of the most severe maladies to which flesh is heir. We thoroughly recommend Mr. Metcalfe's pamphlet, and believe it calculated to be very useful.

A Literary Curiosity: A Sermon in Words of One Syllable only. By a MANCHESTER LAYMAN. London: G. Vickers.

WE don't think the one syllable style necessary either to clearness or simplicity; but this good penny discourse is both clear and simple, and more, it is full of important truth thoroughly adapted to do good. All classes may be profited by it, but especially those who have not received a good education. We say to the Layman, Write again and again in this way.

The Family Treasury. Edited by Rev. A. CAMERON. London: Nelson and Co.

THE ninth part of this excellent first-class periodical is before us. It is enough to say that its promises and engagements are fully sustained; and its influence cannot but be for the good of the households where it shall be received. In addition to the intrinsic excellency of the articles, it is got up in first style, both as to type, paper, and general appearance.

Days at Muirhead; or, Lessons of Little Olive's Midsummer Holidays. London: Jas. Blackwood, 8, Lovell's-court.

THIS is an excellent book for young people. The stories are thoroughly good, the style clear and pleasing, and the end and moral in keeping with Christian training and principle. We shall be glad to know that "The Days at Muirhead" obtains a wide circulation.

Good Words. Edited by the Rev. DR. MACLEOD. London: Sampson Low. Edinburgh: Strahan

THIS is a first-rate serial, and cannot fail to be a favourite. It is rich in every department, likely to instruct and elevate the families of our country. We hope it will prosper abundantly

The Unwritten Wonders of the Grace of Christ.
By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. London: F. Shaw and Co.

A BEAUTIFUL illustration of the declaration of the Evangelist of the "many other things which Jesus did," and which had not been written, John xxi. 25. We trust that this twopenny-worth of sterling truth, forcibly presented, and printed in large type and in a neat form, will be circulated by thousands of thousands.

Take Heed How Ye Hear, &c. By Rev. R. H. LUNDIE. London: Jas. Nisbet & Co.

THE design of this small and admirable book is to show that "good preaching is not the only want of the age;" but that right hearing is essential to the Gospel's efficacy. This idea is both illustrated and enforced with much ability. All congregations would do well to circulate it.

Charities: Suggestions as to their Accounts.
By JAMES WADDELL. London: Nisbet & Co.

A REASONABLE pamphlet on an important subject.

Life Scenes from a Reformatory. London: F. Guillaume, 42, Chester-square.

A MOST intensely interesting series of instances

of success in one of these best of our philanthropic institutions. The statistics of seven years' labour are highly satisfactory, and the letters of those sent abroad very cheering.

Fear Not. By Rev. JAMES SMITH, Cheltenham. London: H. J. Tresidder.

NO man in England has done more to supply spiritual and evangelical truth for family reading than Mr. Smith. He has the true spirit of the old Puritans, and this excellent small book is worthy of the just fame of the writer, and will be a true cordial to the timid and fearful of God's children.

Never Despair: A Pastoral Reminiscence.
London: H. J. Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria-lane.

A VERY interesting and affecting narrative cheering to ministers, and well illustrating the title "Never Despair."

The New London Pulpit, and The Penny Pulpit.

CONTAINING good, useful sermons. Mr. Bloomfield's discourses on the "Lamb of God," "The Gospel Glass," and the "House of God," are plain and edifying.

P O E T R Y.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE QUADRANT.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

[The incident on which the accompanying lines are founded was published in the *Gospel Magazine* for January, 1860, being inserted there from the *British Messenger*. It is there stated that "this story of prayer was received from the lips of the good Captain Crosby, who was so useful in the Ardrossan awakening; and he himself was the man who prayed and waited upon his God, with the quadrant in his hand."]

One morning o'er the ocean waves
A ship was making way;
Around her thick and drizzling mists
Had hung for many a day.
That morn the captain in command,
Who knew and loved the Lord,
Committed to his God in prayer
The ship and all on board.

"I leave them in thy hands," he said,
"Thy faithfulness I know;
Yet may it please thee, gracious Lord,
This favour to bestow—
Oh! do thou bid the mist depart,
And give a cloudless sky
At noon to-day, that I may find
Which way our course doth lie."

An hour before the appointed time,
On deck the captain came,
But over all the face of heaven
The fog hung still the same.
The sailors on their captain looked
With unconcealed amazement,
As, with the quadrant 'neath his coat,
He watched the drizzling haze.

Twice to his cabin he retired,
And called upon his God;
Then, with the quadrant in his hand,
Again the deck he trod;
No change had come—the hour of noon
Was drawing on apace,
When a look of wonder and of awe
Stole o'er the captain's face.
For quickly, as by hands unseen,
The mist was rolled away,
And from the azure dome above
Beamed forth the orb of day!
But oh! so "dreadful" seemed the place,
No word the captain spake;
His trembling, nerveless hands could scarce
The observation take.
Soon he discovered all was well,
Then, when his task was o'er,
The mist returned, and all around
Grew sombre as before.
God honoured thus his servant's faith
And turned his prayer to praise—
What tongue, what organ, can fitly tell
The wonders of his ways?

THEODORA.

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

To Jesus, "the Author of faith,"
For all that I need, I look up;
I lean upon all that he saith,
And cherish "assurance of hope."
To teach me, my Saviour, to pray,
To lift my affections above,
"Thy light and thy truth" to display,
O send down the spirit of love!
My portion, my life, and my light,
From thee let me never depart;
Thy will be my rule and delight;
Thy love the repose of my heart.

To all thy commands I would cleave,
Thy footsteps with diligence trace,
Thy promises simply believe,
And joy in distinguishing grace.

Thee only, in life, I'll adore;
Expiring I'll utter thy name;
And when from this valley I soar,
I'll join in the song of the Lamb.

My boast on Mount Zion shall be,
While on thy full beauties I gaze,
"Thou, Saviour, didst suffer for me,
And bring to this glorious place!"

Trinity Chapel, Newington. W. H. BONNER.

TO THE MEMORY OF JOSIAH WOOD-
HAMS, WHO SLEPT IN JHSUS,
DBC. 7, 1860, AGED 31.

In sweetest peace upon the Saviour's breast
Josiah slept, and reached the promised rest;
Calm in his life, and at his latter end
He welcomed death, for Jesus was his friend.

Like as a stream in silence onward flows,
To its great rest, nor murmurs as it goes;
So peaceful passed our brother's life away,
In simple faith, to realms of endless day.

Hammersmith.

W. P. E

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON.

In order to accomplish the noble design of opening the above place of worship free of debt, it is proposed to hold a bazaar in the Lecture-hall of the new building, about the month of March next. The contributions of friends towards the above object, either in money or fancy articles of all kinds, are earnestly requested, and will be gratefully received by Mrs. Spurgeon, New Park-street Chapel, Southwark or Nightingale-lane, Clapham.

PITHAY CHAPEL, BRISTOL.

The Baptist church and congregation, which for nearly four years have worshipped in Cooper's Hall, have purchased the Pithay Chapel, and are asking the Christian public to aid them in securing it permanently for the use of the Baptist denomination. It appears that the Pithay was first used as a place of worship in 1699, by the church honoured by the pastorate of the Rev. Andrew Gifford, and which previously worshipped in the Friars. Dark times were these for the Church of Christ! In Fuller's "Dissent in Bristol," we read—"Mr. Gifford, to avoid the enemy, frequently preached in the woods at Kingswood, in concert with Mr. Fownes, the pastor of Broadmead, and the ministers of James's Back and the Castle; and rather than disappoint a meeting he would swim across the Avon, regardless of weather, inconvenience, or danger. . . . Four times he suffered imprisonment in Charles's reign—three times in Newgate, and once in Gloucester Castle." May the light of the Gospel, which shone so brightly in the Pithay in those dark and troublous times, still shine there for many coming generations!—*Bristol Mercury*.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

NEWTOWN, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.—Mr. Thomas Rees, late student at Pontypool College, commenced his pastoral labours in this place on the first Sunday of the new year.

LEANDLOES, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.—Mr. Isaac Edwards, late student at the same college, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in the above place.

HULL.—The Rev. E. Bailey, of Melbourn, Cambs, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation from the church in Salthouse-lane, and enters upon this new sphere of labour on the first Sabbath in February, with many encouraging prospects of success.

WESTBROMWICH.—The Rev. T. Hanson, Baptist minister of Idle, Yorkshire, has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church there amid

the affectionate and sincere regret of its members; and accepted a unanimous invitation from the Bethel Baptist church at Westbromwich.

BROUGHTON, HANTS.—The Rev. John Walters, of Earl's Colne, Essex, has received and accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church in the above place, and commenced his labours on the first Lord's-day in the new year.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

HILL-PARK, HAVERFORDWEST.—On Sunday, December 23rd, and the following Monday and Tuesday, interesting services were held at the above place of worship in connection with the settlement of Mr. Henry Harries, late student of Pontypool College. On Sunday morning, Mr. F. Evans, of Pontypool College, and the Rev. C. Griffiths, of Merthyr, preached. In the afternoon the Rev. C. Griffiths, and Dr. Thomas, President of Pontypool College, preached. In the evening the ordination service was held, in which the Rev. C. Griffiths preached "On the Nature of a Christian Church," the usual questions being put by Mr. Griffiths, and appropriate answers given. The Rev. Dr. Thomas then offered the ordination prayer; afterwards the Rev. W. Jenkins, of Troedyrhiin, preached; "On the Duties of the Church towards the Ministry," and was followed by Dr. Thomas, "On the Duties of the Pastor towards Himself and the People of his Care." On Monday evening Mr. F. Evans, of Pontypool, and the Rev. O. Griffiths, Blaencolin, preached. On Tuesday morning sermons were delivered by Mr. H. W. Hughes, of Pontypool College, and the Rev. W. Jenkins, Troedyrhiin; in the afternoon by Mr. H. W. Hughes, and the Rev. O. Griffiths; in the evening by the Revs. W. Jenkins, and T. Davies, President of the Haverfordwest College. The Welsh cause in Hill-park is in a thriving condition, and Mr. Harries enters upon his ministry with prospects of usefulness and success.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

BOOTLE, NEAR LIVERPOOL.—An interesting meeting was recently held at Bootle, near Liverpool, to take farewell of the Rev. D. B. Joseph, who on that day completed and concluded a term of eleven years' ministry. In the course of the evening the chairman presented the retiring pastor with a silk purse containing one hundred and ten guineas.

LEANDLOES.—On the 10th inst. a meeting was held at the Temperance-room, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial of respect to Mr. Davies, on his departure from Shaon, in the parish of Goitre. The rector of Goitre being unavoidably absent, the Rev. J. H. Edwards,

Lord Llanover's chaplain, presided. Mr. Thomas Manuel presented to Mr. Davies, on behalf of the subscribers, as a token of their respect and esteem, a purse containing £18. Mr. Davies made a very feeling and appropriate acknowledgment. The meeting was also addressed by Messrs. Parker, Mason, and Harries (Llanover), and was concluded by praise and prayer.

LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPEL.

EARL'S COLNE, ESSEX.—During the past year ninety members have been received, and the congregation so largely increased that another building became necessary to accommodate the hearers. Means were accordingly resorted to, and upon the site of the old brick building is now rising an elegant and convenient structure, capable of seating about 700 persons. The entire cost will be £1,150, towards which the congregation have already raised about £400. On Friday, December 14, the ceremony of laying the memorial stone was performed by Joseph Tritton, Esq., of London. A hymn having been sung, and prayer offered by the Rev. G. H. Griffin, the pastor, Mr. Thomas Bentall, of Perces, Halstead, read a brief history of the church, and the reason for enlarging the chapel, and presented to Mr. Tritton a silver trowel, with a suitable inscription, as a memento of the occasion. Mr. Tritton delivered a very suitable address. The Rev. Mr. Davis, of Greenwich, then made a brief speech, and the proceedings were closed by singing a hymn to the tune of the National Anthem. Mr. Griffin announced that Mr. Tritton had generously subscribed £20 towards the chapel funds. At five o'clock between 200 and 300 friends partook of tea in the temporary chapel on the green, and a public meeting was subsequently held, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. G. H. Griffin, Frost (Wivenhoe), Warrington (Fordham), Bayne (Laughan), Boxer (Sible Hedingham), Davis (Greenwich), and Bentley (Sudbury). The contributions, laid on the memorial stone amounted to £7 5s., and a further collection was made at the public meeting.

OPENING SERVICES.

WHITEBROOK, NEAR COLEFORD.—Interesting services were held in the Baptist chapel at this place on New Year's-day in connection with the opening of a new school-room and the re-opening of the chapel, which had been closed for a few weeks for repairs and improvements. In the afternoon, the Rev. W. West, B.A., of Coleford, preached. At the close a collection was made in aid of the building fund. At five o'clock a goodly number of friends sat down to tea, and at six o'clock the chapel was well filled with an attentive audience. Mr. B. W. Provis, Coleford, presided, and effective and practical addresses were delivered by Messrs. R. Jordan, C. Evans, and W. Nicholson, and the Revs. G. Howells, pastor; T. Piper, and W. Best, B.A.

LOWRE EDMONTON.—A neat and commodious Baptist chapel was opened for worship in this place on New Year's-day. The Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel preached in the morning. In the afternoon, the opening services were taken by the Rev. W. Miall, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. James Hamilton. Between the services, the friends from a distance partook of a cold collation. The chapel, which is freehold, will accommodate 300, and the schoolrooms and classrooms provide ample convenience for the in-

struction of 200 children and young persons. The cost of the whole will be about £1,200, more than half of which has been already subscribed. In the evening a tea-meeting was held, at which Mr. Edwards, the minister of the chapel, presided; and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Davis, Ward, Turner, Fairburn, and J. P. Bacon. On Sunday, Jan. 6, two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. H. Wilson. The sum realized by the various services was about £50, making the total amount collected nearly £700.

JUBILEE SERVICES.

HENGOED, GLAMORGANSHIRE.—The third jubilee of the building of the first chapel of this ancient Baptist church was held on December 27. On the previous evening two sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Williams, Mountain Ash, and the Rev. J. Lloyd, Merthyr. On Thursday morning, the thanksgiving meeting was held; and an interesting sketch of the history of the church was read by Mr. Llewelyn Jenkins. According to this statement, we find the church existed, in scattered materials, nearly 260 years ago. It was incorporated in the year 1640, and its first chapel was erected in 1710, being the fifth Baptist chapel in W. les. Short sketches were given of its ministers, more especially of Mr. Thomas John and Mr. Lewis Thomas, who suffered severe and lengthened persecutions. So laborious was the work done by the latter, that, on account of the extent of country he travelled on foot, it is recorded that his "shoes were made of brass and iron." These were followed by Mr. Morgan Griffiths, who was minister of the church about 37 years, during which period the church was most prosperous. This faithful minister was followed by Messrs. C. Winter, W. Edwards, L. James, and J. Perrot. The last-named minister brings the history down to the settlement of the well-known minister and celebrated Welsh author, Dr. John Jenkins, as pastor of the church, who presided over it for 44 years. During this time the old chapel was removed, and a structure more modern and commodious was erected in 1829. Four branches were formed during his time, all of which are prosperous. There have sprung from the ten original branches of this ancient church nearly one hundred prosperous churches in the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth; while the old church, with its two chapels, is still in a vigorous condition. After the history of the church was read, admirable addresses were delivered by the Revs. B. Evans, Millstreet, Aberdare; E. Evans, Dowlais; J. Evans, Abercarn; and T. Price, Aberdare. At two o'clock, a prayer-meeting was held, when the Revs. W. Williams, E. Evans, J. Evans, and G. Williams, the present respected minister of the church, took part. After this, according to prior arrangement, the Rev. Dr. Thomas, Pontypool College, was to preach, but was prevented through indisposition, in consequence of which the Rev. T. Price preached. At six o'clock, sermons were delivered by the Revs. B. Evans, and E. Evans. Appropriate hymns were sung during the services, composed expressly for the occasion, by Mr. R. Ellis, Sirhowy; Mr. J. Emlyn Jones, A.M., Ebbw Vale; Mr. Daniel Jones, Tongwyrddias; and Mr. Anwyn Jones, Gellygroes.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

FOREST ROW, SUSSEX.—A tea-meeting was held at the Bethesda Chapel in this place on Dec. 26, which was well attended; and afterwards

a public meeting. Mr. C. J. Watts presided, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Johns, of Saint Hill, Mr. Greig, of Dorman's Land, and Mr. Cattell, of Edenbridge. This is the second year that a meeting of similar character has been held on this day, and the friends express themselves so satisfied that they will in future be continued every year.

BEXLEY-HEATH BAPTIST CHAPEL.—A new year's thanksgiving meeting was held in this place on Wednesday, Jan. 9th, when Mr. Cracknell, of Blackheath, preached a good discourse, after which the friends took tea in the chapel. A public meeting was commenced at six o'clock, the pastor, Brother Wallis, in the chair. Heart-stirring and soul-elevating speeches were delivered by Messrs. Austen, of Lessness-heath; Cracknell, of Blackheath; Skelt, of Bexley-heath; and Carman, of Crayford. It was announced that a private subscription had been raised to present to the pastor a new year's gift. The dawn of brighter days has commenced.

PINNER, MIDDLESEX.—On Thursday, Jan. 10th, a social tea-meeting was held in the Baptist Chapel, for the purpose of defraying the incidental expenses incurred during the past year. In the afternoon the service was conducted by Mr. Rowlands, a blind gentleman from Clapham. At half-past five no less than 130 sat down to tea, and certainly their smiling faces and vote of thanks unanimously given to the young ladies in waiting was a full proof that they heartily enjoyed and appreciated the repast so carefully provided by Mr. Emery and friends. In the evening the chapel was densely crowded, and the services ably conducted by Mr. J. Pascoe, of London, Mr. Bigwood, of Watford, and Mr. Rowlands of Clapham. The collection at the close of the service was good, and, in addition to that previously collected on the cards, amounted to a good sum. The cause appears to be prospering, and we heartily wish it success.

MR. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.—On Wednesday, Dec. 26, there was a great social gathering at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, which is in course of erection for Mr. Spurgeon's ministry. At four o'clock the doors were thrown open, and half an hour afterwards Mr. W. G. Haynes gave a lecture on the subject of Alpine rambles, Mr. Spurgeon himself shortly afterwards giving an interesting lecture on the subject of Southwark in the olden time. The interval was occupied with music and various other amusements. It was announced that the Tabernacle will be ready for opening in March, £24,000 out of £30,000 (its estimated cost) having already been subscribed. —A second meeting was held in the New Metropolitan Tabernacle on Tuesday, Jan. 1, "to promote a New Year's offering to the building fund." Mr. W. Roupell, M.P., took the chair. Mr. Spurgeon said they hoped to be able to collect £1,000 that night. The chairman, speaking as a Churchman, expressed the heartiest wishes for Mr. Spurgeon's continued success. He had ever been foremost in advancing the interest of various charitable and benevolent institutions of all creeds and sects; and it was only fair, therefore, that all parties should bring their influence to bear on opening that splendid building, in which they were met, free of debt. The meeting having been addressed by the Revs. R. Bushell, W. G. Lewis, D. Katterns, Trestrail, and other ministers, it was announced that very nearly £1,000 had been collected during the evening.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

WALSALL.—On Sunday, Feb. 17, the Right Hon. Lord Teynham will (D.V.) preach two sermons in Stafford-street Baptist chapel, when collections will be made towards defraying the expenses of the recent alterations in this place of worship. Service to commence at half-past ten o'clock in the morning, and half-past six o'clock in the evening.

SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S - COURT, SOHO, LONDON.—The ninth anniversary of the Rev. J. Bloomfield's pastorate will be commemorated (D.V.) by a tea and public meeting on Tuesday, February 5, 1861. Tea at five o'clock; public meeting at half-past six. Tickets for tea, 9d. each, for which an early application should be made. Many ministerial brethren have promised to attend. The subjects for the evening are—"Unity in the Church, and how to Maintain it;" "Stability in the Ways of God, and its Importance;" "Brotherly Love, and how to Promote it;" "The Truth of Christ, and how to Disseminate it;" "Prosperity in the Church—what is it? and how to Seek it." No collection.

BAPTISMS.

ABERDARE, English Baptists, Dec. 9.—One by Mr. J. Owen; the candidate had been a member with the Wesleyans for many years.

ALCESTER, Nov. 25.—Eight by Mr. Philipin.

ASHFORD, Kent, Nov. 29.—Three by Mr. Clark.

BALLYMENA, Ireland, Jan. 5.—Four by Mr. G. M'Vicker.

BATTLE, Sussex, Jan. 3.—Four by Mr. Caleb C. Brown; two of whom are teachers in the Sabbath-school.

BLUNHAM, Beds, Dec. 2.—Two, husband and wife, by Mr. Abbott.

CARDIFF, Hope Chapel, Dec. 5.—Two by Mr. Bailey.

—Bethany, Dec. 2.—Two by Mr. Tilly.

CHESHAM, Bucks, General Baptist, Jan. 2.—Nine by Mr. Bunker.

—Lower Baptist, Jan. 4.—Four by Mr. Payne, of Regent's-park College, son of the pastor.

—Town Field Chapel, Jan. 6.—Four by Mr. S. K. Bland.

COATE, Oxon, Jan. 6.—Four by Mr. B. Arthur.

COLERAINE, Ireland, Dec. 30.—One; Jan. 3, Two; and Jan. 10, Two, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

CORSHAM, Wilts, Dec. 2.—Three; Jan. 6, Four, by Mr. Pooley. Fifty-one have been added during the past year; many are under deep impression.

CREECH, St. Michael, Jan. 16.—Two by Mr. Young; teachers in the Sunday-school.

DONCASTER, Jan. 20.—One by Mr. F. Brillcliffe.

DRAYTON, Parslow, Bucks, Jan. 6.—Two by Mr. J. Young; both teachers in the Sabbath-school.

EVENJOB, near Kingston, Oct. 14.—Seven, in the presence of a large number of spectators, by Mr. Geo. Phillips.

GLADESTRY, near Kingston, Nov. 11.—Three by Mr. G. Phillips, the pastor.

GREENWICH, Lewisham-road, Nov. 1.—Nine by Mr. Russell; six were from our Bible-class.

HINCKLEY, Leicestershire, Aug. 5.—Seven; Nov. 4, Nine; Jan. 6, 1861, Eight. 76 have been added during the two years' ministrations of our pastor, Mr. Parkinson.

IPSWICH, Stoke Green, Nov. 4—Three; Dec. 2, Three, by Mr. Webb. All were young disciples.

KENSINGTON, Horn-ton-street Chapel, Jan. 29, 1860—Nine; April 29, Five; June 10, Six; Nov. 25, Five, by Mr. S. Bird.

KEFFERLINGE, Nov. 29—Three by Mr. Mursell.
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, Dec. 10—One by Mr. J. W. Goucher.

LONDON, New Park-street Chapel, Jan. 3—Twenty by Mr. Spurgeon.

—Borough-road, Nov. 25—Eleven by Mr. Hancock.

—Church-street, Dec. 27—Three by Mr. W. Barker.

—Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, Dec. 30—Five by Mr. Pells.

LONG SUTTON, Lincoln, Nov. 21—Seven by Mr. G. Hector.

MARKET DRAYTON, Dec. 23—Five in the river Tern, by Mr. Burroughs. On this occasion a father and daughter, and brother and sister were honoured to put on Christ by a public profession at the same time.

MOCHDRE, near Newtown, October 23—One; Nov. 25, Two, by Mr. G. Phillips. The candidates were husband and wife, with their daughter.

NECTON, Norfolk, Nov. 11—Two by Mr. Kingdon.

NEWARK, Dec. 30—Three by Mr. Bayly.

PORTADOWN, Ireland—Nine (recently) by Mr. Morgan. A church has been formed in this place, and during the three months of its existence has enjoyed a great deal of happiness and prosperity, though called upon to bear most bitter opposition. Mr. Morgan has undertaken the pastoral care of the church for twelve months.

RUSHDEN, Northamptonshire, Old Baptist Meeting, Dec. 29—Six by Mr. Bradfield.

RYDE, Isle of Wight, Dec. 16—Four by Mr. Little.

SALISBURY, Aug. 29, 1860—Eleven; Dec. 19, Twelve, by the pastor, Mr. Bailhache. Many of the above were from the Bible-classes and Sabbath-school.

SHREWSBURY (Coleham), Dec. 2—Two; Dec. 19, Three; Dec. 24, Two, by the pastor, Mr. John Williams.

SWANSEA, Dec. 2—Ten by Mr. Hill.

TARPOURLEY, Dec. 2—Five by Mr. Aston.

TOWINGSTON, Dec. 2—Two by Mr. Jones.

WEM, Salop, Dec. 27—Five by Mr. E. Morgan.

WOLSTON, near Coventry, Nov. 25—Five by Mr. Low.

[We invite our friends to favour us with reports of baptisms more freely; these, with all other correspondence, should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month.—ED.]

DEATHS.

On December 24, 1860, at Aston House, Oxon, Susannah, the beloved wife of Rev. B. Arthur, of Coate. Her end was peace.

On January 7, at 15, Addington-place, Camberwell, aged 56, the Rev. Jonathan George, pastor of the Baptist Church, Arthur-street, Walworth, deeply lamented both by the people of his charge and a large circle of Christian brethren of all denominations. At the funeral services, the Revs. G. H. Spurgeon and W. H. Howison delivered able addresses, paying an affectionate tribute to the many excellent qualities for which the deceased was distinguished.

WELSH BAPTIST PUBLICATIONS.

Having been requested by an esteemed correspondent in Wales to give a list of Baptist publications in the Principality, we do so with pleasure, believing that our little MESSENGER meets with a hearty welcome in many of the Welsh churches. Our correspondent states that it is very widely circulated. The denominational periodicals are as follow:—

YEARLY.—*Dyddwyr*, 1s.; *Drych*, 1s.

QUARTERLY.—*Seren Gomer*, 1s.

MONTHLY.—*Bedyddiwr*, 4d.; *Greal*, 4d.; *Athraw*, 1d.; *Gwybedydd*, 1d.

BI-MONTHLY.—*Seren Cymru*, 2d.

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LUKEWARMNESS.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."—Rev. iii. 15, 16.

If this had been an utterance of mine, it would have been accounted vulgar: as a sentence of Scripture, I suppose it may be permitted to escape the elegant censure of modern critics. The vernacular tongue and the homely figure may be decried as vulgarities; but it is by those whose tastes have been ill-schooled. A vicious refinement has come into vogue. If men call things by their names, and use old Saxon words, they are perpetually brought under the lash for having indulged in vulgarities. A return to "vulgarities" in the pulpit would be a return to power: I would infinitely rather see back the homely language of Hugh Latimer, with all its singularity—and I must confess with some of its grossness—than have the namby-pamby style of modern times,—saying things as if they were only meant to be whispered in drawing-rooms, and not to be uttered where men go in every-day life. The fact is, the Bible is a book which deals with things as they are—a book which, just like all God's works, is glorious because it is natural and simple. God has not polished the rocks in the valleys, he has not set the mountains all in order, nor has he yet been pleased to make all parts of the earth just as fair and lovely as if they had been a landscape; but he has hewn them out, and left them rugged as they were, and there they stand in their rugged glory. And so is it with this book of God. There are found things in it, at which the too-polite shrug up their shoulders—not so many in the originals, certainly, as in our translation—but still enough to shock a prudish taste. The Bible is none the less chaste because it scorns to call foul things by fair names. I love the Word of God, because it is a man-like book while it is a God-like book. In all the glory of his infinite wisdom he hath written to us in the simplicity and the rugged grandeur of language which we might understand and comprehend.

The Lord here uses a plain, homely metaphor. As tepid water makes a man's stomach heave, so lukewarm profession is nauseous to the Almighty. The coldness of apathy or the warmth of enthusiasm were either one or the other to be borne with; but the man who is lukewarm in religion moves him to the deepest loathing. He vomits him forth from his mouth. His name shall be dismissed from the lips of the Lord with an abhorrence the most sickening that fancy can paint. It is an utterance so strong that no sentence of the most impassioned and vehement orator would rival it. There is such a depth of solemn disgust in this warning against lukewarmness, that I know of no figure in the compass of imagination, and of no language in the entire vocabulary of words, which could have conveyed the meaning of Jesus Christ, "the faithful and true witness," so fully, or with so much terrible force.

My business, this evening, with the text, is, first, to show some reasons why lukewarmness in religion is so distasteful to Christ, and then to use some dissuasives to urge you no more to be lukewarm, but to be fervent in your Master's cause.

I. First, then, an exposure of some of the disgusting things which are found in lukewarm religion.

A lukewarm religion is a direct insult to the Lord Jesus Christ. If I boldly say I do not believe what he teaches, I have given him the lie. But if I say to him, "I believe what thou teachest, but I do not think it of sufficient importance for me

to disturb myself much about it," I do in fact more wilfully resist his word; I as much as say to him, "If it be true, yet is it a thing which I so despise and think so contemptible that I will not give my heart to it." Did Jesus Christ think salvation of such importance that he must needs come from heaven to earth to work it out? Did he think the Gospel which he preached so worthy to be known that he must spend his life in scattering it? Did he think the redemption which he came to work to be so invaluable that he must needs shed his own precious blood for it? Then surely *he* was in earnest. Now when I profess to believe the things which he teaches, and yet am indifferent, do I not insult Christ by an insinuation that there was no need for his being in earnest—that in fact he laid these things too much to heart? His intense zeal was not on his own account, but for another, and certainly, by all reason, the interested party, for whom his solemn engagements were undertaken, should be far more earnest himself. And yet, instead of that, here is Christ in earnest, and we—too many of us—lukewarm, neither cold nor hot. I say it doth not merely seem to give God the lie; it doth not merely censure Christ; but it doth, as it were, tell him that the things which he thought were so valuable were of no worth in our esteem, and so it doth insult him to his face.

Oh! my brethren and sisters, have you ever really thought what an insult it is when we come before God with lukewarm prayers? Here is a mercy-seat. The road to it must be cleared with blood, and yet we come to it with a heart that is cold; or leave our hearts behind. We kneel in the attitude of prayer; but we do not pray. We prattle out words, we express things which are not desires. We feign wants that we do not feel. Do we not thus degrade the mercy-seat? We make it, as it were, a common lounging-place, rather than an awful wrestling-place, once besprinkled with blood, and often to be besprinkled with the sweat of our own earnestness. When we come to the house of God, to which Jesus Christ hath invited us, as the banquet-house of rich provisions, do we not come up here, too often, as we would go to our shops—nay, not with so much earnestness as we take with us to the Exchange or to the counting-house? And what do we seem to say but that God's house is a common place, and that the food thereof is but ordinary food, and the solemn engagements of God's sanctuary but everyday things, not worthy of the zeal and energy of a sensible man, but only fit to be passed through with mere lukewarmness of spirit? I think if I were to pause longer here I should show you I went not too far when I said lukewarmness is an insult to God: It insults him in all that is dear to him by casting a disparagement upon everything which he would have us believe to be precious.

Bethink you, again, does the Lord Jesus deserve such treatment at our hands? and may he not well say of such hearts as ours, He would that we were "either cold or hot"? O Jesus! thy heart full of love to those in whom there was nothing lovely, thou didst leave the glories of thy Father's house, though there was no necessity that thou shouldst do so, except the Divine necessity, which was found in thine own heart; thou didst love thy Church so much that thou wouldst come down, and be bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh! With her thou wouldst endure poverty—with her contempt, and shame, and spitting. Thou didst fight her enemies; thou didst rescue her out of the hand of him that was stronger than she; thou didst count down thy blood to buy her, to pay her debts, to redeem her from her thralldom. Thy pangs were grievous, thy sufferings were bitter, thine anguish was extreme. I look into thy dear face; I look on thy thorn-crowned head; on those emaciated cheeks, on those eyes red with weeping, and I say, O Jesus, thou art worthy of the best place in the human heart! Thou oughtest to be loved, as never one was loved before. If there be flames, oh, let them be fanned to a vehement heat, and let those flames burn up the coals of juniper! Let the flame be love to Christ. Oh, if it be possible for us to have a warm emotion, we ought to feel it here!

And is it not a sad thing that, after all his love to us, our return should be but a

lukewarm love? Indeed, which would you rather have, a lukewarm love or hatred? Perhaps you have but little choice with regard to most men; but were it one dear to you—the partner of your life, for instance—why, methinks, lukewarm love would be no love at all. What but misery could there be in a family where there was a lukewarm affection? Is a father contented with half-hearted affection from his children? In those relationships we devote all the heart; but with Christ, who has far more claim on us than husband, or father, or mother, or brother, how is it that we dare to offer him a distant bow, a cool recognition, a chill, inconstant, wavering heart? Let it be so no more. Oh, my brethren, I conjure you by his agony and bloody sweat, by his cross and passion, by his precious death and burial, by his wounds, by every drop of his blood, by his deep-fetched groans, by all the pangs that went through every nerve of his body, and by the deeper anguish of his inmost soul—I beseech you, either love him or hate him; either drive him from the door, and let him know that you are not his friend, or else give him a whole heart that is full of affection, and bursting with Divine love to Jesus.

But, though these two things might be enough to justify the strong expressions of the text—lukewarmness being both an insult to God and ingratitude to Christ—let me remind you, further, that the lukewarm Christian compromises God before the eyes of the world in all he does and says. If a man be an infidel, openly profane, known to have no connection with Christ and his cause, let him do as he will, he brings no scandal on the Saviour's name. He hath no God before his eyes, he is in open alienation and enmity; therefore, his sins, though they be wicked and rebellious, full of sedition and defiance, yet do not before men compromise the dignity of the Most High. But when the lukewarm Christian goeth forth, men say, "This man professes to be a child of God; he professes to have been washed in the blood of Christ; he stands before us and challenges observation as being a new creature in Christ Jesus. He tells us that he is the workmanship of the Holy Ghost, that he has been 'begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.'" Now, whatever that man does the world conceives his acts to be the acts of a new creature in Christ Jesus—to be, in fact, acts caused by God's Spirit in him. The world doth not make distinctions, as we do, between the old Adam and the new. Their reason does not endorse our theories, true though they be, about the old and the new nature; it looks at it as a whole, and if it seeth anything wrong in our principle and practice, it layeth it down at once, and puts inconsistency to the account of our religion. Now, mark ye this, ye lukewarm ones, what does the world see in you? They see a man who professes to be going to heaven, but he is travelling there at a snail's pace. He professes to believe there is a hell, and yet he has tearless eyes and never seeks to snatch souls from going into the fire. It sees before it one who has to deal with eternal realities, and yet he is but half awake; one who professes to have passed through a transformation so mysterious and wonderful, that there must be, if it be true, a vast change in the outward life as the result of it; and yet they see him as much like themselves as may be—he may be morally consistent in conduct, but they see no energy in his religious character. Do they hear a stirring sermon concerning the wrath of God, "Oh," they say, "it is very well for the minister to appeal to our passions, but it is no great matter; the people who hear him are not in earnest, the *saints* who profess to believe this trifle, and no doubt are as incredulous as ourselves." Let the minister be as earnest as ever he will about the things of God, the lukewarm Christian neutralizes any effect the minister can produce, because the world will judge the Church not by the standard of the pulpit so much as by the level of the pew. And thus they say, "There is no need for us to make so much stir about it—these peculiar people, these *saints*, take it remarkably easy; they think it will all be well; no doubt we do as much as they do, for they do very little. They seem to think that after all it would be fanaticism to look upon these things as facts; they don't act as if they were

realities, and so," saith the world, "doubtless they are not realities, and as one religion is as good as the other, there is no great reason for us to have any religion at all." The careless worldling is lulled to sleep by the lukewarm Christian, who in this respect acts the syren to the sinner, plays music in his ears, and even helps to entice him to the rocks where he shall be destroyed. It is a solemn matter in this respect. Here is damage done. Here God's name, God's promise, and God's honour are compromised. Either lay down your profession or be honest to it. If ye do profess to be God's people, serve him; if Baal be your confidence, serve Baal. If the flesh be worth pleasing, serve the flesh; but if God be Lord paramount, cleave to him. Oh, I beseech you and entreat you, as you love your own souls, don't play fast and loose with godliness. Either let it alone or else let it saturate you through and through. Either possess it or cease to profess it. The great curse of the Church—that which bringeth more dishonour on God than all the ribald jests of scoffing atheists—the great curse has been the lukewarmness of its members, the being neither cold nor hot. Well may the Lord speak as he doth in this text, "I will spue thee out of my mouth."

But yet again please to notice that the Lord hateth lukewarmness, because wherever it is it is out of place. There is no spot near to the throne of God where lukewarmness could stand in a seemly position. Take the pulpit. Ah, my brethren, of all spots in the world, if lukewarmness cometh here then is the man undone indeed. He should be in earnest that undertakes the charge of souls, with that solemn text ringing in his ears, "If the watchman warn them not they shall perish, but their blood will I require at the watchman's hands." They who have to deal with hard-hearted sinners—they who have to preach unpalatable truths—surely *they* should not make men's hearts harder, and the truth yet more unpalatable by uttering it in a half-hearted manner. It shall go hard with the man who has exercised the ministry with indifference. "If," saith one of old, "there be a man who finds the ministry an easy place, he shall find it a hard matter at last to give in his account before God." If, my brethren, there should be some professed ministers of Christ who never know what it is to travail in birth for souls; if there be men who take it up as a mere profession and exercise it as they would any other literary matter; if they merely preach just because they consider it to be an excellent thing to do so, and pass through the duty as a matter of routine, it were better for them that they had never been born. It had been better for them to have broken stones on the road-side all their lives than to have been preaching the Gospel, but leaving their hearts out of their sermons; yea, I know not but it were better to have been a devil in hell than to have been a minister in the pulpit who has not put his heart into his work. One thing of which Satan cannot be accused, is, that he never preached the Gospel hypocritically; he never stooped to speak of flaming things with a cold tongue; he never addressed an audience upon solemn subjects when his heart was not in the matter. Baxter's "Reformed Pastor" often stirs my soul as I read over the glowing periods there, those fiery thunder-bolts which he dashes upon the heads of idle shepherds and lazy pastors. I have read nearly the whole book through to those who are studying for the ministry in connection with this church, and often have I seen the tear start from their eye; and every time I have read a chapter, I have felt that the next Sabbath I could preach—I must preach with greater earnestness, when I read the solemn words of that mightiest of ministers, Richard Baxter. Ah! we need to have more of that earnestness in the pulpit. What, my brethren, though ye should study less only be more earnest. Rather let them study as much as ever they can; but oh! if they could but kindle fire upon the dry fuel of their studies, how much more might be accomplished for the kingdom of Christ than is done now! Here you see then lukewarmness is out of place. So is it, my brethren, in the Sabbath-school, with the tract-distributor, and even with the humble attendant or private Christian. Everywhere lukewarmness is to be

scorned, for it is a gross and glaring inconsistency. I would not have you distribute a tract with a lukewarm heart. I would not have you dare to visit the sick unless your heart is filled with love to Christ. Either do the thing well, or do not do it at all. Either put heart into the work, or let some one else do it. We have had too much of men of straw to fill up our ranks; we have had automatons to go out to our battles, and we have counted our hosts, and said, "A brave host they will be"—because we have filled up our ranks with men that could be gathered out of any hedge, and then we had thought our regiments complete. If the ranks were sifted—if the army were divided, with fewer workers we should accomplish more—if those fewer workers were not held back and impeded in their onward march by the mixed multitude of those who pretend to join with the army of the living God. Perhaps here in this church of all places you will find yourselves out of place, for I do not think a lukewarm Christian could be long happy amongst us. There are so many brethren here with a red-hot spirit that they would soon get burned; they would say, "This is not my spot; I cannot get much here." You would be asked to do fifty things—you would be teased till you did them; for the good people here would not let you sit still unless you did all that you could, and they would want you to do more than you could by three or four times, nor would they be satisfied with you unless you were at least trying to do more than you were well able. I am sure in all places I have ever known where God has sent warm-hearted men to preach in the church you will find yourself extremely uncomfortable, if you want to be lukewarm. I certainly could tell you of a few chapels where you could take a seat, and where you would be greatly needed for the support of the ministry; the minister would never wake you; I dare say he would let you sleep, and if you paid an extra half-crown a-quarter, he would never disturb you; if you did not join the church, nobody would ever think of asking you whether you were a member or not. In our fashionable churches, of course, people don't speak to one another—that would be quite beneath their assumed dignity; no man would dare to turn to his neighbour in the pew, and say, "Are you a child of God?" Well, if you would like to be lukewarm, you can go to those places; stay not here, for we will tease you out of your life; stay not, lest we should worry you with importunities. I question whether any person would come here for a few Sundays without some brother walking up to him, and asking him whether he was a follower of Christ or not. And it would be repeated until he would think the impertinence wore him out, and so it would, doubtless, unless he came to some decision about his soul.

II. But now I shall turn to my second point, in which I am to attempt some dissuasives against lukewarmness. I have exposed its evils, now let me dissuade you from it. Let me remind you that as Christians, you have to do with solemn realities; you have to do with eternity, with death, with heaven, with hell, with Christ, with Satan, with souls, and can you deal with these things with a cold spirit? If you can, there certainly never was a greater marvel in the world, if you should be able to deal with them successfully. These things demand the whole man. If but to *praise* God require that we call up all our soul and bless him with all our powers, how much more to *serve* God, and to serve him, not in hewing of wood or drawing of water, but in winning of souls, in dealing with Gospel truth, in propagating his cause, and in spreading his kingdom. Here, my brethren, there are stern and solemn things to deal with, and they must not be touched by any but those who come warm-heartedly to deal with them. Remember, too, that these were very solemn things with you once. Perhaps you have been converted ten or twenty years, and can it be that these things fall lightly now upon your ear and excite little emotion? There was a time when it needed little to make you earnest; you were then laden with guilt and full of fears; your groans were deep; you could not rest at nights; you were labouring under a burden so heavy that it seemed to crush your soul all but into the lowest hell. Then you prayed in earnest;

then you sought God in earnest. Oh, how you used to long even to stand in the aisle! it did not matter, though the distance were great, or the pressure to enter into the house of God inconvenient; though you were ready to faint sometimes under the sermon, you bore up through an insatiable desire to hear the Word which might be the means of your salvation. Do you not remember that you thought at that time every man a fool, and especially yourself a fool, for having left so long these great realities untouched, unthought-of, while the trifles of a day were engrossing all your thoughts? Oh, then, I conjure you by those days gone by, think as earnestly of these things now as you did then! Let the past experience be the standard of your present zeal. You ought to have advanced, but if you have not, be patient to go back again to begin where you were; be humble enough to ask God to revive the sincerity of your penitence, the reality of your grace, the eagerness of your desires, the flaming passion of your heart. And remember, again, there have been times when these things did seem to be worthy of a warm heart. You remember when your Sunday-school child died, and then you thought—"Oh, that I had taught that child more earnestly, and prayed over it with all my heart!" Do you remember, when you buried your own child, how you seemed to cry over it, "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!" and the thought wounded you to the quick, that you had not taught that child as you would—that you had not wrestled with God in prayer for that child's soul as you could well desire. And have not I had to think of this when I have buried some of your kinsfolk or acquaintance? As I have looked down into the grave of some unconverted hearer, the tears have fallen from my eye; and have I not awoke at night with some solemn and awful dream, embodying that black thought before my eyes—"Have I been faithful to that soul? Have I dealt with that spirit as I would deal with it if I were called once more to preach the Gospel to it?" Sometimes we can say, "We hope we have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God, and if men perish their blood lieth not at our door;" but yet there are seasons of awful questioning, lest one out of a numerous flock should have been so neglected as that his perdition should be charged to the shepherd's neglect. Oh, do you not remember when the cholera was abroad how solemn you thought the things of God to be? And when the fever came into your house, and one died after another, you thought there was nothing worth living for but to be prepared to die, and that your whole business should now be to seek to warn others, lest they perish, and come into the place of torment. And the day is coming when you will think these things worthy of your whole heart. When you and I shall lie stretched upon our dying beds, I think we shall have to regret, above all other things, our coldness of heart. Among the many sins which we must then confess, and which I trust we shall then know were pardoned, and laid upon the scapegoat's head of old, perhaps that will lie the heaviest, like a lump of ice upon our hearts—"I did not live as I would; I was not in earnest in my Lord's cause as I should have been." Then shall our cold sermons march like sheeted ghosts before our eyes in dread array. Then shall our neglected days start up, and each day shall seem to wave its hair as though it were a fury, and look into our hearts, and make our blood curdle in our veins. Then shall our Sunday-school come before us. Then shall those who taught us to teach others come and reprove us for having despised their trainings, for not having improved those holy teachings which we had when we were set apart for God's cause, or when we were first trained to serve in his army. We may count these things of little importance now, but when we lie on the borders of eternity we shall think them worth living for, and think them worth dying a thousand deaths for. I do think that some of those truths we have kept back, some of those ordinances we have despised, some of those precepts we have neglected, shall then seem to grow as sometimes, in a dream, you have seen a mountain rise from a grain, and swell, and swell, and swell, till its stupendous weight appeared to crush your brain—an awful mass, too heavy for your soul. And so it will be, then, if you have lived luke-

warmly: the things of God will then, even though you be a child of God, darken your dying hour, and crush down your spirit with a fearful weight of sad reflection.

Ay, and there will be a time when the things of God will seem yet more real even than on the dying bed; that shall be when we stand at the bar of God. Am I prepared to stand there with a ministry half discharged? What shall I do, if I have to give account before God for sermons preached without my heart? How shall I stand before my Maker, if I have ever kept back anything which I thought might be useful to you, if I have shunned to rebuke any of you, if I have not warned you faithfully, and loved you tenderly as my own soul, and sought to woo you to the Saviour? Where must I stand? Can I give in my account as a steward of the Lord, if I have only served him half-heartedly? Oh God! grant I beseech thee that notwithstanding a thousand infirmities, thy servant may ever be free from that grand sin of being lukewarm in thy cause! And what think you, sirs, shall you do, as professors of Christ, if you have been lukewarm professors, if you have had a name to live and were dead, or if you were but half alive with every energy paralysed? Ah, sirs! ah, sirs! I would not stand in your places who are living as some of you—just observing the decencies of godliness without the vital life thereof, giving Christ a little of your substance for mere show, giving Christ a little of your time to pacify your conscience, taking his name upon you that you may hide your defects; but still a real stranger to his work, not giving yourself up to him—unconsecrated, undevoted—living to the flesh still, while pretending to be quickened by the Spirit—with your heart in your business, but no heart in your religion—pursuing the world rapidly, but following afar off your Master—putting both your hands to this world's plough, and only one hand to Christ's plough, and looking back while you do that. Oh, sirs! I tell you, when the earth begins to reel, when the heavens begin to shake, when the stars lose their places, and begin to dash abroad bewildered—you will be bewildered too; your heart, too, shall shake, and your grand hopes totter to destruction, if you have only served Jesus with a lukewarm heart. God give us grace to make our religion *all*, to give our whole heart to it, to live in it, to live it out, and then to be prepared to die for it, if God so please, that we may live to enjoy the results of it in glory everlasting!

I am fearful, full often, that in addressing you, the same congregation, Sabbath after Sabbath and week after week, now by the space of seven years, my voice should grow old and stale to you; and I can say this—I had rather cease to preach than preach to people to whom my voice has become so familiar that it is but the ringing of an old bell to which they may give no heed. No, there must be feeling in the congregation, with earnestness in the preacher; otherwise let me resign my commission. Oh, I pray God if I be spared to labour with you, year after year, and you to sit in the pew to listen to the Word, that it may be with earnestness in you, and earnestness in me; that we may never come down to the dead level of some of the churches I alluded to just now—as you may think, in a spirit of censure, but God knows in a spirit of loving faithfulness; old churches that have come to be as pools without outlets, covered over with the sickly duckweed of respectability. Stagnation in a church is the devil's delight. I don't think he cares how many Baptist chapels you build, or how many churches you open, if you will but keep them stagnant; he cares not for your armies if the soldiers will but sleep; he cares not for your guns if they be none of them loaded. "Oh, let them build, let them build," says he, "for the buildings are not the batteries that shake the gates of hell." New zeal, new fire, new energy! This is what we want. Our old Baptist cause has got very slack. We are, the great mass of us Baptists, ashamed of our opinions. We say so little about them that people forget that there is such a thing as baptism. Well, well—we have been a long time at rest lately, and held our tongues about baptism, and we have got sin lying at our door for which we shall have to account; and I would that in this matter we began to wake up, and feel that as baptism is an ordinance of

Christ we ought to speak out about it. I recommend our brethren to distribute tracts, and to speak out on the subject, and to spread it as largely as ever they can. I have recommended my brethren to visit Pædobaptists, and leave a tract at their houses. I expect the ministers will get angry about it and preach about it, and that is what we want. I should never preach on baptism if my brethren would oblige me by preaching against it. The only fear we have is the standing still. If our views [be wrong, why, let us have done with them; but if we be right, let us not hold our tongues; we have had enough of this unhallowed and unholy calm. By terrible things in righteousness, answer thou, O God! Bring on the battle once again—the clash of arms once more; and let thy Church win the victory. Give the victory to the right and to the true; and let error be trampled under foot; and, with those errors, the errors we hold, let them be first trampled on and slain. So be it, O Lord, and unto thy name be glory!

THE CHURCH POLITY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE REV. J. A. SPURGEON.

(Concluded from page 39.)

II. OFFICES.—The offices in the Church are numerous, and in some respects not very clearly defined; as it is evident men filled them only as they were especially qualified for so doing, and that they held one or more of them as they had talents suited to the task. These offices in some cases seem rather to have arisen from the qualifications of the individuals, than from the special appointment of the church. If men possessed the talent, they were received and acknowledged as holders of the office for which they had been qualified by the Spirit. If no such men had for the time been forthcoming, we conceive that in that case the church would have dispensed with that particular minor office till God sent to it such men as were evidently intended by their qualifications to serve in that capacity. No such thing is countenanced as the filling up of an office by calling to it a man unqualified by the Spirit; much less is there any ground for justifying the sale of such an office to one destitute of true religion or unqualified in other less important ways for the work. No, nor even can we defend the sale of any office to the best qualified man in the world. Though it is difficult to define the shades of difference between some of the officers, enough is clear to show that we are to possess—

Pastors.—Men who shall be especially *the bishops* of their several churches, exercising power and holding office, so as to be marked and evident to all as the ruling guides of their respective flocks. Such were Timothy and Titus, and such, we conceive, were the persons addressed as angels of the churches in the letters of the Apocalypse. The duties of this office are not discharged unless the pastor at times “rebukes sharply,” “rebukes before all,” “exhorts, rebukes with all authority;” in a word, he who is the ruling messenger of God to any church ought to possess, and, if need be, wield a power for the rebuking of members; and on proof of immorality or heresy, the power of expelling such as shall have been proved to have thus sinned. One want of the churches of the present day is power for discipline, not so much in extraordinary cases, where expulsion is necessary, as in ordinary cases which often occur, calling for a heavy rebuke because of irregularity and indiscretion, rather than of confirmed heresy or sin. Such an exercise of pastoral supervision would now be resented as an abuse of position, though it would only be the discharge of a duty which is due because of that office to the church and to our God. The pastor is

now far too much the servant of the church in the use of that term as it involves *subjection*. He is properly a servant, but he is to serve as a guide and ruler; to apply the rules of the Bible and of the church, and to show what is to be done and the way to do it. When the church shall recognize that it is her duty to sustain her chief officer in his true position, alike by deference to his office, contributions for his support, and prayer for his well-being and success, then shall she experience, in the rebound of her own efforts, a larger blessing than we can now estimate—much less expect.

Elders.—Joined in service with the pastor were elders, who were overlookers with him, and in their hands also was placed the charge of the spiritual welfare of the church. We ever find that each church was blessed with several such men, who laboured together for the well-being of the whole body. We should not affirm of them that in every respect they were co-ordinate with the pastor, though in nearly all they certainly were. We gather that in office they were akin to him, but that he held authority for the purposes of rebuke and discipline, in a higher degree, if not exclusively, and he certainly was the overlooker and guide of the whole. What we need to mark is this, that no church, into whose inner life and mode of working we have any insight, was without its staff (more or less large and efficient) of men devoted to the spiritual welfare of the community. The *one man system* was not then in existence. It devolved upon no single person to feed and manage, all but alone, a body of Christians. The Church was then equally far from the presumptuous heresy which would have every man to be an elder, and to exercise that office, as from the present system which devolves the duties of many upon one. What we need is a number of men to be associated with the pastor in the service of the church, for the purpose of attending to the church's spiritual interests. Our present mode of uniting the office of elder and deacon has tended to the injury of the Church. Men are chosen to be deacons, because they may possess some qualifications for both offices, without perhaps being especially adapted for the filling of either. The elder's office has been thought a secondary one, and to a great extent it is lost sight of. Men of wealth and financial wisdom are called to the office of joint deacon and elder; not so much because of their fitness for its duties, as because of their position and influence. It frequently happens that thus the spiritual welfare of the church is completely in the hands of one man, who receives, at best, the assistance of some only partially devoted to the task, and not unfrequently, neither devoted to it, nor qualified for it, at all. We need, and must have, men whose whole powers shall be bent to the helping of the distressed, the building up of the weak, the confirming of the wavering, the warning of the careless, and the teaching of the young and ignorant—who shall give an undivided attention to the souls of the members of the church and congregation—men who perhaps are quite unqualified for the discharging of the duties of a deacon, but who are eminently fitted for the building up of the church. How many of our brethren would hail with joy the appointment of a number of earnest, God-fearing men, who should take each a section of the church, and devote himself to it; knowing and visiting each member, conducting prayer-meetings at stated periods in their own district, and, by these and other means, coming so in contact with the people as to be able to know (as no one man can) the internal life, and state of heart, of each individual! At present, the minister is expected to do this; the church feels the want of such supervision, help, and teaching; and she demands, with well-meant, but mistaken importunity, that her one officer should be guilty of an impossibility, and supply what is lacking. Have your men to do the work, and you may then have your work done. We should advocate the severing of the present amalgamation, and the reinstating of the separate offices on a more Scriptural foundation. Call not an elder a deacon, and expect him to do work for which he is unqualified; but rather choose your elders, and invest them with the office of elders; use them, pray for

them, and revere them as such. Learn to conceive of them as men devoted to your souls' welfare, look to them as your instructors in the faith, and attach yourselves to them as to men who watch for your souls, as those who must give an account. The effect will be at once apparent; the church will have many streams, rather than one solitary one, at which to drink in times of affliction and distress. The influence of this upon the elders themselves, when they see that they are, and must be, devoted to spiritual matters *alone*, will be healthy in the extreme. A better state of affairs will be the result, when we learn to divide between things spiritual and things temporal, and to choose and designate our men, as God may have given them talents to deal with the one or with the other. We should not then hear the senseless clamour against ministers, for not visiting the members of their flocks, as the want would be supplied in another way. The minister would be able to devote himself to the real necessities of the people, as he may see to be best, mingling with them, to benefit them, rather than to stay absurd complaints of neglect, which generally come from those whose dispositions resemble that of the horse-leech's daughters. Our churches would be spared to a great extent the blight and scattering which now attend upon a change of ministry when no eye is left especially to watch over their spiritual welfare, and no hand is especially appointed to meet their spiritual wants. Each elder, we conceive, would be a rallying-point, and a bond of union, and would help greatly to meet the loss attending the removal of a pastor. We should advise this alteration to all our independent churches. Let deacons be considered purely as such, and let elders be chosen, as the church may see men qualified for that work; let these elders have the spiritual management of the church, in conjunction with the pastor, and let the church look upon them as her spiritual officers, and accord to them a respect and affection such as their office demands. Would it not be wise to give each elder the supervision of a certain number of persons, and thus to concentrate your care for individuals, rather than scatter instruction among the mass? We cannot know all well, but we can a few; and thus, if each elder be intimately acquainted with a portion of the church, the whole, for practical purposes, is brought under the eye, and to the knowledge, of the pastor. In large churches the adoption of some such system appears to us to be a necessity; and if not so much required by small churches, yet we are persuaded that, if adopted by all, it would prove an assistance to the minister, and a benefit to the people.

Deacons.—Deacons are essential to the well ordering of a church's secular affairs, and for the due serving of its tables. They who use the office well purchase to themselves a good degree, and great boldness in the faith. As all the church's affairs are related to Christ, and should be done in his name, by his strength, and to his glory, the men who are concerned with the temporal concerns of the assembled body of Christians must be able to recognize and manifest this truth in all their actions. Through these men we come in contact in business matters with the world; they must therefore be such as can adorn our doctrine, and maintain our high vocation in all their dealings. Much depends upon their labours, as they negotiate the business of the church with the world, or regulate its internal finances. How to deal with things temporal, so as not to lose sight of things eternal, is a difficult problem, and we need wise and careful men to solve it. We should advise for the filling of this office, which involves the charge of money, the selection of men whose position has given them the custody and employment of it before. Our men of wealth or financial talent are appropriately chosen to fill this post; none can be supposed to be so qualified to discharge its duties aright, and to be so free from the temptations which it might present to others, who have not in temporal matters been so highly favoured. It must be evident that one class of talent is necessary for arranging us to the support of the pastor, and quite another for the teaching of a genuine, but uninforming Christian the way of God more perfectly.

Other offices are mentioned in the Bible, some of which are evidently passed away,

having only been designed for that early age, when miracles did the attesting work, which is now more advantageously performed by their record, and by the church's history. We can see the need for men, and we see the men to meet the existing need, who shall go to break up the fallow ground, and to be the pioneers of the church; our spiritual Garibaldis, who may have no power to rule, but matchless power to fight. The man who preached to sinners, is not always the man who can build up the saints. We want, we have, and we ought to use our evangelists, who shall go out into the highways and hedges, and far and wide, as heralds to proclaim the wrath to come, the kingdom of heaven that is in our midst, and the way to escape the one, and to enter into the other. We need our teachers, who shall see truth, and tell to others the truth they have seen, and thus be prophets in the Scriptural use of that word. *Seers* who have seen, and who then tell what they have seen, and felt, and handled of the good Word of life. We especially need these men and women to instruct the youth of our assemblies; and, in fact, our Bible-class leaders, our conductors of catechumen-classes, and our Sabbath-school teachers: are the successors of the men who are mentioned in the Bible as fulfilling some such duties in that early day of the Church's history.

III. PRINCIPLES. Two principles of a two-fold nature may be laid down, upon which, and with which, to build up our system.

The church, as a church, is responsible to God. This is clearly established by the letters in the Apocalypse, where commendation and rebuke, counsel and threatening, are administered to each church, as a separate community. We are dealt with as churches by God, and we need to bear in mind that the general tone of piety, scope of service, and aspect of affairs in the church, are noted by our Lord, who bestows his favour, or ministers his chastisement, accordingly. We need to pay particular attention to this thought, for it is an important one, pressing itself upon the minds of faithful ministers, and prompting them to yet more arduous and affectionate toil. We need, however, to impress the same thought upon the whole body of Christians. Our church-roll is not like a list of ordinary societies; it is a solemn document, and bands the owners of these names into a covenant with each other and with their God, and brings them into a relation with him, wherein they possess many privileges and corresponding responsibilities. As a whole, we must submit to the judgment of him who walks amidst the golden candlesticks, blessing earnest, loving, and united churches, at the same time grieving over those where these graces are lacking, and dealing with such in love, though it may be at times with merited severity.

The church has also its duties towards its individual members, none of whom are to be overlooked, since each of them has a claim upon the whole. The church should recognize and use the abilities of all its members, as soon as it is aware of their existence. What an era of Christian enterprise would this day present, if there were no rusting weapons in the church's armoury, and no idle warriors in her courts. Would that we could find some system, by which all the latent zeal of our church might be evolved, and spent in well-directed and harmonious efforts! If we fostered more the first promises of budding fruitfulness—if we did not cramp the rising strength of youth, but exercised it, and directed it aright—if we watched for the first signs of talent, welcomed it with a joyous beckon of the hand, and sent it forward with a loving and commending smile—then the frost-bitten buds of our vineyard would be far fewer, and a more genial atmosphere would pervade the whole. We are afraid of setting men a-preaching now-a-days, and an absurd notion is in the heads of many Christians, that we ought to watch *against* the zeal of young believers. Watch for it and over it, that is the wiser plan. The church has further to concern itself with the individual character and life of each of its members. Church discipline must hold a prominent place in the church's attention. Achan's must be cleared out, the wolf's clothing torn off, and the destroyer of the flock expelled. No

member should be overlooked, and permitted to bring displeasure upon the whole camp of Israel by his sins; for "one sinner destroyeth much good." The sorrows and wants of each lay claim to the sympathy and help of all, and unless relief and comfort are given, the Church fails in its duties to its members, and is plainly wanting in obedience and likeness to its Lord. If one member suffers, all must suffer with it—and by bearing one another's burdens we fulfil the law of Christ.

Each member of the church is likewise responsible to his God, and to his own Master he stands or falls. Every one of us must give an account of himself before God. Individual responsibility is one principle of action never to be lost sight of, either by the church or its members. Have we talents in napkins? No fault of church-government will serve as a loophole of escape, when we are charged with that sin. If the church has forgotten us, we should not have forgotten ourselves and remained unemployed. As a man soweth, so shall he also reap; work, therefore, while it is called to-day. God has given talents to men, and the individuals possessing these talents are given to the church; the owners of both are alike responsible to God for their use. The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. And when Christ ascended, "he gave some Apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." Each individual is bound to the church, and is to act in unison with it, not as an independent member, but as one forming part of a whole. We are bound to lay down our lives, if needs be, for the brethren, and to act as if we were no rope of sand, but one harmonious and consolidated whole. When God required the services of Paul and Barnabas, he had them separated for the work in due form. At another time, Barnabas is sent forth to Antioch. Peter and John are sent to Samaria, Judas and Silas receive their commission from the church—and we trace a unity of action, springing from a felt oneness, which is beautiful to witness and worthy of our imitation. We receive benefits from the church of which we are members, and we owe it our thanks and services. When we go forth to labour, we should go with the prayers, sympathy, and sanction of the church, and not unbefriended and alone in solitary independence. We are an army, and we have a captain. Ours is a fight as a church against a legion of enemies, and not the private quarrel of individuals; and though it is true that each man will have to meet the foe, and do battle for himself, yet he must do it as a soldier of Christ, serving with others in one and the same campaign. Many of our societies, in connection with our churches, have altogether lost sight of this truth, and display a spirit and action antagonistic to it. For instance, how many of our Sabbath-schools claim their independence, and assert their right to be left alone and unmolested (as they would term it) by the church with which they are associated only in name, resenting with unhallowed warmth any efforts to place them in their right position! It must be evident that the church cannot hand over the care of its children to irresponsible agents, and leave to persons over whom it can exercise no control, the education of its youth, during the most susceptible and impressive period of their lives. We cannot delegate to others our own duty—the church must be self-contained, and is bound to provide for the well-being of its young. Each Sabbath-school ought to be sustained by the church with which it is united, and ought to be conducted by those who shall be of the church, and acting as in the behalf of the whole body, of which they form a part. Any number of persons may band themselves together for teaching children, but no such band of persons can discharge the duty of the church. If every member considered himself a part of a church, with duties to the body as a whole, and if every church fulfilled its duties to its members, a greater amount of work would be more speedily, and more efficiently performed. And could not all our institutions, which are now too often merely *connected* with the church, be placed upon a more Scriptural basis, the church recognizing the principle that it is bound to do these things for itself, through

its own qualified members? Has it not been too much left to the mixed multitude to do that work which belongs to the true Israel of God?

It may not be our happy lot to witness the age when none shall be numbered by man with the Church on earth, whose names are not written in the book of life, neither may we live to see the time when the ordinances shall only be administered to those for whom they are really designed; yet it becomes us to pray and to labour for that much longed-for day when the watchmen shall sing together with harmonious voice, for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

“WHAT ISRAEL OUGHT TO DO.”

(1 Chron. xii. 32.)

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

SOME duties belong to certain times, and some belong to all times. It appears that there were in the tribe of Issachar two hundred and eleven men, who knew the times, and understood what Israel ought to do, and that they had such influence that the whole tribe was influenced by them. We want men of understanding to teach, men of influence to lead, and a disposition among professors of religion to do as they are taught. It is to be feared that the majority of us know much more than we practise. We live in stirring times, but we are not properly alive to our duties and responsibilities. Oh that the Lord would stir us all up, and put his Holy Spirit within us, that every one of us may do what we ought to do!

Israel represented the Lord's people. Like them, all believers in Jesus are chosen of God, set apart for God, have access to God, are blessed of God, and are employed by and so honoured of God. The Lord cannot need us, but in love he puts this honour upon us to employ us. Our privileges are great, but our duties are answerably great. God has done much for us, and he expects us to do something for him. He has not been coldhearted toward us, nor can we justify ourselves in being coldhearted or lukewarm toward him.

There are some things that we *cannot* do, these we are not expected to do. There are other things that we *can* do, and these we are required to do. We can *plead* with God, and we should, both privately and alone, and socially and publicly, in union with the Lord's people. We can *speak* for God, and this we should do, inviting sinners to come and hear the Word, and to come to the Lord Jesus; and we should exhort one another daily, provoking to love and to good works, and that so much the more as we see the day approaching. No sinner, within the circle of our acquaintance, should be allowed to perish, without being invited and pressed to come to the Lord Jesus Christ. Nor should any Christian be allowed to fall asleep, or backslide from God, without being aroused, or solemnly warned by us. We do not lovingly watch over one another, as we should. In this we are verily guilty.

There are some things which we especially ought to do to spread the Lord's truth, and increase and advance the Lord's cause. Many things we should do *for Christ*, to honour his dear name, spread his glorious fame, and make known his salvation to the ends of the earth. Many things should be done *for the Church*, to increase its love, strengthen its union, and add to the number of its members. Many things should be done *for the world*, to send it the light of truth, to arouse it from its death-like sleep, and, if possible, to win it for Christ. Many things should be done *for the town* in which we live, that its poor may be supplied, its ignorant ones instructed, and its depraved and vicious inhabitants reclaimed. Many things should be done *for the congregation*, that the Lord's house may be always crowded, that all who attend may be kindly spoken to, and inquirers and seekers meet with

the encouragement they need. Oh, how many things Israel ought to do! There is enough to employ every one—to call forth the talents of all.

In brief, every true Israelite should profess Christ, and profess him openly. Every Israelite should be visibly in union with a church of Christ. Every Israelite should regularly meet with the Lord's family, at the Lord's table. Every true Israelite, up to the utmost of his ability, should endeavour to promote and advance the cause of Christ. All who know and love the Saviour ought to be decided, devoted, thorough, and active Christians. It is, therefore, comparatively easy to know what Israel ought to do, but will Israel do it? Reader, *will you?*

THE UNBROKEN NET.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX, AUTHOR OF "OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST."

"Yet was not the net broken."—John xxi. 2.

THE Saviour wrought miracles before his death in order to call the attention of all who beheld them to his claims, and to lead them by these Divine credentials to consider the Divinity of his character and mission. He wrought some miracles or signs after his resurrection to confirm the faith of those who had received him: convincing them that he was risen, and that he was the same Jesus who had lived among them so long in lowly love, see Acts i. 3, and notice especially the words "infallible proofs."

Chief among these signs was what he did and said at the Sea of Galilee. The incident which occurred there at that time reminds us of something he had done at the same spot three years before, when he first called Peter and others to be his disciples, Luke v. 5-21. He now appears to the labouring disciples in the early morning; after their fruitless night's toil, inquiring, directing, and assisting. Next we see a repast provided; there is a "fire of coals" and fish laid thereon, and bread. Jesus invites the wandering disciples to partake of the provision, he presides over the whole affair, and all defer to him without questioning. The repast finished, he holds that wondrous conversation with Peter which exhibits so much both of the Master and the disciple.

But we must return to the remark, "Yet was not the net broken." On the former occasion referred to, "the net brake," and the over-burdened vessel began to sink. These circumstances answered the end then intended, revealing the Saviour and drawing away the fishermen after him. The broken net and sinking vessel had their lessons, and so, also, had the "unbroken

net," after such a large draught. It taught the perfection of the miracles of Christ, the whole thing was so complete, and strikingly manifested his power and care. But when we call to mind that he had said, "I will make you fishers of men," also his parable of the drag net, Matt. xiii. 47, 48; surely we may learn other lessons. *The Gospel is the means appointed to gather and save souls, and yet it remains unbroken.* The great draught at Pentecost, and all that have been caught by it in all ages, have not broken it. The very means used by the Apostles remain for us also to use, and the fishermen of Galilee's Gospel net remains unbroken. Yet some will put it aside and substitute other things of no real use.

We are also taught how to retain what we catch. We must aim to get the Saviour with us—directing, helping, and blessing. We may expect to see great things whenever we have with us that risen One, who "has all power in heaven and earth." He who gathered so few souls, comparatively, himself, gave Peter a noble draught, when power was given from on high.

Soon the great gathering and separating time shall come, Matt. xiii. 48. Then, when the good are gathered into vessels, and the bad are cast away—and the net is still unbroken—*where shall we appear?*

"Now, while the Gospel net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord! the effort own;
From numerous disappointments past,
Teach us to trust in thee alone.

"O hear our prayer, and give us hope
That, when thy voice shall call us home,
Thou still wilt raise a people up,
To love and serve thee in our room."

FORSAKING ALL FOR CHRIST.

A SKETCH.

"YOU are not like yourself, George; have not been this long while; what is the matter?"

"Not like myself!" the young man roused himself out of a reverie, and turned to the beautiful girl at his side. She was beautiful, even queenly in her face and bearing. Costliest garments fell over her graceful form. On snowy arms glittered bracelets of the finest gold. Jewels shone on her fingers, a sparkling chain depended from her neck that flashed rays of light from her person to the very chandelier that hung from the centre of the luxurious room.

"Are you not well, George?"

"Oh! yes—that is—not quite as well as I wish I was, for I need all my wits about me to-night. How beautiful you look this evening! You will be the star of the ball-room."

"I shine but for you," said Helen Myers, modestly, the colour coming in her face. "I would not stay long if I felt really ill; brother Ned will be there, you know, to see me home. O! how I do love dancing! A ball-room seems like heaven to me!"

"Heaven!" thought George Wells, starting a little; "heaven and a ball-room—heaven, pure and holy, filled with angels—the ball where congregate men whom I know are rotten at the core, and women whose souls are wedded to earth, and know nothing of diviner things! Shall I ever find Helen thus? Would that I knew!"

George Wells was a young and enterprising man. His father was a merchant; his firm one of the oldest and richest in the city of ———. From infancy George had been accustomed to luxury. The wish granted as soon as expressed it had been his lot to know. He grew up addicted but to few vices; indeed, he was considered strictly moral. He was eminently handsome. The brow of thought, the eye of depth and beauty of expression, the figure of almost faultless mould, were the characteristics of his manly exterior. He had also a good heart, a natural nobleness whose expression would check any growth of meanness; in fine, he was, as a worldly man, unexceptionable in character as in appearance.

It was expected that he would marry Helen Myers, the lovely young girl of whom

I have before spoken. Already rumour began to speak of wedding gifts, settlements, &c., and there was no brilliant gathering at which they were not seen together. But recently, more than Helen had marked the seriousness of his demeanour; the absent eye; the listless smile; and wondered what it meant. Briefly, then, the cause.

Some six weeks previous to the interview in which we present him, George Wells had gone to visit a sick and dying relative; a good old man and minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. The serenity of that Christian saint, nearing so slowly, yet so surely, the dark valley; the light that broke over his face when he spoke of death; the sweet familiar way, not wanting in reverence, with which he addressed the Deity; and all this in a man whose appearance denoted that he must have had many a struggle with self—much of overcoming grace—stamped an impression upon his mind that was destined to be undying. And when he went to the sanctuary in company with his cousin, a young man of his own age, only twenty-four; when he saw him ascend the pulpit-stairs his father's feet had so often trod, he heard his voice lifted to God with the fervour of devotion, listened to his prayers, and earnest exposition of the words, "Ye must be born again," a struggle commenced in his soul, new, strange, but powerful—a voice sounded through the inmost recesses of his being, a singular dread of the course he was pursuing penetrated his conscience. He felt that there was a life to live as far above that whose objects he pursued, as the arching sky was above the broken earth. All the currents of his feelings were changed; and as he saw the aged man fall sweetly asleep in Jesus—he could not help the ejaculation, "Let my last days be like his."

He returned to his gay city home, in some respects, altered. The thoughtless, worldly conversation of his old companions, whose whole stock of themes seemed exhausted when they had discussed the merits of the last race, or the great match in "our billiard-room," or "our regatta—or club-room," disgusted him now. He felt that his mind could soar above these common-place things, if it but knew the way, and he was constantly reasoning with him-

self, constantly speculating upon those higher subjects, the realities of eternity.

Thus it was that beautiful Helen Myers came to ask him the question, "What is the matter?"

What a brilliant scene it was, that ball-room! Oh! the faces that indicated perfect content—real joy—while they covered aching hearts. A mad whirl—a feverish triumph—an unholy strife to be greatest—loveliest—most admired! What passions concealed! What jealousies fostered! And no warning voice to still the tumult, and lead those immortal souls to the spring of the pure water of life.

Well, it was over at last, and George Wells left with a burdened heart. He had not been happy. Far from it. Ask the diamond-merchant in the desert perishing with thirst, what he values his precious stones at, and he will throw them at your feet for a cup of cold water. All these pleasures seemed worthless to George, while dancing, smiling, talking; that one command echoed through the chambers of his soul, "Ye must be born again," and strange to say, in that place of pleasure, he resolved to seek the pearl of great price; that he would devote himself to the cause of Christ. The struggle was only begun.

"I've half a mind to be angry with you," said Helen, pointing a little, as she threw herself into the carriage.

"Don't, please—I'm troubled enough now; I'm about to make a great change."

"In your business?" asked Helen.

"Something of more importance than that. I want to save my soul," said he, almost abruptly.

His solemnity overawed her for the moment, but, presently, with a strange laugh, she exclaimed, "Ridiculous! what talk! I should think you were turning Methodist."

"Don't you want me to be a Christian, Helen?"

"As the term goes, no. I want to be happy while I live, and have my fill of pleasure. I'm under no concern whatever about the hereafter, and as to giving up everything and going to meeting with a long face, and praying, and all that, dear me—why didn't you ask me if I wanted to go into a convent?"

"Because the two things are widely different, Helen."

"You are widely different from what you were," she said, half-angrily.

"I wish I were," he answered, with a

sigh. "In one thing I am not changed, Helen, my love for you."

She knew it, but Satan had entered her heart. In that instant, a strong animosity lifted itself fiercely from the depths of her spirit, and a fierce and bitter pride arose with it. What! was not her love enough? Was he still dissatisfied? She had heard that Christians (she knew little enough about it) must give up, in one sense, the dearest objects of their heart, that they must forsake all for Christ, and a stinging jealousy made her very soul enraged.

"Come in—we must talk further of this," she said, as she stepped from the carriage. The east was just reddening with day, and both were weary and wretched, but he assented. They sat down together—she reasoning as Satan suggested—he battling with his own convictions, struggling against the temptations she held forth, until at last she said,—

"Well, George, I have only one thing more to say. I love the scene of excitement, the festive pleasures of earth, and am not yet ready to renounce them. I feel that if you become the fanatic your wishes denote, there will be a great gulf between us. Already it seems to be widening; I cannot be the same toward you that I have been, for our aims are different, our pursuits would be at variance. If you renounce the world, as you call it, you must also renounce me. I can never be the wife of a Christian."

"Helen—Helen; come seek the narrow way with me. You must know there is a higher pleasure than these vapid joys can give; come, let us live together for heaven. Listen to this pleading voice, come, go with me."

For a moment the moistened eye, the trembling lip, told that her heart was touched—but these signs of feeling passed quickly, as they came. She arose laughingly, waving her head impatiently, and saying, "We surely part, if you become a Christian."

All that day George Wells was in agony of soul. To renounce one whom he had loved so well and so long, seemed like giving up his very life. Now he decided for her, then rushed into the presence of the Saviour, entreating him to be his strength. And he triumphed at last. Though the cold sneer, and colder farewell, came to him from lips whose lightest words had been music for him, yet he faltered not. He took

the holy joy, and the bitter grief, and went to Jesus with both.

His baptism was public. Conspicuous among the vast assembly sat Helen Myers, but though her lip curled with ill-concealed scorn, she was very pale. When they led him on—his manly beauty seemed almost divine. The struggle was ended, and peace sat supreme in his soul. The voice of Jesus had said, "I will be to thee more than lover or friend," and he was content. None saw the proud face of Helen Myers, as the water was moved by his descent; it was hidden, and strong but silent sobs shook her

whole frame. The spirit of the Almighty was at work within her soul.

Reader, to-day George Wells is a faithful minister of Christ, and by his side labours the gifted and humble wife God has given him; none other than the once worldly, self-loving Helen. You would hardly know her, so great is the change in her whole character, but you would see by the chastened manner, the heavenly light in her eye, the Christian affection that marks her conduct, that she is a true child of the meek and lowly Jesus. She has, with her husband, laid all her gifts upon the altar.—D.

MARY BUNYAN, THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION;

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD, AUTHOR OF "GRACE TRUMAN."

CHAPTER III.

MARY AND JOSEPH VISIT THEIR FATHER IN PRISON.

THE declining sun throws its rays more faintly over the russet landscape. The air is damp and chilling. Clouds gather in the heaven; but the sealed eyes see not the beauty around her, nor the light airy forms of the gathering clouds above. She unconsciously feels it all; but there is a deeper feeling in her bosom which swallows it up, and it makes no impression on her busy mind. The black-bird and the scng-thrush warble their sweet notes amid the withering verdure of the wayside hedges, and where in spring-time innumerable insects made the air murmurous with their low ceaseless hum, now bursts forth in snatches the melody of the finch. But naught of music now arrests the quick ear, all unattuned to sweet sounds. On, on, the little feet go, now and then pausing for a moment to rest their weariness.

"Is this the way to Bedford, sir?" the timid voice asks, while the face is averted. It may be some one she knows, and she would avoid discovery.

"Yes, that's the road—keep straight on;" and the countryman hurries by, and gives not another thought to the two little ones who, for aught he knows or cares, are homeless and without an earthly friend.

"Oh, it's such a long way to where father is, Mary! Do you think we will ever get there? I'm so tired;" and little

Joseph clasps more tightly his sister's delicate hand, and quickens the pace of his little weary limbs.

"We will get there after awhile, Joseph, and then we will see father. Won't you be glad to see father?"

"Yes, that I will; but I am so tired, Mary," and the little fellow stopped as if he wanted to sit down.

"There, sit down and rest awhile, we'll soon be there."

A horseman swept up. "Ask the man, Mary, how far father is from here?"

"Hush, hush, child, he may not know?"

"Don't everybody know father, Mary? Don't you know our father, sir?" and the boy looked inquiringly up into the face of the rider; "please tell us how far is he from here?"

The horseman galloped on, and the little fellow was ready to cry as he saw that his mighty effort had been thrown away on the unheeding traveller.

"It cannot be far now, Joseph, and father will be so glad to see us. Come, jump up, and let's go on."

"Won't father come home to us any more, Mary?"

"I don't know, my dear. They have put him in the old dark prison."

"He can steal out and come back, can't he? I'm going to tell him to do it, and we'll bring him home with us."

"They have locked him up and he cannot get out. The walls are so thick and strong, and the door is so heavy, father can't get

through. But I hope they will let him out after awhile, and never put him in that ugly old gaol again."

Her voice trembled, and the tears glistened in her darkened eyes; but she must not cry; for the little fellow's sake she must bear up.

On, on, hand in hand, the two little wanderers go—weary, but not discouraged. They are going to see their father. This buoy up their little hearts, and soothes the pains of the aching limbs.

The little boy prattles of the houses and the birds and labourers in the fields by the way. He dreams not of danger. There is no fear in that guileless heart. The sister holds his hand in hers.

"Surely they are almost there. She has been once or twice before, but it was with her father, and his strong hand and kindly words made the way seem short. She asks a footman—

"How far is it to Bedford, sir?"

"It's just before you, little girl. Don't you see it yonder?"

"I see it! I see it! Mary; the houses and the river, and everything. Oh, I'm so glad we are there. I'm going to tell father how tired I am, and how mother cried when brother came home," and the little fellow bounded away from his sister, and ran on, crying out, "Come on, Mary, come on, I'm going to see father."

"Will you please show us the way to the gaol? I am lost, and don't know where to go."

"And what do you want to go to gaol for, you little vagabond?" asked the fierce man grimly.

"We are going to see father. Will you please tell us the way?"

"You couldn't find it if I was to. Who is your father?"

She trembled beneath the severity of his tone, but she drove back her tears and replied as well as she could,—

"Preacher Bunyan, sir! They put him in prison to-day because he would preach the Gospel."

"You had better say because he wouldn't obey the laws of the land, the vile offender. He deserves his fate. But how are you going to find the gaol? You can't see what you are about."

At any other time the sensitive child would have been overcome by such cruel language, but now she felt that she could

endure anything, however hard, if she could but find her father.

"Come along with me and I'll show you where the gaol is, where they put all such rebels as your father. Come along, will you? I have no time to wait."

Mary pressed Joseph's hand in hers, as if to crave protection and sympathy, and obeyed the stranger's bidding. Taking her along that street, and then turning to the right, he led her to a point from whence the bridge "whereon the gaol stood" could be seen.

Halting suddenly, and pointing with his coarse rough hand towards the prison, he said,—

"See that bridge yonder, and that house on it? Well, that's the gaol. Go there and knock at the first door you come to, and ask for the gaoler. May be he'll let you in. Do you see, say?"

"I can't see, sir, I'm blind."

"I see it! I see it! I'll show Mary the way," said Joseph. "Come on, Mary, we'll find father now."

With quickened step they passed along the street to the gaol! They forgot their weariness in the joy they felt at so soon seeing their dear father, and being clasped to his bosom.

"Where is the door, Joseph?"

"I don't see any. The man told us wrong, Mary. We can't find father now, and we will have to go back without him," and the poor little boy, whose heart had borne up so nobly under the fatigue of the great journey to him, was about to give up, and sit down to cry, when a man made his appearance on the bridge in front of the gaol. The children did not hear him until he stood before them.

"What do you want, children? You poor little shivering things, what are you doing here this cold day?"

"If you please, sir, we want to go in the prison to see Preacher Bunyan," replied Mary, almost overcome by the remembrance of the vulgar man whom she had last spoken to.

"He is our father, sir, and we have come all the way from home to bring him something to eat. Mother said he was so hungry, and there was no one to give him any bread, and we have brought him some. Please, sir, let us see him," and she turned upon him her rayless eyes, all eloquent with entreaty.

"You can't go into the prison. It is against the rules."

"Oh, if you please, sir, let us see father," and the tears ran down the imploring cheeks.

"We won't take him away with us; let me and Mary see him. We want to give him this bread we have brought all the way for his supper."

"I cannot break the rules. You cannot go into the prison."

"Oh, can't we see father, sir?" and the child, no longer able to contain herself, burst into loud sobs. "Just, if you please, let him come out that we may speak to him, and we will go away and not trouble you any more. Please, sir, let him come."

The gaoler's heart was touched.

"You may talk to him, but you cannot go where he is;" and unlocking the huge front door, he admitted them into the courtyard, where he left them standing, while he went within.

He unlocked the prisoner's cell.

"Two little children want to see you in the court-yard, one of them a little blind girl. You can come out and see them for a minute."

"Their mother has sent them, bless the dear woman," and he arose from his seat and followed the gaoler to the grated door.

"You can come no farther now. You may talk to them through the grate." So saying he passed into the court and locked the door after him.

Bunyan's great heart was melted. He who had stood before the judges and received the sentence of imprisonment without dismay, but rather with "blessing the Lord," and had gone to the gloomy cell with God's comfort in his soul, now wept as his eye rested on the shivering forms of his half-clothed children, and he realized that their love for him had nerved their little timid hearts to brave the dangers of an unknown way to spare him the pangs of hunger.

Oh, how he longed to press them to his heart, and kiss their cold pinched cheeks! but iron grates interwove, and he must be content with words.

Joseph sees his father, and stretches up his little hands to reach him, and Mary puts forth hers. They strike against the cold dull iron. Shudderingly she withdraws them, while an expression of horror passes over her raised face. The father sees it and sighs—not for himself, no; he can endure all things for his Master's sake—but for the

effect upon the guiltless heart of his innocent child.

"God bless you, my poor little ones. I cannot reach you," he said as soon as he could find utterance. "You have had a long weary way of it to find me. Did your mother send you?"

"No, father, mother's sick," answered little Joseph quietly. "We come to bring you some supper. Here it is." And he lifted Mary's covering, and took from her the roll of bread and meat, and handed it to his father.

"God bless you, my little boy. I cannot take it. The man will give it to me when he comes. So your mother's sick, my daughter?"

"She took it so hard when Thomas told her of you, father, that she had to go to bed."

"My poor wife," sighs Bunyan. "The Lord keep her from danger. Did you leave her by herself, my child?"

"No, father, Aunt Harrow was with her. She made mother go to bed and she tried to comfort her."

"Father, won't you go home with us to see mother? She's so sick."

"I cannot go, my little Joseph, I cannot get through these great iron bars."

"Won't the man unlock the door, father; and let you go home to see mother? Oh, you don't know how sick she is."

"No, my boy, you must take care of your mother. I can't come now."

"When will you go home, father?" and the tears rolled down from the clear blue eyes as he felt that his father could not go.

"When they let me out of this dark prison, then I'll come home to see you all."

"Can't I stay with you, father?" and the little fellow put up his hands beseechingly.

"No, Joseph, you must go home with Mary. Who would take care of her?"

"These children must leave and you must go back to your cell," said the gaoler, gruffly, appearing in the narrow court.

A word of farewell and blessing, and the little ones are driven through the door to find their way home alone and unprotected, a distance of more than three miles, in the gathering darkness of a November evening.

The Omnipotent Eye watches every step of the weary way; the Omnipotent Hand protects them from every danger.

Bunyan trusts as seeing "Him who is

invisible," and goes back to his cell to pray.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHADOW DEEPENS.

"The blast swept by, and on its wing
Death's pale dread form was borne
The mother bowed low—sorrowing—
The robe of darkness did he fling
About that infant form."

THERE is a coffin there! Tread softly! The Angel of Death has swept his dark wing over the tinker's dwelling, and put out the little life of the new-born babe. And the mother takes up the voice of lamentation and weeping over the loss of her first-born. Ah, 'tis a dark, dark hour! When will the light come?

The little one opened its eyes on the cold friendless world, shut them, and went home. The bud of paradise could not unfold in the gloomy, chill atmosphere of grief; so the Father kindly transplanted it to his own garden, to bloom perennially.

He chasteneth, but in love. And the gleamings from his radiant throne, lighting up the darkest way, bid us press on, not fainting, nor weary.

Shroud the little form—fold the tiny hands gently over the pure still bosom;—close the pale, cold lips;—seal the unawaking eyes! They shall never again need the light of the sun, nor of the moon; nor yet of the pale, solemn stars. For they shall drink in the light of the Lamb eternally.

Shut out the sunlight! Let not its garishness fall on the grave-stamped features! It would but mock with its glorious smile the heart-broken mother. Rather let the twilight softness enshroud the painful scene! Hush every noise! No harmony now hath the stricken heart with earthly voices. How gratefully the faintest echo falls upon the grief-attuned ear!

'Tis a bitter cup the mother is drinking now! Will it ever pass from her? Were the father but at home, it would be some slight solace. But he is in the dark, drear prison, and his voice of love and sympathy cannot reach her. His eyes shall never gaze on the form of his child, nor his lips kiss its pale, cold cheek. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes,"—many a day will the little one slumber on in the graveyard before its father's face shall again light up the darkened dwelling. Why, oh why, is the hand of chastening laid so heavily upon her? Hath the Father forgotten to

be gracious? He seeth it is best. His covenant remaineth unbroken. His hand holdeth the rod, but the eye of faith cannot see it; the clouds are so thick and dark.

The children gather around in childish wonder, their young hearts touched by the sight of their mother's distress. Death, even to their untutored minds, is a dread dark mystery—an awful presence, which they fear, yet cannot understand. The poor blind one cannot see it, but she *feels* it in the clayey coldness of the tiny hand, the touch of the icy cheek, the dread stillness of the breathless air. She hears it in the low deep sob of the mother's bursting heart, as she learns from the tremulous lips of Neighbour Harrow that her child is gone, and the despairing moans ever rising from that mother's throbbing bosom, pierce like barbed arrows her sympathetic soul. She strives with Neighbour Harrow to soothe her mother's bursting heart; but she feels that every effort is vain, yea, more than vain; and she goes away alone in the little back kitchen to pray. She is not yet herself a child of God, but she has heard her father talk so much about the efficacy of prayer that she thinks she will try it now. She has many a time prayed in secret; for, young as she is, the Spirit has been falling about her heart; but now she implores—ah, so earnestly—that God would comfort her mother and send her father home.

With many little acts of kindness, and with words of heavenly truth, "Goody Harrow," as she was familiarly called throughout the length and breadth of the neighbourhood, endeavoured to console and cheer the desponding woman. She had stayed with her through the night to administer to her wants and provide for her such comforts as the exigency of the case demanded.

"Try to be calm, Sister Bunyan; try to cheer up." The little creature is gone, but it is taken from the evil to come. No pain and sorrow for it now. It is in the Saviour's bosom. It is all God's doing, and it is all for the best. His ways are past finding out, they look very dark and mysterious; and so they are! But he never forgets his children; he never cast away his people; no, no, he is too good for that. He will hear their cries, and in his own good time he will deliver them. Many a time in my life I've been so cast down with trouble I didn't know which way to look. My heart was so full I couldn't do any

thing. It appeared like there was a great load here, dragging me down to the very earth; and I've tried to read, and to think, and to pray, but it would all do no good. Then I would think God had cast me off, and I was no child of his. And I would think this thing and that; and at last, after I had tried everything else, I have had to come to Jesus and say, 'Here I am, my blessed Saviour, a poor, weak, sinful, blind creature; do with me what thou seest is best. Take from me this great trouble if it is thy will; but if I must bear it, only give me thy grace. I want thy will to be done, not mine. And I tell you, Sister Bunyan, just as soon as I would do this,—just as soon as I could come to Jesus and look to him, my burden would all be gone, and I could praise his holy name. My heart would be light as a feather; no more trouble, no more sorrow. All was joy and peace. Jesus is good, Sister Bunyan. He is kind; trust him. Jesus, Master, thou art good and kind to thy children. Many a time has this poor heart felt it,' and she laid her hand upon her bosom to witness the truth of what she had just uttered, and turned her eyes reverently upwards. "Trust him, Sister Bunyan, trust him; he will give you peace."

"I know I ought to trust him, Sister Harrow, and I do trust him some. He is all the hope I have. But I am so encompassed with sorrow that I know not which way to turn. If my dear husband was here I think I could bear this better. But it breaks my heart to think the little one must be buried, and he shall never see it. If he could just look on its little face once, it would do me so much good; it would not be so awful as it is now. Poor little thing, it has no father, and—"

"Do not cry so, Sister Bunyan. It wants no earthly father, and it has gone to its heavenly one, who can do everything for it. Don't cry so, my good woman, you will kill yourself, and it will do no good. God has promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless, and can't you trust him for his promises? What did Job say in all his distresses?—'I will trust him though he slay me.' Try to feel like Job. Try to get nearer to the Cross, then you will be comforted; then all your sorrows will be gone."

"Pray for me, Sister Harrow, I cannot pray for myself. God, it seems, will not hear my prayer. Oh, ask him to remember

me in all my affliction, and bind up my broken heart, if it is his will."

The dear old disciple of Christ knelt by the bedside of the sick woman, and in agony and tears made supplication that she might be made submissive to the will of God; that she might be enabled to praise him in the midst of her afflictions. With streaming eyes and quivering lip she asked God to bless his servant, who was willing to testify to his name even with his life; to strengthen and console him in the dreary prison, and to give him grace to bear all manner of shame and reproach for his truth's sake.

God does not turn a deaf ear to the earnest beseechings of faith. He hears even before his children ask; and he is ever ready to bestow every good and needed gift.

The Comforter came in his sweet invisible agency to the tried heart to impart peace to it, even while the words of supplication were ascending from the faithful, earnest soul of this poor, untaught follower of the Saviour—untaught in the wisdom of the world, but truly learned in the school of Christ.

As she arose from her knees, her face still streaming with tears, yet lighted up with the beams of inner glory, one, to have seen her, would have said, "Truly, she hath peace and joy in believing." Like Moses, after he had been upon the Mount, her face shone with unearthly lustre. She had been with Christ.

Thomas was dispatched for the good man Harrow, to give assistance in the duties before them.

"Send the children to their father, that he may know my sad bereavement," besought the mother.

"Oh, it will distress him so, Sister Bunyan, and do no good. And he has as much to bear now as he can get along with."

"But we can send him something eat. I know they will let him starve, for they have no pity on prisoners. Let them take him some bread—but—" and she heaved a heavy sigh—"there is but little bread in the house, and nothing to buy more—God have mercy," she exclaimed, while a piercing groan escaped her.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father's notice." This is what our Master himself says, Sister Bunyan; and he tells us not to fear, for we are of more worth than many sparrows.

But we are such poor, short-sighted worms of the dust, we cannot see one step ahead of us; and we are so unbelieving, that we won't trust unless we can see. It's a wonder God don't cut us off for our unbelief. But thanks be to his great and glorious name, 'he is long suffering and full of mercy.' Can't you trust him, Sister Bunyan?"

"Yes, I can say I trust him some; I wish I could trust him more. I know he will do what is right, but it is very hard to be afflicted as I am. I cannot see my way through it."

"It was just so with the children of Israel when they got to the Red Sea; they couldn't see how they were to get across, but God brought them through. And when they were in the wilderness, don't you remember how he gave them bread and water, and delivered them from their enemies? He makes all the crooked paths straight. All these things are given to us for our instruction. We ought to heed them all, Sister Bunyan. I remember last spring, when George got his foot hurt so bad by jumping off that old back porch at his grandfather's. I thought what a dreadful thing it was that he should hurt himself just at the very time that Elizabeth was going to be married, because he wanted to have some of the neighbours in; but you see, when—"

"But the passing of the children of Israel through the sea, and their being fed in the wilderness, were miracles, Sister Harrow, and we can't look for any such help now. If God should work a miracle, how easy it would be for me to believe; but when everything seems to strive against me—my husband in prison, and my poor little one lying there ready for the grave—how can I see any light; how can any good be in store for me? Ah! no, there can't come anything out of this but trouble and sorrow."

"Well, shall we receive good at his hand and not evil? But what has he promised, Sister Bunyan? Don't he say that *all* things shall work together for our good? Think of this. He don't say *some* things, or *most* things, but *all* things. And if we are his children we will believe what he says; we will not doubt his word; we cannot. Look how he brought poor old Job through all his afflictions, and made his last days his best ones. Your troubles are not equal to his; he had everything taken from him—houses, lands, children, camels, and all his

servants—and you know he had a good many, for he was a rich man. And then he was afflicted in his own body—all covered with boils—the sorest things in the world. I remember I had one last spring on my hand, just here in this very place; see, it has left its mark, and it like to have run me crazy. I couldn't do any work for a whole week. How often I thought of poor old Job, and wondered how he lived with them all over him, from head to foot. Just think of him in all his distresses, and how God brought him through them all; and then you will be willing to trust him for yourself. He was given to us as an example to follow."

"But Job was an upright man, Sister Harrow, and I'm a poor, weak, sinful creature. I don't deserve any good at God's hands. I am so prone to forget him. I don't love him as I ought to. I don't serve him as I should. He ought to scourge me, I am so wicked."

"Ah, Sister Bunyan, you don't think anybody deserves any good thing from God, do you? Oh, no; it is not for our good works that he loves us; it is all his own sovereign love and mercy. Oh, I tell you we have nothing to commend us to his favour, as your dear good man said the last time he spoke at my house; and we can't do anything. So much sin—so much sin always here in the heart—that God can't find anything in us to love us for. It is only for Jesus's sake—only because he died. There's our hope, Sister Bunyan—nowhere else—no, no, nowhere else. Jesus is all, all, Sister Bunyan. No merit but his. Yes, blessed Jesus! thou art all, and in all; the beginning and the end; I feel it here in this poor heart, which every day bears its load of sin, but it loves thee, thou blessed Master," and she looked upwards, while her hand pressed her bosom, as if beseeching God to witness what she had said. "But you must keep quiet now, Sister Bunyan, or it will be the worse for you. Think of these things and try to trust in God. He will take care of you; rest assured he never forgets his children."

"I long for unshaken trust in the promises, Sister Harrow, but my faith is so weak. Let the children go to their father,—Mary and Joseph: He must know this thing. May be they will let him come home to see me. Would to God they would. But if they don't I will feel better satisfied

for him to know it all. Send them here to me, and I will tell them what to say."

"I'll look after that, Sister Bunyan. Calm yourself to sleep now. Rest will do you good—you need it. Leave everything to me. I'll see that all goes straight. There, get to sleep. I can't let anybody come in to disturb you now."

"Let them tell their father I am better. It will be a sore distress to him to know it all. God give him strength to bear it, poor man. Don't forget the food—the food, Sister Harrow. He must be almost starved."

"Be still now, be still, while I make Joseph ready to go. Here, Mary, give your mother this warm tea. It will strengthen her and make her sleep better;" and the kind old woman, lifting her heart in prayer to God for his presence amid the dark scene, went to find the two younger children, who had quietly stolen away from the chamber of sorrow and death to pursue their merry

play, where the shadow could not fling its dark folds over their innocent hearts.

Is not the midnight of sorrow enshrouding the tinker's humble dwelling? Ah, and throughout the land from how many other hearth-stones, by the decree of wickedness in high places, is going up to heaven the cry to stay the tyrant's hand? The children of darkness are exalted on high for a season, and they drink, with insatiate thirst, the blood of the saints. Hellish cruelty stalks unimpeded through the land, revealing, through its tattered garments of false religion, its own hideous deformity; and on the right hand and the left—in God's sanctuary, and among his chosen ones by their own peaceful firesides—with reeking hand, it deals death and imprisonment, until from thousands of anguished hearts, in cell, and cave, and mountain height, there goes up one long, loud, piercing cry, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

(To be continued.)

"THE LETTER KILLETH, BUT THE SPIRIT GIVETH LIFE."

Extract from a Letter to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I trust you will excuse the liberty I take in trespassing on your time, yet I feel willing to believe that you will pay some attention to my wish. I merely want to ask you whether there is any tract, or sermon or small book which will throw proper light on the following words contained in the third chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, part of the sixth verse:—"For the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." I have been asked this question by a dear young friend, on whom I humbly hope the Divine light of the Holy Spirit has begun to dawn. If you can supply me with a suitable answer I shall be greatly obliged.—Yours in the bonds of the Gospel, S. C.

Copy of Reply.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter to Mr. Spurgeon has been duly received, and your inquiry as to the meaning of the text 2 Cor. iii. 6 is thoroughly appreciated. Being deputed, as one of his elders, to reply to you, I beg to make two preliminary observations.

First, it is always desirable to study the entire drift of any passage of Scripture, and to endeavour to grasp its main purport, before you attempt to fix the exact sense of any isolated clause.

Secondly, in inquiring for an interpretation of a particular sentence, it is desirable, if pos-

sible, to state the precise difficulty which embarrasses your mind.

We will observe this order.

I. Our Apostle has been speaking in the closing part of the preceding chapter of the overwhelming responsibility of the ministry. "Who is sufficient for these things?" From this point he starts forth on a survey of the prominent characteristics of the Gospel ministry, and its pre-eminent excellence as compared with that of Moses, from which he draws this rich consolation: "Therefore seeing we have *this* ministry, as we have received mercy we faint not" (2 Cor. iv. 1).

You will do wisely to draw out the several expressions on which it hath pleased the Holy Spirit to lay so interesting a stress. "Not the old covenant, but the new covenant; not the law, but the Gospel; not the letter, but the spirit; not on tables of stone, but on fleshy tables of the heart; not the ministry of condemnation, but the ministry of righteousness; not to kill, but to quicken; not like Moses to put a veil over his own face, but like Christ to take away the veil from the sinner's heart." All this is most precious doctrine, but mark still farther the experimental contrast. Wherever the law comes, it condemns the sinner, but wherever the Gospel comes, it justifies the sinner; moreover, the law appeals to you, with duty written on tables of stone, but the Gospel touches the heart and writes its holy instincts there. Be-

sides which, the law overwhelms with awe by its glory; not so the Gospel—it transforms the believer from glory to glory, by beholding it. Oh, dear sir! be it yourself or any friend of yours, on whose behalf you inquire, if you behold the glory of God in the Gospel to-day, it will not kill you; do not be alarmed. It will not even frighten you. It will bless you; it will change you; it will attract you and allure you to Jesus, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

II. Have you some knowledge and some experience upon these subjects? You will then be prepared to enter upon the nicer point of that particular expression—"not of the letter, but of the spirit."

You have not stated your exact difficulty, but I conjecture that it arises from the supposition that the two expressions, "letter" and "spirit," both refer to the New Testament, or, more properly, the new covenant. If so, I think you have mistaken the sense of the text by not perusing attentively enough the context. Our Apostle is not engaged in discoursing upon two different ways of receiving the Gospel, but he is engaged upon the contrast between law and Gospel. You must read this letter with your Bible open, and your heart in prayer, to understand the meaning. "Not of the letter" means "not of the law," as you will see by comparing Rom. ii. 29 with Rom. vii. 6. Why, then, you will ask me, does he say the letter, if he means the law? I will give you two answers, one of which is critical, and will apply to the parties whom he addressed; the other is experimental, and will, I trust, apply to your own conscience. The Jews contended for the law in the letter, in the mere outward ordinance, to the utter neglect of its spiritual import. The Scribes studied the very letter with indefatigable industry, and overlaid its interpretation with numerous petty glosses, till they made it void by their traditions. The punctilios of obedience they enforced with rigid severity. The sublime precepts it contained, they overlooked with positive infidelity. To mention only one example. They copied out texts of Scripture and sewed them in their garments; but at the same time they violated the commandments in every action of their lives. "Not the letter, but the spirit," means hence not outwardly but inwardly; he is not a Jew who is one outwardly, &c. (Rom. ii. 29).

But you will ask again, What means this, the letter killeth? Ah! we will not go to the commentator or the most learned critic for an explanation. The conscience of the trembling sinner shall just say Amen to the testimony of God. It is most true. Suppose it were written,

"The sound of the law given on Mount Sinai, amidst thunders, lightnings, and voices, without any similitude, killeth;" then I presume you would think—No marvel. It is killing to hear the law like that. Yes, sinner, I know it. But I will tell thee one thing. It is as killing to read the law as to hear it. The "letter," apart from any strange phenomenon, has power to kill. It destroys every vestige of hope. It speaks thy doom. In the letter—do observe it—there is a condemning, killing force. Just as though you knocked your head against the stone on which it was written, it will break your head.

The "letter" hath as much power to smite you down, as if the two tables crushed you literally beneath their weight.

But cheer up, soul, "the Spirit quickeneth;" it giveth life. There is quickening energy in this ministration which is rather glorious. Inquire not now of any learned "doctor of divinity," but ask of some gracious, heaven-taught disciple. "The word of faith" is as mighty to quicken as "the letter of the law" is to destroy. Let the Word come, not in word only, but in demonstration of the Spirit and power, and then you shall surely find that it hath as much living energy as if the voice of Jesus spake it in your ears.

Such was the ministry, at least in one respect, which it was Paul's privilege to have received—a ministry that did its work as effectually to "give life," as the other ministry to "destroy life."

Do you know this, dear brother, in your own heart's experience? You only need read the letter. "Cursed"—with your eyes open, for the curse to enter your own bowels. "Cursed" is every one that continueth not in all things written in the law to do them." That "letter" is enough to seal your condemnation. On the other hand, when the Holy Spirit's witness comes to you, what then? You only hear the word, "Thy sins are forgiven thee;" it is the word of faith; it is with the inward witness of God the Holy Ghost. Then you feel what no pen can describe—"your sins are forgiven"—and you know it.

And yet it is possible that this explanation may not touch the point of your anxiety.

If not, then communicate again.

At all events be pleased to direct your letter of reply to New Park-street Chapel, either to the Rev. O. H. Spurgeon, or to the Brother who now subscribes himself, yours very sincerely,

BENJAMIN WILDON CARR.

New Park-street Chapel, Dec. 17th, 1860.

REVIEWS.

Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life. Consisting of "Light from the Cross," and other Poems. By MARIANNE FARRINGHAM. London: B. Lowe and Co., 31, Paternoster-row.

THIS distinguished writer has attained very great and deserved celebrity, by her admirable communications to some of our best periodicals. This volume will fairly sustain the reputation she has earned. The subjects are most diversified in their character, but all of them of an interesting and edifying nature. We have not space for either minute or enlarged criticism, and, of course, the poems are not of equal interest; but we may say truly that many are decidedly excellent in spirit, diction, and poetical rhythm; and the volume is a really valuable addition to the stores we already possess. We heartily wish the good book an extensive circulation.

Preparing for Home: A Series of Expository Discourses on the Fifth Chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. By Rev. JONATHAN WATSON. Second Edition. London: Nisbet and Co.

TWELVE admirable discourses on themes of real and permanent interest. The revered author has long held an exalted position, both as a thinker and preacher, among his brethren in Scotland; and this excellent volume does credit both to his head and heart. Lucid in style, rich in thought, striking in illustration, and thoroughly Evangelical in sentiment, we do not wonder that this second edition has so soon been demanded. The volume is well got up, both internally and in outward appearance, and we earnestly advise all Christian families to add this real treasure to their household library. We have not space to give quotations, or almost every page would supply gems well worth possessing.

The Two Thousand Confessors of Sixteen Hundred and Sixty-two. By THOS. COLEMAN. London: John Snow.

It is not desirable that either great events or great men should pass away from our remembrance. Black Bartholomew is just one of the great events which should be remembered by all coming ages. It is prolific in suggestions, and we ought to know the price our forefathers had to pay for liberty of conscience. Mr. Coleman deserves the best thanks of all Nonconformists for presenting, in a condensed form, and in a real able style, the events connected with the ejection of two thousand holy ministers of Christ, by a cruel and oppressive persecuting hierarchy. The book is full of facts and anecdotes, and ought at once to take its place in every Sabbath-school library in the kingdom.

The Saint Helena Baptist Mission Church Witness.

WHAT next? A Baptist periodical edited and published in the Island of St. Helena. And more, issuing from the office in *Napoleon-street!* No. 8, before us, contains a good account of one of the Lord's excellent ones, Mrs. Galbrath, with sundry other good things. We say success to the undertaking.

Testimonies of Eminent Pædobaptists concerning the Office of Baptism, &c., &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1860.

Now, no anti-Baptist could decently refuse to read the opinions of men of their own party; and we have ever thought the concessions and admissions of Pædobaptists, however inconsistent to themselves, form one of the most incontrovertible evidences in favour of New Testament truth on this subject. This collection of testimonies is calculated, therefore, to do good service; and we hope that the Rev. Mr. Thorn, to whom it is dedicated, may yet be induced to publish a book, exhibiting the *harmony* of all who have written or preached against the dipping of believers. We anticipate a large sale of this good sixpenny book.

British Evangelist, and Christian Magazine for the Home Circle. London: James Tredder, 17, Ave Maria-lane. January and February Numbers. 1861.

A NEW competitor for periodical usefulness and glory. Well, there may be plenty of room yet, and if the new ones are thoroughly good and sound, let them be heartily welcomed into the arena. The *British Evangelist* is well got up, remarkably cheap, and full of good things. Without depreciating any of the articles, we think those by the Blackfriars Divine, on Christ-likeness, will both instruct and edify the readers. May God prosper the "Home Evangelist," and may it have a free admission into the dwellings of the people.

God's Unspeakable Gift; or, Views of the Person and Work of Jesus Christ. By the Author of "God is Love," "The Comforter," "Our Heavenly Home," &c. London: Darton and Co., 58, Holborn-hill. 1861.

THIS work, like the author's former productions, is characterized by peculiar simplicity, doctrinal correctness, and will serve to convey to the Christian reader a satisfactory view of all the leading evidences of the Saviour's Divinity, and insure a profound reverence and gratitude to him for his voluntary humiliation and death on behalf of a guilty world. A clear, popular, and easy defence of this grand feature of the Christian economy and mystery in the Godhead

has been for a long time required; and it is a remarkable feature of the times, and full of promise for the future, that a Christian layman should have supplied this desideratum. The great power and attraction of this author are his skill and facility in using, the overwhelming proofs of Scripture in defence of the point he wishes to prove. Had he written in the language of the schools, and dragged his readers through the labyrinth of their arguments and objections, his books would never have been as popular as they are, and are destined to be. That many readers may not fully sympathize with his view of the atonement, we can easily imagine; but in our judgment it is so presented as to be in a great measure clear of the objections of those who hold extreme opinions, both of the Arminian and of the Antinomian schools. Nor do we see how the entire teachings of the Scriptures can be received except upon some such principle. The harmonizing of these points is

not our province, but we should accept the doctrines of the Bible as ultimate upon all matters, whether we can fully grasp their relations and dependencies or not. That we have not formed too high an estimate of this author's writings could be shown by copious extracts from the numerous reviews of them which have come under our notice, and from the remarkable testimony of the Rev. Carus Wilson, M.A., who in his last moments "enjoyed and feasted upon them," with no ordinary delight.

The Light House. London: Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria-lane.

A PENNY monthly magazine, of which Nos. 1 and 2 have appeared, is designed to oppose the Neologian and Negative-Theology errors of the day. This is its one aim and purpose; and if the talent and skill displayed are kept up, we think it will do good service in the cause of God and truth. We wish it success.

P O E T R Y.

IN MEMORIUM.

THE REV. JONATHAN WHITTEMORE.

A little while! what change it makes!
We saw our brother full of life,
With error and with sin at strife,
Nought earthly now his slumber breaks!
With those who reverently teach
The Word Divine which cannot change;
Who need not notions vain and strange,
But a pure Gospel ever preach—
Among the men of thought, who seek
A wider range for usefulness,
And words of wisdom, through the press,
To multitudes unnumbered speak;—
In works of faith—in varied forms
Of toil and loss for others' gain,—
Through weakness, weariness, and pain;
Alike in sunshine and in storms,—
He had held on for many years;
Till, called from fullest work to rest,
His spirit mingled with the best,
Where God doth wipe away all tears.
While we are sorrowing round his tomb,
(Though not for him) the Lord we praise,
Whose mercy kept his latest days
From lingering pain,—from fear or gloom.
And we shall honour most the dead
Who most his labours manifold
Shall emulate, and best uphold
The truths on which his spirit fed.
H. A. COLLIER.
Sunny Bank-terrace, Leeds.

THE CEMETERY.

Within "God's acre" let us walk awhile;
Green hillocks round us rise,
And low in earth beneath each grassy pile
Some fellow-mortal lies,

Men of all ranks are here. By yonder heap
A pauper's grave is known;
And many have the places where they sleep
Marked by a simple stone.

A few are laid where drooping willows wave
O'er funeral urns;
But all distinctions vanish in the grave
When dust to dust returns.

All ages, too, are here. A babe doth lie
Under this tiny mound,
While on the stone above the grave close by
A grandsire's name is found.

We can remember when no graves were here,
A little while ago;
And now their number shows how year by year
The Reaper reapeth on.

As thus, enjoying life, and health, and strength,
'The emerald turf we tread,
We scarce can realize that we at length
Must rest among the dead.

Oh, may the Christian's blessed faith be ours!
That when we come to die—
When the last foe smites all our mortal powers,
Our souls to heaven may fly.

For well we know that nought but mouldering
clay
Is lying here below;
The souls that dwell therein live far away
In happiness or woe.

On many a grave the flowers peep through the
mould,
And surely 'tis not vain
To read in them the truth so often told—
"The dead shall rise again."

For as the flowers, at their Creator's call,
Now spring from earth's dark breast,
So from their graves the dead, both great and
small,
Shall rise at God's behest.

Body and soul shall then be joined for aye,
And evermore shall dwell
Either amidst the joys of endless day,
Or in the gloom of hell,
Wallingborough. THEODORA.

"ARISE, HE CALLETH THEE."

(Mark x. 49.)

Sinner! arise! he calleth thee;
Hear not the voice to slight;
Rise from the darkness of the world,
And Christ shall give thee light—
Light to see how far thou'rt gone
On destruction's downward road;
Light to guide thy trembling steps
To the fount of cleansing blood.

Mourner! arise! he calleth thee;
Thy Saviour's gracious voice
Breaks on the dreary silence
And bids thee to rejoice.
Depressed by heavy loads of guilt,
Scarce hoping to rise again:
Come unto Jesus, petition him;
Thou canst not come in vain.

Christian! arise! he calleth thee
To draw near his mercy seat,

When thou'rt pacing through dark shadows
Or fainting in the noonday heat
When by Satanic power
Fiery darts are at thee hurld;
When clouds tempestuous o'er thee lower
And the blasts of a chilling world.

Hark! again he calleth thee
While thou art grappling hard with aye
And the flowings of corruption
Which yet remain within.
He bids thee sue; his mighty power
His grace sufficient is for thee
Thou canst do *all things* through his strength,
And shalt more than conqueror be.

And yet once more he calleth thee;
Hark! 'tis still the voice of love;
Doff thy helmet, sheathe thy sword,
And rise to worlds above.
"Poor weary traveller," he saith,
"Welcome to heaven's calm rest
Here shall no waves of trouble dash
Across thy tranquil breast.

For aye thy weapons lay aside,
And a fadeless wreath receive;
To thee a blood-bought snowy robe
And a victor's palm I give:
A lyre, whose sweet and sacred chords
Thou shalt sweep through endless days;
Yes, ever tune its golden wires
To thy dear Redeemer's praise."

RICHARD DUTTON.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,
NEWINGTON.

In order to accomplish the noble design of opening the above place of worship free of debt, it is proposed to hold a bazaar in the Lecture-hall of the new building, on the 19th of March inst. The contributions of friends towards the above object, either in money or fancy articles of all kinds, are earnestly requested, and will be gratefully received by Mrs. Spurgeon, New Park-street Chapel, Southwark, or Nightingale-lane, Clapham.

BAPTIST COLLEGE, PONTYPOOL.

The half-yearly session of this college has opened with thirty-two students, while there are fourteen urgent applications for early admissions. Seven young men having completed their course of study at Christmas, have accepted invitations from the churches at Llantrif Major, Glamorgan, Newtown, Montgomery, Ruthin, Llanidloes, Haverfordwest, Market Drayton, Penydarran, and Merthyr. Fifteen have been admitted in their stead, though the funds of the institution are already exhausted, and about £200 will be required for its support till the close of the college year, about the end of May next. The committee earnestly call for help.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

HEREFORDSHIRE.—A number of ministers and churches recently resolved on holding quarterly meetings for preaching in the above-

named county, the object being the extension of Christian acquaintance, the cultivation of fraternal feelings amongst ministers and churches, the diffusion of evangelic truth, the conversion of sinners, the improvement of saints, the kindling of spiritual zeal, in short, the advancement of Christianity and the glorification of its Divine Author. The first of these meetings was held on Jan. 30th, at the Baptist chapel, Llanfihangel Crucorney, when the Revs. T. Williams (Longtown), and C. Burleigh (Oreop), preached respectively on the "Glorification of Christ," and the question, "What think ye of Christ?" The service was characterized by much earnestness and spiritual enjoyment, amply remunerative to both speakers and hearers. The next quarterly meeting is to be held (D.V.) at Longtown in April. It is hoped that this movement will lead to the formation of a Baptist Association in Herefordshire.

NANTYGLO.—Early in the last century, and on through a great part of it, there lived in this neighbourhood the Rev. Edmund Jones, of Trans, or, as he was pretty generally called, the "Old Prophet." He was an excellent man, and a great friend of Lady Huntingdon. But good and excellency as the "Old Prophet" was, this memorandum found its way to his journal—"O Lord, do not prosper the Anabaptists; let them fade and vanish." That the Lord has not granted to the good old man his desire, can be seen by a mere glance at our religious statistics. The religious attendants in 1851 were as follows:—Baptists, 13,001; Church of England, 12,034;

Independents, 9,408; Wesleyans, 9,671; Primitive Methodists, 2,442; Roman Catholics, 2,433; other denominations, 1,287; total, 60,683. The population of Monmouthshire, in 1851, was 157,448—consequently the Baptists at that time constituted nearly one eighth of the people, and nearly one third of the religious attendants. If the Baptists, therefore, have increased in the same average, and we are not aware of any reason to the contrary, it can be inferred that their present position is something like this:—The Church of England represents one-fifth of the population; the Independents about one-seventh; the Wesleyans about the same; and the Baptists one-third, or about 50,000. These were represented at the above quarterly meeting by a large number of ministers, who met in conference at two o'clock, p.m., on Tuesday, the 22nd January. The Rev. Samuel Williams, minister of the place, was duly chosen as moderator, and after prayer had been offered by the Rev. E. Edwards (Llanely), several resolutions were unanimously agreed to. The following is the only one our space will permit us to quote:—"That the Revs. W. Roberts, T. Thomas, D. Morgan, E. Thomas, and B. John, be appointed as a committee to design the best means of laying before our brethren in England the necessity of providing chapel accommodation for the English friends that have and are still pouring to the iron and coal districts of this county, the same to be submitted for consideration to the next quarterly meeting." At the public services after the conference, the following gentlemen officiated:—Revs. W. Evans, Ebbw Vale; W. Jones, Bargoed; W. R. Richards, Machin; O. Williams, Twynwgwn; D. Morgan, Pontypool; E. Thomas, Newport; R. Ellis, Sirhowy; D. Edwards, Beaufort; R. John, Llanvenerth; D. E. Jones, Rhymaney; T. Thomas, Maesaleg; O. Griffiths, Haverfordwest; T. Reeves, Bisca; T. R. Evans, Usk; and D. Hughes, Pitsgah.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

ROCK, RADNORSHIRE.—The Rev. W. Evans, of Penyrheol, Breckonshire, having accepted a unanimous invitation from the Baptist church at the above place, entered upon his stated labours there the first Sunday in the new year, as successor to the late Rev. John Jones.

MARGATE.—The Rev. I. Haycroft, B.A., of Lewes, has accepted a very cordial and unanimous invitation from the church assembling in the Baptist Congregational chapel to become their pastor, and intends entering on his stated labours on the third Lord's-day in March.

COTTENHAM, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—The Rev. J. B. Blackmore, of Prince's Risborough, Bucks, has accepted a most cordial and unanimous invitation from both the church and congregation at the Old Baptist chapel, and enters upon his new pastorate amidst the most encouraging circumstances.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

STOURBRIDGE.—Mr. Benwell Bird, of London, having accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church in this town, was set apart to the ministerial work by a public ordination, Monday, Jan. 21. The service, which commenced at 3 p.m., was opened by reading the Scriptures and prayer by the Rev. J. Richards (Independent), after which the usual questions were asked by the Rev. W. Jackson, of Bilston, and were replied to by Mr. Bird, in a clear, Scriptural manner; the ministerial charge was then given by

the Rev. B. C. Young, of Coseley, and was a masterly production; the Rev. J. P. Carey, of Wolverhampton, followed by prayer, which brought the solemn and interesting service to a close. Most of the friends present retired to the school-room adjoining (which was tastefully and artistically decorated with Scripture mottoes and evergreens), where upwards of 200 persons sat down to tea, after which a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by W. Pearson, Esq., who offered some kind and appropriate remarks. The meeting was subsequently addressed by the Revs. J. Richards, W. Jackson, S. Bird, — Williams (Wesleyan), J. P. Carey, and the newly-elected London minister. During the evening several appropriate anthems were sung by the choir. Mr. Bird enters upon his work with encouraging prospects.

SHEFFORD, BEDS.—On Tuesday, Jan. 29th, the Rev. W. T. Whitmarsh was ordained pastor over the church worshipping in Union Chapel. The proceedings of the day were opened with a public dinner at the public rooms, Shefford. A respectable congregation assembled in the chapel at two o'clock. It was a matter of regret that the venerable president of the Bedford Union, the Rev. J. Jukes, the Rev. G. Short, B.A., and several other ministers who had expressed themselves most kindly towards the church and its pastor, were unavoidably absent. The afternoon service commenced with introductory prayer by the Rev. O. B. Player, of Great Shefford; reading and prayer, by the Rev. J. Kirkness, of London. The Rev. W. Griffiths, of Hitchin, stated the nature of a Christian church. The Rev. M. Hoskins, of Potton, proposed the usual questions to the church and pastor. The Rev. P. Griffiths, of Biggleswade, offered the ordination prayer. The Rev. W. O'Neill, of New Broad-street Chapel, London (of which church Mr. Whitmarsh was originally a member), delivered an earnest and affectionate charge to Mr. Whitmarsh; and the Rev. J. S. Darley, of Shillington, closed with prayer and the benediction. A tea-meeting, which was crowded, was then held in the public rooms; after which the services were resumed. The Rev. Hugh Killen, of Bedford, delivered an earnest and practical sermon to the church. The pastor closed with prayer and the benediction.

RUTHER.—Services were held in the Baptist chapel at this place on the 27th and 28th of January in connection with the ordination of the Rev. Evan Jones, from Pontypool College, as pastor of the church. At ten o'clock on the Sunday morning, the Rev. Lewis Jones, of Brynhyfryd, Monmouthshire (the Rev. E. Jones' brother), read and prayed, and delivered an address on the nature of the Christian Church. A few questions having been asked of the young minister concerning the doctrines he intended to preach by the Rev. H. Jones, his co-pastor, and having been clearly and satisfactorily answered, he was set apart to the work of the ministry with the laying on of hands and prayer; and the Rev. John Pritchard, of Llangollen, preached a sermon on the importance of the office and the duties of the young minister. At two o'clock in the afternoon the Rev. Hugh Jones preached to the church with regard to its duties towards its minister, and the Rev. Lewis Jones preached to the congregation. At six o'clock in the evening the Revs. John Pritchard and Lewis Jones preached. On Monday even-

ing sermons were also delivered by the Revs. L. Jones and John Prichard. The services throughout were highly interesting, impressive, and edifying.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

EDINBURGH.—On the evening of Wednesday, the 23rd January, a *soirée* took place in the school-room under Dublin-street chapel, on the occasion of the Rev. Jonathan Watson being presented by his Bible-class with two pieces of plate, and by the ladies of the congregation with a purse of sixty sovereigns. Dr. Lawrie, one of the deacons, occupied the chair. Several gentlemen addressed the meeting.

MEOPHAM, KENT.—On Thursday, Jan. 24th, 1861, the teachers of the Sunday-school in connection with the above place held their annual tea-meeting. After tea Mr. French, the superintendent of the school, stated that the teachers, in conjunction with other friends, had unitedly raised a subscription for the purpose of making a present to the pastor, Mr. J. Lingley (the gift consisting of a purse containing £3), as a small token of their affection and esteem. The pastor then acknowledged the present in suitable terms. An interesting service was held in the evening, presided over by the pastor. The superintendent gave his annual report of the school for the past year, and stated that they were not without instances of the Lord's blessing upon their labours. In the course of his address, letters were read from abroad, concerning children who formerly were in the school, but who had emigrated to distant parts; which were calculated to give some pleasing hope that Sabbath-school instruction had been made a blessing in these instances. The meeting was then suitably addressed by Messrs. A. Dalton and J. Martin.

FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

BALLYMENA, IRELAND.—Toward the close of 1859 a Baptist church was formed in this town—one of the many good fruits of the revival which spread so widely in Ireland during the summer of that year. The pastor, Mr. J. G. M'Vicker, was formerly a Reformed Presbyterian minister. Through God's blessing on his labours, the number of members now exceeds a hundred. They have hitherto met in a large granary capable of accommodating over four hundred persons, which is well filled on the Lord's-days by attentive congregations. Recently a chapel, which will seat five hundred persons on the ground floor, has been commenced. It is expected to be finished in June. The cost will exceed £1,000, toward which £600 have already been subscribed. The case has been recommended in the warmest manner by some of the foremost men in the denomination, and is cordially approved by the committee of the Baptist Irish Society. Contributions through the pastor, or the Rev. C. J. Middle-ditch, 33, Moorgate-street, will be thankfully received.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

CREWE BAPTIST CHAPEL.—On Sunday, Feb. 10, the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Teynham preached two sermons in aid of the school in connection with the above place of worship. Collections were made to raise a fund to furnish the school with a library. The sermons were able and the attendance good.

DUBLIN.—For the last two months the Rev. W. Leese Giles, pastor of the Baptist Church,

Lower Abbey-street, has been preaching the Gospel on Sunday afternoons, in the room of the Rotunda, Dublin, which is capable of accommodating between two and three thousand people. On several afternoons it was crowded to excess; and it was pleasing to see many Roman Catholics present; it is hoped good was accomplished by thus bringing the simple Gospel before them.

STOCKTON-ON-TESSES.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached to a large and respectable congregation in the Borough Hall, on Wednesday, Jan. 23. The hall was crowded, and although the admission was one shilling, and reserved seats two shillings, many were unable to be present from want of accommodation. Mr. Spurgeon went from Stockton to York next day, and preached an eloquent sermon in the Festival Concert-room, which was filled to overflowing.

LEEDS.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon visited Leeds on Tuesday, Feb. 12, and preached two sermons in the Town-hall, on behalf of the debt on Great George's-street Baptist chapel. There was a large attendance. We understand that the total sum received for admission at the Leeds Town-hall was £133 8s. 6d., and after payment of all expenses, &c. (including £50 to Mr. Spurgeon for his New Tabernacle), there remained a balance of £83 15s., which will be appropriated to the reduction of the debt on Great George's-street chapel. On the following Thursday Mr. Spurgeon preached twice at Bolton in the Temperance-hall.

BATTLE, SUSSEX.—A bazaar for the liquidation of the debt of the Baptist chapel in this town was held at the George Assembly-rooms, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 12th and 13th of February, which on both days was well attended, and the amount raised thereby greatly exceeded the expectations; so that not only has the debt been removed, but a small balance is left in the hands of the treasurer for a few other necessary repairs. The present chapel has been opened forty years this month, and is now generally well attended at all the services.

COMMERCIAL-ROAD EAST.—On Tuesday evening, January 22, a tea and social meeting of the church and congregation was held in Grosvenor-street Chapel. The chair was occupied by Rev. Frederick Brown. Addresses by Revs. C. Shipman, of Manchester; W. Whitmarsh, of Shefford, Beds; and Messrs. Hall and Crudgington. A resolution was carried unanimously, thanking Mr. Brown for his faithful and earnest pulpit services, during the past three months, and requesting a continuance of the same. Mr. Brown, however, has felt it his duty to terminate his engagement at Grosvenor-street.

SWANWICK, DERBYSHIRE.—The friends of the cause at Swanwick have recently secured the advantage of gas, and, through the kindness of one of their own members, an organ. The services in connection with the above were held on Sunday and Monday, Feb. 3 and 4. Mr. Thos. W. Handford preached two sermons on the Sunday. The congregations were large, especially in the evening. On Monday, Feb. 4, a goodly number sat down to tea; after which a public meeting was held. W. Haslam, Esq., of Longcroft, in the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Geo. Midham, Messrs. Handford, Blount, and Richards. The proceeds of the tea and collections amounted to £10. For a long time our cause has been very low, but we thank God for indications of improvement.

PORTSMOUTH—On Lord's day, Jan. 20th, the members of the several Baptist churches in this neighbourhood, viz., Kent-street, Lake-road, Ebenezer, and St. Paul's, met at St. Paul's chapel for a united communion service. Rev. J. Hunt Cooke presided, and the several pastors took part. The service was most solemn and refreshing. On Monday, 21st, a home mission meeting, in connection with the Southern Association, was held at the chapel in Kent-street, Portsea. The Rev. J. Davies took the chair, and addresses were given by Revs. H. Kitching, of Lake-road; J. Bird, of Beaulieu; J. B. Little, of Ryde; J. Hunt Cooke, of Southsea; and J. B. Brasted, of Ebenezer chapel.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT—The anniversary of John-street Baptist chapel took place recently at the Victoria-rooms, when 390 persons sat down to partake of tea, the whole of which were provided by the liberality of the ladies. After the tables had been cleared, the public meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. J. H. Cooke, of Southsea. The Rev. J. Little, pastor, occupied the chair. Mr. W. H. Deish, secretary to the Sunday-school, read the first annual report. When Mr. Little was appointed to the pastorate, there was no Sunday-school connected with the church; he, however, stipulated for the establishment of one. It has gradually increased until the present time, when it numbers fourteen teachers and eighty-six scholars, with an average attendance of seventy. It is the object of the church to build a chapel, in High-street, for which the ground has been secured, and it was announced that £200 had already been promised towards that object. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. Messrs. Shipham (Wesleyan), Gray, of Newport (Baptist), Coltart (Independent), and J. H. Cooke (Baptist).

MR. SPURGEON'S METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE—A numerously-attended public meeting was held in this newly-erected place of worship on Monday, Feb. 4, for the purpose of aiding in raising a sum (£4,000) necessary to complete the expenses attending the rearing of the edifice, presided over by the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P. The hon. chairman having expressed the pleasure it afforded him at being present, and having an opportunity of taking a part, however humble, in so good and important a work, Mr. Spurgeon addressed the meeting, and stated that about a month ago, on the occasion of one of their meetings, he had given a pledge to collect a thousand pounds by Lady-day, on the understanding that the people should collect an equal amount, or double the amount, which he had no doubt they could do by using proper exertions. He had, therefore, that night to place in the treasurer's hands £300 towards the sum he had thus promised to make forthcoming; but he was told that already there had been handed in as collected £350, so that the people had got ahead of him. A gentleman on the platform had, however, just given him a cheque for £50, and he was now equal with them. He had therefore to thank them kindly for the exertions they had made and were making. It was intended to commence opening the building on the 19th of March, by holding a bazaar in aid of the funds. On Monday, the 25th of March, he would preach in it in the afternoon, and he expected his friend, the Rev. W. Brock, to preach in the evening. On the Tuesday following a public meeting would be held, and throughout the week there would be meetings connected with religious objects. He would not preach

there on a Sunday until it was seen whether or not they had funds sufficient to clear the building of debt, which he hoped would be ascertained by the Sunday following—when it was so he would preach in it. If, however, such was not the case, they must just be put to the inconvenience of going to Exeter-hall and the crowded little chapel in Park-street, and be put to all the other inconveniences it was possible to put them to, until they raised the necessary funds; for, as he had once and over again told them, he would never open the place for public worship on Sunday, until every shilling of the expenses of erecting it was paid, and it was totally clear of debt. The meeting was afterwards addressed by the Rev. W. Barker, the Rev. J. H. Wilson, Mr. John Corderoy, and other gentlemen; and it was announced at the conclusion of the meeting that the amount given or collected on the occasion was £500, while in the course of the present month from £800 to £900 had been collected by the congregation. The proceedings closed with a cordial vote of thanks to the chairman, for his kindness in presiding.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

CARLTON, BEDS.—The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon (brother of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon) will preach at Carlton on the second day in April. Tea will be provided at 6d. each. Collections after each service.

CARLETON ROADS, NORFOLK—The ordination of J. M. Kerridge will take place (D.V.) on Wednesday, March 6, when Mr. C. Hill, of Steke Ash, will state the nature of a Gospel Church; Mr. W. Brown, of Friston, will give the charge; and Mr. W. S. Brown, of Attleborough, will preach to the church. Services to commence at ten, two, and half-past six.

CLARE, SUFFOLK—The first anniversary of the new Baptist chapel will (D.V.) be held on Good Friday, March 29, when three sermons will be delivered: that in the morning by the Rev. D. Wilson, minister of the place; those in the afternoon and evening by the Rev. D. Irish, of Ramsey, late of Warboys. Services commencing: in the morning at half-past ten; afternoon at two; evening at half-past six o'clock. Collections in aid of the building fund. A public tea will be provided.

AGED PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY—Rev. W. G. Lewis will deliver his beautifully illustrated lecture on the "Pilgrim's Progress" for the benefit of the society at Bloomsbury Chapel (Rev. W. Brock's), on Tuesday evening, March 26th, to commence at half-past seven. Mr. James Henham has kindly consented to take the chair. Tickets, 1s. each; family tickets to admit four, 3s. each; to be had of Mr. Box and Mr. Jackson, secretaries; Mr. Gosbell, 118, High Holborn; Mr. Keen, 226, Tottenham Court-road; Messrs. Moore and Murphy, Holborn-hill; Mr. Nichols, Chaudostreet; Mr. Lynn, 70, Fleet-street; Mr. Morgan, 36, Marchmont-street, or any of the committees.

THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL—The new Baptist Chapel in Beccles, to which this designation is given, in commemoration of the martyrdom of three faithful witnesses of Jesus, near the spot on which it is erected, during the Popish persecutions under the reign of Queen Mary, will be opened for public worship on Friday, the 29th of March. Brethren Wright, the pastor of the church; Cooper, of Wattisham; and Collins, of Grundisburgh, are appointed to preach on the occasion. Collections will be made towards the cost of the building, and as

the entire outlay very far exceeds the original calculation, the church in Beccles take this opportunity of appealing to sister churches, and to the faithful in Christ Jesus, for their generous and prompt assistance. On the following Lord's day several believers will be baptized, and Brother Bland, of Chesham, Bucks, will preach.

BAPTISMS.

ABERDEEN, English Baptists, Jan. 27—Six by Mr. James Owen; four of the candidates were from the Sabbath-school.

AMERSHAM, Old Meeting, Oct. 14—Two; Nov. 4, Three; Feb. 3, Six, by Mr. D. G. Bell. The Lord has greatly blessed the labours of Mr. Bell in this town and neighbourhood.

RALLYMENA, Ireland, Jan. 19—One; Feb. 4, Fourteen, by Mr. J. G. McVicker.

BEDFORD, Jan. 27—Six, by Mr. Killen.

BERCHINGTON, Kent, Dec. 16—Three; 30, Two; Jan. 20, Two, by Mr. J. Crofts.

BOW, Middlesex, Dec. 30—Eight, by Mr. W. P. Halford.

CARDIFF, Bethany, Jan. 6—Two, by Mr. Tilly.

CARLTON, Beds, Dec. 30—Twelve, in the River Ouse, by Mr. Silverton.

CHESTER, First Church, Feb. 3—Five, by Mr. P. Price.

COLCHESTER, Eldon, Jan. 30—Four, by Mr. Langford.

COLERAINE, Ireland, Jan. 24—One, a convert from Popery; Feb. 7, One, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

YELM, Lower Abbey-street, Jan. 9—Five by Mr. W. L. Giles. Upwards of thirty have been added to this church since Mr. Giles's settlement, about five months. We have had a great revival.

EAST DEREHAM, Norfolk, Jan. 23—Four by Mr. Govett, M.A., from Norwich. The candidates were all very young in years.

EVENJOBB, Radnorshire, Feb. 3—Ten; and Feb. 10, Ten more by Mr. G. Phillips, pastor. One had been a consistent member of the Calvinistic Methodists. Among the above there was a mother with her four sons.

FORTROSE, Scotland, Feb. 14—One by Ferdinand Dunn, in the sea. During the past year, Ten baptisms—all in the sea.

GUILDFORD, Barrackfield Chapel, Jan. 27—Five by Mr. C. Slim, assisted by Mr. Smith, from Watlington.

HANLEY, Staffordshire, Dec. 23—Three; and Jan. 30, Eight, by Mr. Johnson.

HOOK NORTON, Oxon, Sept.—Three; Oct., One, by Mr. W. H. Cornish.

LITCHSTER, Carley-street, Nov. 28—Five; Jan. 1, Nine, by Mr. James.

LEWES, Sussex, Dec. 30—Three, by Mr. L. Haycroft, B.A.

LONDON, New Park-street, Jan. 31—Fifteen, by Mr. Spurgeon.

MARLYN-STREET, Herts, Jan. 6—One, by Mr. H. Biggs.

MERTHYE (Enon, George Town), Dec. 19—Six; Feb. 13, Eleven, by Mr. B. Lewis.

MIDDLETON, in Teesdale, Jan. 2, Seven; 27, Nine; 30, Three, by Mr. W. J. Wilson.

NEWBARTON, near Dudley, Oct.—Three; Dec. 30, Three, by Mr. Marshall.

NEWBRIDGE, Radnorshire, Jan. 27—Two, in the River Wye, by Mr. W. Probert, both from the Sabbath-school.

RAGLAN, Monmouthshire, Dec. 16—Five; Dec. 30, One, by Mr. Johnson.

RIDDINGS, Derbyshire—Two by Mr. T. W. Halford.

SALFORD, Great George-street Chapel, Nov. 25—Six by Mr. S. B. Brown. All from the Sabbath-school, and all under eighteen years of age.

SKOTLEY-BRIDGE, Dec. 9—One; Feb. 3, Two, by Mr. Whitehead.

SHERWESBURY COLLEHAM, Dec. 2—Two; Dec. 19, Three; Dec. 24, Five; Feb. 11, Two, by the pastor, Mr. John Williams.

SOHAM, Cambridgeshire, Oct. 31—Four; Dec. 5, Three; Feb. 6, Seven, by Mr. H. B. Robinson. One of the candidates was seventy years of age, and three others were teachers in the Sabbath-school. The work of the Lord is progressing in our midst.

STROUD, Gloucestershire—Twelve by Mr. W. Yates, after an able address by Mr. Prosser, of Cinderford. Eight of the above were from the school, four were given in answer to special prayer. The Lord is doing a great work. We wish an increased circulation to the **MESSENGER**; a large number is taken here. **SUNBYSSA**, Lancashire, Dec. 30—One by Mr. A. Nichols.

SWANSEA, Glamorganshire, Dec. 2—Twenty-one; Jan. 6, Twenty-one, by Mr. C. Short, B.A.

TODDINGTON, Beds, Nov. 25—Two; by Mr. Wood; Dec. 23, Three by Mr. Willis. God is blessing us; we thank him and take courage.

TREDEGAR, English Church, Jan. 6—Four by Mr. J. Lewis.

WANDSWORTH (at Chelsea Paradise Chapel), Jan. 3—Five by Mr. Genders.

WATCHETT, Somerset, Feb. 10—Two by Mr. Priske.

WILLENHALL, Gomer-street Chapel, Jan. 6—Two; Feb. 3, Two, by Mr. J. Davies.

WOLVERY, Warwickshire, Dec. 23—Three by Mr. Langridge, of Nuneaton.

WORSTED, Norfolk, Jan. 6—Two by Mr. J. P. Smythe. Many more are inquiring.

DEATHS.

ANN HUXLEY, CHESTER, died Feb. 2, aged 69. She was a consistent member of the Baptist church, Hamilton-place, and was baptized in 1838. She died trusting wholly on the merits of her Divine Redeemer.

THE REV. J. WELLS, THURLEIGH BEDS.—Mr. Wells was born at Woodford, in 1800. His parents were members of the Baptist church at Thrapstone, there being no interest at the place of their residence. Their son accompanied them there on the Lord's-day, and entered the Sabbath-school; his mind was exercised with religious feelings from an early period of his life, and he was in the habit of praying when a lad—this may account in part for his great fluency in prayer; but he was chiefly aroused to a sense of his lost condition, by hearing that great and good man, the late Andrew Fuller. He was baptized at Kingstead, Dec. 5th, 1818. Elected one of the officers of the church, June 4th, 1830; and dismissed to Thurleigh, Dec. 1838. Mr. Williamson, one of his fellow-deacons, says that, before he began to preach, he read a portion of the Word of God, at the morning prayer-meetings, and explained it, after which he began to speak occasionally, and went among the surrounding villages, where his labours were acceptable, and were owned of God. His views of the doctrines of the Gospel were moderate, thoroughly evangelical, and equidistant from all extremes. He had always expressed a wish

that he should die in the scene of his labours, and in this he was heard, ending his pastorate where he had commenced it, at Thurlough, after a lapse of 23 years, during which time the chapel had been enlarged, being paid for chiefly through his exertions. It was well attended, and many were added to the church. Not many days before his last illness he said to his wife, "I am more willing than ever to labour or suffer according to the will of the Lord," and in one of his last sermons urged the necessity of the same willingness on his people with earnestness and faithfulness. On the following Sabbath evening he was seized with paralysis, which prostrated his strength and deprived him of speech. Quietly and passively he remained waiting his Father's will. A friend who visited him says, "He grasped my hand and gazed heavenwards, as if intimating that his departure was drawing nigh;" and on his wife presenting him with the small Bible which he generally used he pressed it to his heart as the only book in which he had found that religion which supported him in the trying hour. He died in peace, Nov. 23, 1860, and was interred in his own place of worship in the presence of a large assembly. His death was improved on the following Lord's-day by his old friend, Rev. T. Robinson, of Staughton.

THE BAPTIST TRACT SOCIETY AND THE REVIVAL IN JAMAICA.

(To the Editor of the BAPTIST MESSENGER.)

MY DEAR SIR,—Your readers are aware that God is doing a great work in Jamaica. Last

evening, the committee of the Baptist Tract Society had to consider a request from a missionary, who is about to return hither, for a grant of tracts for himself and brethren. The committee felt that it ought to be in some degree proportionate to the opportunities for usefulness now enjoyed there. But their means are sadly insufficient to do what they desired. The committee voted tracts to the value of £10—a grant which, though small when compared with the field, is not so when compared with the society's funds. Will you kindly say a word or two to assure your readers how much good they might hope to accomplish by enabling the society to meet more fully the many openings for usefulness with which God favours it?

Another application was made on the same evening by Mr. Wiberger, for a gift of money for publishing and circulating tracts in Sweden; and to this request the committee would be glad to be able to reply liberally. Pence and shillings will be acceptable as well as pounds, and I am sure that you will be happy to receive any contributions which may be sent to you on behalf of the society. It is devoted to making known the grace of God, as well as the true path of loving obedience.—Yours, &c.,

WM. NORRIS, Editor of the Baptist Tract Society.

Sutton, Surrey, S., Jan. 23rd.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication from Rev. B. Arthur Coate, Oxon, and some others, are, we regret to say, received too late for insertion this month.

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"I WAS LEFT!"

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.

"I was left."—Ezek. ix. 8.

HE saw the slaughtermen come forth with their weapons, he marked them begin the destroying work at the gate of the Temple, he saw them proceed through the main streets, and not omit a single lane; they slew utterly all those who were not marked with the mark of the writer's inkhorn on their brow. He stood alone—that Prophet of the Lord—himself spared in the midst of universal carnage; and as the carcasses fell at his feet, and bodies stained with gore lay all around him, he said, "I was left." He stood alive amongst the dead, because he was found faithful among the faithless; he existed in the midst of universal destruction, because he had served his God in the midst of universal depravity. We shall now take the sentence apart altogether from Ezekiel, and take it with respect to ourselves, and I think when we read it over and repeat it, "I was left," it very naturally invites us to take a *retrospect* of the past, very readily also suggests a *prospect* of the future, and, I think, it permits also a terrible *contrast*.

L. First of all, then, my brethren, our text, which says "I was left," seems to invite us to take a retrospect. "I was left." You have remembered, many of you, times of sickness, when cholera was in your streets. You may forget that season, I never can; when the duties of my pastorate called me continually to walk among you and to see the dying and the dead. Impressed upon my young heart must ever remain some of those sad scenes I saw when I first came to this city, and was rather employed at that time to bury the dead than to bless the living. Some of you have passed through not only one season of cholera but many, and you have been present, too, perhaps, in climates where fever has prostrated its hundreds, and where other dire diseases have emptied out their quivers, and every arrow has found its mark in the heart of some one of your companions, and you have been left. You walked among the graves, but you did not stumble into them. Fierce diseases waited for you, but they were not allowed to devour you. The bullets of death whistled by your ears, and yet you stood alive, for his bullet had no billet in your life. You can look back, some of you I see, through fifty, sixty, seventy years. Your bald and grey heads tell the story that you are no more raw recruits in the army of life. You have become veterans, if not invalids, in that army. You are ready to retire, to put off your armour, and give place to others. Look back, brethren, I say, you who have come into the sear and yellow leaf; remember the many seasons in which you have seen death hailing multitudes about you; and think—"I was left." And we, too, the young, in whose veins our blood still leaps in vigour, can remember times of peril, when thousands fell about us, but yet we can say in God's house to-night, "I was left"—preserved, great God, when few others were preserved; sustained, standing on the rock of life when the waves of death dashed about me, and the spray fell upon me, and my body was wetted therewith, full of disease and pain, yet am I still alive—permitted still to mingle with the busy tribes of men.

Now, then, what does this retrospect suggest? Ought we not each one of us to ask the question, What was I spared for? Why was I left? Many of you were at that time, and some of you even now are dead in trespasses and sins! You were not spared because of your fruitfulness, for you brought forth nothing but the grapes of Gomorrah. Certainly God did not stay his sword because of anything good in you, for there were a multitude of clamorous evils in you that might well have demanded your summary execution. You were spared, sinner: let me ask you why? Was it that mercy might yet visit you—that grace might yet renew your soul? Have you

found it so? Has sovereign grace overcome you, broken down your prejudices, thawed your icy heart, broken your stony will in pieces? Say, sinner, in looking back upon the times when you have been left, were you spared in order that you might be saved with a great salvation? And if you cannot say "Yes" to that question, let me ask you whether it may not be so yet? Soul, why has God spared you so long, while you are yet his enemy, yet a stranger to him, yet far off from him by wicked works? Or, let me ask, has he spared you that you may grow riper for damnation—that you may fill up your measure of crying iniquity, and then go down to the pit a sinner seared and dry, like wood that is ready for the fire? Can it be so, or shall these spared moments be given up to repentance and to prayer? and will you now, ere the last of your sins shall set in everlasting darkness, will you now look unto him? If so, you have reason to bless God through all eternity that you were left, because you were left that you might yet seek and might yet find him who is the Saviour of sinners.

Do I speak to many of you who are Christians—and you have been left, too. When better saints than you were snatched away from earthly ties and kindred—when brighter stars than you were enclouded in night, you were permitted still to shine with your, poor flickering ray. Why was it, great God? why am I now left? Let me ask myself that question. In sparing me so long, hast thou not something more for me to do? Is there not some purpose as yet unconceived in my soul which thou wilt yet suggest to me, and to carry out which thou wilt yet give me grace and strength, and spare me again a little while? Am I yet immortal, or shielded at least from every arrow of death, because my work is incomplete? Is the tale of my years prolonged because the full tale of the bricks hath not yet been made up? Then show me what thou wouldst have me do? Since thus I have been left, help me to feel myself a specially-consecrated man, left for a purpose, reserved for some end, else had I been worms'-meat years ago, and my body had crumbled back to its mother earth. Christian, I say, always be asking yourself this question; but especially be asking it when you are preserved in times of more than ordinary sickness and death. If I am left, why am I left? why am I not taken home to heaven? why do I not enter into my rest? Great Lord and Master, show to me what thou wouldst have me do, and give me grace and strength to do it.

But let us change the retrospect for a moment, and look upon the sparing mercy of God in another light. "I was left." Some of you now present, whose history I well know, can say, "I was left;" and say it with peculiar emphasis. You were born of ungodly parents; the earliest words you can recollect were words of blasphemy, of bestial lust. You can remember how the first breath your infant lungs received was tainted air—the air of vice, of sin, and iniquity. You grew up, you and your brothers and your sisters, side by side; you filled one home with sin, you went out together in your youthful crimes, and you sinned together. You grew up to manhood, and you banded yourselves together in ties of vice as well as in ties of flesh; you added to your number; you took in other associates; as your family circle increased, so did your love of wickedness increase. You, all of you, together broke the Sabbath; you all devised the same scheme, and perpetrated it at once. Perhaps you can recollect the time when Sunday invitations used always to be sent, and there used to be a sneer at godliness couched in the very invitation itself. You recollect how one and another of your old comrades died; you went to their graves; your merriment was checked a little while, but it soon began again. Then a sister died, steeped to the mouth in infidelity; and then a brother was taken; he had no hope in his death, but all was darkness and despair before him. And so, sinner, thou hast outlived all thy comrades; and if thou art inclined to go to hell, thou must go there along a solitary path; but a path, if thou lookest back upon that which thou hast trodden of it, stained with blood; for thou canst remember how all that have been before

thee have gone to the long home without a hope, without a glimpse or ray of joy. And now thou art left, sinner; and, blessed be God, it may be you can say to-night, "Yes, and I am not only left, but I am here to-night; and if I know my own heart, there is nothing that I should hate so much as to live my old life over again. Here I am, and I never believed I ever should be here. I look back with mournfulness indeed upon those who have departed; but though mourning them, I express my gratitude to God that I am not in torments—not in hell—but still here; yea, not only here, but having a hope that I shall one day see the face of Christ, and stand amidst blazing worlds robed in his righteousness and preserved by his love." You have been left, then; and what ought you to say? Ought you to boast? Oh, no; be doubly humble. Should you take the honour to yourself? No; put the crown upon the head of free, rich, undeserved grace. And what should you do above all other men? Why, you should be doubly pledged to serve Christ. As you have served the devil through thick and thin, until you came to serve him alone, and your company had all departed, so by Divine grace may you be pledged to Christ—to follow him, though all the world should despise him, and to hold on to the end, until, if every professor should be an apostate, it might yet be said of you at the last, "He was left; he stood alone in sin while his comrades died; and then he stood alone in Christ when his companions deserted him. Thus of you it should ever be said, 'He was left.'"

This suggests also one more form of the same retrospect. What a special providence has looked over some of us, and guarded our feeble frames! There are some of you, in particular, who have been left to such an age, that as you look back upon your youthful days you have far more of kinsfolk in the tomb than in the world, more under the earth than above it. Still you are left. Preserved amidst a thousand dangers of infancy, then kept in youth, and steered safely over the shoals and quicksands, and over the rocks of manhood, you have been brought past the ordinary period of mortal life, and yet you are still here. Seventy years exposed to perpetual death, and yet preserved till you have come almost, perhaps, to your fourscore years. You have been left, my dear brother, and why are you left? why is it that brothers and sisters are all gone? why is it that your old school-companions have gradually thinned? You cannot recollect one, now alive, who was your companion in youth. How is it that now, you, who have lived in a certain quarter so long, see new names there on all the shop doors, new faces in the street, and everything new to what you once saw in your younger time? Why are you spared? are you an unconverted man? are you an unconverted woman? why are you spared then? Is it that you may at the eleventh hour be saved?—God grant it may be so—or art thou spared till thou shalt have sinned thyself into the lowest depths of hell that thou mayest go there the most aggravated sinner, because of oft-repeated warnings, as often neglected—art thou spared for this, or is it that thou mayest yet be saved? But art thou a Christian? then it is not hard for thee to answer the question, Why art thou spared? I do not believe there is an old woman on earth, living in the most obscure cot in England, and sitting this very night in the dark garret, with her candle gone out, without means to buy another—I do not believe that old woman would be kept out of heaven five minutes unless God had something for her to do on earth; and I do not think that yon grey-headed man, now would be preserved here unless there was somewhat for him to do. Tell it out, tell it out, thou aged man; tell the story of that preserving grace which has kept thee up till now. Tell to thy children and to thy children's children what a God he is whom thou hast trusted. Stand up as an hoary patriarch and tell how he delivered thee in six troubles, and in seven suffered no evil to touch thee, and bear to coming generations thy faithful witness that his word is true, and that his promise cannot fail. Lean on thy staff to-night, and say ere thou diest in the midst of thy family, "Not one good thing hath

failed of all that the Lord God hath promised." Let thy ripe days bring forth a mellow testimony to his love; and as thou hast more and more advanced in years, so be thou more and more advanced in knowledge and in confirmed assurance of the immutability of his counsel, the truthfulness of his oath, the preciousness of his blood, and the sureness of the salvation of all those who put their trust in him. Then shall we know that thou art spared for a high and noble purpose indeed. Thou shalt say it with tears of gratitude, and we will listen with smiles of joy—"I was left."

II. I must rather suggest these retrospects than follow them up, though, did time permit, we might well enlarge abundantly, and therefore I must hurry on to invite you to a *prospect*. "And I was left." You and I shall soon pass out of this world into another. This life is, as it were, but the ferry boat; we are being carried across, and we shall soon come to the true shore, the real *terra firma*, for here there is nothing that is substantial. When we shall come into that next world we have to expect by and by a resurrection—a resurrection both of the just and of the unjust; and in that solemn day we are to expect that all that dwell upon the face of the earth shall be gathered together in one place. And he shall come, who came once to suffer, "he shall come to judge the world in righteousness, and the people in equity." He who came as an infant shall come as the Infinite. He who lay wrapped in swaddling bands shall come girt about the paps with a golden girdle, with a rainbow wreath, and robes of storm. There shall we all stand a vast innumerable company; earth shall be crowned from her valley's deepest base to the mountain's summit, and the sea's waves shall become the solid standing-place of men and women who have slept beneath its torrents. Then shall every eye be fixed on him, and every ear shall be opened to him, and every heart shall watch with solemn awe and dread suspense for the transactions of that greatest of all days, that day of days, that sealing up of the ages, that completing of the dispensation. In solemn pomp the Saviour comes, and his angels with him. You hear his voice as he cries, "Gather together the tares in bundles to burn them." Behold the reapers, how they come with wings of fire! see how they grasp their sharp sickles which have long been grinding upon the millstone of God's long-suffering, but have become sharpened at the last. Do you see them as they approach? and there they are mowing down a nation with their sickles. The vile idolaters have just now fallen, and yonder a family of blasphemers have been crushed beneath the feet of the reapers. See there a bundle of drunkards are carried away upon the reapers' shoulders to the great blazing fire. See, again, in another place, the whoremonger, the adulterer, the unchaste, and such like, tied up in vast bundles—bundles the withs of which shall never be rent—and see them cast into the fire, and see how they blaze in the unutterable torments of that pit: and shall I be left? Great God, shall I stand there wrapped in his righteousness alone, the righteousness of him who sits my Judge erect upon the judgment seat? Shall I, when the wicked shall cry, "Rocks hide us, mountains on us fall," shall this eye look up, shall this face dare to turn itself to the face of him that sits upon the throne? shall I stand calm and unmoved amidst universal terror and dismay? shall I be numbered with the goodly company, who, clothed with the white linen which is the righteousness of the saints, shall await the shock, shall see the wicked hurled to destruction, and feel and know themselves secure? Shall it be so, or shall I be bound up in a bundle to burn, and swept away for ever by the breath of God's nostrils, like the chaff driven before the wind? It must be one or the other; which shall it be? Can I answer that question? can I tell? I can tell it—tell it now—for I have in this very chapter that which teaches me how to judge myself. They who are preserved have the mark on their foreheads, and they have a character as well as a mark, and their character is, that they sigh and cry for all the abominations of

the wicked. Then, if I hate sin, and if I sigh because others love it—if I cry because I myself through infirmity fall into it—if the sin of myself and the sin of others is a constant source of grief and vexation of spirit to me, then have I that mark and evidence of those who shall neither sigh nor cry in the world to come, for sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Have I the blood mark on my brow today? Say, my soul, hast thou put thy trust in Jesus Christ alone, and, as the fruit of that faith, has thy faith learned how to love, not only him that saveth thee, but others too, who, as yet, are unsaved? And do I sigh and cry within, while I bear the blood mark without? Come brother, sister, answer this for thyself I charge thee—I charge thee, do it, by the tottering earth, and by the ruined pillars of heaven, that shall surely shake, I pray thee by the cherubim and seraphim that shall be before the throne of the great Judge; by the blazing lightnings, that shall then kindle the thick darkness, and make the sun amazed, and turn the moon into blood; by him whose tongue is like a flame—like a sword of fire; by him who shall judge thee, and try thee, and read thy heart, and declare thy ways, and divide unto thee thine eternal portion. I conjure thee, by the certainties of death, by the sureness of judgment, by the glories of heaven, by the solemnities of hell—I beseech, implore, command, intreat thee—ask thyself now, “Shall I be left?” Do I believe in Christ? have I been born again? have I a new heart and a right spirit? or am I still what I always was—God’s enemy, Christ’s despiser, cursed by the law, cast out from the Gospel, without God and without hope, a stranger to the commonwealth of Israel? Oh, I cannot speak to thee as earnestly as I would to God I could. I want to thrust this question into your very loins, and stir up your heart’s deepest thoughts with it. Sinner, what will become of thee when God shall winnow the chaff from the wheat, what will be thy portion? Thou that standest in the aisle yonder, what will be thy portion, thou who art crowded there, what will thy portion be, when he shall come, and nothing shall escape his eye? Say, shalt thou hear him? say, and shall thy heart-strings crack whilst he utters the thundering sound, “Depart, ye cursed;” or shall it be thy happy lot—thy soul transported all the while with bliss unutterable, to hear him say, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundations of the world.” Our text invites a prospect. I pray you take it, and look across the narrow stream of death, and say, “Shall I be left?”—

“When thou, my righteous Judge, shall come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?”

III. But now to come to a terrible *contrast*, which I think is permitted in the text—“I was left.” Then there will be some who will not be left, and yet who will be left. They will be left by mercy, forsaken by hope, given up by friends, left to the implacable fury, to the sudden, infinite, and unmitigated severity and justice of an angry God. They will be left in that sense, but they will not be left in the other, for the sword shall find them out, the vials of Jehovah shall reach even to their heart. And that flame, the pile whereof is wood and much smoke shall suddenly devour them, and that without remedy. Sinner, thou shalt be left. I say, thou shalt be left of all those fond joys that thou huggest now—left of that pride which now steels thy heart: thou wilt be low enough then. Thou wilt be left of that iron constitution which now repels apparently the dart of death. Thou shalt be left of those companions of thine that lead thee on to sin and harden thee in iniquity. Thou shalt be left by those who promised to be thy helpers at the

last. They shall need helpers themselves, and the strong man shall fail. Thou shalt be left then of that pleasing fancy of thine, and of that merry wit which can make sport of Bible truths and mock at solemnities. Thou shalt be left then of all thy buoyant hopes, and of all thy imaginary delights. Thou shalt be left of that sweet angel, Hope, who never leaveth any but those who are condemned to hell. Thou shalt be left of God's Spirit, who sometimes now pleads with thee. Thou shalt be left of Jesus Christ, whose Gospel is to-night preached in thine ear. Thou shalt be left of God the Father; he shall shut his eye against thee, and his heart shall not regard thy cries. Thou shalt be left; but oh! again I tell thee, thou shalt not be left in that other sense, for when the earth shall open to swallow up the wicked, it shall open at thy feet and swallow thee up. When the fiery thunderbolt shall pursue the spirit that falls into the pit that is bottomless, it shall pursue thee and reach thee and find thee. When God rendeth the wicked in pieces, and there shall be none to deliver; and, oh sinner, he shall rend thee in pieces, he shall be unto thee as a consuming fire, thy conscience shall be full of gall, thy heart shall be drunken with bitterness, thy teeth shall be broken even with gravel stones, thy hopes broken with his hot thunderbolts, and all thy joys withered and blasted by his breath. Oh! careless sinner, mad sinner, thou who art dashing thyself now downward to destruction, why wilt thou play the fool at this rate? there are cheaper ways of making sport for thyself than this. Dash thy head against the wall; go scuffle there, and, like David, let thy spittle fall upon thy beard, but let not thy sin fall upon thy conscience, and let not thy despite of Christ be like a millstone hanged about thy neck, with which thou shalt be cast into the sea for ever. Be wise, I pray thee. Oh, Lord, make the sinner wise; hush his madness for awhile; let him be sober and hear the voice of reason; let him be still and hear the voice of conscience; let him be obedient and hear the voice of Scripture. "Thus saith the Lord, because I will do this consider thy ways." "Prepare to meet thy God;" "Oh, Israel, set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." I do feel I have a message for some one to-night. Though there may be some who think the sermon not appropriate to a congregation where there is so large a proportion of converted men and women, yet what a large proportion of ungodly ones there are here too! I know that you come here, many of you, to hear some funny tale, and to hear some strange, eccentric speech of that eccentric man. Ah, well, he is eccentric, and hopes to be so till he dies; but it is simply eccentric in being in earnest, and wanting to win souls. Oh, poor sinners! there is no odd tale I would not tell if I thought it would be blessed to you. There is no grotesque language which I would not use, however it might be thrown back at me again, if I thought it might but be serviceable to you. I set not my account to be thought a fine speaker; they that use fine language may dwell in the king's palaces. I speak to you as one who knows he is accountable to no man, but only to his God; as one who shall have to render in his account at the last great day. And I pray you now go not away to talk of this and that which you have remarked in my language. Think of this one thing, "Shall I be left? shall I be saved? shall I be caught up and dwell with Christ in heaven? or shall I be cast down to hell for ever and ever?" Turn over these things, and think of them. Hear that voice which says, "Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out." "Come now, let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." God bless you and save you, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

I WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT JESUS.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

WHEN the Holy Spirit quickens and enlightens the soul, giving it to see and feel its true state and condition, and then discovers to it something of the grace and suitability of Jesus, for a time it is wholly taken up with Christ; its desires are insatiable; it wants to hear of Christ, read of Christ, and talk of Christ. Or, as one simple soul well expressed it, "*I want to know everything about Jesus.*" Yes, we want to know all about this Friend of sinners, this Son of God. What we have heard of him, and what we have received from him, and what we have enjoyed of him, only whet our appetite, and fill us with an inward, ardent longing to know all about him.

Everything about Jesus is *interesting* to the spiritual mind; and the more spiritual we are, the more deeply we feel interested in all that concerns Jesus. We should like to know all about him, as he is the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. All about his ancient glory, and his goings-forth of old, even from everlasting. All about the part he took in the covenant of grace, when he undertook to be our Surety, engaged to become our Substitute, and received a commission from the Father to be our Saviour. Oh, how glorious to know all about his eternal love, his thoughts of peace, his purposes of mercy, and his designs of grace—when, at the creation of our world, his delights were with the sons of men!

Everything about Jesus is *precious* to the believer; and the more we know about Jesus, the more we want to know. We want to know all about his visits to the patriarchs, and to the Church in the wilderness; all about his manifestations to David, Solomon, and the prophets. All about him as prefigured by the Tabernacle and Temple, by the sacrifices and services of the law. All about him, as set forth in the prophetic predictions, and the glorious promises made to the Lord's people in the days of old. There is nothing about Jesus, but what would interest us, but what would be precious to us. Oh, thou good and gracious spirit of Christ, whenever we read the Old Testament, lift up the veil, throw clear light upon the page, and let us know all about Jesus, as he is revealed in that blessed book.

Everything about Jesus is *profitable* to us, and is calculated to do us good, and therefore we want to know all about him as the Great Teacher, and the lessons he taught; as the great High Priest, and the oblation he offered, the sacrifice he presented, and the atonement he made; and as God's glorious King, his kingdom, government, laws, discipline, crown, royal robes, palaces, and subjects. We want to know all about Jesus as the glorious Mediator, who represents the Father to us, and represents us to the Father; and who, having made peace on the cross, preserves it by officiating before the throne. Oh, to know all about Jesus in the glory of his person, the merit of his blood, the perfection of his righteousness, the prevalence of his intercession, and the worship paid to him above!

All about Jesus is *calculated to make us happy*; and therefore we want to know all about him as dwelling in the hearts of his people; exciting their desires, fixing their faith, enlarging their hopes, feasting their affections, and filling them with joy and peace. Jesus, in the bosom of the Father, is a delightful subject; Jesus, in the types and shadows of the law, is intensely interesting; Jesus, in the predictions and promises, is most precious; Jesus, teaching and working miracles, excites our wonder and admiration; Jesus, in the garden and on the cross, deeply affects us; Jesus, in heaven for us, draws up our affections and hopes; but Jesus in the heart, in the heart the hope of glory, in the heart the source of holiness and solid happiness, is exquisitely delightful.

All about Jesus has a *tendency to sanctify us*, lift us above the world, and prepare us for glory; therefore we wish to know all about Jesus and his second advent. Yes, we want to know all about his coming in glory, to silence the groans of creation, to execute the judgments predicted on the nations, to raise the dead bodies of his saints, to change those who are alive into the likeness of himself, and to commence his glorious millennial reign. Oh, to know all about Jesus on the throne of his Father, David, as reigning on Mount Zion, and before his ancients gloriously; as filling the earth with righteousness, knowledge, health, and holiness; as bringing heaven down into our world! Oh, to know all about Jesus as the Lamb, enlightening the holy city, the New Jerusalem, that descendeth out of heaven from God, and as feeding his beloved people, and leading them to fountains of living waters! Oh, to know all about Jesus, so far as possible, now, and to be prepared to know all about Jesus, when, as Paul says, "We shall know, even as also we are known." My soul, be this thy daily desire, aspiration, and prayer: "OH, TO KNOW ALL ABOUT JESUS!"

IGNORANT TALK VERSUS INTELLIGENT SILENCE.

BY REV. W. P. BALFERN, AUTHOR OF "LESSONS FROM JESUS," ETC.

"Be still, and know that I am God."—Ps. xlvii. 10.

SILENCE may have much more in it than noise, and be far more intelligent; indeed, noise and superficiality are frequently found to be twin sisters of the same birth, and living for the same object. We make a great deal of noise sometimes, and do but little good, because there is frequently so little *meaning* in our noise. Our words too frequently might be likened to bladders of wind rather than to loaves of bread—to bats which fly about in the dusk of the evening to frighten people—than to birds of Paradise which visit us with the light of heaven upon their plumage; it is important, therefore, that we should watch these winged messengers of good or evil, and often clip their wings, if needs be, and keep them at home. If our thoughts are bad, or even dubious, however restless they may be for a verbal incarnation, it is better to deny it to them, than grant their request at the expense of our own shame and the injury of others. It is part of our duty, therefore, to learn to "be still." The world is full of unscrupulous, unmeaning talk, but the Church is to learn to be quiet, she is to try and be like her Lord, of whom it is written that, under certain trying circumstances, "he answered them *not a word*." And especially is this the duty of the Christian in times of great trouble; for at such times, though he may *feel* most, he understands least, and consequently is liable to speak unadvisedly, and to let words escape him which he would gladly recall. This

lesson, however, is *hard* to learn; for when the wind blows upon the trees, they will talk to the blast, and the ocean, when disturbed, blends its voice with the storm. But we are to *be still*. Does this mean that we should be so quiet that the mind should not *think*? Surely not; for it is written, "Commune with your own heart, and be still; in the time of adversity, consider." Intelligent beings often *think* themselves into trouble, but, by the blessing of God, they also think themselves out of it. If our thoughts are subordinated to God's Word, and under the influence of his Spirit, we shall frequently see that the cause of our trouble is with ourselves, or that God has a purpose of love in it, and this will help us to "be still." Our being "still," therefore, does not exclude our thinking, much less our *praying*; for it is by prayer we fetch in the omnipotent help of him who only in times of great distress can say to the troubled waters of affliction and sorrow, "Peace, be still." But what do these words mean, "Be still"? We suppose that they mean to say that, under certain circumstances, we are completely helpless, and that it will be our wisdom to do nothing, and, if possible, say less; and of what this is to be the result we are told—"Be still, and *know* that I am God!" So this peace is not to be the quietness of a stagnant pool, nor the sleep of ignorance upon the breast of insensibility. We are to *feel*, but we are to "be still," because we *know*

and believe; our quietness is to be the child of a knowledge which assures us, that though the nations around us heave and rage like the waves of the sea, our Father and God can control them; that though darkness so covers our path that we cannot see the way we should go, he can dispel it; that though our wounds are deep and many, he can heal them—yea, cause those very things which appear to be against us, to work for our future advantage and his own glory.

Now let us look at some few reasons why we should cultivate this peaceful, submissive, child-like, confiding faith in God, for we suppose that all these things are embodied in these little words, "Be still," and much more. Reasons from—

1. *Ourselves*.—The happy state of mind above referred to is not natural to us, and it will not grow of itself. We are exceedingly shallow, excitable, fickle, and easily moved—we resemble rather the noisy, babbling brook than the quiet, deep-flowing river, which carries life and beauty wherever it flows. We are liable to speak ignorantly, and act precipitantly, and thus to injure both ourselves and others.

2. *Providence*.—The wheels of Divine providence are great and high, but full of eyes; each ponderous revolve is guided and controlled by the hand of Infinite Intelligence; but reason cannot always see this, especially when her most sacred treasures are crushed; and men of subtle intellect, too, are perpetually seeking to throw dust in her eyes, so that sometimes she is sadly bewildered, and has no balm with which to heal the aching heart, nor light to throw upon the path of the perplexed traveller. We can only, therefore, find our help in the realization of what is meant when it is said, "Be still, and know that I am God."

3. *God*.—His character as a covenant-keeping God, abundant in goodness, mercy, truth, and faithfulness; as deigning actually to live under the influence of his own purpose, to glorify himself in his Son, his Son in his people, and both in himself.

4. *Honour of God*.—It is through "being still," as we have attempted to describe, Christian, that you will exhibit those things which are to the glory of God—confidence, humility, steadfastness, perseverance. All these things seen in thee, believer, and shining through thee, in the ways of God, men will see that true religion

is not a green-house plant, but a healthy, vigorous thing, adapted to all climates, and which flourishes alike at all times and under all circumstances. And this is the religion which we need, and which a noisy, fickle, inconstant, and superficial world needs; not an extrinsic thing which may be compared to the wires which move an automaton by jerks and starts, but a religion which may be likened to life in a healthy man's body, under the influence of which, whether it be summer or winter, night or day, he goes forth to his work, and eats the fruits of his labour. We have no more of vital Christianity than we have of the image of Christ; we only exhibit that image so far as we exemplify the same graces as he did; and as in nature quietness is essential in order to the formation of that dew, by which she is refreshed and beautified, so there must be submission to the will of God, in order to that holy calm and steadfastness of faith being ours, which, by the help of God's Spirit, enables the soul, even in the most troublous times, to reflect as in a mirror the face of him who is the perfection of beauty.

5. *The Example of Christ*.—What a field spreads before us here! but we must leave the Christian to enter, and think for himself. We have placed this last—it should have come first. Consider, reader, what Christ knew, to what he was exposed, and what he endured, and mark the influence of these words over him, "Be still, and know that I am God." The secret depths of his soul, though often stirred, were never darkened, for there was no sin there. His soul ever reflected the perfections of God, because he ever lived under the practical and joyful recognition of his Divine Sovereignty. The holy calm and majestic silence of His life is full of meaning, because full of God. He was still; he opened not his mouth, for he knew God as we never can, and served him with a love which no waters of suffering or sorrow could quench. Wouldst thou see, therefore, believer, the latent force, meaning, and beauty, of this language, look at it as mirrored forth in the quiet, placid beauty of thy Saviour's life. See how the very attributes of God shine upon, and through, that meek and lowly Man; and learn how meekness confers might and humility, beautifies and exalts the soul. Jesus speaks to us by what he *did* say, but no less by what he *did not*. May we ponder this fact,

and seek increasingly to imitate his example!

We have here, then, in these few words, a Divine order, or God's method of enriching and blessing the soul. "Be still, and know that I am God." God would have much thought and little talk. The world's method, too frequently, is much talk and little thought; and it is because men will invert God's order that frequently they know so little of him, while they say so much. Reader, if while perusing these lines thy conscience condemns thee, and bears its witness to the fact that thou hast said much about God while yet thou hast thought but little about him, we pray thee now conform thyself to his words. Think much of him, and say but little for some time to come. Thy thoughts thus employed

will clothe thee with humility and self-trust, for who by "searching can find out God." While yet subordinated to revealed truth, and directed by the Divine Spirit, they will keep thee from the scorner's chair, the sophistries of reason, and reasoners false to themselves and God, and so enrich thy soul that thy words, though few, yet, being words of truth, shall be as winged messengers of life, hope, and mercy to many. But if thou wilt not conform thyself with all thy heart to this prescription of Divine mercy, but will have thy talk without prayerful thought, then the God whose truth thou hast darkened, and whose character thou hast libelled, will some day vindicate himself, and proclaim thee a *fool*, to thine everlasting shame and confusion of face.

THE GOSPEL IN ITS RELATION TO PRAYER; OR, THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH NECESSARY TO TRUE DEVOTION.

BY THE REV. R. H. CARSON, TUBBERMORE, IRELAND.

AMONG the many useful subjects which now occupy the attention of Christians, none, perhaps, is of more importance than that of prayer. Prayer, in its true nature, stands in the closest relation to the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. So, intimately, indeed, are they connected, that we cannot understand the one without being acquainted with the other. Ignorance of the former implies ignorance of the latter. This is a point altogether unknown to thousands who bear the Christian name, and one, I fear, not sufficiently understood by many real disciples of the Saviour. Let us attend to it for a little.

Prayer, as an exercise of the human soul, is an *expression of want—of want which no creature can supply*. Indeed, this seems to be its first, its primal idea. Why do we approach the throne of grace at all, or ask anything at the hand of the Lord? Is it not for the same reason that the beggar asks an alms, or the convict a pardon? Ah! it is our deep poverty, our utter helplessness, our obvious danger, that give meaning to our prayers. Take these away, or let us cease to realize them, and not prayer, but only its form, remains. Like the proud Pharisee, we may indeed go up to pray; but, like him, also, it will not be to petition for mercies needed, but to give

thanks for virtues possessed. Prayer can never be a reality—can never answer to its character—can never even approach to what its name imports, till the soul of the suppliant has passed down into the valley of humiliation, and lain among the potsberds of the earth. Who ever, with intelligence, cried out, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" but the man who had first adjudged himself in the sight of God a lost and helpless creature? Could we but convince men of their need, could we but show them their peril—the offering of Cain would cease to be presented, and that of Abel would take its place. But how shall men, utterly ignorant of their true condition—men into whose hearts no ray of Gospel light has ever shone, go to seek at the throne of grace the blessings there bestowed? In a feeling of need, and in nothing else, can prayer originate.

Here now, reader, see the necessity for Gospel teaching. Ah! it is before the cross we learn our indigence, and thence we go to prayer. Dark Calvary teaches many a lesson, but none more plainly than the utter helplessness of fallen man. This is the very alphabet of the Gospel testimony. Nay, in every line, almost in every word of that testimony it may be read. Look, for example, at the sad picture drawn by the

great Apostle (Rom. iii. 10-18) of the woes and wants of our poor humanity. If that great master has not erred, we have no righteousness, no understanding, no goodness, no fear of God; nothing, indeed, but what is corrupt in heart, vile in language, or vicious in conduct. See, again, our portraiture by the hand of the Evangelic Prophet, Isa. i. 5, 6—"The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores." A very mass of corruption, full of moral pollution and deadly distemper; a poor, decaying, perishing thing! But need we multiply references? What Scripture is silent about sin that speaks of salvation? Are we told of a Saviour? it is because we are "lost," Luke xix. 10. Are we pointed to the ransom? we were "going down to the pit," Job xxxiii. 24. Is a new heart promised us? the old is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," Jer. xvii. 9. Have we grace engaged? we are full of "infirmities," 2 Cor. xii. 9.

Besides, in the sufferings of the Son of God themselves, we learn what no mere words can express as to the extent of our guilt, and the greatness of our need. Who that looks upon the dying Saviour, that sees his agony, that hears his cry, can forbear exclaiming,—*Some great, some terrible necessity has occasioned this?* Jesus perished not as the result of his own transgression. Holy and spotless as the Father from whom he came, he deserved not to die. And yet never man died such a death. It was not the shame of expiring as a malefactor—it was not the mockery of being crowned as a king—it was not the desertion of his friends, or the derision of his enemies, it was not even the agony of crucifixion,—it was none—it was not all of these together that marked with its greatest horror the death of the cross. *Jesus died beneath his Father's frown!* Ah, there it is! "Eloi, eloi, lama sabachthani! That sums up, and within itself accumulates the pains of hell. The other evils might have been borne, as indeed they sometimes were by dying criminals. But how shall this be met? Alas! my Saviour, thy crushed, thy bruised, thy tortured soul alone can tell. Oh, the agony that bathed in dark Gethsemane the Son of God in blood!" Oh, the gloom that forced from the willing Jesus, in that valley of the son of

Hinnom, the urgent prayer—"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" And wherefore that agony and this gloom? Why thus terribly did the Saviour suffer? Come, thou penitent, thou believing sinner—come and I will tell thee. Readeest thou not here thy enormous guilt—thy dreadful degradation? What but this could have heaped on thy Redeemer's soul these mountains of calamities? Come now, by the *penalty* of thy transgressions, borne by Jesus, measure thy guilt; by the *price* of thy privileges, paid by Jesus, estimate thy wants. Oh, the revelations of the cross! Draw near, my soul, to this Sinai of blackness, and darkness, and tempest. In the thunderings of thy God, in the agonies of thy Saviour, learn thy own deep poverty—thy utter wretchedness. Here beneath "the mount that burned with fire," read thou thy vileness, thy undone condition. Here before thy tortured, thy man-despised, thy God-stricken Redeemer, see thyself to be all, and nothing less than, "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."

Sinner, if the cross will not teach thee thy helplessness, and send thee to prayer, nothing will. Wouldst thou see thy prayerless, transformed into a praying soul? Then behold thyself in the glass of dark Gethsemane, and still darker Calvary. Think not, by the mere force of outward means or inward effort, to change thy hard thy stony heart. Nothing but a sense of thy awful destitution, as obtained from the Cross, will constrain thee to seek the mercy-seat, and make thee a man of prayer. Go, then, I beseech thee, visit the scene of the Saviour's sufferings, and read there thy true condition. Then, but not before, shall it be said of thee as it was of the stricken Saul—"Behold, he prayeth!"

But there is another view of this subject, not less important or less appropriate. Prayer is an expression of our confidence in the ability and willingness of God to meet our wants. This, not less than a conviction of need, is essential to genuine supplication. To whom does the pauper, in his straits, go for relief? Not to the destitute or indifferently, but to persons of the reversed description. The same holds with the soul in relation to its necessities. We go to God because we believe he can and will supply our wants. Take away this feeling, and prayer is annihilated. Who would ever think of asking from God that which God is not supposed to be able or willing to be-

stow? Devils pray not, because they know for them there is no provision; despairing sinners pray not, because they believe they are beyond the pale of mercy; Christians pray, because assured of their acceptance and success at the throne of grace.

But *whence* our belief in the ability and willingness of God to meet our wants? How arrives the soul at a point so much to be desired? Ah! this is just the secret we would now unfold. The Gospel is not only a revelation of need on the part of man, *but of supply on the part of God.* Here is the very essence of the glad tidings of the cross. God is able, God is also willing, to meet all our necessities.

Yes, the Gospel reveals to us an abundant provision for every want. There is not a necessity of the soul, whether great or small, that may not here be met. I know not anything that Jesus has not done for the poor soul; neither can I think of anything done by him that has not been for ever and completely finished. Look, for example, at the rich provision the cross unfolds for the pardon of sin. That which man, with all his boasted power, could not accomplish—that which angels, had they presumed to make the trial, must have failed to effect, Jesus has performed. Quitting his Father's home, and entering this strange land, he took our nature, assumed our responsibilities, and suffered in our stead. Against us as transgressors both law and justice were arrayed. Both the Saviour has made to take our part. By his cross the claims of the former have been fully met, and the sword of the latter for ever sheathed. Nay, so complete is the satisfaction rendered, that the sinner interested therein may boldly claim their common shelter. They have had in Jesus all their own, and hence have not only ceased to oppose, but have begun to require the soul's deliverance. Thus is God now not merely just *in* forgiving, but, as John tells us, he is "just to forgive," 1 John i. 9. Henceforth justice *demand*s forgiveness. As matters now stand, the blessing cannot equitably be withheld, even as before it could not justly be bestowed. In heaven right has ceased to reign, if the sinner in whose stead Jesus stood—in whose place Jesus suffered—is not saved. What! is his debt paid, and will he be retained a prisoner for ever? Is his penalty borne, and must hell be his portion? Impossible! With Paul we ask, "WHO IS HE THAT

CONDEMNETH?" and with Paul we argue, "IT IS CHRIST THAT DIED," Rom. viii. 34. Oh, the perfection, the glory of the Saviour's work! My soul! see here thy salvation; in this behold thy abundant deliverance.

Need we, however, thus particularize as to the riches revealed by the Gospel? What is there wanting in us that the cross does not supply? Do we hunger? Here is the bread of life. Do we thirst? Here are the waters of salvation. Are we naked? Here is a robe of righteousness. The cross is sight to the blind, feet to the lame, strength to the weak, healing to the sick, and life to the dying. By it the guilty are made innocent, the condemned justified, the sinful pardoned, and the lost saved. It opens up a fountain for the cleansing of the soul; it procures an influence for the renewal of the heart; it provides grace for the sanctification of the life. Here the poor are enriched, the wretched made happy, and the hopeless filled with joy. No wonder Inspiration speaks of the "unsearchable riches of Christ;" for what tongue can tell, or heart conceive, the extent of that provision which is made by the cross for the wants of men? Is it not enough to say, "Where sin abounded, *grace did much more abound*"?

Poor, trembling sinner! art thou restraining prayer because thou seest not enough in Jesus to meet thy wants? Tell me, what is that great necessity of thine that may not here be met? Assuredly it is not thy soul's *nakedness*. Not that that nakedness is not complete: but is not the righteousness of Jesus equal to its covering? Neither is it thy soul's *deadness*: for though dead as ever thy dust shall be, he who quickened Lazarus can give thee life. Neither is it thy soul's *weakness*: for however great that weakness, it is not greater than the power of God. Oh, the riches of the cross! If thou couldest but see the fulness that is in Christ—if thou couldest but know his boundless grace—his readiness and power to meet thy every want, soon wouldst thou find thy way to his blessed feet, and there, with tears and supplications, wouldst thou pour out before him thy deepest longings. I beseech thee, if thou wouldst become a praying soul, go to Jesus and learn the way.

Christian! wouldst thou see prayerless, converted into praying men? Send them to the cross. How few, alas! are they

whose prayers "go up for a memorial before God!" And why? because but very few offer *real* prayer. The great body of the people are ignorant of their true state as fallen and helpless creatures, and of God's character as manifested in the person and work of his Son. They know not their spiritual wants; neither do they understand the kind of provision made by God

for all who willingly accept of it. How, then, can they pray? They must be made to feel their need before they will think of seeking assistance; they must be convinced that God can effectually help them before they will ask his aid. Then, Christian, point them to the cross. That will expound their necessity; that will also reveal its supply.

THE LORD'S HERITAGE.

BY REV. W. S. BARRINGER, OF BLANDFORD-STREET.

"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."—Ps. xvi. 6.

THE loving heart must ever seek objects upon which it can concentrate its liveliest affections; it knows no rest but in love, no enjoyment but in displaying the same. Happiness flows from love; the loving heart is more or less happy. The abode of hatred is the dwelling-place of every kind of pain. The nature of God is love, actions corresponding thereto flow freely from him; he cannot act contrary to himself. He loved because he is love. All his actions manifest it in some measure, although it is only wonderfully and peculiarly displayed in our channel.

We may conceive the pleasures of love, because we are the subject of some of its emotions; but who can conceive the delight, the joy of him who loves as never man loved, and displays it in modes passing anticipation or conception? Jesus was the love of God embodied; and as we gaze upon its manifestation in and through humanity, we must rejoice, being assured his love is better than wine. His heart was fixed on objects long before the planetary worlds revolved in their proper orbits, or light from starry spheres flashed through space; his loving choice of objects was dateless, and nothing can stay its flow or bank in its widely-extended streams.

We turn for a few moments from a scene so delightful, to one over which darkness dwells, and misery constantly broods. Alas, for man, once his heart was as a fruitful field, yielding fruits acceptable to God; its soil producing what, as a meat offering to Jehovah, was ever approved of by him.

Now, the fertile soul produces naught but briars and thorns—evil beasts hold undisputed sway—the fruitful land has become desolate, and nothing that God can

delight in is found there. Can this dismal picture receive some relieving touches? Can the down-trodden land become free? What can prepare this for a dwelling-place for God? What can make this desert the garden of the Lord?

Love still maintained its dwelling in the heart of God; the enmity in the human breast had not dried up one of its streams, or destroyed an atom of its power. Its plans were laid too deep, and wondrously was its purpose to become manifest in using the wreck of human hopes, to build a far more glorious structure. Love thought and planned, and at length actively commenced to carry out its design. The garden must be walled around, its wild beasts slain, its paths relaid, its borders beautified, and its soil once again fertilized by rain from heaven; beauteous plants are removed there at the owner's cost; flowers of rare excellence, as the fruits of the Spirit's work, are now seen by Jesus' loving eye in various parts of the garden.

As the opening bud is watched with pleasure by the careful cultivator, and the beauties of the opening flower noted with much approval, so Jesus is seen rejoicing in his garden over the tender actings of faith and hope, and delighting indeed as love displays its opening bloom; then he utters, "I have a goodly heritage."

As his eye ranges over the garden—that sleepless eye which is ever keenly alive to the best interests of his charge—as it gazes upon the garden so walled around, so securely fixed, so glorious in position, so much interested in a Father's love, and so greatly renovated by the operation of a loving Spirit—a garden which cost him so much to redeem from the foe and to cleanse

for himself—a garden whose lines are drawn with point of iron on his heart and hands, and rendered dearer by its immense cost—he may well be satisfied, knowing no foe shall ever destroy and not one shall ever be able to rob him of his property. He knowing its safety, and thus having an everlasting portion, exclaims, “I have a goodly heritage.”

Once more he looks, and behold its dimensions are exceeding large, a garden which no human mind can measure, a heritage of which no angelic power can conceive the value. Mark, it is composed of countless myriads of persons of every age. There is the prattling infant, whose brow was never wrinkled with sorrow; taken from a cold inclement soil, and early transplanted into the garden of the Lord; one

of those dwarf but beautiful plants which attract so much attention. There are those youthful ones who were removed in all the vigour of early love, when the sap flowed with vigour, and buds and blossoms in rich profusion adorned each branch.

There also may be seen many an aged plant, raising a head bleached with many a wintry storm, laden with fruit matured by long growth, and reflecting the skill of its cultivator by vigour of growth, and quantity and kind of fruit.

O wonderful scene! beautiful in arrangements, secure in position, and very large in extent. It is loved with unutterable love, beyond any power in language to express, but just seen in the words, “I have a goodly heritage.”

MARY BUNYAN, THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD, AUTHOR OF “GRACE TRUMAN.”

CHAPTER V.

THE CHILDREN VISIT THEIR FATHER.

EIGHT days have passed since the massive prison-door clanked heavily, as it shut in from the world the man who courted the hard cold pillow of a felon's cell, and the fetid breath of the narrow court-yard with its hundred occupants, rather than give up the preaching of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God. Courageous man! Sublime martyr! Thou hast acquitted thyself like a man, yea, rather like a saint of the eternal God. Thy reward is on high—the cross here, the immortal crown hereafter.

At the mother's earnest solicitation, the children were made ready to visit their father. A basket was prepared and filled with everything edible the house afforded, and the children set out for Bedford. Their little hearts were full of gratitude and joy, poor little innocent creatures, that they were permitted to carry their father this simple token of love; they forgot that their breakfast was but a scant supply of cold oatmeal mush and dry bread in their great happiness at being able to take their father something nice and palatable.

“Father will be so glad to see us, won't he, Mary?” and Joseph's face brightened up with the great joy it would be to him to see

his father once more, even if it was within the dark prison he so much dreaded.

Could the poor blind eyes but have seen his bright buoyant expression, as he turned his face to hers, it would have chased away some shade of sorrow from the sad face, and some portion of pain from the throbbing heart. The dark gloom of the picture he had left behind had faded from his mind like the midnight darkness before the rising sun.

Children dwell not on sad remembrances, and well it is for them they do not. Did they, with their incipient judgment to decide on every case, treasure up their ills, real and imaginary, how miserable their little lives would be!

“Where are you going, children?” asked Neighbour Lawrence of them as he passed them on the highway.

“We are going to Bedford to the gaol to take this dinner to our father, and to tell him our mother is sick,” answered Mary, in a sweet timid voice.

“And how is your mother, Mary?”

“She says she is better now.”

“Has she been much sick, child?”

“Oh, yes, sir; she has been very sick ever since they put father in prison.”

“And the baby's dead,” added little Joseph, while the tears rushed to his large blue eyes.

Instantly the truth flashed through the mind of kind Neighbour Lawrence, and, bidding the little ones good morning, he hastened home to tell his wife the sad story, that she might go to the aid of the poor suffering woman.

"Father will be so sorry to hear mother is sick. But she is better now, ain't she, Mary?"

"Yes, Joseph, Goody Harrow said so, and told us to tell father so."

"Do you think mother will die, Mary, like the baby?" he asked, in a tremulous voice, and his fresh chubby face wore a sorrowing look as the dark sad scene rose up before his young mind. The darkened room, so hushed, so still—the pale wan look of the mother—the sober face of Goody Harrow, and the silent tears following each other very fast down the calm quiet face of his poor blind sister—and, above all, the little clay-cold form, shrouded in white, lying on the settee in the corner of the room—recollections of all this filled his childish heart with wonder and mysterious awe.

"Is mother going to die, Mary?" he asked a second time.

"I hope not, Joseph. Mother is better now."

"Yes, Goody Harrow said so; but, Mary, if she should die like the baby, then we would have no father nor mother."

"But we would have a heavenly Father, Joseph, who would care for us, and give us our daily bread. Don't you know father always tells us this?"

"Yes, Mary, but God is always up in heaven, and maybe he'll forget little children like us."

"No, no, Joseph, he will never forget us if we love him and pray to him as he tells us. Don't you remember father read to us the last Sunday evening before he was put in prison, that God never forgets his promises to his children, and then he has said he will give them each day their daily bread."

"But heaven is so far from here, Mary, and there are so many people in the world. God might not think about us little children one day, and then what would we do?"

"God is not so far off, Joseph. He is here with us, and hears all you say about him. He knows everything we do; and he will take care of us if we are his children."

"I wish I could see God, Mary. Don't you?"

"You will see him when you die if you go to heaven. Father says we will all see him then."

"Will you see him, Mary, like me and father?"

The tears gathered in her eyes and rolled slowly down her face as she answered in a subdued tone,—

"If I get to heaven, Joseph, I will. Father says I shall see him for myself, and not another for me."

He bent his head thoughtfully. He was busy endeavouring to look into the mysteries of what he had just heard. Questionings were awakened in his young mind, which only the ages of eternity can answer to any of us.

"Are you tired, Joseph?" asked Mary, seeing that he lagged somewhat behind her.

"I am not much tired, but my feet are sore;" and the little fellow stooped down to pick the stones from his worn-out shoes.

"Come, let us hurry on with father's dinner. He is hungry, I expect."

"And don't they give father anything to eat?—the people at the gaol."

"Yes, they give him coarse, rough victuals; and father can't eat much. He will be so glad to get something from home."

"Will we have to bring his dinner to him every day? Mary, I can carry the basket."

"Oh, no, Joseph, I reckon not. We may not have any for ourselves."

"Why, didn't you say God would give us our bread every day?"

"Yes, he will, Joseph, if we love and trust him. But come, hurry on, I think we will soon be there."

"Yonder's the bridge, Mary, and the gaol too—I see them both," he exclaimed, as they gained the eminence that overlooked Bedford, and the "lilied Ouse." "We'll soon be there," and he grasped more firmly his side of the little basket, and quickened his pace almost to a run.

Could the tyrant king, as he sat on his throne of blood, but have seen those two little faithful children—Bunyan's blind Mary, and Joseph, her brother—braving everything because of their love to their father, would not his obdurate heart have softened? Would he not have released the holy prisoner, even for his children's sake? And this is but one instance of thousands where his hand of death has made the wives and children of the servants of God widows

and orphans, with broken, bursting hearts, and sad forsaken homesteads. And will not God avenge the death of his elect—his chosen ones, which crieth unto him day and night, from the scaffold, the dungeon, and the flame?

"What are you children doing here?" said the gruff assistant gaoler to Mary and Joseph, as they presented themselves in front of the prison door.

He was a man naturally of a fierce, hard heart, and the prayer which had just reached his ear from the prisoner's cell, as he passed by, had stirred up all the brutality of his nature. "The canting deceiver," he exclaimed to himself, "he'd better let praying alone, and go back to his family."

The blind child let go her hold on the basket, and, turning fearfully in the direction of the harsh voice, said—"We want to see our father, sir. We have brought him a little food in our basket for his dinner."

"Your father gets enough to eat here. We don't want any children in the gaol, so get you back home with your basket, and don't trouble me any more," and he waved them off with his rough sinewy hand.

"If you please, sir," ventured Mary, stooping in pleading dread before him, "let us see our father. Our mother is sick at home, and—"

"Be gone, girl; I tell you be gone! both of you. You couldn't see your father if he was before you, with your blind eyes. Go home this minute; I have no time to be bothered with children."

Joseph, who had been standing behind Mary, holding her bonnet in one hand, while the basket rested on the other arm, stepped to her side, and, looking into the dark angry face of the man, spoke—

"Please, sir, let Mary and me go in! Mother is so sick at home, and we want to tell father about it. And the baby's dead, too, and father don't know it. Please, sir, let us go in to see our father; we won't take him away with us, and we won't stay long, either."

"And who is your father?"

"Mister Bunyan, the poor man they put in here because he would preach the Gospel," answered the trembling child.

"Yes, the vile ranter, and it's the place for him. I just this minute heard one of his devilish prayers."

Mary felt like sinking beneath those hard, wicked words, but she knew it was no time for weakness and tears, so she commanded herself as well as she could, and turning her

sightless eyes up to his face with a look of pleading earnestness, and, reaching out her hands in a supplicating manner, she said, with all the eloquence of her bursting soul:

"Oh, please, sir, let us in a little while. We want to see our father and tell him our mother is sick."—

"And the baby is dead, too, and father don't know anything about it, and we want to tell him. Goody Harrow said we must. Oh, do let us in now, sir," interfered Joseph eagerly.

"Be gone from here, I tell you, you vagabonds! What do I care for your sick mother and dead baby?" and he clenched his left hand and assumed a most threatening attitude.

The poor blind child could see nothing of this, but trembled as she heard the clanking keys at the gaoler's side, and his harsh voice of denial filled her with dread. Joseph clung to his sister, overcome by fear.

"Can't we see our father, sir?" said Mary in broken accents, making one more effort to succeed in her undertaking.

The request seemed to enrage the gaoler. He placed his broad hand on her slender arm, and turning her round, bade her begone, and not come back to trouble him again.

With streaming eyes and breaking hearts the children turned from the door. As they were passing the bridge, they met the principal gaoler, who, recognizing them, asked, "What, here again to see your father?" Mary remembered the voice, and a ray of hope darted through her bosom. Turning her streaming face to his, she answered, "Yes, sir, we have brought father some dinner in our basket, but the man with the keys would not let us in."

"He drove us away, and said we should not see father," added little Joseph, stepping up to the man, whose pleasant countenance reassured him.

"Well, give your basket to me, and I will take it to your father; he is Bunyan, the preacher, ain't he? Here, child, give me your basket."

"Oh, if you please, sir, let us see our father," interrupted Mary, beseechingly; "mother is sick, and we want to tell him about it."

"And the baby is dead, too, sir, and father don't know anything about it. Please, sir, let Mary and me see father a little while."

It would have required a harder heart than the gaoler possessed to refuse the sad,

sorrowful entreaty of the weeping blind girl, and the simple, earnest appeal of little Joseph. So, telling them to follow him, he led the way to the prison door, and, unlocking it, conducted them to Bunyan's cell.

The prayer was finished that had fallen on the ears of the cruel-hearted turnkey, and Bunyan was sitting meditatively by his narrow, grated window, that overlooked the "lilled Ouse," whose clear bright waters rippled gently round the piers of the old bridge, and then floated peacefully on toward the sea, reflecting in golden light from their crimped bosom the November noon-day sun. He started as the key turned in the lock. His nerves were unstrung by his entire relaxation from labour and the noisome humidity of his narrow cell, which was always damp enough to make "moss grow upon the eyebrows" of the prisoners, built as it was on one of the piers of the bridge, and overhanging the river; and he who quailed not for a moment before iron-hearted judges, nor shrank from the dungeon's gloomy walls, "often started, as it were, at nothing else than his own shadow."

The children entered. He recognized them by the dim light of the cell, and catching them in his arms, pressed them to his bosom. His thoughts had been of his family, of his wife and little ones, and now his great heart melted with a father's love, and tears of mingled thankfulness and sorrow coursed down his manly cheek.

The gaoler was moved by the touching scene. From that day until Bunyan's release, he regarded him with a degree of consideration and respect above any other prisoner.

How powerful is the influence of holy love! The gaoler felt it, and retired.

And now the father is left alone with his children. He seats himself, and gathering them about his knees, he asks them of their mother, and Thomas, and Sarah. In her own sweet, simple way, Mary tells him all that has transpired. The tears fall faster; his bosom heaves, and a deep groan swells up from his tried soul. The clouds of sorrow dim the eye of faith for the time, and even Bunyan feels that the Lord has cast him off for ever. But the darkness lasts but for a moment. It is the passage of the desires of the carnal heart over the ever-shining Sun of Righteousness, which eclipses his rays for a season. But the transit is made! And there are the glorious life-giving beams to penetrate every recess of

his soul, imparting life, and warmth, and joy; and he feels that, as the sufferings of Christ abound in him, so his consolation also abounds in Christ. He remembers that He, on whom he trusted, hath said, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widow trust in me;" and again, "The Lord said, Verily, it shall go well with thy remnant; verily, I will cause the enemy to entreat them well in the time of evil, and in the time of affliction."

Trust on, thou brave, noble heart! Faint not, though the cross bow thee to the earth. God notes thy patience and "labour of love." The mansion and the crown await thee. Look up, and press on!

The time is rapidly passing. The basket is emptied of its contents. The children tell their tale of sorrow. The holy man hears it with a bursting heart. Messages of sympathy and love are delivered them for their mother, and words of affectionate advice and encouragement are spoken to themselves. A hand is laid on each head, and a prayer sent up to God for their protection and guidance.

Fifteen minutes have passed. The gaoler enters. The children must leave their father's tender caresses and words of love. Longer stay is impossible. The prisoner is a black offender, and but little favour must be shown him. He kisses their tearful faces, and commends them again to God. The gaoler takes them by the hand, leads them out, and locks the door.

The prisoner is alone with his God and his heavy anguish.

CHAPTER VI.

BUNYAN IN PRISON.

"Take all, great God! I will not grieve,
But still will wish that I had still to give."
Norris of Bemerton.

THUS exclaimed Bunyan, as the dark cloud, which enveloped him in his prison "with beams of light from the inner glory, was stricken through."

But the splendence of the "inner glory" did not always shine upon him; the dark cloud would oftentimes shut it out, and he was again left in the black night of disappointment and despair. His was a chequered experience—alternate hope and fear, joy and sorrow; now a look by faith into the glories of the heavenly Jerusalem, and then the fearful groping in the thick dark-

ness of doubt and dread. The Arch Fiend, who of old would have him believe he had sold his Saviour, and thus caused him to fall, "as a bird that is shot from the top of a tree, into great guilt and despair," would now bring before his racked mind all the horrors and distress of death, and tell him this should be his fate, and paint to him in the most frightful colours the gloom and distress of his suffering family.

What, but the grace of God, and that abundantly bestowed, can keep even his strong heart from bursting amid such trials? Poor man! he is reaping the earthly reward of following Jesus! But though he is encompassed by infirmities, and the way is very dark and rough, he must not give up. It is just as the Master had told him, "In this world ye shall have tribulation." Ab, it is fearful journeying; but all along the path he can here and there discern the footmarks of the Captain of his salvation, and hear the cheering words ring out, "Be ye faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of immortal life."

Earthly hope he has none. For the merciless tyrant, restored to the throne of his forefathers, with an energy and zeal worthy a noble cause, and a fiendish hate which beggars words to portray, is meting out, with unsparing hand, death and destruction to all Nonconformists. His fierce, dark will is inexorable. His victims may starve to death in their loathsome cells, or shriek in unpitied anguish from the horrid rack, or hang soddening in the summer's sun from the roadside gibbets, the scorn and jeer of his pleased-besotted minions—and what cares he? His voluptuous court moves on, and revelry and music shut out the long loud wails of the perishing ones, down-trodden by the iron heel of relentless hate. Wickedness sits on high, and the earth mourns. Will not the Lord arise in his anger and awake unto judgment, that the just may be established and the righteous be relieved from the net of the fowler?

Weeks have passed since Bunyan has received any intelligence from his helpless family. The children have come with their little basket of provision, but the assistant gaoler was hard-hearted, and would not let them in, but drove them from the door with jibes and bitter taunts. Their entreaties were in vain. Their pleading words and looks served only to exasperate his brutal nature, and with the big tears of disappointment rolling down their tender cheeks, they

turned away with broken hearts to tell their sad tale to their mother.

It is a cold winter's evening in January. Bunyan, through the livelong day, has been sitting by his little grated window overlooking the dull, leaden clouds, as slowly they marched their dark battalions through the murky sky. He has been busy with his own thoughts, for to-morrow he is to stand before his judges. The evening draws to a close. Availing himself of the privilege of the prison regulations, he leaves his cell and walks into the narrow court-yard in front of the gaol. He finds his health giving away beneath the continued confinement and wearing suspense, so that at times he starts at his own shadow. Dark, fearful thoughts are revolving through his mind, and a pensiveness shades his face such as he is not wont to wear. The apprehension of coming evil is visible in his agitated features, and he bears himself as one weighed down by heavy care. He is under the cloud.

Entering, from the inner prison to the court-yard, which was scarce fourteen feet square, he observes pacing to and fro, with a slow, irregular step, a man of middle age, with sad worn countenance, and arms folded in the hopelessness of despair. His once dark hair is now quite grey. Sorrow and anxiety, more than years, have done this work. As he approaches Bunyan regards him with steadfast look. There is something in his appearance attractive, which bespeaks him above the common felon. Bunyan thinks he may be a prisoner for conscience' sake.

As the man reaches him, he looks up. Their eyes meet. Sorrow is keen-sighted, and readily understands. They read in a moment their mutual suffering in the same great cause.

Bunyan was the first to speak. He was not a man for ceremony or mincing words.

"A sufferer for conscience' sake?" he says, looking at the bowed form and sorrowful face before him.

"For preaching the Gospel of our blessed Redeemer," is the answer.

"And I am here for the same," he replies; "but I thank God that he has given me grace to suffer for his name."

"John Bunyan, of Elstow?" replies the prisoner, interrogatively.

"The same."

"And I am Dorset, of Newburg."

The two seat themselves on some stones which project from the foundation wall of the gaol and enter into conversation.

"Ah, these are dark times for the servants of the Most High. They are smitten from the rising to the going down of the sun, and there is no uplifted arm to stay the hand of these bloody Amalekites," opens Dorset, despondently.

"But the Lord hath sworn to preserve his people, and in his own good time he will bring them deliverance. Let us wait on him, for hath he not sworn that he will utterly put out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven? Let us be strong, and of a good courage, for the Lord himself will be with us; he will never fail nor forsake. And his people shall yet ride in the high places of the earth, and eat of the increase of the fields."

"Ah, but he hath hidden his face from them, and hath forsaken them, and they are devoured from off the face of the earth, because his anger is kindled against them," responds Dorset.

"Do not vengeance and recompense belong to him? And the Lord himself will judge his people, and repent himself for his servants when he seeth that their favour is gone," answers the holy man of God.

"But the blood of his slaughtered people crieth daily unto him from the ground, but the heavens are as brass, and they walk like blind men, and their blood is poured out like dust, and there is no healing of their grievous wounds," and Dorset of Newbng shook his head seriously.

"But he will avenge the blood of his servants, and will render vengeance to his adversaries, and will be mindful unto his land and unto his people; and he will bring them out of the places where they have been scattered, the cells, and the dungeons, and the caves; and will lead them in green pastures and upon high mountains, and will bind up that which was broken, and strengthen that which was faint. And they shall no more be a prey of the violent man, neither shall the wicked devour them; but they shall dwell in safety, and none shall make them afraid, for the Lord God hath spoken it."

How eloquent with trust was the face of Bunyan as he repeated these praises of his God!

"The promises of God are true and mighty, I know, Brother Bunyan, but my way seems so hedged in. My wife and children are left desolate, and to-morrow I am to be tried, and if I do not recant, death, or imprisonment, perhaps for life, will be my lot.

Why is it that the people of God are thus scattered and peeled—meted out and trodden down?"

"God is trying the faith of his people, my brother, even his own elect, but in due time he will succour and save them. We should let none of these things move us, but always be ready, not only to be bound, but also to suffer death, if need be, for the furtherance of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God."

"Hard, hard!" said the prisoner, sighing deeply, and fixing his eyes on the ground. "Unless God gives me grace, I do not see how I am to live in this miserable, loathsome confinement, if this should be my doom."

"And his grace will be vouchsafed to you, my brother, if you have built on the sure word of promise. Mighty and willing is he to do all for his chosen ones that he has said. I never had in all my life so great an *inlet* into the word of God as now. Those scriptures, that I saw *nothing* in before, are made in this place and state to *shine* upon me. Jesus Christ, also, was never more real and apparent than now; here I have seen and felt him indeed. Oh, that word!—'We have not preached unto you cunningly devised fables;' and that other, 'God raised Christ from the dead, and gave him glory, that our faith and hope might be in God,' are blessed words unto me in this my imprisoned condition."

"I pray that he may stand by me and uphold me, if it is his will to send me to this horrid place." A shudder passed over the frame of the man, as if the thought of the darkness and dreariness of the prison-house was more than he could bear.

"Feed upon his word, my brother; look to him, and you need not fear. His words are sweet and precious. These three or four scriptures have been great refreshments to me in my sad condition, and they may be so to you if you will but lay hold of them by faith. 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am ye may be also. These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with

Christ in God; when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory. But ye are come to Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God—the heavenly Jerusalem—and to an innumerable company of angels—to the general assembly and churches of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all; and to the spirits of just men made perfect; and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.' Sometimes when I have been able to enjoy the savour of these precious words, I have been able to 'laugh at destruction,' and to fear neither the horse nor his rider. I have had sweet sights of the forgiveness of my sins in this place, and of my being with Jesus in another world. Oh! the Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and God, the Judge of all, and the spirits of just men made perfect, and Jesus, have been sweet unto me in this place. I have seen that here, that I am persuaded I shall never, while in this world, be able to express. I have seen a *truth* in this scripture, 'Whom having not seen, ye love, in whom, though now you see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.'"

"Hath Satan never tempted you to doubt and fear, my brother?" and as the man questioned, he looked into Bunyan's face with surprise and wonder at his words.

"Oh, yes; I have not escaped the assaults of the Wicked One; but I never knew what it was for God to stand by me at all times, and at every offer of Satan to afflict me, as I have found him since I came hither; for whenever fears have presented themselves, so have supports and encouragements; yea, when I have started, even, as it were, at nothing else but my *shadow*, yet God, as being very tender of me, hath not suffered me to be molested, but would, with one scripture or another, strengthen me against all, insomuch that I have often said, 'Were it lawful, I could pray for *greater* trouble, for the greater comfort's sake.'"

"Has the Lord always thus been unto you a tower of salvation—a shield and rock of defence, so that the darts of the adversary have been turned aside from thee, my brother?"

"Oh, no. Fear has been upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Before I came to prison I saw what was *coming*, and had especially two considerations warm upon my heart. The first

was, 'How to be able to encounter death, should that be here my portion.' For the first of these, that scripture was of great information to me, namely: to pray to God 'to be strengthened with all might according to his glorious power unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness.' I could seldom go to prayer before I was imprisoned for not so little as a year together, but this sentence or sweet petition would, as it were, *thrust* itself into my mind, and persuade me, that if ever I would go through long suffering, I must have patience, especially if I would endure it joyfully. And this, also, was of great use to me when I thought of having to die here in this goal—'But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we might not trust in ourselves, but in God that raiseth the dead.' By this scripture I was made to see, that, if ever I would suffer rightly I must first pass a sentence of death upon everything that can properly be called a thing of *this* life, even to reckon myself, my wife, my children, my *health*, my enjoyments, and all as *dead* to me, and *myself* as dead to them."

The listener moaned. The fear of pain and death was heavily upon him. If Bunyan, whose courage and fortitude at his trial had been, as it were, the watchword of all the persecuted throughout Bedfordshire and the neighbouring counties, stirring them up to steadfastness and zeal in the great cause of man's redemption,—if he had been so overtaken by the Tempter, and sore broken by his malignant assaults, how should *he* stand when the conflict was fierce upon him—when wicked men should make haste to shed his blood?

"My soul is among lions. And I lie even among them that are set on fire, even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongues a sharp sword," he repeats slowly to himself, as his eyes rest on the ground.

"But God shall send from heaven and save his people from the reproach of them that would swallow them up. He will not suffer the righteous to be moved, but will redeem their soul from violence and deceit, and will deliver them from the hand of their enemies. I find, my brother, the best way to go through suffering is to trust in God, through Christ, as touching the world to come; and as touching this world, 'to count the grave my home, to make my bed in darkness; to say to corruption, Thou

art my father; and to the worm, Thou art my mother and sister."

A shudder passes through the frame of the prisoner as this dark picture falls from the lips of the speaker. He has not fully learned to trust the Lord, though he slay him.

The turnkey comes to order the prisoners to their cells. One goes away with the light of God burning in his soul, the other is treading a path in which there is no light.

But scarcely is Bunyan alone in his cell before the Tempter comes, and he who but a few minutes before was strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, finds himself now encompassed with fears and dark forebodings, "so that he was like a broken vessel, driven and tossed on wild, tumultuous seas."

It was when Job was hedged about, himself and his house, when the Lord had blessed the work of his hands, and his substance was increased in the land, that Satan put forth his hand and touched all that he had. It was just after Peter had eaten bread with his Lord that he heard these fearful words, "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat." And thus oftentimes it is when the Christian is on the Nebo of his hopes, that he is commanded by the Arch Fiend to come down and die to all present enjoyment and future bliss.

Bunyan rests on his stool beside the little window, with his head buried in his hands. The flowing river, and leaden clouds, and sweeping winds without have no attraction or interest for him now. His thoughts are turned painfully within. The morrow is his trial day, and death may await him. His family will be left without a protector or supporter. Who will stand by them in their need? It is a maddening thought. He starts from his seat and paces his narrow cell in agony. Poor man! the Tempter is hard upon him. The rending thoughts of his bosom form themselves into words, as back and forth he goes in almost frenzied desperation. "Oh! the parting with my wife and children is as the *pulling* of the flesh from my bones. What hardships, and miseries, and wants, my poor family are likely to meet with, if I am taken from them; especially my *poor blind child*, who is nearer to my heart than all beside! Oh! the hardships this poor blind one will have to undergo will break my heart to pieces!"

And then, as if the blind eyes were turned

upward to his, with their dark imploring gentleness, and he felt the resting of the thin, frail hand in his, he exclaims, "Poor child, what sorrow thou art like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee. But I must venture you with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you."

He wipes away the big tears rolling from his earnest eyes.

"Oh! I am as a man who is *pulling* down his house upon the *head* of his wife and children," and he stops suddenly, as if overcome by the horror of the thought. "But I *must* do it—I *MUST* do it," he exclaims with energy, as he again dashes forward.

"I will give you back to your family," whispers Satan—"to your wife and helpless children; you shall be free, and have long life and comfort, if you will but promise. You have but to say that you will *call* these meetings no more together, and you are at liberty. And surely there can be no harm in this. Can't you do this without compromising the truth? It is an easy matter to let this alone. For the sake of your wife and children you can submit to the law this much. And think what will be the end in this matter if you don't. Your name will be cast out as a reproach, and your wife and children will be left to die. You surely are not foolish enough to do this."

"Oh! I *must* do it—I *must* do it. No compromise for me. I must bear torturing, if need be, unto death. God tells me, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widow trust in me;' and again, 'Verily, it shall go well with thy remnant; verily, I will cause the enemy to treat them well in the time of evil, and in the time of affliction.'"

"But how do you know this is required at your hands? and how do you know God will fulfill these promises to you?" suggests Satan.

"If I venture all for God," he answers to himself, "I *engage* God to take care of my concernments. But if I forsake him in his ways for fear of any trouble that shall come to me or mine, then I shall not only falsify my profession, but shall admit that my concernments are not so sure as if left at God's feet while I stand to and for his name, as they would be if they were under

my care, though with the denial of the way of God."

"But how do you know you will be able to do these things?" whispers Satan. "How, if when you have made hard *shift* to clamber up the ladder, you should with quaking, or fainting, or some other symptom of fear, give occasion to the enemy to *reproach* the way of God and his people for their timorousness."

"But if I can but speak to the multitude which shall come to see me die, and if God will but convert *one* soul by my last words, I shall not count my life thrown away nor lost."

Faith is gaining the ascendancy over doubt and dread, and the prisoner's face lights up with hope, and bidding Satan get behind him, he seats himself with something like composure to contemplate with joy of testifying to the truth, even unto death, when the Wicked One sounds in his ear so loud that he again rushes to his feet.

"But whither must you go when you

die? What will become of you? Where will you be found in another world? What evidence have you for heaven and glory, and an inheritance among them that are sanctified?"

Ah, these are searching questions that dart through his soul, causing his frame to quiver with the energy of despair. Hear him as he answers, "I *must go on* and venture my eternal state with Christ, whether I have comfort or not. If God does not come in, I will leap off the ladder, even *blindfold*, into eternity—sink or swim—come heaven, come hell. Lord Jesus, if thou wilt catch me, *do*;—if not, I *will venture* for thy name."

Thus the weary night-watches wear on, spent by the prisoner in self-examination, reflection, and prayer, and the grey morning finds him ready to be offered. Faith has triumphed over fear. Hope has conquered doubt, Christ has slain the Evil One. His shield has withstood and broken the fiery darts of hell.

REVIEWS.

The Bunyan Library. London: Heaton & Son. THE publishers of "The Bunyan Library" undertake to supply four volumes of 300 to 350 pages each, for 12s. 6d. per annum payable in advance. Dr. Wayland's "Principles and Practices of the Baptists" is to be the first volume of the series. We would hope that there is enough of denominational spirit to make this effort to extend Baptist literature a perfect success. We shall be glad to learn that the enterprising publishers have obtained a very numerous subscribers' list.

Unchanging Love; or, the Final Perseverance of All Believers in Christ Jesus. By W. O'NEIL. London: H. J. Tresidder.

MR. O'NEIL has presented in a portable form, well arranged, and in a thoroughly catholic spirit, the chief arguments in favour of the final perseverance of the saints. Both the advocates and opponents of that doctrine may read the volume with advantage. There is a spirit of ardent piety running through the whole, which cannot fail to edify the devout reader.

Mists and Shadows. By G. E. SARGENT. London: H. J. Tresidder.

A STRIKING and well-told story, with a series of admirable morals interwoven with it. As it is well got-up, it would be a suitable gift-book to young people.

Mission to the Fallen.

A FOUR-PAGE report, which we commend to all who take an interest in this most needful work of Christian mercy. Mr. Shepherd, 187, Piccadilly, is secretary. We see the society is anxious to open a new Home in connection with Mr. Spurgeon's church. We wish them abundant success.

Mary Markland, the Cottager's Daughter. A Narrative Founded on Facts. London: Nisbet and Co.

A VERY affecting account of the sorrow and misery brought on a simple-minded young disciple of Christ by being unequally yoked with an unbeliever. We wish all young women professing godliness would read it.

The New Reformation and its Principles. Tract No. 1. London: Printed for the New Reformation Society, Earl's-court, Leicester-square.

THE object of this society is to reform the articles of religion, and to meet the spread of Super-naturalism and Puritanism among the middle classes, and Necessitarianism and Rationalism among the higher classes. The pamphlet exhibits considerable talent and skill; but we need scarcely state that this New Reformation Society would require a great evangelical reformation itself, or the cure proposed in many cases would be equal to, if not worse than the disease.

P O E T R Y.

TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

FOUNDED ON A PASSAGE IN A SERMON BY MR. BLOOMFIELD.

LONG years ago, in Bethany, a train of mourners moved
Towards the grave of Lazarus, the man whom Jesus loved;
There were Mary and her sister, and Jews that pressed around,
And there, with troubled spirit, the Son of Man was found.
"Behold how much he loved him!" was whispered in the throng,
As, weeping tears of sympathy, the Saviour passed along;
And from his heart of tenderness there issued many a groan,
Ere from the rocky sepulchre they rolled away the stone.

Around the grave they gathered, a mournful, waiting crowd;
Then spake the mighty Saviour in accents clear and loud,
"Lazarus, come forth!" he cried, and lo! the dead obeyed,
And struggled in his grave-clothes from the place where he was laid;
And then the Lord commanded—"Loose him, and let him go,"
While awe possessed each bosom, before so full of woe:
Oh, who can paint the gratitude, the joy the sisters felt,
As at the feet of Jesus with Lazarus they knelt!

Upon the sea of Galilee a fearful storm arose—
The winds and waters thundered, and fought like deadly foes;
The disciples in their vessel were filled with deep affright,
Their efforts all seemed useless against the tempest's might,
But though the waves roared louder and wildly dashed the spray,
Asleep upon a pillow the wearied Master lay,
Nor woke till his disciples in terror sought his side—
"Lord, save us or we perish!" in agony they cried.

Uprising from his slumber, the Saviour gently saith—
"Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith?"
And when his voice omnipotent commanded, "Peace, be still!"
The surging billows instantly submitted to his will;
The stormy winds subsided, and over all the sea
There reigned a glorious calmness, a deep tranquillity:
And then, it is recorded, the men were sore afraid
And marvelled at the wondrous Man whom winds and seas obeyed.

In these two scenes the Saviour as God and man appears;
As man, he slept for weariness—as man, shed bitter tears;
As God, he ruled the tempest, and calmed its raging strife—
As God, his voice all-powerful restored the dead to life.
Oh, blessed are the people with a Saviour such as this!
They may go to him in sorrow, for he knoweth what it is;
They may trust in him for succour, for unto him is given
All power over all things in earth, and hell, and heaven!

THEODORA.

AN ACROSTIC

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. ALEX. CARSON, A.M., LL.D., TUBBERMORE, IRELAND.

A h, would the noble Carson here no longer stay?
L o! to yon world of light—behold him soar away,
E ternally to reign in heaven's unclouded day.
X erxes o'er millions wept; but o'er thy honoured bier
A lbion's sad millions weep, and none refuse a tear.
N or does America refrain thy loss to mourn—
D eep in the dust she sits—her tears baptize thy urn—
E mbalms thy memory, and thy deeds rehearse,
R esumes the mournful muse, and sings thy fame in verse.

C ould we but catch thy mantle as it falls,
A nd like thee snap the chains that yet a world enthral,
R aise the dishonoured throne of Reason from the sod,
S ecur'ing all the glory to the grace of God,
O n the arena of the written Word
N ew victories would be gained, and Christ alone adored.

Fenny Stratford, Bucks.

C. H. HOSKINS.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

ANNUAL SERVICES OF THE BAPTIST HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES FOR 1861.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18.—A meeting for Special Prayer, in connection with the Missions, will be held in the Library of the Mission House, in the morning, at 11 o'clock. The Rev. Dr. Angus will preside.—The Annual Meeting of the Bible Translation Society will be held in the evening, at Kings-gate-street Chapel, Holborn, at 7 o'clock. The Revs. J. Wenger, of Calcutta; J. C. Pike, of Quornden; T. E. Fuller, of Melksham; J. P. Carey, of Wolverhampton; J. C. Marshman, Esq., and E. B. Underhill, Esq., will address the meeting.

SUNDAY, APRIL 21.—Annual Sermons will be preached in the various Baptist Chapels in and around the Metropolis.

MONDAY, APRIL 22.—The Secretaries will be happy to meet those District and Corresponding Secretaries, who may be in town, at the Mission House, on the above date, at three o'clock, p.m., to confer with them on any measures which they may deem desirable to be taken in regard to their several districts.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23.—The Annual General Meeting of Members of the Society will be held in the Library at the Mission House. Chair to be taken at ten o'clock. This meeting is for members only. All subscribers of 10s. 6d. or upwards, donors of £11 or upwards, pastors of churches which make an annual contribution, or ministers who collect annually for the Society, and one of the executors on the payment of a legacy of £50 or upwards, are entitled to attend.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24.—The Rev. H. Dowson, Bradford, will preach the Annual Morning Sermon on behalf of the Society, at Bloomsbury Chapel. Service to commence at eleven o'clock.—On the same day, the Annual Evening Sermon on behalf of the Society will be preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Service to commence at half-past six.

THURSDAY, APRIL 25.—The Annual Public Meeting will be held at Exeter-hall. The chair to be taken at 11 o'clock, a.m., by Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., M.P. The Revs. E. Paxton Hood, of London; T. C. Page, of Plymouth; H. Wilkinson, of Norwich; and H. Roberts, of London, are expected to speak. Tickets for the Meeting may be obtained at the Mission House, or at the vestries of the above day the Annual Meeting of the Young Men's Missionary Association will be held in Albion Chapel, Moorgate-street, at 6½ p.m. The Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury is expected to preside. A Social Meeting will be held in the Library of the Mission House, at five o'clock precisely. Tickets, sixpence each, may be had at the Mission House. Country ministers are cordially invited to attend, and will be presented with tickets on application.

IRISH SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, APRIL 19.—Public Meetings will be held at the undermentioned chapels, at 7 p.m.: Denmark-place, Camberwell; Mare-street, Hackney; Regent's-park Chapel; Westbourne-grove,

MONDAY, APRIL 23.—There will be a Members' Meeting at the Mission House, at 11 a.m. Thos. Peartress, Esq., in the chair.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23.—The Annual Meeting will be held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle at 6.30 p.m. Richard Harris, Esq., of Leicester, will preside.

HOME MISSIONS.

MONDAY, APRIL 22.—The Annual Meeting of the Baptist Home Missionary Society will be held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The chair to be taken at half-past six p.m., precisely, by Frank Crossley, Esq., M.P. The meeting will be addressed by the Right Hon. Lord Teynham, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. Arthur Mursell, of Manchester; Rev. F. Tucker, of Camden Town; and by one of the missionaries, Rev. G. Whitehead, county Durham. Tea will be provided for ministers and other friends, including ladies, at the Tabernacle, at about five o'clock. A Special Meeting of Subscribers will be held at the same place at three o'clock, to effect an important alteration in the constitution of the society, and to promote the establishment of Baptist churches in large towns.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

On Tuesday, March 19, a bazaar was opened at the above building, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to defraying the remainder of the cost of erecting this magnificent edifice. Various public meetings and other services are to follow, for an account of which we refer our readers to the programme in our March Number.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

BUILTH, BRECONSHIRE.—The Rev. George Straphan has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church in the above place.

GROSVENOR-STREET CHAPEL.—The Rev. J. Harrison, from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, has accepted an invitation to supply the pulpit at the above place of worship for three months, with every prospect of success.

LONDON.—BLANDFORD-STREET CHAPEL.—The Rev. W. S. Barringer has signified his intention of relinquishing the pastorate at the above place.

LIVERPOOL.—The Rev. John Davies has resigned the pastorate of the Welsh Baptist church worshipping in Athol-street; having been stationed there for seven years.

MARKET DRAYTON, SALOP.—The Rev. Thomas Clark, late of Pontypool College, has received and accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Market Drayton, Salop; and entered upon his ministerial duties on the first Sabbath in the new year.

PENYRHOL, BRECONSHIRE.—Mr. Richard Lloyd, of Hay (late of Walton, Radnorshire), has received and accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church in the above place, and has commenced his labours with pleasing prospects of success.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

HULL.—On Tuesday, February 5, the Rev. E. Bailey, late of Melbourn, Cambs, was publicly recognized as pastor of the Baptist church meeting in Salthouse-lane. A tea-meeting was held in the Sailors' Institute, where a large

number of persons assembled to partake of the abundant provision which was supplied by the ladies of the congregation. After tea, the sheriff (W. Dannatt, Esq.) was called to the chair, and Mr. John Dalton read the report. The meeting was subsequently addressed by the Revs. A. Jukes (Baptist), E. Jukes (Independent), Medicraft (Primitive Methodist), Olleroushaw (Independent), O'Dell (Baptist), Pnisford (Baptist), and Macpherson (Baptist), each of whom greeted the newly-chosen pastor with a hearty welcome.

CUPAR, FIFE, SCOTLAND.—On Monday, March 4, the Rev. D. B. Joseph, late of Bootle, near Liverpool, was recognized as pastor of the English Baptist church in Cupar, Fife, Scotland. On the previous day the Rev. F. Trestrail preached morning and evening, and Mr. Joseph in the afternoon. On Monday evening a *soirée* was held in the chapel, and after tea addresses were delivered by the Revs. James Cochraue, of the National Church of Scotland; John Laird, of the Free Church; F. Trestrail, John Ranken, and William Burnett, of the United Presbyterian Church. A fine spirit pervaded the whole of the proceedings. The choir sang several anthems during the evening with great taste. Mr. Joseph commences his labours in Cupar with encouraging prospects of success.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, BUGHY-HEATH, HERTS.—This place has for several months been supplied by Mr. James Wimsett Boulding, one of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's students, who has been invited to supply the pulpit at Melbourn, Cambridgeshire, vacant by the removal of the Rev. E. Bailey. On March 10, he took his leave of this church and congregation in a powerful sermon from Ephesians iii. 17, 18, 19. At the close of the service the friends of Mr. Boulding, in token of their esteem and affection, presented him with a handsome edition of Matthew Henry's "Commentary."

IDLE, YORKSHIRE.—On Wednesday evening, Feb. 8, a meeting was held by the members and friends in connection with the Baptist Chapel, Idle, Yorkshire, for the purpose of presenting a very elegant timepiece to the Rev. Thomas Hanson (for five years pastor of the church), on the occasion of his leaving for West Bromwich, Staffordshire. The timepiece bears a suitable inscription, testifying to the great affection and esteem with which he is regarded by the donors. The friends in connection with the Church of England at Wrose have given expression to their regard for Mr. Hanson by presenting him with a valuable inkstand, with fittings.

LITTLE ALLE-STREET, LONDON.—On Thursday, Feb. 28, a social tea-meeting was held in the above chapel, when between 300 and 400 sat down; the object being to promote a greater degree of unity and Christian fellowship amongst the church and congregation. Mr. P. Dickerson gave an interesting account of the church from its formation, in April, 1751, to the present time. Mr. J. Pells, of Soho, gave an excellent address, and was followed by Mr. J. Woodward, of Ilford. Mr. J. Foreman then, after an appropriate speech, presented to Mr. Dickerson, who has been twenty-nine years labouring here, a purse containing £23, collected by the junior members of the church.

NORTHAMPTON.—On Tuesday evening, Feb. 26, a tea-meeting was held in the school-room

belonging to College-street Chapel, for the purpose of presenting testimonials to Messrs. Ward and Lenton, the late deacons of Prince's-street Chapel. Mr. R. Bartram, one of the College-street deacons, kindly consented to take the chair, and expressed his cordial approbation of the object that had called them together. J. E. Ryland, Esq., in the name of the subscribers, then presented the testimonials, which he regarded as a fitting acknowledgment for services long and faithfully performed, often under circumstances of great difficulty. The testimonial to Mr. Ward was an elegant French clock, in a case of walnut-wood and ebony. On a silver plate at the base was a very suitable inscription. Mr. Lenton was presented with a handsome family Bible. In the course of the evening able and animated addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Smith, of Harpole; Lichfield, of Kingsthorpe; Lea, of Moulton; Joseph Brown and Williams, of Northampton—all expressing high esteem to Mr. Ward and his colleagues, and sympathy with them and their friends under the trying circumstances in which they had been recently placed. At nine o'clock the meeting was closed with prayer by Mr. Lea.

COATE, OXON.—On Monday, Feb. 18, an unusually interesting meeting was held at the Baptist Chapel, Coate, in connection with a presentation of a testimonial of esteem and affection to the Rev. B. Arthur. W. T. Wallis, Esq., presided at the public meeting, and made a very interesting speech, in which he alluded to the past history of the church, which had existed upwards of 200 years, and had been blessed with the ministry of such men as the Rev. Joseph Collett, Joseph Stennett (brother of Dr. J. Stennett), Thomas Dunscombe, M.A., Joseph Stennett, M.A., James Bicheno, M.A., Richard Pryce, Benjamin Wheeler, and John Jackson. At the present time the Lord was smiling upon them, so that the church was not only in a prosperous state itself, but was the means of spreading the Gospel through the surrounding neighbourhood. It was worthy of remark that the object for which they were assembled was novel, as such an event had never before taken place in the history of the church. Mr. Joseph Dutton, senior deacon, then presented an elegant purse, worked by the Misses Wallis, containing £36. It was made up of contributions varying in amount from twopence to two guineas. The pastor expressed his gratitude for the present. The testimonial was the more pleasing as the whole matter had been kept a profound secret from him. The meeting was afterwards addressed by R. Long, E. Pigott, and W. Ricketts.

FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

NEWTOWN, EBBW VALE.—The Providence Church (English Baptists) at this place, held very interesting services on Tuesday, Feb. 26, on the occasion of its being formed into a separate society. After prayer by the Rev. A. Tovey, Beaufort, the letter of dismissal from the parent church, Nebo, was read by the Rev. L. Jones, Brynhyfryd; after which the newly-formed church gave a unanimous invitation to the Rev. James Watts to become their pastor; the rev. gentleman consented, and the Rev. T. Roberts, Calvary, Brynmawr, offered up prayer for a blessing on the union. The address on the nature of a Christian Church was delivered by the Rev. A. Tovey; and, in the unavoidable absence of the Rev. J. Emlyn Jones, M.A., the

sermon on the respective duties of the church and pastor was given by the Rev. T. Roberts; and the Rev. L. Jones concluded with a short address and prayer.

OPENING SERVICES.

VERNON CHAPEL, LONDON.—A number of friends having rented the above place of worship, with the prospect of purchase, and putting it in trust to the Baptist denomination, under the pastorate of the Rev. Standen Pearce, re-opening services were held on Wednesday, Feb. 20. Sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Landels and the Rev. J. Stoughton. The introductory parts of the services were taken by the Rev. A. M. Henderson, and the Rev. F. Tucker. The attendance, both morning and evening, was beyond expectation, and the collections good. A provisional committee has been formed, and within a few weeks a church will be organized, on open communion principles, of nearly fifty members.

NEWBRIDGE, MONMOUTHSHIRE.—The new chapel for the use of the English Baptist friends in this place was opened for Divine service, March 4 and 5. The services were conducted in Welsh and English. The Rev. D. Morgan, Pontypool, preached in English, and the Rev. John Evans, Abercarnad, in Welsh; Dr. Thomas, Pontypool, and the Rev. J. Smith, Cheltenham, in English. The Welsh church is the mother of the English church. Some months ago, a few friends here felt the want of English preaching in the neighbourhood, and resolved at once on having an English sermon in the Welsh chapel once a week, and by this time the English church numbers, we understand, between fifty and sixty members. The example of the Welsh church at Beulah should be copied by all the Welsh churches on the hills where English is needed.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON IN SCOTLAND.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has been preaching in the North of England, and in the chief towns of Scotland. At Glasgow, according to the *Morning Journal*, nearly half of the city clergy were among the thousands who thronged the Queen's-rooms and the City-hall. The Edinburgh and Aberdeen congregations were scarcely less numerous than those at Glasgow. Mr. Spurgeon preached twice in Helensburgh, in the church of the Rev. John Anderson. Though the admission was by tickets at the morning service, the large church was crowded in every pew and aisle; and in the evening many had to return to their homes not able to find admittance. On his way to Scotland Mr. Spurgeon preached twice in the spacious Town-hall of Newcastle-upon-Tyne to as many people as could get packed into the building. At all the services collections were made for the New Tabernacle Fund.

PRESTON.—We are informed that not fewer than 6,000 persons were present at the two services recently conducted by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in the area of the Corn Exchange; and that of these 4,000 were admitted on payment. The total receipts were £211 16s. 14d.; expenses, £50; leaving a balance of about £162 to be divided between Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle and Pole-street Chapel. The debt now remaining on the latter place of worship is £169; and to remove this it is intended to issue 100 collecting-books of £1 each, among the friends, in order to pay off that sum during the present

year. When the Rev. R. Webb was appointed to the pastorate at this place of worship, it was in a very dirty state and out of repair, and there was a debt upon it of £450. Steps were at once taken to put it in a proper condition, and to enlarge the vestry, which was done at a cost of £150, which, added to the original debt, made a total of £600, to reduce which plans were organized and heartily taken up. A bazaar was held, which realized £100. For the same object sermons were preached by Lord Teyuham; and though all belonging to the chapel are of the working class, they succeeded in obtaining during the past year the sum of £400 6s. 7d., leaving a balance of £190 13s. 5d., which, as we have already stated, has been reduced to £109. The prospects of the Pole-street Baptist Church are stated to be most cheering.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

WINCHESTER.—The next anniversary of the Baptist Chapel, Silver-hill, will (D.V.) take place on Thursday, April 4, when two sermons will be preached by the Rev. J. Foreman, of Hill-street, Dorset-square, London—afternoon, at 3; evening, at half-past 6. Tea at 5 o'clock.

BARRACK-FIELD CHAPEL, GUILDFORD.—On Tuesday, April 9, the public recognition of Mr. Cornelius Slim, as pastor of the Baptist church, will be held (D.V.) in the Public Hall, Guildford. Mr. Philip Dickerson, of Alie-street, will preach in the afternoon, at half-past two o'clock, after which tea will be provided at 6d. each. In the evening, at six precisely, a public meeting will be held, when the following ministers will deliver short addresses: Mr. John Bloomfield, of Soho; Mr. Geo. Wyard, of Deptford; Mr. P. Dickerson, of London; Mr. C. W. Banks, of London. Mr. C. Slim will preside. On the previous Monday evening, April 8, there will be a public meeting, at Barrack-field Chapel, for special prayer and addresses by neighbouring ministers.

BAPTISMS.

ABERDARE, Calvary, Feb. 10—Eight by Mr. Price.
ASLEY-BRIDGE, near Bolton, March 3—Six by Mr. J. Harvey, of Little Leigh, Cheshire. Three of the above were from the Sunday-school.
AUDLEM, Cheshire, March 3—One by Mr. R. Pike.
BALLYMENA, Ireland, Feb. 9—One; Feb. 26, Two; March 4, One; March 14, Three, by Mr. J. G. M'Vicker.
BILSTON, Salem Chapel, Jan. 27—Six; Feb. 3, Five, by Mr. Jackson. Great earnestness characterized the services.
BIRMINGHAM, Aston-road, March 6—Five by Mr. W. Varley.
BRIDLINGTON, Feb. 24—Three by Mr. J. Morgan.
BRYNMAWR, Calvary, English Baptists, Jan. 20—Three by Mr. T. Roberts. Two of the above from the Sabbath-school.
CARDIFF, Bethany, Feb. 3—Eight by Mr. Tilly.
CHELSEA, Paradise Chapel, Feb. 23—Five by Mr. Turner.
CHELtenham, Cambay Chapel, Oct. 21—Nine; Feb. 17, Six; by Mr. Smith.
COALVILLE, Leicestershire, Jan 6—Three; Jan. 27, Six, by Mr. J. Cholerton. We have more waiting for the ordinance, and many inquirers. Our place of worship has become too strait for us. A new chapel is soon to be erected, affording us the increased accommodation so much required.

COLERAINE, Ireland, Feb. 14—Two; Feb. 17, One; Feb. 24, One; March 3, One; and March 10, Two. One of them a young man converted from Popery during the revival of 1859, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

CRADLEY, Worcester-shire, Second Church, Jan. 19—Four by Mr. J. Sneath.

DUBLIN, Feb. 13—Three; March 13, Five, by Mr. W. L. Giles. Two were men belonging to the Grenadier Guards. There is a good work going on among many of the garrison.

EAST DEREHAM, Norfolk, Feb. 28—Three (one from the Established Church) by Mr. J. L. Whitley; March 6, Eight, by Mr. Govett, M.A. The cause is prospering in this place.

EBBVALE, Providence New Town, March 10—Six by Mr. J. Watts. Two were from the Sabbath-school.

GOLD-HILL, Bucks, Feb. 17—Seven by Mr. Harris. The youngest, thirteen years of age, his daughter.

HADDENHAM, Cambs, March 1—Five by Mr. T. A. Williams.

HUSBAND'S BOSWORTH, Feb. 24—Three by Mr. Shore. Several others are on their way.

IPSWICH, Stoke-green, Feb. 3—Four by Mr. J. Webb.

LANTFURT MAJOR, Feb. 17—Four by Mr. S. Jones.

LEEDS, South Parade, Jan. 27—Twenty-one by Mr. Edwards, B.A.

—Cail-lane, Jan. 27—Six by Mr. Tunicliff.

LEICESTER, Friar-lane, Feb. 3—Four by Mr. J. C. Pike.

—Dover-street, Feb. 17—Three by Mr. J. Malcolm, who is about to remove to Luton.

LONDON, Mare-street, Hackney, Feb. 23—Fourteen by Mr. Russel, of Providence Chapel, Shoreditch. God is greatly blessing the ministry of our esteemed pastor, Mr. Katterna.

—Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, Feb. 24—Ten by Mr. Pells.

MANCHESTER, York-street Chapel, Feb. 17—Five by Mr. R. Cheuery. Others are inquiring.

NORTHAMPTON, College-street, Feb. 23—Six by Mr. J. T. Brown; one of them from the Sabbath-school.

NORTON, near Swansea, Feb. 3—One by Mr. J. Pugh; Feb. 10, One, by Mr. E. Evans; March 3, One, by Mr. J. Lawrence. We are glad to state that the Lord is evidently in our midst.

SHEWTON, Wilts, March 3—Three by Mr. C. Light. Two of them from the Sunday-school.

SMARDEN, Kent, Zion Chapel, Feb. 17—Four by Mr. Hosmer, after an address by the pastor, Mr. J. H. Wood; two of the candidates were daughters of the baptizer.

SUTTON-ON-TRENT, Notts, Feb. 24—Two by Mr. Bayley, of Newark.

TORQUAY, Devon, Feb. 23—Twelve by the pastor, Mr. Kings. Others are proposed.

WANDSWORTH, Feb. 23, at New Park-street Chapel—Fifteen by Mr. Genders.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

APPEAL FOR CHINA.

Recent events in China, of an extraordinary nature, summon us to the solemn and prayerful consideration of our duty as Christians to that vast empire of idolatry and superstition. The cessation of the war between the allied forces and the Emperor of China has been signalized by the mutual adoption of a treaty, which, among many secular advantages, opens the whole of the Imperial territories to Christian missionaries, on condition that the bearers of

passports do not enter a city in the possession of the rebels. On the other hand, the so-called rebels have overrun at least six provinces of the Empire, containing a probable population of 30,000,000 of souls. They hold these immense territories against all the efforts of the Imperial forces, and in every part of them cast down the temples of the gods, break the idols into pieces, and displace the priests from their sanctuaries. They profess (with many errors) the religion of Christ, call all Christians brethren, and seek friendship with Europeans of every name; in this last respect reversing the traditional policy of China.

For some years the progress of this remarkable revolution has been watched with the deepest interest and curiosity. It was known to have originated with an individual, who, in 1847, at Canton, received instruction in the Scriptures from the lips of Christian missionaries. By a series of events, very imperfectly known, a local insurrection has expanded into a revolution, which threatens the extinction of the Tartar dynasty. The author of it claims to have received a commission from heaven for this purpose, and everywhere commands the destruction of idolatry. Mingled with assertions that he has seen Christ, and held immediate communion with God, he yet teaches the unity of God, the Sonship of Christ, believes in the atoning sacrifice of the Saviour, and affirms the necessity of repentance and faith to salvation.

From intelligence recently received from our esteemed missionary, the Rev. H. Z. Kloekers, we learn that on the 6th of November last he left Shanghai, accompanied by the Rev. Griffith John, and two Chinese gentlemen. On the 18th they reached Nankin; and for several days enjoyed frequent opportunities of conversation with the several subordinate chiefs of the Celestial King, by which designation the founder of the Revolution is known. In their interviews, there was found to exist, combined with much error, an extensive knowledge of the Scriptures. The main doctrines of Christianity were fully received. Some individuals were evidently the subjects of vital religion, spoke of Christ's merits as sufficient to cover all sin, and of his blood as efficacious to wash away all guilt.

In Nankin, the missionaries found idolatry entirely overthrown. Not an idol, or an idol temple, could be found. Opium and tobacco-smoking was prohibited, and spirit-drinking forbidden. The city was undergoing reconstruction and repair; and there were signs, in reviving trade, and in the aspect of the people, of a settled civil government having displaced mere military command. Eighteen places for Christian worship had, moreover, been opened.

On the day of their departure, November 25th, the missionaries received an "Edict of Toleration," giving free access to Nankin, and to all the territories of the revolution, to missionaries of the Christian faith. It promises them every assistance, safe passage and residence in any town or part of the country, with entire freedom to preach the Gospel. Now then is China everywhere open to the missionary. Peking and Nankin, the two capitals of China, may become the scenes of missionary toil. The Imperialists suffer our efforts to evangelize the land; the Revolutionists *invite* them. Is it not our duty to embrace to the utmost this wonderful opening, and to enter boldly into the door which Providence unfolds before us?

As yet, only two brethren are engaged by our

society. Many are required. We shall not be thought too urgent if we entreat your assistance to send at least six as speedily as we may.

FREDERICK TREEHILL, } Secs.

EDWARD B. UNDERHILL, }

33, Moorgate-street, March 20, 1861.

SIR MORTON PETO'S DISSENTERS' BURIALS BILL.

To the Baptist Churches throughout the Kingdom.

DEAR BRETHREN,—On behalf of the Committee of the Baptist Union, we invite your attention to the bill which has been introduced into the House of Commons by Sir Morton Peto, Bart., M.P., for enabling Dissenters to bury their dead in parochial and other public burial-grounds, with a religious service conducted by their own ministers. How necessary such an act has long been, and how urgent it has of late been rendered by clerical refusals to bury unbaptized persons with the customary service, must be well known to you all; and the Committee cannot doubt the pleasure with which you will welcome this well-directed effort for the removal of a grievance which has been often and heavily felt. It is the wish of Sir Morton Peto that his movement within the House of Commons should be sustained by a movement without, and that numerous petitions should tell the Commons how extensively and how earnestly the relief he asks is desired. For themselves the Committee have adopted a petition; and they thus venture to recommend a similar step to you. As the second reading of the bill is fixed for the 24th of April, there will be sufficient time, if action be prompt, for the transmission of a large number of Congregational petitions; and the committee trust that their recommendation will receive a warm and universal concurrence. A form of petition and the needful directions will be found below; and the churches will kindly accept this public appeal, instead of a circular addressed privately to each pastor. On behalf of the Committee, we are, dear brethren, yours faithfully,

EDWARD STRANE, } Secretaries.
J. H. HINTON, }

London, March 18th, 1861.

FORM OF PETITION.

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled.

The Petition of the undersigned Members of a Congregation of Protestant Dissenters of the Baptist Denomination meeting at—

Sheweth,—That your petitioners are informed

of the introduction into your Honourable House of a bill to provide for the interment of Dissenters in parochial and other public burial grounds, with a religious service conducted by ministers chosen by the friends of the deceased.

That your petitioners have long and strongly felt the necessity of such a measure, in consequence of the attitude not infrequently assumed by clerical incumbents in relation to the interment of Dissenters, and more especially in relation to the interment of persons unbaptized.

Your petitioners therefore pray your Honourable House to pass the said bill into a law.

And your petitioners, &c.

DIRECTIONS TO BE OBSERVED.

Every person whose name is attached should sign his own name.

At least one signature must be on the sheet of paper on which the petition is written. For other signatures several sheets of paper may be pasted or stitched together.

Every person may sign who attends, even occasionally, at the place of worship.

When completed, the petition should be folded up like a newspaper, and enclosed in an envelope open at both ends.

Petitions may be sent to any member of Parliament *post free*, if inscribed—"Petition to Parliament."

Petitions intended to support the second reading of Sir Morton Peto's bill should be forwarded at the latest by the 22nd of April.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BAPTIST UNION, ANNUAL SESSION.

To the Editor of the Baptist Messenger.

Sir,—Kindly allow us, through your columns, to inform the brethren that the Forty-ninth Annual Session of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland will be held at the Mission House, 33, Moorgate-street, London, on Friday, April 19, 1861. The Session will be open in the forenoon, at ten o'clock, when an introductory discourse will be delivered by the Rev. J. Wiberg, of Stockholm; and the remainder of the morning will be devoted to brotherly conference and prayer. Refreshments will be provided at one o'clock, and the business of the Session transacted in the afternoon.—Yours faithfully,

EDWARD STRANE, } Secretaries.
J. H. HINTON, }

London, March 15, 1861.

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REMOVAL.

*Preached at New Park Street Chapel, Sunday evening, March 24, 1861,
BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.*

"If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."—Exodus xxxiii. 15.

THIS is a prayer which has been used hundreds of times, and which is found quite in place upon multitudes of occasions. Moses was in the wilderness; he was about to lead the people into Canaan; the land that flowed with milk and honey; yet he felt he would sooner bear the inconveniences of the tent and of the wilderness with his God, than enjoy the fatness of the land of Canaan without him. God had made the desert to Moses to become like a garden; he felt that all the gardens and the vineyards of Eschcol would be nothing to him if his God should withdraw his presence. Throughout the history of the Church there have been particular places where men of God have been compelled to fall on their knees and pray this same prayer. I can conceive the Puritan fathers, when they first left this spot, Southwark, to seek a liberty in another land which they could not find here, bowing their knee before they entered the "May Flower," and crying to God, "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." I can imagine John Bunyan, after he had been twelve years in his prison, and had become almost habituated to here he crossed the threshold when the time of his imprisonment was over, looking upon the cold damp walls of the prison over the bridge at Bedford, and saying, "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." Let the dreamer still abide in his den with his God sooner than go forth abroad into the world, and leave his Master behind him. Many a time in your experience and mine have we had also to feel the force of such a prayer as this. When, some seven years ago, or rather more, I left a handful of people, a kind and a loving flock, to come and preside over this great assembly, I could not help crying out in the language of that prayer from my inmost soul, "If thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence." I think, my dear friends, when you have to pass through any changes in life, when in God's good providence you are removed from one sphere to another, you may look up to God in prayer, and say, "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." And at last, when you and I shall come to die, and our hour shall approach to leave this world behind us, and wade through the cold stream of death, what prayer can be more appropriate than this, "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." To go anywhere without our God is terrible; but to die without a God is awful beyond expression. To go down into the stream with no kind helper, with no voice saying to us, "Fear not, my rod and my staff shall comfort thee, and I am with thee"—ah! it must be indeed a solemn thing to meet death alone, and no God with us to cheer us. I could proceed thus to mention multitudes of cases where we might pray this prayer, and hope for an answer. But I think, as a church and people, such a text as this is exceedingly appropriate to-night. We are about to leave these walls. No doubt, when some of our older friends left Carter-lane Chapel, which once stood where now the London Bridge Railway stands, they felt it to be a very dreadful thing to leave the old place. And yet, perhaps, it was one of the best things that could have occurred to the church, that they were forced out to come and build a larger structure, although it is built, I suppose, in as bad a place as they could have found by a microscopic survey of this entire metropolis. There are some, doubtless, now, and many, I hope, whose souls will always cling to these walls, because here Jesus Christ has been visibly set forth before their eyes, crucified among them. I think they will join with us, who are younger in years, and therefore less subject to pain about changes, and we will all join together and say,

despite all the advantages which we hope will follow our entering upon a larger and more public place of worship—despite the fact that three or four times as many will be able there to listen to the Word of God, as those who can listen here—we will all join in saying, “If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence.” Here let us stay, and here may we abide, unless thou, the Shekinah of the Highest, wilt go with us, and shine between the cherubim still, and make us in thy light to behold thy glory. I feel rather inclined to stop my sermon, and to bow my head with yours, and to lay this prayer before my God; but as ye have already prayed by the mouth of two or three brethren, I must rather spread it before you, and “stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance” to plead it this night, in secret, and at your family altars, before your God, “If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence.”

Now we will arrange our thoughts under three heads. First, what blessings the presence of God always confers; secondly, what our present removal incurs; and thirdly, the sins by which God’s presence may be driven away, and the means by which that presence may be maintained.

I. First, then, my dear friends, what the presence of God most certainly involves. What is wanted in our places of worship is not that they should be built with first-class architecture, although certainly God’s house ought not to be meaner than our own—it is not that they should be sumptuously served, although the greatest riches are not too great for the service of God—it is not that the rich should congregate together to make up the congregation, although it is promised that the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift; even the rich among the people shall entreat thy favour—it is not that the minister should be eloquent or talented, although it is well that if a man have ten talents he should consecrate them all to Christ, since talent never glitters so much as when it is consecrated and given up to God. What the churches want *may* be many things, but certainly this one thing is the main need—they want the presence of God. Better for the Church in England when her members met together by tens and twenties in the woods, and were hunted about by informers, and their ministers haled to prison; better for her to be persecuted, and hunted, and put to death, than to have these palmy, and soft, and gentle days, “if the presence of God be not with us.” Better for the Church of Scotland when Cargill read his text by the lightning’s flash, and when they worshipped God, expecting to hear the cry of Claverhouse’s dragoons. Better to have God with them in the midst of the snow and the tempest than to worship God in the best ceiled house, peaceful and calm, were the Lord himself absent. Better far for us to go back to the age of old barns and dingy thatched buildings, and to the times of an uneducated ministry, when God’s power was with his servants, than to go forward and to become great, and mighty, and intelligent, and to lack the presence, the Spirit, the blessing, of the most High God. God makes the house glorious. Where he is there is glory, and where he is not *Ichabod* is written on the wall, even though that wall should be covered with pure gold. God’s presence is the one thing needful to the Church. But how, and why? Is it not God’s presence that makes joy in his sanctuary? When are we most glad? It is when we feel a present God; he puts more joy into our hearts than when our corn, and wine, and oil, are increased. What is it that makes God’s mourners comforted? Is it not a sight of Jesus’ face and a vision of his glory? What handkerchief can wipe the mourner’s eye but that which is held in the hand of a covenant God? Where is the balm for our wound, the cordial for our fears, except in him? As doth the hart for waterbrooks both pant and bray, so doth our spirit cry out for God, even the living God, and unless we have *his* presence our souls refuse to be comforted.

What is it that makes God’s people holy but the presence of God. Is it not because they see the face of Christ that they gather up his image and become con-

formed unto it? It is no mere teaching that can make a man Christ-like; it is beholding Christ—Christ shining upon that man's face, and that man reflecting the light which he has received. The presence of God is absolutely essential for the edification, the instruction, the growth, the perfecting of believers. And if we have not this, the means of grace are empty, and vain, and void; clouds without rain, that mock the thirsty land; wells without water, that tantalize the perishing caravan, but yield no moisture to burning lips—a mere mirage in the desert, looking like pools of water, and fair-standing palm trees, but only mocking the wayfarer's gaze. We must have the presence of God for his people's sake, for without him they can do nothing.

And where, my brethren, is the power of our ministry with sinners unless we have the presence of God? We sow the seed, I grant you; but who prepares the soil and ploughs the furrows? who afterwards sends down the fertilizing rain and the invigorating sunshine? Would not the seed rot under the clods unless the heavenly husbandman took care of it? There was never a sinner converted yet by man; it was not in man's power to create, much more is it in his power to *re-*create. First let a man attempt to make a fly before he tries to make a new heart. Go, thou who thinkest thou canst do aught to change human nature, and change the Ethiope's blackness into snowy white, and take the spots from the leopard's skin. Go, check Niagara in its dashing might, and make the stream leap upward and return to its source. Go, bid the tempest, and bind the clouds, and bid the winds only howl to music, and the waves dance in chorus, and when thou hast done this then mayest thou hope—nay, not then—to create a new heart and a right spirit, by any ministry apart from the presence of God. Ah! my friends, we have had the presence of God here full often, for, if this were the time and place, there are hundreds of you who could stand up and say—"Here Christ met with me, standing on yon spot where the crowd is now; or here, or there, or in yon schoolroom—ay! and behind the pillar too. There have been many of you that have heard the word to purpose. Drunkards have strayed in here, and some chance arrow from the minister's hand has reached their heart. The harlot has come into these aisles, on the road to the bridge to destroy herself, and Christ has met with her, and she lives to praise his name. Here is the thief, here the burglar, and the passer of bad money; here have the worst, the vilest of men stepped in, and Christ has met with them; glory be unto his name! Glory be unto his name! No man shall stop me of this glorying throughout all regions. God has here plucked brands from the burning. All the philosophers in the world never by their philosophy wrought such a work as the Gospel has wrought here. They could not find so many tens, and fifties, and hundreds—I was about to say thousands—of men, who, having aforetime scorned God and scoffed at his name, now love him and desire to live to his service, and who would be willing to die for his honour. Ye may tell this in Gath, ye may publish it in the streets of Askelon. Let the mighty men of Philistia tremble; the sons of Moab, let fear take hold upon them, for God hath made bare his arm and smitten his enemies, and the old Gospel hath awakened according to its ancient prowess. God hath triumphed gloriously, and put to flight our sins and our enemies. But what now should we do without his presence? His presence has done all—"O Lord, if thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."

II. But, now we are about to remove. We *must* remove. It is not even humane to worship here. On the lowest ground of common humanity it is not right that such a multitude of people should be crowded into so small a structure. With every attempt that we have made for proper ventilation, it is not possible in such a house as this, overcrowded as it is, that persons should be able to breathe in health. I feel it as the minister, I am quite certain you must feel it as the people; If I ever by chance see anybody asleep, which has only occurred, I think, twice in

seven years; it is no matter of astonishment to me; the wonder is you do not all go to sleep under the influence of such insubrious air as is often bred here by the multitudes. But on far higher grounds we must go hence. Here every Sabbath night there are crowds in the street; but the faintest gleam of sunshine come out, and there are many more going away than those who are able to enter. It is a pleasing thing that so many are willing to listen to the same minister for seven years right on. The glory must be given to God. With us is the responsibility. If people will come to hear, it is the least thing the Church of God can do to find accommodation for them. Time was when many of us would have plucked out our right eye to get them to come. When they are anxious to come it is but a small thing that we should seek to provide a structure where they may be housed. These three services are, no doubt, a great blessing. To my mind, however, they lack one great essential for permanent success—not being connected with any distinct place of worship—whatever good may be done is scarcely heard of. Great efforts are put forth with small apparent results. In the theatre the seed is sown, but there is no barn provided in which it can be housed. If some two or three men could be found constantly to preach, and if there should be endeavors made to induce those people to come out from what is after all an irregular form of worship, to some place which should be their own house, where they could worship God constantly, more permanent good to the Church of God at large would be most certainly done. God speed every effort; but we are most glad when there seems most prospect of a permanent success.

Well, then, we must move to this larger structure, but yet the prayer recurs,—“If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence.” We are going to a place of which we entertain great expectations. We hope there to see vast multitudes listening attentively. We trust many of these will be converted. We trust the church will increase. We trust that out of the church there will spring up young men who shall be young soldiers for Christ—men who shall carry the truth, as it is in Jesus, throughout this land; and some of them, we hope, to far distant countries. But if his presence go not with us, our expectations are vain imaginings. We have flattered ourselves with a pleasing picture which shall never be completed. We have a cup to our lips, the sweet draught of which we shall never drink if God's presence go not with us.

We go to a place of great opportunities. What opportunities you will all have for doing good, especially myself, though I certainly do not lack for opportunities. I have ever before me a wide and open door. Oh, that I had strength to do more, for there were more time. Still, when some five or six thousand people are constantly addressed, it is no small opportunity for usefulness. Who can tell how many a holy thought may be inspired, how many a wrong desire quenched, how many an evil motive exposed, how many a right design prompted in human hearts? O Lord, thou hast given to thy servant, indeed, high opportunities; but what are these if thy presence go not with us? They are opportunities that must be wasted; they are chances of attack upon the enemy which must certainly end in our own defeat if the presence of God be not with us. And you, each of you Sabbath-school teachers, I hope there will open up before you a far wider sphere. Ragged-school teachers, and you that distribute tracts; you that preach in the street; and you young men that feel a desire to do good, each and all of you, I think, will have presented before you an opportunity, the like of which seldom occurs. Pray, I beseech you. By all that is good and holy, I implore you, pray to God that his presence go with you, for if not, these opportunities shall all be thrown away. As well for you would it have been to be obscure Christians in some distant hamlet of the Shetlands or the Orkneys, where you could not reach a congregation without peril of your lives, as to be members of this largest of Dissenting churches, and yet not to have the presence of God with you.

A more solemn thought still. Our great house will involve greater responsibilities. Many persons kindly suggest to me the solemnity of my position. I know I do not feel it as I might; but I do feel it as fully as I dare. I sometimes feel in preaching to such multitudes as a man must feel who walked along a tight-rope and was always in danger of falling, and I shall fall if I look down. But if we can but look up we could walk there though half itself were foaming beneath our feet. There is no fear to a man who lives on his God, but there is abundance of fear to any man who begins to stand on himself. "He maketh my feet like hind's feet, and maketh me to stand on my high places," saith Habbakuk. So may it be with us. But what an awful responsibility it is; "if the watchman warn them, not they shall perish; but their blood will I require at the watchman's hand." I think I have chewed and masticated that text many times. My deacons well enough know how, when first I preached at Exeter Hall, there was scarcely ever an occasion in which they left me ten minutes alone before the service, but they would find me in a most fearful state of sickness, produced by that tremendous thought of my solemn responsibility; and now, if ever I sit down to turn that over, and begin to forget that there is all power in heaven and in earth given to the truth, I am always affected in the same way. I scarcely dare to look that thought in the face. I am compelled to put my responsibilities, where I put my sins, on the back of the Lord Jesus Christ, hoping, trusting, believing, knowing, that he is able to keep that which I commit to him even to the last great day. You have likewise your responsibilities. You must be a holy people: "A city set upon a hill cannot be hid." I never care what is said of me, except one thing. When I hear that any member of this church has been betrayed into an unholy deed, that cuts me to the very quick, I had sooner that you would diminish by death one-half, than that there should be even one in a hundred who should fall into sin. It is sorrow enough to bury our friends, but it is sorrow greater still to have to excommunicate them from fellowship, or to censure them for misdeeds—you must be a holy people. Nor less must you be an active people. If God has done so much for you, and you begin to sleep upon the oar, to lie still, and to say, "We have done enough; we will be quiet," the curse of God will light upon your heads. As surely as you are men or women, he has not brought you to this post and to this duty that you may cease your efforts or lie still. He doth but put you into the middle of the battle, that you may fight with sterner vigour, that you may throw your blows about you with both your hands, to win the battle for your Lord and Master. There are responsibilities that lie upon you that will crush you as a church utterly, unless this prayer be answered for you: "Lord, let thy presence go with us, or else carry us not up hence."

III. There are some things we can do which will drive God's presence away; there are other means by which that presence can be maintained.

We can easily get rid of the presence of God if we get proud. Stand inside your new house and say, "This great Babylon that I have builded?" and it will be a Babylon to you at once. Begin to say, "We are a great people; we can do much; we have but to attempt, and we can accomplish." Offer to your own acts, bow down and worship your own sword as though it had gotten you the victory; and the Lord shall say, and the ears of Christians shall hear it as distinctly as the Jews did at the siege of Jerusalem, a rushing of winds, and a voice shall say, "Arise, let us go hence." A proud heart is never God's palace; and a proud church will never be honoured of God.

You can easily drive away the Holy Spirit by sloth. Be as lazy as some churches, or do as little. Be as little consecrated. Be as sleepy, as dull, as cold, as lukewarm, as too many Christians are, and you shall soon find that the Lord has withdrawn himself from you. It is fire, fire in the church, that is con-

stantly needed; the energy, the Divine energy of God to quicken the whole man into an intense activity for his Lord and Master's cause. If *you* fall into sloth, you shall hear him say, "This is *not* my rest. If it be the place of your sleep, you have polluted it, and I will get me hence from you."

Disunion, too, among yourselves, can easily remove the Spirit from you. It has been constantly my joy to see union in the midst of the church. We are men, and therefore we do not always see eye to eye. We are honest men, and therefore we do not care to truckle always to one another. But I trust we are Christian men, and therefore always willing to bear with one another's infirmities. I dare say you have a good deal to put up with from me; I know I have a good deal to put up with from some of you sometimes. Sometimes there is one person, sometimes there is another, who would give offence, and my principal business has been, since I have been pastor, whenever the ship has sprung a leak, not to say much about it, but to pick the oakum myself, to go down and just drive it in, and stop the water from coming in at the place. This ship would have been scuttled long ago if it had not been for some loving spirits who will not let other people disagree. If any of you have disagreed, I hope you will settle your disagreement to-night. If there be any dissensions, I hope you will leave them all behind at Park-street. If any of you are not perfectly at one with one another, we cannot expect God's presence to go with us until these things are once for all forgotten and forgiven. Let us feel as perfectly one to-night as though we were all perfect men, and may God grant us such a spirit evermore of constant mutual forbearance; may he give to us that charity which hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things, and then we shall have the Master's presence; but without this the Holy Spirit, who is the Dove, will never stop. If there be noise and strife, he will be gone from us, and Ichabod will be written on our walls.

Furthermore, if we would have God's presence taken from us, there is another quick way of doing it, and that is getting slack and slow in prayer. The prayer-meeting is the gauge of the church. You may always test our prosperity by the multitudes who assemble to pray. Ay, and if we could enter into your families and hear how you pray there, and if my ear could be put to your closet door to hear how you pray for the church in private—then should I know how the church would succeed. Grow lax and careless here, do but cease to entreat the Lord, and then he will say, "I will not bless this people—I will not hear because they will not cry; my door of mercy shall not open because they refuse to knock." Oh! let us be instant and earnest in prayer. And let us get more faith. I wish I could leave my unbelief all behind me—I wish you could do the same: it would be a blessed legacy, I am sure, to this chapel, and the next person who should come to preach here I trust would sweep it out. Oh, that we had got rid of our wicked distrust of our God, and our suspicion of his faithfulness, our doubts as to his veracity, our troubles and our fears about the future! O Lord, help us to stay ourselves on thee. May we now, as a church and people, expect great things, attempt great things, do great things, believe great things, and we shall see greater things than we have ever yet beheld. More faith, more faith, Lord! Lord, help thou our unbelief.

But how can we keep the Spirit of God with us, now that we are about to go? We can do it by cultivating those graces, through his help, which are just the reverse of the vices I have mentioned. Walk humbly with your God, walk humbly towards one another, be patient towards all men. Brethren, we must be willing to be nothing. We shall never be anything till we are willing to be nothing. If any man would be perfectly content to be nobody, he shall be somebody; but he that must be somebody shall be nobody. I have always noticed, in a somewhat wide investigation of personal character, that the most assuming and pretending are the least respected, but the most humble and disinterested and self-denying,

and even self-detracting, are those whom men delight to honour. Crown yourself, and every fool shall seek to knock the crown from off your head. Go crownless, and there will be *some* who will say, "That man deserves a crown; let me put it on his head." For Christ's sake, as a church, let us be humble.

And then let us be united. The Apostle Paul said—"I beseech Euodias, and I beseech Syntyche, that they be of the same mind in the Lord." They were two women, and women *will* quarrel. "What did that matter?" you will say. Ah! just so; but then they were members of the Church, and the Apostle Paul did not like even two women to disagree if they were members of the same church. What shall I say of two male members of the church—what shall I say of two aged members of the church—what if I should look around me and say, there be some, I fear, who are not perfectly at one with each other? Nay, we will not say it; we will suppose that there are none such. But, if there are, let me this night entreat them to be of the same mind in the Lord. What if the one have an angry temper? What if the other seem to be somewhat hard? What if one should think he hath a grievance? What if the other should think he hath no grievance, and ought not to be complained against? What if one of you should have spoken ill of another, and the other should have spoken ill of you in return? Do not attempt to dig out the old bodies to investigate them, you will only make a putrid smell. Bury them, bury them; bury them to-night. Come, let me throw the first handful of earth—"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes." Let them die, and let no coffin-plate be put upon the lid. Of course now I must heartily confess I never knew, or heard, or read of a church more thoroughly and intensely one than this church is; but for all that it may be—and we have every right to fear, though we may have ground for hope—it may be there are some such. I pray you, therefore, if you would have the presence of God go with us to our new sanctuary let all this be done away with, and settled once for all.

Next to this, my dear friends, let us go up into our new sanctuary with a mind to work. I do not think I ever whip you to work, but I do get a great deal of work out of you, because I always seek, if I can, when there is something extra to be done, to preach Christ up to you in such a way that you feel in love with him over again, and you want to do something more for him than you have ever done. Then you hardly know what you have done, and I believe you are just as ready to build another new Tabernacle now as when we first began. You would have more faith, I dare say, now, about building a second, than you had about building the first. Let each man then say to-night, if he has done nothing for the Master hitherto, "I must begin to do something now." Let him say—"If I have been lazy in Park-street, I must not be lazy over there." My dear friends; let every Elephant bear his Castle when we once get there. Let every strong man bear his burden. Let every Christian have his work. In that Tabernacle let there be none found but priests and Levites—priests who offer sacrifice of prayer and praise, and the Levites who are willing to be hewers of wood and drawers of water in the Temple of God.

Then, again, let us take care that we carry up to that place fervent hearts, full of prayer. Come, brethren, let us fill our censer to-night. Let us put in the frankincense, and the myrrh, and all manner of precious spices. Come, Holy Spirit, let the fire descend upon the altar, and then let us stand from to-morrow morning right on as long as that house shall stand, and we shall live, waving that censer to and fro, standing between the living and the dead, that there may ever be the vials full of odours sweet and the harps of sweeter sound sending fragrance and melody commingled up to the eternal throne.

I do not know how to plead with you as earnestly as I could wish, but really I trust I have set my text before you enough to make you say, "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."

Only once more let us ask for greater faith. When sailing in the little ship you had the little man's faith. You are about to step on board the larger bark. Seek to get larger faith in proportion to it. Suppose we all of us had three times as much faith for three times as much work, ay! but that surely would not be the limit. Shall it be? No, Lord, give us ten times as much faith. Take away our unbelief. Help us to believe thy Word. Help us to act as though we believed it. Then we shall surely see thy promise fulfilled.

My dear friends, the main object, after all, of our ministry is the winning of souls to God. Have I some here as hearers who have listened to me these seven years, and are yet unconverted? Oh, what if this last night in this house should be the hour of your conversion? Soul, art thou ready and willing to die without a hope in Christ? Surely not. Thou knowest thyself to be lost, ruined, and undone. I pray thee, just as thou art, make a confession of thy guilt, and come to Christ's cross. He is as willing on this last night on which I address you here as he was when, seven years ago, you heard the same invitation. Though you have rejected him seven years, he has more than seven years of compassion in his bowels. He has spared your life; he has not cut down the old cumber-ground yet. Sinner, believe! believe! Oh, Spirit of God, change thou the sinner's heart! Give him faith that he may now cast himself to-night on Christ. "Come now"—*now*—this night. "Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool; though they be red like crimson, they shall be whiter than snow." May you and I, and all of us together, now pray this prayer: "Jesus, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

THE MARVELLOUS EXCHANGE.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHERTENHAM.

"For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."—2 Cor. v. 21.

THE apostle is treating of the Gospel ministry, and showing that God is most desirous that men should be upon good terms with him. Therefore he does not appear in dazzling splendour and glorious majesty, as when he gave the law; but comes down to us in human form, in the person of his Son, in order to remove every impediment out of the way of our reconciliation to him. And having laid a foundation for friendship on honourable terms, he sends forth his ambassadors to invite, yea, to beseech men to be reconciled unto him; promising not to impute their trespasses unto them, but to treat them as kindly, as lovingly, as if they were innocent, and had never offended him at all. The ground on which he does this is thus stated, speaking of Christ, "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

The Lord Jesus was pure, without sin. His Divine nature could not be tainted, or be in any way impure; as Divine, he is the holy God. His human nature was prepared for him, in the womb of the Virgin, by the presence, power, and influences of the Holy Spirit. As the angel said to Mary, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; also, that holy thing that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Thus, God created a new thing in the earth, a woman compassed a man; a clean thing was brought out of an unclean. A child was born, who was not implicated in the guilt of Adam's sin, and whose nature was not tainted with human corruption. "In him was no sin." The God-man was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. His natures were spotless, and his whole life was correct. He could appeal to the Jews, and ask, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" Pilate was compelled to testify, "I find in him no fault at all, no, nor yet Herod." In every thought, word, and deed, he acted in exact accordance with God's pure, spiritual, and holy law. His

death was unmerited, he did not deserve to die. He had broken no law. He had injured no one. And if he had not voluntarily offered to die, the just for the unjust, the innocent for the guilty, he could not have been put to death. His resurrection from the dead, by the power of the Father, was a glorious proof that he "did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." "He knew no sin." The debt of sin never exposed him to punishment. The guilt of sin never troubled his conscience. The thought of sin never polluted his breast.

"His life was pure, without a spot,
And all his nature clear."

But he was made sin for us. He was not made a sinner, or he could not have been an acceptable sacrifice for sin. Sin was not transfused into him, though it was laid upon him. He was made an offering for sin, or a sin-offering, and therefore he was treated as a sinner. The sins of all he represented, of all for whom he became a substitute, were placed to his account. He became answerable for them. He voluntarily undertook to become responsible for them. The whole debt became his. Our breaches of the law were to be answered for by him; therefore as sin was imputed to him, or placed to his account, it was punished in his person. All that it was necessary to inflict, in order to satisfy justice, and present an example of God's hatred to sin to the universe, was inflicted on him. The whole curse of the law, the whole desert of sin, the whole of the wrath of God for sin, was put into one cup and presented to him. He looked into it and trembled, crying out, "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say?" He took it and fell to the ground, blood oozing from every pore of his body; he cried in bitter agony, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" He drank of it and exclaimed, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But it pleased the Lord to bruise him, Jehovah put him to grief when he made his soul an offering for sin. Oh, the tremendous agony which he endured! Oh, the depths of woe through which he waded! Oh, the waves and billows of Divine wrath that went over him!

"Our sins deserved a hell;
And Christ that hell endured,
Guilt broke his guiltless heart
With wrath that we incurred;
We bruised his body, spilt his blood,
And both became our heavenly food."

Sin, all the sin placed to his account, was put away by his death. He carried sin to the cross, but not to Joseph's tomb. "He bore our sins in his own body on the tree." "He put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." "By one offering he perfected for ever them that are sanctified." He made a full atonement; he gave perfect satisfaction; and by him all who believe are justified from all things. There is therefore, now, no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Every believer may now triumphantly ask, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen again, who is ever at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." Blessed, for ever blessed be God, for placing our sins to the account of Jesus—for punishing our sins in the person of Jesus—for putting away, and putting away for ever, our sins by the death of Jesus!

He was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. What a wondrous exchange—Christ takes our sins, that we might take his righteousness! He suffers, that we might go free. He is stripped, that we may be clothed. He is put to death, that we might live. He is made sin, that we might be made righteousness. Oh, what mercy! What a mystery of mercy is this! We have no righteousness of our own; our best is but as filthy rags. God requires a righteousness, and one that will meet all the demands of his law and satisfy his

impartial justice, in order to our justification. Jesus, therefore, came to *do* and to *suffer* all that was necessary to make us *righteous*, Divinely righteous. *The righteousness of God*, or righteous as he is righteous. The righteousness of God *in him*. We now, therefore, become righteous, perfectly righteous, not by obeying the law, but by faith in Christ—union to Christ—and participation with Christ. Faith brings us to Christ, the Holy Spirit unites us to Christ, and thus we participate in all Christ has. His life is our righteousness; his death is our atonement; his intercession is our salvation. He took our place that we might take his. He came to toil for us that we may rest with him. He sorrowed for us, that we may rejoice with him. He died for us, that we may live with him. Blessed Redeemer, how wondrous thy love! how glorious thy grace! how perfect thy work!

Let us then *admire God's wisdom in the contrivance of such a plan*. The thought never could have entered into any created mind—the scheme never could have been devised, either by human or angelic intellect. It is of God—of God alone. In it God hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence. Let us *receive God's testimony without gainsaying*. We may not be able fully to comprehend it, but we can believe it. The philosophy of this plan may puzzle us, but the fact will fill us with joy unspeakable. Let us *plead Christ's work alone for acceptance with God*. It is not what we have done, but what Jesus has done. It is not what we deserve, but what Jesus suffered. Jesus takes my place, becomes answerable for my sins, undertakes to endure the sufferings I deserved, and makes over to me all the merit of his righteous life and atoning death. In Jesus, God can accept me. For the sake of Jesus, God will pardon and justify me. Through Jesus, God will put me among his children, and place me before his face for ever. Let us *expect God to honour his own arrangement*. This is the way to conquer doubt, overcome fear, and make Satan flee. God arranged that the obedience of his Son should be placed against our disobedience; that the holiness of his Son should be placed against our unholiness; and that the merits of his Son should be placed against our demerits; and in this way he "can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." In this way he can be a just God, and yet a Saviour. Let us, therefore, *look for justifying righteousness only in Jesus*. He has finished the transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness. He is "THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS." He is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth; and our righteousness is of him, saith the Lord. It is in this way that a just God justifieth the ungodly by faith. Let us *glorify free grace for the wondrous transfer*. It is of grace, and grace alone, that our sins were transferred to Jesus, and that his righteousness is transferred to us. Therefore by grace are we saved through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God. Finally, let us *view Jehovah as the alone author of this glorious plan*. It is of God, and therefore godlike. It is of God, and therefore fully, exactly, meets the case. It is of God, and therefore it is perfect. All sin is put away, scattered as a cloud, hidden as in the depth of the sea, lost, so that when it is sought for it shall not be found, for there shall be none. Well might the apostle say, as introductory to this subject, "All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ." And again, "All things are for yourselves, that THE ABUNDANT GRACE might, through the thanksgiving of many, redound to the glory of God."

A MORNING WITH JESUS IN THE CITY.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX, AUTHOR OF "OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST."

THE words and works of the Saviour should be studied together. This was what he constantly required of his hearers when on earth. Their neglect of this was one reason why they rejected him, and also furnished a just ground of condemnation, John xv. 22-24. Whatever the Saviour proclaimed himself to be, he proved by his acts. He made no claim without producing sufficient credentials in support thereof. He said that he was "one with the Father;" and he "did the works of the Father." He required unreserved submission and obedience, and the sacrifice of all for his sake; but he showed that the blessings which he would bestow on his followers would be an abundant recompense. We desire to bear these facts in mind while contemplating the act of Jesus, and listening to his words one eventful morning in the city of Jerusalem.

The day previous had been a very active one. There had been a solemn festival at Jerusalem. Jesus had come to the feast, and amidst its various ceremonies and rites his voice was heard calling men away from shadows to himself the substance: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink," John vii. 37-39. Spies were upon his track, but his eloquence overpowered them; his wisdom baffled his most implacable foes. The hostile council broke up without attaining its object. "Every man went to his own house." "Jesus (who had not where to lay his head) went to the mount of Olives." The busy day was succeeded by the *lonely night*. The voice which had rolled over the vast crowd in tender tones of inviting love, now rose to heaven in pleading accents; and the rejected of his own people found full solace in fellowship with his heavenly Father. It is early dawn; but one person may be seen walking down the slopes of Olivet towards the gate which the Roman sentinel has just opened; he passes through it and walks slowly towards the Temple. A few persons are stirring in the city, who whisper to each other, "It is the Nazarite teacher, he is going to the Temple, let us go and hear him."

The Lord Jesus went to his accustomed place; for he often visited his Father's house. A group soon collected round him, "and he sat down and taught them."

What the subject was that morning we are not told. That discourse yet remains among those many things not recorded, but which we hope to hear about in a future state.

While the people were all attentive to his words, a number of persons enter with hasty tread and flushed countenances. They bring with them a woman, whom they accuse of having committed a heinous offence. We may suppose that the accusing parties belonged to the discomfited confederacy of the preceding evening, and that it was not zeal against sin, but envy against Jesus, that moved them thus to act. They hoped to entangle him whom their own offences had borne testimony to. At first they fancy they have succeeded. When Jesus, as they still plied him with importunate questions, answered them not, but adopted the apparently strange course of "stooping down and writing with his finger on the ground," did they not whisper to each other, "We have puzzled him *now*." We shall find a ground of accusation *now*? At length "the Lord lifted up himself;" the glance of that tender, but, to them, terrible eye, fell full upon them, convincing them that he read them through. Slowly and solemnly he said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." A peal of thunder from above, or the shock of an earthquake from beneath, could not have troubled them as did those few quiet words. They awoke a power which had slumbered long, but one that can never die out of any human breast. While the gracious Saviour, too kind and loving to enjoy their confusion, again stooped down, the boisterous accusers silently withdrew, and left the accused woman standing in the midst of the previous audience, in front of that wondrous One whose actions and words filled her with astonishment. We can but hope that this meeting, so strangely brought about, was for her eternal good, even as it hath been for the Saviour's everlasting honour, and the instruction of many in all ages. Gentle, wise, and loving were his words to the erring one; and we trust their echoes never died away from within her heart—"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

After this incident there must have been

a breathless silence for a while, and the retreating footsteps of the sinner so graciously dismissed must have been heard by those around; and still they thought on the tones softer than the evening zephyr on Olivet, and sweeter than angels' harps in heaven—
 "GO, AND SIN NO MORE."

The silence was broken by the Great Teacher. By this time the sun had risen above the horizon, and was flinging its glorious beams on tree and tower. May we not suppose that Jesus, availing himself, as he ever did, of prominent objects and passing events, pointed to the rising sun as he said, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life"? The former part of these words had just received one striking illustration. He had proved himself to be the all-penetrating, discovering light, laying bare the heart at a glance, and showing men their own histories and sins in a moment. But the Saviour desired not so much to confound opponents and silence gainsayers, as to attract sinners to himself, to be saved, and then allure them after himself in loving obedience. Such is his intention still. Let us linger awhile longer in his company, and listen to the grand proclamation and gracious promise which these words contain. May the Holy Spirit give us to behold the Saviour's glory, and cause us to share the Saviour's grace!

"I am the light of the world." Here the Saviour (L.) proclaims his own glory. He had a right to do so. He could lawfully make himself his own theme. He came into a world of death and said, "I am the life." He stood amidst our graves and said, "I am the resurrection." He followed after wanderers as sheep going astray, and said, "I am the good shepherd." He stood among the starving and cried, "I am the bread of life." So here he stands where all is gloom and darkness, and says, "I am the light of the world." When Christ said this, he took his stand, as it were, in the centre of the moral world, and in substance said, "What the sun is in the solar system that I am to men morally and spiritually considered." The sun is not a mere appendage to the solar system, not one star among the rest, but its centre, its soul, the great source of all light, life, and heat. A world without the sun would be desolate and fruitless, and a soul without Christ is dead and miserable. How does our Lord here teach us our deep

need of him; and that he is, indeed, most indispensable as regards spiritual being and blessedness! He also teaches us how adapted he is to us. This grand illustration of the sun exhibits his infinite excellencies. Whatever light is naturally, that Christ is spiritually. It is an emblem of his beauty and his purity. Whatever light represents or shadows forth, that Christ really is to us. Light is an emblem of knowledge, holiness, and joy, and from Christ come all our intelligence, happiness, and purity. Light is glorious itself, and decks all things with beauty; so all beauty is derived from him who is the true light—"the word," "the wisdom," "the truth."

Light also reminds us of the deep mystery and infinite vastness of the Saviour's person. We know something of the properties and uses of light, but nothing at all of its nature. We know that it dwells in far-off regions immeasurable to us, but what it is, who can say? We use it, and rejoice in it; but cannot define it. So with the glorious Redeemer. There are mysteries in Theism which we cannot explain, and majesty beyond all our thoughts. We are saved by him, loved of him, one with him, and hope soon to share his glory; but we should ever think of him as infinitely above us, though one with us, and we one with him.

How should we delight also to trace him in all the various manifestations which light, under different aspects, symbols forth to us! "The day-spring from on high hath visited us," Luke i. 78. Soon will he shine forth as "the bright and morning star," Rev. xxii. 16; and ere long rise, as "the Sun of righteousness, with healing in his wings," Mark iv. 2—scattering all gloom, filling the earth with glory, and so fulfilling the large expectations of David—"And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds: as the tender grass springeth out of the earth by clear shining after rain," 2 Sam. xxiii. 4.

Though he is absent now, as regards his personal presence, yet his faithful, loving words are made good to his people, "Ye shall see me; because I live ye shall live also." And it is their privilege rejoicingly to say, "But we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord," 2 Cor. iii. 18.

Is it so with us? How have we treated

this glorious light? Every revelation from God brings with it fresh responsibilities. The brighter the light which we have, the deeper the condemnation if it is rejected. This light is *self-evidencing*, even as natural light is. The Saviour's character furnishes full proof of his Divine mission. It is a solemn thought "that self-evident truth is hid from those who hate it." It was so when Christ was on earth. It is so still. And Satan is ever labouring to "blind the minds of those who believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine into them." Such "know not, neither will they understand: they walk on still in darkness."

We shall find a contrast with these, if we consider (ii.) the *gracious promise*, and trace the character to whom it belongs. "He that followeth me (says Jesus) shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." When we consider the circumstances under which these words were uttered, and compare them with other similar sayings in John xii. 36-46, iii. 19-21, we may conclude that we have here, not merely the *declaration* of a fact, but an *invitation to a blessing*. The Lord is here inviting men to become his followers, and so to be truly blessed. He bids them cease to be wandering stars, or souls without a centre; and invites them to become connected with himself, the centre of harmony and the source of blessing. "I am come (he says) a light into the world, that whosoever believeth in me should not abide in darkness." "I am come that they might have life, and that they may have it more abundantly." How solemn are these announcements! Just think of the Gentiles groping after light, and the Jews striving after purity, and of both as alike utterly failing (Rom. i. 22, iii. 9), and then contemplate the Lord Jesus becoming "to both Jews and Greeks" the wisdom of God and the power of God!

Think, also, of these words as a *promise* belonging to those who accept the invitation. There must be a *coming* to Christ before he can be *followed* in the way which he here requires. Many followed him when he was on earth from carnal motives, and some from curiosity, while a few felt really attached to him; these were drawn and altered by his excellencies. They possessed real love to his character and his communications. They believed and obeyed, learned and sinned; to imitate. In him

they saw such a light as they had never seen before; and they learned to study all things in that light. The more glorious he appeared, the more vile they saw themselves. Their very hearts could sing, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." All who follow Jesus are noticed by him, John i. 38. And shall be blessed of him, John xii. 26. The Lord here says of such an one, "He shall not abide in darkness." He shall be the subject of a great deliverance, Col. i. 13. He shall be saved from all those terrible things which darkness symbolizes; even from ignorance, guilt, fear, perplexity, uncertainty; in a word, from a course of sin and alienation from God, Prov. iv. 18; 19. He shall not stumble on alone in the dark, as, alas! most do; "compassing themselves about with sparks, and at last lying down in sorrow;" "but shall have the light of life." What a boundless blessing is theirs! The terms, "bread of life," "water of life," "tree of life," are used to denote excellency and superiority; so here "light of life" means saving and eternal light. It is a *present* blessing, including pardon and relationship, joy in sorrow, life in death. Also a *future* one, even "the inheritance of the saints in light," and a part in the holy city which "the glory of God doth lighten," and of which "the Lamb is the everlasting light."

There is one other thought which these words, "the light of life," suggest. The Psalmist says, "In God's favour there is life." The favour of God realized is true happiness; and this is the portion of all who follow the Saviour. "He," says Wisdom, "that findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord;" and Jesus testified, "Therefore doth my Father love you, because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came forth from God," John xvi. 17. Nothing can go beyond this; here is the all-inclusive and all-satisfying good, Psalm iv. 6. This is fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. "And if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," 1 John i. 7.

The conclusion to which we are conducted is this, *that he who is conversant with the Saviour's glories shall share with him the loving favour of God*. Jesus, the true light, conducts all who follow him to the

Father's heart now, and to the Father's house hereafter. Let us bless God for this light! "Life (says one) is made up of knowing, doing, enjoying, hoping;" but without Christ all will be utterly wrong, as regards these things. He is the source of all intelligence, and to follow him is the only wise pursuit. This is the path to true honour and real happiness. Let us seek grace to follow the Lord closely, and not,

like Peter, afar off. May our morning visit to him quicken our desires after him. Let our earnest cry be for the teaching and quickenings of the Holy Spirit, that he would so glorify the Saviour that our hearts may gravitate toward him; that his beauty may be reflected by us, and we become the means of attracting sinners to him, and animating saints to follow the Lord wholly.

MINISTERS' WOUNDS.

LESSONS FOR CHURCH MEMBERS.

IN this day of museums, exhibitions, and wonders, one's attention is constantly invited to some strange sight, either from the chambers of invention, the fields of discovery, or from among the relics of ages gone; the catalogue of which things has increased until the "seven wonders" have become eclipsed by seventy times seven. With this fact before one, it can scarcely be thought that the curiosity here to be alluded to has escaped the notice of this inquisitive age; yet, believing that many have unobservingly passed it by, a relation of a short investigation might not be altogether in vain.

On a recent visit to a collection of wonders, attention was specially drawn to an object in a somewhat obscure part of the building, the appearance of which was very strange indeed; over it was written, *Haleb Mehamesharet Elohim*. Strange as was the sight, few, indeed, paused to notice it; this, however, gave the better opportunity for an undisturbed examination. Having become satisfied of the meaning of the inscription, a trial was at once made to connect the name with the reality; but its prodigious size, and unusual shape, threatened to baffle the attempt; for the deep indentations on some portions, and the extraordinary dimensions of others, with the numberless wounds on every part, all but destroyed identity. Just in the midst of this confusion of thought, an official came by, who, seeing the interest manifested, at once offered to explain the phenomenon. His kindness having been accepted, he immediately commenced by saying, "You may well be interested, sir, in the wonder which is here presented to your view, for a more deeply affecting sight is scarcely to be found, though, strange to

say, few care to examine it. The inscription is literally true, for this is really "the heart of the minister of God." It had grown to this portentous size by the love of heaven, which was deeply rooted in it. Its cavities, as you perceive, are like deep cisterns; from these, for many years, there welled up, and flowed forth, streams of warm affection to immortal souls. Words which received their birth herein were words of winning love; the theme of Calvary was the one theme which ever gave vitality and power to the pulsation of this large heart."

"But what are these indentations?" was the inquiry.

"These," said he, "which you will see on various parts, were caused by certain pressures which were brought upon it. Often, when this heart was set on some good and God-like project, the icy hand of cold-hearted professors would be laid upon it; and in some instances, as you see, until the vitality of those parts was destroyed, and the struggling thoughts and burning desires were strangled—the too-evident signs of which are still visible.

"The most touching part of my story," said the officer, "stands connected with these wounds you will see on every part heretofore—for scars they are not, as they were never healed to the latest moment of life. These are the memorials of long-felt injuries, received in the house of his friends. The honoured servant of God, who carried this large heart within him, was a man of the most sensitive temperament; though he had a way of hiding much of his grief. It was known during his life that he was greatly affected by the conduct of different individuals around him; but none conceived of the depth of his anguish till after his de-

cease, when his heart was examined, but when, alas! it was too late to administer the slightest cordial. The fiery darts he received from the great adversary were always quickly extracted, and the wounds healed; for he was well acquainted with the never-failing Balm; but these were the wounds of friends, though not the 'faithful wounds' of which Solomon speaks." Pointing to a deep cut in a most fleshy part, the man went on to say, "This deep wound was received from a deacon of the church. The loving pastor had great confidence in him, and expected from him the most hearty co-operation, for he bade fair for usefulness till he was put into office; but no sooner had he settled in the official chair, than he began to use his talents against his minister; first by picking holes in his manner, then in his doctrine; whereby he stirred up a faction in the church of a very painful character. All this took place just as the preacher's heart had grown large with expected prosperity, which made the wound all the deeper. The faction was silenced, it is true, and the plot of this Judas-like man was turned against himself; yet his overthrow seemed to add grief to grief to the loving-hearted pastor."

Pointing to another cut in another part, he said—"This still-gushing wound was given by a young member of the Church, who was looked upon with esteem by all her friends. She appeared a really loving disciple of Jesus. She continued loving and beloved for a year or two, but after a while she began gradually to decline, her meek and teachable disposition was evidently waning, and her attendance at the means was less regular; her near associates also discovered a disposition in her to shun their society. It soon became too evident that she had formed an unholy connection, for she had given her company to a man of the world. Her friends at once kindly intreated her, but to no avail, and her pastor appealed to her with tearful eyes and affecting words, but all in vain, for she was self-willed; and regardless of consequences she rushed on, till, reproaching her Lord and her friends, she had to be severed from the Church, with what effect on the heart that prayed for her and watched over her is too evident to need comment."

Whilst the spectator was solemnly reflecting upon the many wounded hearts that are this day bleeding on account of the

departure from Scriptural rule in reference to forming connections for life, the interpreter commenced his next tale by saying—"The wound you see here was occasioned by the unhappy disputes of two brethren in the church. Their premises adjoined each other, and there arose a trifling question respecting certain rights, which rankled and grew to a great disturbance. The pastor tried all he could to keep the matter out of the church, but like the ripple, on the lake, it widened on every side, and brought into itself much which was perfectly foreign to the original question. At length one of the disputants, thinking he had sufficient argument to prove that he was the injured man, solemnly declared he would sit no more with the other at the Lord's table till he made a just concession. The other, feeling he had gained a victory, quietly kept his place, triumphing secretly that he had so far got rid of his annoying brother. The other, who had virtually excluded himself by his rash vow, feeling his own defeat, stirred up a few friends to seek for a church investigation that he might return to his place. The arguments and entreaties of pastors and officers could not bring the two opponents together nor quiet the church; at length, therefore, very reluctantly they were compelled to make a church matter of it. But the result was no better than the officers anticipated, for they knew if persons are determined not to agree among themselves, others cannot make them do so. They were also convinced that the cry for investigation was never raised with any desire to know the rights of the case, but simply to defeat the opposite party, right or wrong. As may be expected, the matter grew worse, and the minister, whose object had been peace, was charged with being influenced by the longest purse. The result was, a split took place, which led to the painful separation of many long-attached friends. Years passed away, and the chief offender was removed, which led to a gradual return of the scattered sheep; yet how deeply it had wounded the shepherd's heart, one has only to look here to learn."

Ere the lungs had begun freely to play, after the long suppression caused by the almost breathless attention paid to this story, the next tale of woe, like Job's sorrowful messengers, came.

"This gaping wound on the right," said the man, "was received from a family, who,

in the early part of the pastor's ministry, were very devoted, and warmly attached friends of the church. At that time, though respectable, they were not rich or gaudy, but in easy circumstances, and consistently they gave of their means to every good cause. Their trade, through the changes of the locality, greatly increased, by which means they rapidly became very rich—in fact, everything favoured them. The watchful pastor who was received by them with the greatest respect and Christian affection, often reminded them of the inspired caution; "When riches increase, set not thine heart upon them," nor did Mammon at first get much power over them. But as the family grew up a painful change came over this heretofore godly circle; for the daughters having returned from fashionable boarding-schools, could no longer relish the manners and habits of home; gradually, therefore, the atmosphere which had been so healthful to the spiritual interests of the parents, was tainted by extreme etiquette and fashion, and the new circle which these juveniles had formed, were not of those who

Secretly bow, to ascend the skies,

but wore the *slits* of the ball-room and similar parties. To such parties these daughters were allowed to go, and, in return, prevailed upon "Pa" and "Ma" to give an occasional evening at their house. This dreadful conformity to the world could not harmonize with the customs of brighter, because more spiritual, days. The result was, a carnal laxity exerted itself over the whole circle, and the pure longings after the hidden manna died, while scarcely the form of godliness remained as a substitute for the power. As might be expected, these young ladies did not relish the faithful ministry of their parents' once-beloved pastor, nor did they hesitate to express their dislike to the chapel service, especially as their fashionable companions went to church. The parents also had become uneasy, for the stirring appeals of the preacher often awakened within the most bitter consciousness of having forsaken their first love. Rather than yield, as they should have done, to those emotions of soul, they gave way to the more fleshly proposals of their children. Accordingly, the family pew, in the Dissenting chapel, was gradually deserted for a place in the new district church. The anxious minister expostulated

with the parents on the course they were adopting; showing them the fearful results; but their excuse was, that as their family had got a dislike for Dissent, and a love for church, they felt it their duty to comply with their wish, fearing, if they did not, they would get a dislike for religion altogether; and as their daughters had all become very warmly attached to the incumbent, who was a man of poetry and refinement, they hoped he might be the means of doing them good. Much, therefore, as they loved their *own dear minister*, and ever should love him, yet parental duty bound them to go with their family that they might have them under their own care. In making these remarks they had forgotten that if they had always exercised the parental authority the present step would never have been a necessity. This whole matter preyed very heavily upon the heart before us, as is too evident, piercing it to the very centre; for it felt that the fashions of this world had become of more importance to the family in question than their immortal souls.

"For about a year everything went on swimmingly in this family, when the irresistible hand of sickness took the father aside to the chamber of reflection, yea, and of death too. During his illness he sent for his old spiritual teacher, who readily hastened to the spot, when he found the agonized man fearfully alarmed at the consciousness of his misdeed. The excitement of meeting, which was painful to both, having somewhat subsided, the poor afflicted parent, grasping the hand of his old pastor, in tones which none but full hearts can prompt, said, 'My dear sir, would to God I could blot out the remembrance and influence of my past seven years from the pages of my family history; but, alas, it is now too late. I have thrown up my parental authority to the carnal wishes of giddy youth; and, pandering to the appearance of the society into which prosperity has put me, I have sacrificed the peace of my own soul; and, worse still, I have imperilled the safety of my dear children. I am now a lying man, I am leaving a large family fascinated with a dead formality, yet without God and without hope in the world, and one of the sharpest thorns in my pillow is the fact that I have led or allowed them to go away from the sound of Gospel truth, to sit where I knew Christ is not preached or loved. Oh, what will be my anguish when charged

with this by them at the bar of God! With the deepest emotion the fast-singing man was too much overcome to speak any more for a long time; the faithful minister could therefore only direct him to still put his confidence in that atonement which never faileth, and briefly, though fervently, commending him to God, he was obliged to leave him to his tears. Some hours after this he rallied a little, and called around him his greatly-sorrowing family, when he entreated them to turn from all the follies of this enmiring world, and to seek lasting pleasure and real peace in the salvation of Jesus Christ, begging them all, with his dying breath, to forsake the fashion and form to which they had committed themselves, and to return to the old paths and once more occupy the old family pew so long deserted in the sanctuary of God, assuring them that neither forms nor pictures could save them from the wrath to come. Having said this, he asked them to forgive him for the wrong he had done them in not controlling their youthful passions, or guiding them with a more Christian hand; and then praying that his dying admonitions may lead them to obliterate the footsteps of the past years, he fell back, and was immediately numbered with the spirits of the unseen world.

"The mourning widow and weeping fatherless felt the force of those words at such a time, and for a few weeks the dying request was law; but as the keen edge of the stroke wore away, living connections had more influence than dying admonitions; consequently, the widowed mother (true to her husband's request) was soon left alone, as an evidence of the loss the church had sustained through this worldly laxity and sinful conformity.

"This sorrowful heart," continued the speaker, "ever felt this circumstance most keenly; for the example of this very respectable family had its influence on others. Several, in fact, followed their steps, to the grief of the church, and the pain of this gushing wound."

Long as this sad tale had occupied in its relation, the momentous importance of its lesson fully justified the patient hearing afforded. The deeply-affecting facts related, and the hope that publicity given to them would be advantageous to the Church of God, rendered the little patience at command so flexible as to submit to a further account. The conductor, seeing this, at

once pointed to another wound, and began to say,—

"This wound was caused by the covetousness and selfishness of some of the members of the church, who seemingly cared not for the honour of God, or the good of the world; they neither regarded the claims of the heathen, nor to the demands of their own church, but lived exclusively and entirely for themselves. This was such a grief to the pastor, that, like a sword, it cut his very heart; for he knew quite well, if these persons had but reckoned, with Paul, that Christ died for them, that they henceforth should live to him, he would have found in them most valuable helpers in the vineyard of God.

"This next wound," continued he, "was the result of the instability of certain professed friends, who were hot and zealous for a season, but itching ears led them to be wanderers, or carnal ease indulged them at home, till there was no certainty of ever meeting them in their proper place. Thus he who had catered for their spiritual wants was often pierced to the quick, to know that his flock could be so easily scattered, either by some passing wind, or by an interesting companion, or be detained through the slight intimation of a few drops of rain, when he had prayerfully spread a table for their needy souls.

"Other wounds were given by the regard which some paid to the opinions of men, in opposition to the truth of God. These persons often, in their prayers and conversations, would give a colouring to truth, both dishonouring to God, and detrimental to the advancement of pure religion. The ignorant world often be ensnared by these misrepresentations, as they were pleasing to the flesh, though injurious to the health of the soul, causing too much labour to the minister to contend against these unrighteous influences, filling his mind also with the deepest grief, to know that any of the sheep he was shepherding should refuse to feed on the pure pasturage of Gospel truth.

"Those and a host of other things too numerous to enumerate were the swords and spears which cut and pierced this large heart. Yet all the while he went on, to the astonishment of all who have since examined the wounds, still lifting up Jesus as the sinner's only friend, and trying to follow his Master's example, who with his dying breath prayed 'Father, forgive them, they

know not what they do.' Thus he lived, and thus he laboured, till the often and unexpected injuries of young members, and the cruel and ungodly conduct of the older ones, so far depressed and wore his constitution, that like a canker at the root, it at last eat out the very vitals of his existence, and he died in the midst of his days, greatly beloved by those who really knew him, and even loudly praised by many who had pierced his soul with poisoned arrows, or had helped to bleach his locks in premature old age.

"The discovery of these wounds after death led to placing this heart here, under the belief that the good which must necessarily result herefrom will fully justify its exposition; for it can scarcely be believed that members of churches, after this discovery, will ever so recklessly wound the

hearts that beat and throb for their spiritual good."

This long and painfully interesting narrative having been ended, on many thanks being tendered to the narrator he withdrew, leaving reflection to do its work in reference to this important matter, which led to the resolve to publish the account to the Church at large, under the belief that a prayerful perusal of these uncoloured facts must prove salutary to many; as it is too well known to be disputed, that this day a thousand hearts are bleeding, through the wilful, ignorant, or careless conduct of those over whom God has made them overseers. May these wounds be staunched by loving consistency—and may all learn to consider the honour of Christ, and the feelings of their pastors, and without superstition to "esteem them highly for their works' sake." * * * *

MARY BUNYAN, THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD, AUTHOR OF "GRACE TRUMAN."

CHAPTER VII.

BUNYAN BEFORE HIS JUDGES.

It is a cold, piercing morning in January, 1661. Everything in Bedford is astir betimes, for it is the meeting of the quarter sessions, and it has been noised throughout the whole country that Bunyan is to be tried that day. Friends and foes are eager to hear his defence, for his fame has gone to every hamlet and farm-station, and awakened in every breast a desire to hear the man who had so nobly withstood the justice and "that right Judas."

The court-room is a scene of eager expectancy. The crowd is partly assembled. The prisoner is expected every moment. The justices seated in all their consequential dignity, prepare to enter with zest on the work before them. There are five of them—Keeling, Blundale, Leechir, Chester, and Snagg. Little do they think, vain, insolent, minions of a tyrant king, that the prisoner, whom they now await with chafed indignation, is to hand down their names to posterity covered with opprobrium! That this day's proceedings is to fix upon them everlasting disgrace!—to enter them as

"red-letter names for ever in the Almanac of Persecution."

The felon is brought in by the gaoler and placed in the prisoner's box. All attention is directed to him. He bears himself calmly and unmoved. No earthly hand is there to support him. But he finds support; he is leaning on the Arm Omnipotent.

They bid him rise up. He stands; his eyes fixed unwaveringly on his judges. The indictment is produced. The clerk of the sessions rises and reads it.

"John Bunyan, of the town of Bedford, labourer, doth devilishly and perniciously abstain from coming to church to hear divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign Lord the King."

The clerk pauses for a moment, and looks the prisoner steadily in the face. The look is met by one equally as fixed.

"Prisoner, what say you to this?" he asks, in a voice which indicates his rage and contempt.

The prisoner answers calmly and unflinchingly,—

"As to the first part of it, I am a common frequenter of the Church of God. And I am, also, by grace, a member of the people over whom Christ is the head."

The blood mounts to the face of Justice Keeling, who acts as judge on the occasion. He is enraged that a prisoner, and he a *tinker*, should dare thus to reply in the presence of the officers of the crown. He is a dark, vindictive man. The thirst for blood is in his heart, and he is ready at all times to deal vengeance upon those who dare to oppose the civil laws of which he is the insolent representative.

Assuming such importance as he can, he addresses the prisoner imperatively.

"Do you come to church, you know what I mean—to the *parish* church—to hear divine service?"

"No, I do not," is the firm reply.

"And why don't you?" asks the insolent judge—his face burns with anger as he speaks.

"Because I cannot find it commanded in the Word of God," answers the noble confessor right boldly.

"We are commanded to pray."

"But not by the Common Prayer-book."

"How then, will you tell me, you insolent one?"

"With the spirit. As the Apostle saith, 'I will pray with the spirit and the understanding.'"

"Well, we can pray with the spirit and with the understanding, and with the Common Prayer-book too," and the Judge stamps his foot with rage.

"The prayers in the Common Prayer-book are such as are made by other men, and not by the motion of the Holy Ghost within our hearts. The Apostle saith he will pray with the *spirit* and the *understanding*, and *not* with the Common Prayer-book."

Well done, thou noble defender of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus! Stand firm and contend for thy faith, though the odds be against you. Fear not what man can do. He, who holds the scale of justice in his own hand, will himself mete out your reward. Put thy trust in God; so shalt thou inherit the land, and possess the holy mountain. The Lord hath spoken it.

"What do you *count* prayer?" questions Justice Chester, rising from his seat, and chafing under Bunyan's calm, collected answers. "Do you think it is to say a few words over before, or among, a people?"

"No, not so, sir; men may have many

elegant, yea, excellent words, and yet not pray at all."

"But how do we know that you do not *write out* your prayers first, and then *read* them afterwards to the people?" asks Justice Blundale, derisively. "This is a hard-hearted, narrow-minded bigot, who 'could cudgel Nonconformists as well as question, insult, and fine them.'" To this jeering, scornful question, Bunyan calmly answers,—

"It is no use, sir, to take a pen and paper and write a few words thereon, and then go and read it over to a company of people."

"But how shall we know this?"

"Sir, it is none of our custom."

Then says Keeling—

"But it is lawful to use the Common Prayer-book and such like forms, for Christ taught his disciples to pray, as John also taught his disciples. Cannot one man teach another to pray? Faith comes by hearing, and one man may convince another of sin; and therefore prayers made by men and read over are good to teach and help men to pray."

"But, sir, the Scripture saith, 'That is the Spirit that helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered.' Mark, it doth not say the Common Prayer-book teacheth us how to pray, but the Spirit. And 'it is the *Spirit* that helpeth our infirmities,' saith the Apostle; he doth not say it is the Common *Prayer-book*. And as to the Lord's prayer, although it be an easy thing to say 'Our Father, &c. with the mouth, yet there are very few that can, in the spirit, say the two first words in that prayer,—that is, can call God their Father, as *knowing* what it is to be born again, and as having experience that they are begotten of the Spirit of God, which if they do not, all is but babbling."

"This is a truth. But what have you *against* the Common Prayer-book?" asks the judge warmly.

"If you will hear me, sir, I will lay down my reasons against it."

"You shall have liberty. But first I will give you one caution. Take heed of speaking *irreverently* of the Common Prayer-book; for if you do so, you will bring *great damage* upon yourself."

"My first reason, sir, is, that it is not *commanded* in the Word of God, and therefore *I cannot* use it."

"And where do you find it commanded

in the Scripture that you shall go to Elstow or to Bedford, and yet it is lawful for you to go to either of them, is it not?" asks Justice Snagg, rising to his feet, and looking scornfully on the prisoner.

"To go to Elstow or to Bedford is a *civil* thing and not material, though not commanded. But to pray is a part of the Divine worship of God, and it ought, therefore, to be done according to the *rule* of God's word."

"He will do harm, he will do harm; let him speak no further!" exclaims Chester, in a loud voice.

But Judge Keeling interrupts—

"No, no, never fear him; we are better *established* than that; he can do no harm; we know the Common Prayer-book hath been ever since the APOSTLES' time, and it is lawful for it to be used in the Church."

But the defender wants a higher authority than that, so he demands—

"Show me the place in the epistles where the Common Prayer-book is written, or one of Scripture that commands me to read it. Notwithstanding, they that have a mind to use it have their liberty, I would not keep them from it. But for our parts, we can pray to God without, blessed be his name."

"Who is your God, Beelzebub? You seem possessed of the spirit of delusion and of the devil," and Justice Leebair shakes his head in the madness of his rage. The prisoner regards him with a steady, firm look, but answers not to his vile accusations.

"Blessed be the Lord," he says, when their words are over, "we are encouraged to meet together and to pray, and to exhort one another, for we have had the comfortable presence of God among us, for ever blessed be his holy name."

"All this is *pedlar's* French! leave off your canting;" and Judge Keeling, no longer able to contain himself, starts from his seat, and shakes his head menacingly at the prisoner.

"By what authority do you preach? You have no right to do it!" he exclaims in the same infuriated tone.

"I can prove to you, sir, if you will but hear me, that it is *lawful* for me, and such as I am, to preach the Word of God."

"By what Scripture, tell me?"

"By that in the first Epistle of Peter, the fourth chapter and eleventh verse, and Acts, the eighteenth chapter, with other Scriptures, and—"

"Hold, hold! not so many! Which is the first?" asks the judge, in a low voice.

"It is this," replies the prisoner calmly: "As every man hath received the gift, even so let him minister the same unto another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God; if any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God."

"Hold there; let me explain that Scripture to you. 'As every man hath received the gift,' that, I say, as every man hath received a *trade*, so let him follow it. If any man hath received the gift of *tinkering*, as *thou* hast done, let him follow his tinkering, and so other men their trades, and the Divine his calling."

"Nay, sir, but it is most clear that the Apostles speak here of *preaching* the Word; if you do but compare both the verses together, the next verse explains this gift, *what* it is, saying, 'If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God.' So that it is plain that the Holy Ghost doth not so much in this place exhort to *civil* callings, as to the exercise of those gifts that we have received from God."

"This you may do in your *family*, but nowhere else."

"But, sir, if it is lawful to do good to *some*, is it not lawful to do good to *more*? If it is a good duty to exhort our families, it is good to exhort others. But, sir, if you hold it a sin to meet together to seek the face of God, and to exhort one another to follow Christ, then I shall *sin still*, for as I shall do," and the man of God looks the infuriate justices stedfastly in the face.

"Hold, hold! I will not dispute with you. We cannot wait on you any longer. You confess to the indictment, do you?"

"This I confess: We have had many meetings together, both to pray to God and to exhort one another; and we have had the sweet, comforting presence of the Lord among us for encouragement, blessed be his name; therefore I confess myself guilty, and not otherwise. And—"

"Stop, stop," exclaims the judge, "you confess yourself guilty, do you? Then hear your judgment: You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and at three months' end if you do not submit to go to *church* to hear divine service, and leave your *preaching*, you must be banished the realm; and if, after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, or be found to be come over again without

special license from the king, you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly."

The prisoner looks the judge unflinchingly in the face, as he answers,—

"As to this matter, sir, I am at a point with you, for if I were out of prison to-day, by the help of God I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow!"

"Away with him, away with him!" vociferates the judge, and the justices join in the cry, "Away with him, away with him!" The gaoler seizes upon him and hurries him to the gaol.

Well done, thou good and noble confessor! Thou zealous contender for the faith, great shall be thy reward when the Lord God

(To be continued.)

shall come to make up his jewels. Thou hast borne good testimony before men, and thou shalt stand approved of him before men and angels at the great day of final accounts. Oh, that thy spirit were now in every Christian bosom! Then should one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. Then should Zion awake to put on her strength, and "go forth conquering and to conquer."

Oh, Spirit of the living God, breathe upon the children of the Most High! quicken them from their stupor and death, that they may gird on the whole Gospel armour, and go forth to fight valiantly the battles of the everlasting God!

REVIEWS.

London Medical Practice: Its Sins and Short-comings. London: Simpkins and Marshall.

A VERY startling pamphlet, and one which bears on every page the evidences of talent and honesty. Its extended circulation could not fail to promote the physical well-being of suffering humanity. We say to all who are concerned about their health, read it. The faculty will not surely neglect to profit by it.

Relief for Sufferers; or, Directions for the Cure of Tic-Doloreux, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Toothache, &c., &c. By S. BARLOW, Dentist. London: Hamilton and Co.

A CURE for such fearful ailments for sixpence is, perhaps, rather too good to be true. We think the pamphlet is too pretentious, especially as the remedy for neuralgia, &c., is a medicine in the form of powders, prepared by Mr. Barlow, and the recipe of which is not given. Having said this, which honesty compels us to do, we may add that there are presented a great variety of prescriptions, worth vastly more than the price the book costs. As such we advise our readers to buy and read it.

Classified Bible. Part I. Edited by JOHN EADIE, LL.D. Wesley, Queen's Head-passage, Paternoster-row.

THE first part of this aid to Bible study analytically, is before us. It will be useful both to ministers and students in saving much labour in referring to the Scriptures, and to Sabbath-school teachers it must be invaluable. This Part includes, in a classified form, all the Scriptures tell us on agriculture, animals, and architecture.

The Second Report of the National Society for Aged and Infirm Baptist Ministers and their Widows and Orphans. Birmingham: Charles Caswell, Broad-street.

AN institution of the highest importance to the ministers of the Baptist body. We are glad to see the gradual progress it is making; and we think it only requires to be better known to have the hearty support of the whole denomination. We see the Rev. C. Vince is the corresponding secretary.

The Prophecy on the Mount. By BILLEY PORTER, D.D., Bishop of London. London: J. F. Shaw.

A LUCID exposition of the prophecies of Christ in reference to the destruction of Jerusalem, as given in Matt. xxiv., and in the parallel passages of the other evangelists. The peculiarity of the critique is this, that the learned author applies the whole of the predictions to Jerusalem, and not any part to the end of the world. We think good service has been rendered to the cause of truth by the reprint of this very excellent treatise. It is well got up, and sells for twopence.

The Field and the Garner: Being the Living and Dying Memorials of a Quiet Christian, &c., &c. London: Book Society, 19, Paternoster-row. Second Thousand.

THESE little mementos of the experience and labours of the late Mrs. Bland, of Cheshunt, by her husband, is in every way adapted to edify the Christian reader. In Mrs. Bland was exhibited vital religion in its humble, meek, yet active, characteristics. The book is not too large, and is worthy of an extended circulation.

Coleraine Tracts, Nos. III. and IV., 48mo, 8 pages, 3d. per dozen.

No. III. is a good tract on the Bible. No. IV., a good subject for prayer, for the free circulation of the Word of God, and a blessing on Christian literature—interesting, evangelical, and spiritual.

Reform in Earnest; or, Truth Over All, &c. A Friendly Dialogue between a Baptist and a Bishop of the Church of England, &c., &c. By EDWARD MILLS. London: A. W. Bennett, 6, Bishopsgate-street.

THE author of this book is an earnest-minded Quaker, who in a very sprightly manner enters the controversial arena, with the view of showing the truthfulness of the doctrines and usages of the Friends. Well, anything is better than stagnation, and Friend Miles is thoroughly good-natured, and utters a great many excellent things with regard to the upright principles of his own section of the Church of Christ. In many of his remarks we heartily agree with him, but we think that his theological reasonings are very defective; and if he had read as much of the literature of other denominations as he has of his own, he would not have put forth his views with the same show of confidence. We think Friend Miles is a firm believer, but not always a successful reasoner. We especially advise him to let Baptism alone until he better understands

it. Yet we must add we like the book as a whole, as it seems to carry us back to the early days of a Christian society that numbered among its teachers and writers many noble-hearted men, of whom the world was not worthy.

What Can I Do for the Early Closing Movement? By the Editor of "Chambers's Exeter Journal." Exeter: W. Chambers.

A good pamphlet on a most important subject. We commend it to the careful perusal of Christian women in the country, for they can settle the question whenever they please.

A GLANCE AT SEVERAL PUBLICATIONS.

A good Clapham tract, "Light at Eventide."—*British Evangelist* for March—equal to its predecessors.—*Old Jonathán* for March.—A capital number.—"The Important Question," by F. Silver.—On the mystery of Christ's Sonship, and so written as to be entitled to careful perusal.—"The Personal Testimony of God the Father to the Person, Godhead, and Sonship of God the Son," &c., by the late Robert Hawker, D.D.—Author and subject sufficient recommendation.—*The Light House* for March is doing good service, but simplicity is one of the elements of light. Do write plainly, and in good, homely Saxon as much as possible.

P O E T R Y.

CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

In Scripture oft the Holy Spirit paints
The lasting bond 'twixt Jesus and his saints;
How full and sweet the types that he doth use!
May the same Spirit, while on them we muse,
Teach us to pray—"Lord, through thy sovereign grace,
Oh, may we find within thy Church a place?"

Christ is the Head, 'tis written in the Word,
His Church the body, joined unto the Lord;
He to each member nourishment doth give,
Sundered from him they could no longer live;
He is the Head to feel each member's pain—
"Head over all things," to direct and reign.

Christ is the Shepherd and his Church the sheep,
The blood-bought flock that he doth guard and keep;
The feeble lambs he gathers with his arm,
And in his bosom shelters them from harm;
With his own Word he feeds them here below—
Soon they shall rest where heavenly pastures grow.

Christ is the Rock; on this Foundation sure
The Church is fixed, eternally secure;
No floods of waters and no tempest's shock
Can overthrow this house upon the Rock;
Satan tries hard, but he shall ne'er prevail;
It stands on Christ, and he can never fail.

Christ is the Bridegroom; in the Church we see
The bride he chose in past eternity;
By him on Calvary her debts were paid;
By him she is in spotless robes arrayed;
On him she leans, and, by his power and love,
She shall be guided to his home above.

Christ is the true and ever-living Vine;
His Church the branches that around him twine;
As to each branch a vine doth sap afford,
So saints derive their life from Christ the Lord
And all the fruitfulness the branches show,
And all their beauties, to the Vine they owe.

How close the union by these figures taught!
And, oh! how wrong, how sinful is the thought
That those for whom the Saviour bled and died
Can ever perish, though they oft backslide:
The blood of Jesus ne'er was shed in vain,
And his whole Church with him in heaven shall reign.

SPEAK TO US, FATHER.

Speak to us, Lord,
For faint and weary
We tread with faltering step the world's high-
way;

While overhead, all dark and dreary,
Storm clouds are chasing
Fondest hopes away;
And fairy promises are failing,
As pale the stars at the dawn of day.
Speak to us, Father, from thy throne above,
Whisper some message of tenderest love.

Smile on us, Lord,
We need thy favour,
Poor wanderers o'er a dark and stormy main;
In vain we seek to gain you peaceful haven,
The murmuring billows
Sigh "In vain! in vain!"

THEODORA.

Our sails are torn, our trusty cables gone,
The darkness gathers, and the night winds moan.
Shine on our way, thou Star of Bethlehem, shine,
And fill our troubled hearts with peace divine.

Still, still, O Lord,
Thou art our Father,
And soon we hope to meet, a ransomed band,
Free from the storms and strifes around us;
Perfect and holy
At thy right hand,
Robed in that righteousness purchased with
blood,
Walking the streets of the city of God.
Bring us, our Father, through Jesus thy Son,
Spotless and happy to bend at thy throne.

Riddings.

T. W. HANDFORD.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

The succession of Sermons and Public Meetings and Lectures, extending over a period of five weeks, which were arranged to celebrate the opening of this noble building, are now past events. Rarely, if ever, did an extended series of similar gatherings prove so successful. On no occasion were numbers lacking; while at several of the sermons by Mr. Brock, Dr. Winslow, and Mr. Graham, as well as at those by Mr. Spurgeon, and at the Lectures by Mr. Layard and Mr. Vincent, even this largest chapel in the world was too small to accommodate the people who assembled. Mr. Spurgeon had resolved that on no Sunday would he preach in the new edifice till its cost had been fully met, and the temptation was not presented to him to break his resolution, for before the first set of week-day services were over the required thirty thousand pounds had been made up, and a good thousand more for external works and school-room fittings. Every one who has seen the chapel is constrained to admire it. Though six thousand people can be admitted within the walls, it does not present the appearance of a large, uncomfortable place, but is positively elegant and commodious, and every worshipper can both see and hear the preacher. We heartily congratulate Mr. Spurgeon and his

friends on the completion of their great undertaking, and trust that the present is but the beginning of the best days for minister and church alike.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The great annual gatherings of the friends of missions commenced on Thursday, April 18th, by a prayer-meeting in the Baptist Mission House, 33, Moorgate-street, City. The Rev. Dr. Angus occupied the chair, and was privileged to be able to impart a lively sacred feeling to the large assembly whose devotions he had to lead. It is several years since we have seen such a large and deeply-interested meeting; God was amongst us of a truth. The brethren who engaged in prayer seem fully to realize the spirit of the opening remarks of the chairman, which were intended to show that the first and paramount object of prayer, as employed by the Church, is the securing of such a measure of the Divine blessing upon believers themselves, as to make them Christ-like, and therefore powerful in works of usefulness, that they may indeed reflect the glory of Jesus upon the world, and then the Holy Ghost would be largely poured out upon the nations. The following brethren engaged in prayer, enjoying much fervour and liberty of soul:—Revs. J. P. Chown, Bradford; R. Marton, Lee; Bouse, accepted as a missionary to China; J. Pritchard, Llangollen, and J. Harris, Esq., of Leicester. May these meetings all be the precursors of yet greater and better things for the denomination, and for the entire body of Christ.

BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY.

The operations of this society are at the present time very successful in the North of Ireland. At Ballymena, the Rev. J. G. McVicker is adding large numbers to the church; his new chapel is rapidly approaching completion. At Belfast, the Rev. E. M. Henry is busily engaged collecting funds for a new chapel, which is now imperatively demanded in that flourishing town. At Portadown, the church is meeting with encouragement. At Coleraine, the Rev. T. W. Medhurst has had twenty-five added to the church since his settlement in September, 1860. At Londonderry, the newly-formed church is earnestly seeking and praying for an under-shepherd. At Letterkenny the cause is making slow but sure progress. At Tubbermore, under the ministry of the Rev. R. A. Carson, the most gratifying results are seen. The subscribers to the funds of the society must now, more than ever, be encouraged to redouble their efforts, for the harvest is nigh at hand.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

THE Rev. J. Flecker has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Roade, and will be glad to supply vacant pulpits. Address J. Flecker, Roade, Northampton.

SUTTON-IN-CRAVEN, YORKSHIRE.—The Rev. W. E. Archer, of Spaldwick, Huntingdonshire, has accepted an invitation from the church at Sutton-in-Craven, Yorkshire, and enters upon his new sphere of labour on the second Sabbath in May.

ULRY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—The Rev. J. A. Ashworth, of Wrexham, Denbighshire, having accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church, Uley, entered on his stated labours there the first Sabbath in February last, with a prospect of usefulness.

ANY country Baptist church, destitute of a pastor, may hear of a minister willing to supply them with a view to the pastorate, on application to the Rev. E. Hall, B.A., Stratford-on-Avon, or to the Rev. S. A. Binns, of Warwick.

OTLEY, SUFFOLK.—Mr. P. E. Woodgate, late of West-row, and formerly of Carlton Rode, has accepted of the cordial and unanimous invitation from the Particular Baptist Church, Otley, Suffolk, and commenced his labours on the first Lord's day in April, with encouraging prospects of usefulness.

PORTLAND CHAPEL, SOUTHAMPTON.—RESIGNATION OF THE Rev. J. A. SPURGEON.—In consequence of a serious difference which has arisen on a point of doctrine between Mr. Spurgeon, the minister of Portland Chapel, and a large number of the members of his church, that gentleman has tendered his resignation as pastor of the church, and the same having been unanimously accepted, the connection which Mr. Spurgeon has maintained for the past two years is now at an end.

TOWCESTER.—On Sunday evening, March 24, the Rev. J. Jones preached his farewell sermon in the Baptist chapel, Towcester, to a large congregation. The Independents and Wesleyans of the town testified their high respect for Mr. Jones by closing their chapels, and many of the members of the Church of England were also present. Mr. Jones would be happy to supply any vacant Baptist church, and letters may be addressed to him at Mr. F. Luntley's, High-street, Kington, Hereford.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

LEAWOODS.—Recognition services were held here on March 25th and 26th, when Mr. Isaac Edwards, late student at Pontypool College, was publicly recognized as pastor over the Baptist church in this place. The whole of the services were well attended, and the sermons seemed to produce a deep impression on the minds of the hearers.

EXTON, KENT.—On Good Friday interesting services were held in connection with the public recognition of the Rev. C. W. Skemp, late of Missenden, as pastor of the ancient Baptist church in this place. Mr. Skemp gave a statement of his ecclesiastical and theological views. The Rev. A. Ingherson, of Dover; Revs. B. C. Etheridge, of Ramsgate; J. T. Barham, of Deal (Independent); Charles Hirtland, David Jones, B.A., of Folkestone, conducted the services.

PEMBROKE BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The anniversary services and the recognition of the Rev. D. Davies took place at the above chapel on Good Friday. In the morning the Revs. Thos. Davies, president of the Baptist College at Haverfordwest, and H. J. Morgan, of Pembroke Dock, preached; in the evening the Revs. Thos. Burditt, classical tutor of the above institution, and J. Rees, of Myrtlesey. The services were continued on the following Sunday, when the Rev. B. J. Evans, of Manorbear, preached in the morning, the Rev. E. Davies, of Pembroke Dock, in the afternoon, and the Rev. W. B. Bliss in the evening. Collections in aid of the building fund were made at the close of each service.

CHATHAM.—On Monday evening, April 1, a highly interesting service was held at Zion Chapel, Chatham, publicly to recognize the acceptance by the Rev. John Lewis of the pastorate of the church assembling there. The proceedings commenced with a tea-meeting, at which influential members of several Nonconformist congregations in the neighbourhood were present. At the public meeting, James Watchurst, Esq., having been called to the chair, expressed the satisfaction with which himself and friends regarded the auspicious commencement of Mr. Lewis's ministry among them. The Rev. John Lewis followed, giving an outline of his own religious history, which was listened to by a large audience with earnest and sympathetic attention. Addresses, expressive of congratulation and fraternal esteem, were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Roaf and Shalders. Prayers were offered by Messrs. Belsey and Love. The presence of the Rev. W. G. Lewis, of Cheltenham, the father of the newly-elected minister, and for many years the respected and successful pastor of this church, gave a peculiar interest to the occasion. This gentleman preached, on the previous Lord's day, two excellent sermons to large congregations: in the morning from 2 Peter i. 11, and in the evening from the 17th verse of the same chapter. The recognition service was concluded by an earnest address from Mr. Lewis, sen., to the members of the church and congregation, on their duties to their minister—to one another—and to the world. There is good reason to congratulate the congregation at Zion Chapel on a cheering prospect of increase and prosperity.

ASSOCIATION SERVICES.

HANLEY, STAMFORDSHIRE.—The Welsh Baptist Association meetings were held here, April

6 and 7; when the Revs. J. L. Owens, Bagillt, and W. Williams, Cardiff, preached eight very excellent sermons, to large and attentive congregations.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

TOWCESTER.—On Wednesday evening, April 3 a meeting was held to present the Rev. J. Jones, who has just resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church in this town, with 219 ss., as an expression of sympathy and the kind feeling cherished towards him. Addresses suitable to the occasion were delivered by the Rev. J. Brown (Wesleyan); the Rev. J. Davies (Independent); Messrs. Vernon, Tite, and Moore; after which Mr. Jones very warmly thanked the friends for their sympathy and generosity. Several individuals have also shown their kindness in a more private way to Mr. Jones, who has had heavy and repeated affliction in his family.

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. J. H. HINTON.—A few weeks back, a large number of the friends of the Rev. J. H. Hinton, of Devonshire-square Chapel, met at the Baptist Mission House for the purpose of presenting him with a testimonial of their veneration and love on the occasion of his completing his 70th birthday. Besides members of his own congregation, many friends from other churches were present; and the proceedings throughout were of the most genial and interesting kind. The choir was taken by Sir M. Polo, Bart., M.P., who in a cordial address set forth the peculiar claims of Mr. Hinton to the esteem and affection of the Church of Christ. The task of presenting the testimonial devolved upon Mr. Edward Smith, the senior deacon of Devonshire-square Chapel who delivered an address full of affectionate sympathy and regard for his pastor. The testimonial consisted of a handsome timepiece, with an appropriate inscription, and a purse of two hundred guineas. Mr. Hinton responded in a few very feeling words. Fraternal addresses were subsequently delivered by the Rev. Dr. Angus, Principal of the Regent's Park College, the Rev. F. Trestraik, Mr. W. Heaton, the Rev. D. Katterns, and the Rev. C. Stanford, and the proceedings were closed with prayer.

FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.—A tea-meeting was lately held at the Town-hall, Newport, in connection with the English cause recently began in Newport. A large number were present. Dr. Thomas, president of the Pontypool College, presided. The report stated that several had joined from the Baptist Temple and from the Baptist Church, Commercial-street; nine had been baptized, and there were 17 before the church at present. The total members, including those who are candidates for admission, is 71. The Revs. D. Morgan, of Towcester; T. E. Evans, of Usk; J. Jones, of Towcester; W. J. Godson, of Ebbw Vale; Messrs. H. Phillips, M. Beynon, and W. Jones, delivered able and appropriate addresses. The proceeds of the meeting were handed over to the Sunday-school in connection with the infant class, the prospects of which are hopeful.

CARDIFF.—Some time ago the Rev. Alfred Tilly resigned the charge of the Bethany English Baptist Church at Cardiff; he did so for the purpose of establishing a new Baptist interest at South, a flourishing suburb east of Cardiff.

Mr. Tilly concluded his labours at Bethany on the last Sabbath in March, and began his new enterprise by holding prayer-meetings every evening; last week in a temporary building adjoining the spot on which the new chapel will be erected. A church will soon be formed of more than 100 members, who will be dismissed from Bethany; but this number, though large, will not impoverish the old church, as it now numbers 500 members, a clear increase of 300 of which are the result of Mr. Tilly's devoted labours during the four years of his pastorate. Nearly £1,000 are already promised towards the erection of the new chapel, which will be a handsome Gothic structure, worthy of the neighbourhood and of the denomination, which flourishes at Cardiff, this being the sixth Baptist chapel (Welsh and English) which will have been erected there within five years.

LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

RAMSBOTTOM, LANCASHIRE.—On Good Friday the foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid in this beautiful and rapidly-increasing place. The Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., and G. Foster, Esq., of Saddle, delivered addresses. After the ceremony a public tea-meeting was held, when about 500 persons sat down to tea. The public meeting was presided over by S. Knowles, Esq., of Tottington. The Rev. E. Maden read a statement of the amount of money already obtained towards the new chapel; a little over £244 has been given and promised. The meeting was of a highly pleasing and interesting nature.

ASTLEY BRIDGE.—On Good Friday the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a new Baptist Chapel, at Astley-bridge, took place in the presence of a large number of spectators. The building is to be 55 feet long by 3½ wide, and to have galleries on the sides and one end, and is to have seat accommodation for 600. The probable cost of the building is about £1,000. In 1859 the friends, teachers, and scholars, began to turn their attention to raising the means for commencing the building and subscribing £5 to £8 a month. About £470 in total had been raised up to Sunday last, including £64 proceeds from the services of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon in the Temperance Hall. And here we may add that the teachers, friends and scholars raised on Sunday last £49 5s., to place on the foundation stone. The Rev. J. Harvey, having given out a hymn and offered prayer, T. Barnes, Esq., M.P. for Bolton, laid the stone in the usual form, having been presented with a handsome silver trowel for the purpose. After the ceremony a donation of £3 was announced from Frank Crossley, Esq. M.P., which, with other contributions, raised the free-will offerings on the stone to upwards of £84. A tea-meeting was afterwards held, to which 260 sat down, and the public meeting was presided over by Mr. Barnes. The total sum realized or promised towards the new chapel is about £534.

OPENING SERVICES.

BLACKPOOL, LANCASHIRE.—A new Baptist chapel has been opened in this town; furnishing sitting accommodation for 700 persons, at a cost of at least £2,500. Dr. Raffles, the Revs. A. Murrell and F. Bugby preached. At all the services considerable numbers were present.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

BIRMINGHAM.—On Wednesday, April 3rd, two excellent sermons were preached in the Baptist chapel, Cannon-street, Birmingham, by the Right Hon. Lord Teynham. Collections were made on behalf of the building fund of the Aston-road Baptist church. Our friends will shortly commence the erection of a suitable place of worship.

The Baptists of Farsley, near Leeds, have recently built a commodious house for their minister, the Rev. E. Parker, at an expense of £640. There is a good garden attached. To complete the amount, collections were made at special services. The Revs. R. Holmes, of Rawden; H. J. Betts, and J. P. Chown, of Bradford, preached. A tea and public meeting followed, and placed in the treasurer's hands the remnant of the sum expended. The public meeting was well attended, and the speeches of the Revs. J. P. Chown, J. Scott, H. Hustwick, J. Adcock, W. J. Stuart, and E. Parker, and D. Yewdall, Esq., gave great satisfaction.

LOCKERLEY.—On Good Friday a tea-meeting was held in Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, which was most tastefully decorated with evergreens, and mottoes appropriate to the occasion, and no less than 600 sat down to tea. After tea the Rev. J. E. Parker, the pastor, took the chair, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Perry, M.D., Shirley; W. Drew, Romsey; H. Hall, Rawden College; W. Bompus, Esq., London; and Messrs. Bailey, Harris, Dean, Redman, and others. Better days are about to dawn upon the cause here. The church has nearly doubled its members during the last year, and great good is being done.

LONDONDERY, IRELAND.—On Monday evening, March 18, the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Coleraine, delivered his popular lecture, on "Happy Homes, and How to Make Them," at the Masonic-hall. The Rev. C. H. Hosken, of Fenny Stratford, Bucks, presided. On Thursday evening, March 21, and on Friday evening, March 22, Mr. Medhurst preached sermons on behalf of the Baptist Irish Society. The Rev. C. H. Hosken has been supplying the newly-formed Baptist church at Derry, during the past five weeks, with much acceptance. This church numbers forty members. Baptist principles are gaining ground in the North of Ireland, notwithstanding much opposition. "Truth is great, and must prevail." The people in the North of Ireland are studying earnestly "the Scripture of truth."

BAPTIST CHAPEL, GROSVENOR-STREET, COMMERCIAL-ROAD.—A very interesting meeting was held at the above place of worship on Tuesday evening, March 19th, for the purpose of carrying out plans for liquidating the debt on this chapel, partly caused through the building of a baptistry; the Rev. J. Brown in the chair. Speeches were delivered by the Rev. J. Harrison, Messrs. Burgin, Cruchington, Hall, Saunders, and others. The meeting was brought to a close about half-past nine o'clock by singing the doxology, and the chairman pronouncing the benediction. The baptistry was opened on Sunday evening, the 24th, when the ordinance of believers' baptism was administered by the Rev. J. Harrison to five persons, on the confession of their faith in the Lord Jesus. Subscriptions will be thankfully received by W. Burgin, St. James's-terrace, Shadwell; or W. Chapman, 10, Belgrave-street, Commercial-road, from any

persons who may sympathize with this cause and wish to aid in the liquidation of the present debt.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

LOWESTOFT.—Mr. R. E. Sears, of Laxfield, will preach in the new Baptist Chapel, on Wednesday evening, May 8.

DUNSTABLE.—On Whit-Wednesday, May 22, 1861, three sermons will be preached (D.V.) on the occasion of the anniversary of the Old Baptist Chapel—that in the morning by Mr. J. Austin, of Tring; in the afternoon by Mr. James Wells, of Surrey Tabernacle; and in the evening by Mr. Samuel Milner, of Keppel-street, London. Services to commence a quarter before eleven a.m., two p.m., and six o'clock.

BUCKHURST-HILL, NEAR WOODFORD, ESSEX.—The new school-room in Queen's-road will be opened for public worship on Tuesday, May 28 (D.V.), when two sermons will be preached—in the afternoon by Mr. George Wyard, of Deptford; in the evening by Mr. Samuel Milner, of Keppel-street, Russell-square, London. Services to commence at three and half-past six o'clock. Tea will be provided. Collections will be made in aid of the building fund.

HAYES, MIDDLESEX.—The second anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. J. Griffith as pastor over the church meeting at Salem Chapel, will be held (D.V.) on Monday, May 13th. In the afternoon, at half-past two, a sermon will be preached by the Rev. G. Wyard, of Deptford. In the evening, at half-past five, a public meeting will be held, when the following ministers are expected to take part:—Revs. J. Bloomfield, J. Brunt, E. Hunt, J. Peils, J. Parsons, J. Gibson, and J. Gliddon. Tea will be provided at 6d. each.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RYDE.—The teachers and superintendents of the Baptist Sabbath-schools most heartily thank those schools that have so kindly replied to the circular sent them, and at the same time request the favour of an answer from those who as yet have not responded to their appeal. Help is still needed.

CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX.—The pastor and deacons of the Baptist Chapel write as follows:—During the prevalence of the high winds in March, a portion of the roof of the above chapel was blown away, and, in consequence of the dilapidated state of the rafters and other parts of the building it is absolutely necessary to take part of it down and rebuild it. The chapel is legally invested in trust for the use of the denomination, and as a house attached for the use of the minister. The sum required is £115. The people are all so poor, that it is absolutely impossible for them to raise this of themselves; we therefore earnestly entreat each reader of this to send six stamp heads to the pastor, the Rev. T. Saxby, Chapel Cottage, Withyham, Sussex, which will be thankfully received.

BROCKENHURST, HANTS.—The Baptist church in this village are desirous to effect an enlargement of their place of worship, which was erected somewhere about seventy years ago, by the late Rev. J. Perry, whose pious and devoted labours in the locality were greatly blessed. The chapel has been supplied with considerable regularity, from the year 1823, by brethren in connection with the Baptist churches at Lympington and Ashley. By the kindness of Mrs. L. B. Coxhead, the proprietress of our

place of worship, it has been vested in the hands of trustees for the Baptist denomination, and will at her decease become the property of the church, subject to a clause in the trust deed requiring the church to continue their subscriptions for the aid of the minister who may labour amongst them. The appeal now made to the sympathy of Christian friends, is founded on the necessity existing for the enlargement of our chapel, as we cannot accommodate the numbers attending on some occasions, and especially on Sabbath evenings. A plan has been submitted to us for the enlargement; to carry out this plan from eighty to ninety pounds will be required; of this sum about £25 have been collected, and for the remainder, the kind aid of Christian friends is respectfully solicited. Donations will be thankfully received by Mr. R. Blake, No. 90, High-street, Lymington, or by Mr. G. Makepeace, Brockenhurst.

BAPTISMS.

ACCRINGTON, Lancashire, March 2—Twelve by Mr. C. Williams.

AMERSHAM, Old Meeting, March 3—Five; March 11, One; March 23, Three; making twenty added by baptism since Mr. Bell has been with us. The Lord is still working in the hearts of the people. To him be all the glory.

BEAUFORD, Monmouthshire, English, Feb. 10—Two were added to our number by baptism. Twenty have now cast in their lot with us. May many more come and do likewise.

BECLES, Suffolk, March 31—Four by Mr. S. K. Bland, of Chesham, Bucks.

BEULAH, Monmouthshire, Jan. 13—Two, by Mr. D. Morgan, of Pontypool; Feb. 10, Nine, by Mr. T. Lewis, of Rhymney; March 10, One, by Mr. Morgan.

BILSTON, Salem Chapel, March 31—Four, by Mr. Jackson, in the presence of numerous spectators.

BISHOP'S STORTFORD, April 4—Five by Mr. B. Hodgkins.

BIRMINGHAM, Hope-street, Feb. 24—Three by Mr. Griffiths.

BLACKWOOD, Monmouthshire, Feb. 24—One in the Sirhowy river by Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool.

CARDIFF, Bethany, March 3—Ten by Mr. Tilly.

CARLETON-LE-MORELAND, March 10—One by Mr. Bayly, Newark.

COLERAINE, Ireland, March 31—Three by Mr. T. W. Medhurst. One of these had been trained by Roman Catholic parents.

CONISTON, near Ambleside, April 14—Two by Mr. Myers.

CRADLEY, Worcestershire, March 3—Two; March 17, Five; March 31, Seven; April 7, Four, by Mr. Jeavons. Several of the above from the Sabbath-school.

CUPAR, Fife, Scotland, Jan. 31—Three; March 20, Five, by Mr. D. B. Joseph.

EARLS BARTON, Northamptonshire, March 17—Eleven by Mr. Silvertown, of Carlton.

EDMONTON, March 21—Nine by Mr. J. Edwards.

FAWLEY, Blackfield-common, April 7—Three by Mr. W. Martin. Also one restored who had been out of the Church 14 years. To God be the glory.

GRANTHAM, Particular Baptist Church, April 11—Ten by Mr. H. Watts, of Golcar. Four of them were husbands and wives. Another had a short time ago his wife and daughter joined to the Church. The service was thus peculiarly interesting.

GREENWICH, Lewisham-road, Feb. 20—Four by Mr. Russel. Others are waiting.

HADDENHAM, Cambs, April 3—Three by Mr. T. A. Williams; two from the Sabbath-school—one at the early age of 14 years—making a total of 65 during Mr. Williams' pastorate of one year and nine months. Many are inquiring, our congregation and school increasing, and we have enlarged our chapel to hold upwards of 600; it is already too strait for us. The Lord of Hosts is with us.

HADDENHAM, Bucks, April 7—Five by Mr. A. Dyson—making a total of 30 in less than two years. We have many inquirers, and the place is too strait for us. We trust, ere long, friends will come forward either to enlarge the old or erect a new place of worship.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL, Middlesex, March 24—Four by Mr. T. Smith. A crowded house and the Master's presence. Others are waiting.

KNIGHTON, Radnorshire, April 7—Three in the river Teane, by Mr. G. Phillips, of Evenjobb.

LAXFIELD, Suffolk, April 14—Eight by Mr. R. E. Sears.

LEICESTER, Carley-street, Feb. 27—Eight by Mr. James.

LEWIS, Sussex, March 1—Three by Mr. Haycroft.

LONDON, Church-street, Blackfriars, Feb. 24—Two by Mr. W. Barker.

Metropolitan Tabernacle, April 9—Seventeen by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, after an excellent sermon on Baptism, by Mr. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool.

Shouldham-street, March 31—Two by Mr. W. A. Blake.

MALTON, Yorks, Feb. 24—Two by Mr. B. Shakespear.

NEWPORT, Monmouthshire, Feb. 27—Twenty-one (at Charles-street Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion,) by Mr. E. Thomas, late of Tredegar, assisted by Mr. T. R. Evans, of Usk.

New English Baptist Church, April 4—Three (at Charles-street Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion,) by Mr. G. Reeves, of Etica. One a Wesleyan minister's son.

NEWTOWN, Montgomery, March 3—Seven by Mr. Rees.

OAKHAM, April 17—Six by Mr. Jenkinson. In January No. for "seven" read "eleven."

PADHAM, Lancashire, Feb. 24—Four by Mr. Brown.

PETERBOROUGH, Jan. 6—Five; April 7, Eleven, by Mr. T. Barrass.

PROVIDENCE New Town, Ebbw Vale, April 7—One, a teacher in the school, by Mr. J. Watts.

RUSHDEN, Northamptonshire, Feb. 24—Four; March 30, Two, by Mr. Bradfield.

SHARNBROOK, Beds, March 26—Seven by Mr. Silvertown, of Carlton.

SHELFANGER, Norfolk, Jan 13—Three; March 3, One; April 7, Four by Mr. Horne. There is a great revival in this old-established interest; the Word of Truth is manifesting

its primitive power. Seven of our Sabbath-school teachers have been brought to a knowledge of the truth, during the last few months—the prayer-meetings are crowded.

SHORTBURY BRIDGE, April 14—Thrice by Mr. Whitehead.

SOUTHAMPTON, East-street, March 20—Thrice by Mr. R. Cavan.

Portland-street, March 21—Eight; March 28, (Eight); April 18, Twelve, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon. [Our correspondent adds:—The circulation of your *Missionary* steadily increases; I now seal forty per month.]

STROUD, Gloucestershire, April 4—Fifteen by Mr. W. Yates, after a suitable address by Mr. Nichols. God is doing a great work among us; so him be the praise.

STRONCHAMPTON, March 7—Two by Mr. Bayly, of Newark.

SWANSEA, March 3—Five by Mr. Hill. More are waiting.

TODDINGTON, Beds, Feb. 24—One by Mr. G. A. Willis.

ULRY, Gloucestershire, April 7—Nine by Mr. J. A. Ashworth.

UXBRIDGE, April 14—Six by Mr. G. Rouse-Lowden. One a Wesleyan and the first fruits of the Sabbath-school.

WALSTON, near Coventry, March 3—Three by Mr. Low.

WINDSOR, Victoria Chapel, March 31—Six by Mr. Lillycrop, two from Mrs. L's Bible-class.

DEATH.

MR. JOHN STREET, MILFORD, HANTS.—Died on Tuesday, the 17th March, in the 75th year of his age, at Woodside, near Lymington, Hants. Mr. John Street, for 45 years a consistent and much-beloved member, and for many years an honoured and valued deacon of the Particular Baptist Church, at Milford, Hants. Mr. Street was among the first fruits of the ministry of that eminent servant of God, the late Rev. J. H. Evans, of John-street Chapel, London. As he lived, so he died, trusting alone in the finished work of Christ for acceptance with God and eternal life, yet aiming as near conformity to his beloved Lord in a holy walk and conversation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Two or three communications were received on the 23rd of March, too late for insertion. To prevent disappointment, we again respectfully inform our correspondents that nothing can be inserted if sent after the 15th.

ERRATA.

In our March Number, page 82 (Poetry), for "In Memorium," read "In Memoriam;" and in verse 2, line 3, for "Who need not," read "Who heed not."

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GOOD CHEER FOR MANY, THAT FEAR.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"Say to them that are of fearful heart, Be strong, fear not."—Isaiah xxxv. 4.

THIS is an exhortation which is addressed not to one, but to several. You will perceive in the third verse it says, "Strengthen ye the weak hands, confirm the feeble knees." What, Lord! is not one man enough? Will not one man, when he speaks the promises, be able to drive away the fears of thy people? Will not half a word be enough to put to rout their foolish, groundless suspicions and surmises? Nay, they have need of many comforters. It is not enough that one should come and speak in thy name. Nay, my God, we need line upon line, and precept upon precept—here a little and there a little. We are a people of a wayward heart, a people of a stubborn will. We are constantly wandering from thy ways. So, then, it was wise in God to speak not to one of his servants, but to all those who love his appearing, and rejoice in the certainty of his promises. Say ye, all of you—for I may well supply the pronoun here—to them of a fearful heart, "Be strong, fear not."

Let me observe that, in the original, the Hebrew word for "fearful" is "hasty." Now, a hasty man is never a wise man. Equally true is it that a fearful man is never prudent. Fearful men are always hasty; they jump at conclusions. They say, with Jacob, "All these things are against me," because they cannot see to the end of the Lord's dispensations. They forget that he is very pitiful, and full of compassion. Circumstance or expediency is their guiding star. They follow those meteors, which are here and there in an hour. They forget the pole-star of God's truth and faithfulness. They go to sea without a proper guidance, and they are driven hither and thither by many winds; and, when there are no winds, still they know not which way to steer. A hasty man, as you know, in this world's affairs, is always getting himself into trouble. He speculates in these, because some sharper has told him there is something to be gotten. He hears another story—some fatal disaster is about to come; he hastily believes the story, acts upon it, and is a second time deceived. So is it with fearful souls; they are always doing this and that by the hasty impulse of an ill-drawn conclusion. Thus they are for ever misjudging their God, misusing his Word, misdirecting their own steps, bringing a world of trouble upon themselves, and of dishonour upon the grace of God. Fearful souls are hasty souls. They judge the Lord by feeble sense, by the bitterness of the bud, and not by the sweetness of the flower. They judge by the clouds of the morning, forgetting that the clouds may soon be scattered, and the sun shine out before nightfall comes on. To them, then, that are of hasty heart, and condemn themselves, and think that all things are against them, and are become exceedingly fearful, say, "Be strong, fear not."

I shall this evening try, first of all, to mention some of the spiritual fears which have vexed the people of God at all times—fears from without, which are associated with a belief of the truth. Secondly, we will mention some fears from the feelings within. Then, thirdly, I shall try to excite you to get beyond these fearful things, and come up to the place of strength, the place of confidence and of full assurance.

I. To mention some of the great truths, which very much at times afflict the people of God.

How many there are, babes in grace, who are troubled about *election*! "Am I one of God's chosen?" say they. They would be glad enough if an angel could fly down from heaven, and could take a solemn affidavit that he had read their names written in the golden page of the book of life; but, since they cannot have

this assurance, they question and question, and question yet again. "Suppose I should not have been chosen? What, if my name was never written on the hands of Christ, or engraven on his side? If, when that muster-roll should be read at last, my name should not be found there? How can I bear that piercing thought? The dread surmise fills me with dismay." Now, to you that trust Christ, and have fears about election, let me say, in God's name, "Be strong, fear not." That election, which you think to be a lion in your way, shall by-and-bye prove to be a lion, on which you shall ride in glorious state. Come, it is no enemy. If you will but look it in the face, you shall find it to be your richest, your dearest, friend. If thou believest in the Lord Jesus Christ, thou art as certainly elected as Peter or Paul. If, as an empty sinner, Christ is all thy fulness—if, as a naked soul, Christ's righteousness is thy glorious dress—then be assured of this, thou wouldst never have had the stream, if thou hadst not had an interest in the fountain—thou couldst never have had the fruit, if thou hadst not a part in the root. Inasmuch as thou hast the blessing of God's elect, and the faith which is the common mark of them all, do not question any longer; but be bold to enter into this solemn mystery, venture now to the heart of Christ, trace the streams of love up to the spring from whence they gush, and say—

"A monument of grace,
A sinner saved by blood;
The streams of love I trace,
Up to their fountain, God;
And in his gracious bosom see,
Eternal thoughts of love to me."

Again, there are many of God's people who are disquieted about their *redemption*. They want to know whether they were specially redeemed with the precious blood of Christ. According to some theories, no man ever need be perplexed about this. The Arminian says, "Christ died for all men." Some go so far as to say, "He died for all alike." According to them, he died as much for Judas as he did for Peter; he died certainly as much for those who were damned in hell before he laid down his life, as for those who were saved in heaven before he came into the world. Now, I do not hesitate to say that such redemption as that—a redemption that does not redeem—is not worth the expense of paper and ink in writing about it—is not worth the waste of opening one's mouth to preach it; a redemption which pays a price, and does not ensure the purchase—a redemption which makes Christ the substitute, but yet allows the person for whom he was substituted to suffer in his own person—is unworthy our apprehensions of Almighty God, offers no homage to his wisdom, and does despite to his covenant faithfulness. We could not, we would not, receive it. There is no ground for any comfort whatever in it. We believe that Christ brought some good things for all men, and all good things for some men, and that when he died he had a purpose, and that that purpose will be effected. Those who are saved owe their security to what his redemption has accomplished, and we believe that the accomplishment will be just as great as was the intent and purpose. Not, my brethren, that Christ's blood was less than infinite in its value. Less than infinite it could never be. The question is not about the value of it, but about the purpose of it. If God had willed it, there was enough efficacy in the blood of Christ to have redeemed ten thousand worlds. We are now speaking, not of the efficacy that might have been in it, but of the efficacy that is in it—according to the good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself. This doctrine of a particular intention in the redemption of Christ has often troubled believers in Jesus. But it never ought to do so. Dost thou believe in him? Is he all thy salvation, and all thy desire? Have the precious drops of blood been sprinkled on thy brow? Say, hath he purged thee with hyssop? Then, thou art clean, and thou hast not received that hyssop in a wrong way. Being pardoned, thou hast the fruit of redemption; and certainly redemp-

tion is thine, too. He came into the world to purchase thee. Thou art his; and in the efficacy of the blood and the power of his atonement thou hast a clear and proper right to share. Therefore, I say unto you who are on this account of a fearful heart, "Be strong, fear not."

There be many also who are exercised with troubles about their *calling*—their effectual calling. "Oh," says one, "if I had heard the Master say to me, as he did to Zaccheus, 'Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide in thy house,' then I should know I was called. Or, if he had said unto me, 'Mary,' and I had said to him, 'Rabboni,' I should know, because of my name, that he had called me; and it would have been such comfort to me to say, 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee.' But, oh, sir! I have come to Christ, but I sometimes fear he never called me. He knows that he is all in all to me. Other refuge have I none. But I am half-afraid that I have got into this refuge without any right, that I crept up to the foot of the cross without being called, that I have taken to myself a confidence which has no sure ground." Oh, child of God! dismiss all these fears. Thou couldst not come to him, unless he had come to thee. If thou hast come behind in the press and touched the hem of his garment, thou art cured, and thou shalt never be sick again of that disease. That woman was never called with any voice; but she touched the hem, and I will venture to say there was a secret call within. You may never know by what sermon you were first quickened, or by what utterances you were first convinced of sin. If you have come to Christ, it is enough. You have come, and you could not have come unless he had drawn you. He has put the bonds of his love secretly about your heart, and you have turned to him as the needle towards its magnet. You are called, because you have come. I have frequently noticed that those persons who think they have had some special and particular call have been no better, in points of evidences, and sometimes much worse, than those who have come to Christ in the more ordinary way. I would not say this to the disparagement of any man's conversion. God worketh as he wills. But I recollect, and now my eye is fixed upon the very place where once there sat a man who presented to me a Bible (I have it at home now) in which are written these words—"Zaccheus, make haste, and come down, for to-day I must abide in thy house." Dear sir,—When you pronounced these words, last Sabbath morning, I heard a call from God to my soul, and I am sure of it that that day I came down—God did abide in my house." That man joined himself to us in Church fellowship. I shall not mention his name; but some of you may recollect how sadly he dishonoured his Master, and went out from us, because he was not of us; for, if he had been of us, doubtless he would have continued with us. It is so easy to get the supposition of some special call of this sort, and then to build up our confidence upon it. If we have not something better than this to rest upon, woe worth the day to us. I would infinitely rather, my dear friends, come to Christ, and never know my calling, except from the fact that I had come, than have some vision or distinct words and tidings, and yet, after all, cease to stand as a simple soul, covered with the righteousness of Christ; for well I know there is a temptation to look back to the day and to the hour, instead of looking still to the cross and to the blood, and to calculate that we are converted, because we felt this and that extraordinary emotion, instead of still coming, as we always must come, with—

"Nothing in my hand I bring—
Simply to thy cross I cling."

Another fear, arising from the great and precious doctrine of *final perseverance*, has troubled many. How shall I hold on and *persevere* to the end? The best of things, when corrupted, become the most corrupt. The sweetest of comforts, when not believed in, become the bitterest of discomforts. Now, the doctrine of *final perseverance* I think to be the most plain doctrine in all Scripture. If I

found any difficulty, at any time, in maintaining against its adversaries the doctrine of particular redemption, certainly I never should in defending the doctrine of final perseverance. The men who deny it have an irresistible array of Scripture to contend with. They have, indeed, to leap into a lion's den, when they attempt to deny this great truth. Strange it is, many of the Lord's people have been most troubled about this truth, which is the most clear of all. "How shall I endure? how shall I stand in the trial hour? If my temptations be multiplied, if my pains should be increased, if my bereavements should come quick and close upon me I should be called to high positions, or if I should be cast down to the depths of adversity, how shall I stand? How shall I be kept through year after year, and brought safely home at last? Amid so many quicksands and rocks, winds and waves, storms and hurricanes, how shall my poor half-wrecked vessel ever enter safely into port?" Oh, believer! if thou art called, thou shalt persevere. He that set thy feet a-running will never let thee stop till thou come to the journey's end. "Because I live ye shall live also." Your final perseverance does not rest with you, else were you a wretch undone; but with him—he will keep and he will preserve. "As your day so shall your strength be." He shall with the temptation also make a way of escape. I say, then, to you who are troubled about your ultimate salvation, "Be strong, fear not." He that has begun a good work in you will carry on and finish it in righteousness. He will not leave thee till he hath done that which he has spoken to thee of.

II. I have thus dealt with some fears from without; now I am going to touch, for a few minutes only, upon some of those which come from within. Multitudes of believers are of a fearful heart, because they have not the joys and comforts with which some Christians are favoured. God hath some of his people who live very near to himself, and who, therefore, partake of the richest things at the banquet. These tell out their joys. But certain desponding Christians, who have backslidden, and who have, therefore, not tasted of these mercies of late, at once say, "I am not of them because I have not beheld these joys." As well might the plant in the corner say it was not planted at all, because it did not stand in the front row of the bed. As well might the tree of the forest say it did not live at all, because it did not tower up like some cedar above all its fellows. Because I am not the fairest rose, but only a violet, hidden among the leaves, therefore, am I to say that I am not a flower at all? Oh, no! oh, no! We are not saved by our comforts; our comforts are given to us into the bargain *after* we are saved, but we are saved without them. Many a soul hath gone singing to hell, and many a spirit hath gone sighing to heaven. It is not right that God's people should hang their harps upon the willow; but better hang harps on willows than be ourselves hanged in the hour of our pride, like Haman. Let us not, because we have not all the comforts which some have, be fretful and repine. That is the way to prevent our ever having them. I would say of the comforts of religion as Christ said about the comforts of this world, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Seek Christ first; have simple faith in him; and the ecstasies, the raptures, the enjoyments, the uplifting, which some of his people have, shall be added to you. But if you seek those first, you shall neither have them nor any sort of comfort whatever.

Full many there be who are also greatly cast down because of the conflict within. As soon as there are wars and fighting between the two men—the old man and the new man—they conclude at once that it is all over with them. Foolish conclusion, indeed! since if there were no wars it would be a sign that there was no life. If there were no conflicts it would prove there was but one power within, and that power the evil one. Draw not from your internal commotions, from the temptation and the force with which it acts against your inward principles—draw not the inference that you are therefore a castaway of God.

This is rather a reason why you should cry, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and by faith should shout, "I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord." Very many have come across my path, too, who are of a fearful heart because they have such little faith, and they think their little faith will never be enough. Ah, believer, your riches do not depend upon your spending money. The Lord sometimes keeps his people a little short of pocket money, but still the whole of his riches belongs to them. The unsearchable riches of Christ are the measure of our true wealth, not that portion which we can manage to lay hold of by the hand of faith. If I have but one farthing in my hand of faith's wealth, that is a proof that all the riches of Jesus belong to me. If I have but a grain of mustard-seed—so little that it looks as though the first bird of the air could carry it away—yet inasmuch as there is life hidden within that mustard-seed—a life which only needs the grace of God to expand and swell it—I am saved, though my faith be but small. A few, too, have I known, who are troubled with doubts and fears because they do not understand as much as they would like. They cannot read books of divinity; or when they read them they are lost in the midst of hard theological terms. They cannot reconcile certain truths the one with the other. But this is no ground for fear, because the Gospel is adapted even for the all but idiot. I have read some extraordinary instances, facts that none can dispute, of persons scarcely a degree above sheer idiotcy, who have nevertheless believed in Christ—ay, and whose idiot sayings have had certain flashes about them of a superlative simplicity and wisdom, and whose words, when they were sifted and thoroughly looked into, read rather like the mind of the Spirit than like the utterances of a poor creature whose mind had almost gone. Think not that thy ignorance can push thee out of the family of God. Little children cannot read Greek and Latin, but they can say, "Abba, Father," and that is enough; and if thou canst not read deep books of theological lore, yet, if he be thine, and thou lovest him, that half-knowledge which thou hast of Christ proves thee to be his, and he will never cast thee away. I have met with some, too, who have been afraid that they shall be lost, and are of fearful heart because they felt that they, at some period of their lives, neglected Christian duty. This is an old temptation that Satan often casts in the way of godly men. You remember how John Bunyan puts it, when the Fiend, stretching his legs across the air, and standing in the middle of it, said to Christian, "Go back! go back! Remember what you have done since you set out. You had fears when you saw the lions. You were half willing to go back at such and such a place. And, recollect, you slept in the harbour of Ease, and lost your roll. Why, your Master will never accept you, because of your failings on the road." Now, if any of you should be troubled with that, will you recollect that since Christ did not love you for your good works—they were not the cause of his beginning to love you—so he does not love you for your good works even now? and they are not the cause of his continuing to love you. He loves you because he will love you. What he approves in you now is that which he has given you. That is always the same; it always abideth still. The life of God is ever still within you; Jesus has not turned away his heart; nor is the flame of his love grown cold.

HIL I might go on thus dealing with all the fears of God's people, but I do not choose to do so. Rather would I turn, in the last place, to the utterances of my text again. Ye that are of a fearful heart, "be strong, fear not." I think I told you, some few Sabbaths ago, that I had met with a Christian brother who had never had a doubt. I met, in Glasgow, lately, with another. Mr. Alexander Macleod, the oldest Baptist minister, I believe, in Scotland, told me that he was converted to God upon the Calton Hill under Rowland's Hill's ministry. He is now, I suppose, eighty-two or eighty-three, and is still a strong man. He has known the Lord for more than sixty years, but he says that never once in his life did he ever have a doubt about his election, his calling, his interest in Christ, or his final per-

severance. He said, he heard a Unitarian minister once preach against the divinity of Christ, and his mind was a great deal disturbed; but he never went the length of having any doubt, either about Christ or about his own interest in him. I knew the man to be one revered everywhere for piety, and for the holiness and consistency of his life; I could not, therefore, doubt him. But I was surprised—surprised not at him, but at myself, when I have the same God that he had, and probably more mercies received than he had, that I, in the vigour of youth, should doubt, while he, in the weakness of old age, could declare that his soul had never wavered in his simple confidence in Jesus. When I expressed my surprise at him, he expressed a great deal more surprise at me. He said he came to Christ as a poor sinner, and trusted him to be his all in all; and he did not mean to alter that till he saw good reason for it. And I hope you and I will come to Jesus yet again, as poor sinners, and take him to be our all in all, and never change from that simple faith till we see good reason for it, which, I take it, will be never so long as the heart of Christ is still full of affection, and the arm of Jesus unpalsied with weakness, and the eye of Christ undimmed with age.

I am sure, my dear friends, that Satan is very much gratified by many of us when we are of a fearful heart; no doubt, he chuckles over it—he makes as much as ever he can out of the sorry triumph which he gets out of poor weak mortals. Draw your swords, and believe that ye will conquer, and ye will. March forward, and believe that the land is yours, and it is yours, and ye shall have it. Is it necessary that the people of God should be often doubting? Is it needful that they should be continually cast down? On the other hand, it is a great and grievous sin to doubt and mistrust your God. Have faith in him, trust in him at all times; say with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." The path of faith is the smoothest path after all. The road of life will always be rough; but he that walks by faith will find half its roughness removed. The greatest part of our sorrows on earth come neither from heaven, nor hell, nor earth, but from ourselves. We are our own plague-makers, and our own tormentors. A man with strong faith is like a man wearing a leather glove, who can lay hold on thorns and thistles and not be hurt. The man with weak faith, on the other hand, is like one not only with a naked hand, but with the skin off from it: everything he touches irritates, and even the small grains of dust may fret within the wound until it breed an ulcer foul and sore. "Be strong;" God is with you; how dare you be discomfited because you are weak? "Fear not," he is your confidence, it is presumption for you to mistrust him. "Be strong;" the strength of God is engaged by promise and by oath to bring you safely through. "Fear not;" there is no cause for fear, the enemies that ye see this day, ye shall see no more for ever. "Fear not;" it doth but weaken you. Moreover, it doth dishonour God, grieve yourself, and give cause to the enemy to blaspheme. "Be strong, fear not."

I do not know whether this is a portion of meat in due season to any troubled heart here present. Perhaps it may be. If so, poor soul, feed on it. So you have gone to a new situation, have you? and there is a lot of young men who jeer and ridicule you? "Be strong, fear not." So your business does not answer your purpose quite so well as it did, and you hardly know what will become of you? "Be strong." Commit your way unto God; lay your case at his feet. "Be strong, fear not." So you have sickness in the house, and you are half inclined to repine, and think that there is some anger mixed with the stroke of the rod? "Be strong, fear not." Either the wound shall never be inflicted, or else it shall be a blessed wound. A little sorrow—am I hard in calling it so?—it may be that this sorrow, if it should come upon you, will be but little compared with the one spared you. It might involve a ten times heavier blow if this one did not fall. And so you have been, lately, much tempted by Satan, and he says he shall have you at last. "Be strong, fear not." Smite him; dash out his jaw teeth. Let him not

prevail, you are mightier than he. More are they that are with you than they that are with him. And so, young man, you too have undertaken of late the service of your Master, and you feel you have not quite the strength you wish for, and you incline to give it up? "Be strong, fear not." He that calls you will support you. You and I have to stand to-day like Gideon's soldiers; we have got the pitcher and the lamp. That pitcher needs to be broken to let the light shine through. The strength of man is but that earthen pitcher, and the light of God cannot shine through till that strength is dashed to pieces. A man's weakness is shown that God's light and God's strength may go forth as brightness. But I need not turn the arrow head round about to point it to you. Thou, O God, thou knowest the case of thy fearful people. Take thou the choicest promise and put it where it is needed. As for me, I have done my duty, when once again, according to the Master's command, I say to them that are of a fearful heart, "Be strong, fear not."

There is one person I have forgotten, but I must not forget him. There is an aged brother or sister here. There are those who know that their time of life draweth nigh unto the grave. The shadows lengthen out, and their life becometh now like the spider's web, and they fear—they fear to die. They know the living Saviour, but they fear a dying hour. They think death's stream is cold, and chill, and deep; how shall they pass through it to reach the celestial shore? "Be strong, fear not." Death is the last enemy, and he is the last enemy that shall be destroyed. Do remember that, and be of good cheer. He shall not destroy you. Do not write him down as Death the destroyer, but as Death the destroyed. Be secure of victory in your last moments; nay, look forward now, with hopeful joy, to that blessed—that most blessed of all moments—when, laying the head upon the death pillow, you shall find that Christ's bosom is where that pillow lies, and you shall breathe your life out sweetly there, finding no iron gates, no shadow of dark wings, no horror of darkness, no dying strife; but bliss beginning, bliss increasing, bliss o'erflowing, bliss continuing still, and running on for ever and for ever; bliss which shall be yours beyond the hazard of a loss. God grant unto each one of us that we may be strong and fear not.

THE WISE AND THEIR REWARD.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

TRUE wisdom is an invaluable blessing, and therefore it is always highly commended in the Word of God. It is either natural or spiritual, a gift of the God of nature, or a grace of the Holy Spirit. Solomon chose it, and hence the greatness to which he arose; fools despise it, and hence the degradation into which they sink. All saints more or less possess it, and therefore there are many promises made to it. We will look at one—"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever," Dan. xii. 3.

THE CHARACTERS.—"They that be wise." Spiritual wisdom looks after essentials first, and then circumstantial. It is ever humble, and yet conscious of its own dignity and excellency. The wise seek to secure the most important things first, as life, everlasting life; safety, the safety of the soul; happiness, the present and everlasting happiness of the entire person; and honour, the honour that cometh from God only. The wise are taught to know themselves, as poor, lost, miserable, sinners; and the Lord Jesus, as a present and precious Saviour. They know their own unrighteousness, and the righteousness wrought out by the Lord Jesus Christ for them. To be wise, in brief, is to know God as he has revealed himself in his Word; to serve God, as requiring obedience in the Gospel; and aiming to be like

God, is the model of all excellence. Wisdom perceives God's end, and sympathizes with it, therefore the marginal reading is, "*They that be teachers,*" which all wise persons should be, either publicly or privately—all should preach Christ who can, all should teach the truth who know it; every Christian should be actively engaged in spreading God's Word, and extending Christ's kingdom. "*They that turn many to righteousness.*" We should teach that we may turn—turn souls from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Turn them to know righteousness, as required in the law, and provided in the Gospel. Turn them to become righteous, both in heart and life. Turn them to practise righteousness, both toward God and man. Turn them, win them for God, by earnest prayer and diligent painstaking.

THE PROMISE. "*They shall shine,*" like the Baptist, who "was a burning and shining light." Like the path of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. They may be under a cloud for a time, as were many of our forefathers, who shine now, and will shine for ever. "*They shall shine as the brightness of the firmament.*" Not as the transient lightning, or the cold, but beautiful northern lights, but with all the brightness and glory of an unclouded eastern sky. They shall shine in body, like the body of Jesus on the mount of transfiguration. They shall shine in body and in soul, as Jesus predicted, "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father." "*They shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.*" Theirs will be no transient glory, like a flashing meteor; but permanent, like the fixed stars. Distinct from each other—differing from each other, as "one star differeth from another star in glory." All shining with borrowed light, with light borrowed from the sun of righteousness. Shining with ever-increasing lustre and glory. All bright, all beautiful, all glorious; yet each having his "own reward, according to his own labour." They shine as stars in the hemisphere of the Church below, and they will shine as stars in the firmament of the Church above. What a glorious reward, for such poor and imperfect labours!

The wise all feel their need of the help of the Holy Spirit; they seek it, obtain it, and act under its influence. The wise yield themselves to God, to be his instruments, doing his work; and to be his living sacrifices, acceptable to him by Jesus Christ. What a contrast will there be between the present and the future with many! Some who seem to shine now will have to exclaim, "*Our lamps are gone out.*" For some wandering stars is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever. Judas shone once, but the light that was in him became darkness—and how great is that darkness! Many who have shone in pulpits and on platforms, in schools and colleges, will be cast into outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Some who, in villages and obscure places, have laboured for Christ and for souls, without patronage, remuneration, or scarce any encouragement but their Saviour's smile, will shine forth as the brightness of the firmament. Many men of small talent, but deep spirituality—men who were overlooked and neglected by their fellow-Christians, who silently and perseveringly laboured on, unknown and unknown—shall shine forth as the stars for ever and ever. On earth they never drank of the intoxicating cup of human applause, they were never cheered in public meetings, or praised in periodicals, or applauded by the multitude; but out of love to Christ and immortal souls they spake of Jesus, warned sinners of their danger, and invited them to come to Christ; and in their own unostentatious, unobtrusive way they won many souls for Christ, and turned many to righteousness and God. They were thought little of by men, but they were highly esteemed in the sight of God. They were scarcely considered rushlights when they were here on earth, but they shine as stars in heaven. Oh, how many who flashed, and strutted, and dazzled their fellow-men on earth, who sought and obtained the applause of the multitude, and the commendation of the great in

time, will be missing in God's firmament of glory, who will not have the splendour of the smallest star!

My fellow-believer, is thy lot obscure? Are thy talents small? Do you labour to spread abroad the savour of the knowledge of Christ amidst much discouragement, often disheartened and cast down? Cheer up, press on, persevere with thy work. Thou art, perhaps, at the very moment when you are most discouraged, turning many to righteousness. You see not now the good you do, or the success with which God crowns your labours, but you will see by-and-bye. Be faithful; be fervent; work for God, and go on with your work, for you cannot labour for God in vain. Think of Paul's words, "*Every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labour.*" Not according to his success on his own estimate of the value or worthlessness of his services, but "*according to his own labour.*" Labour on, then, in faith, in patience, with prayer and perseverance; and, concealed as you may be now, you "*shall shine forth as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.*"

THE GREAT EXCHANGE; OR, CHRIST OUR SIN AND WE HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS.

BY THE REV. E. HALDANE CARSON, TUBBERMORE, IRELAND.

"He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."—2 Cor. v. 21.

THAT Christ and believers are one, no true Christian will altogether deny. On the nature of this unity, however, considerable difference of opinion obtains among the professed followers of the Saviour. Few, it is to be feared, receive it as taught in Scripture, and as the foundation of Gospel truth. To many it is simply a moral unity—a oneness in sentiment and feeling. Others regard it merely as the unity of fraternal connection; while some, admitting the doctrine of the federal relation, take it to be but an apparent or figurative oneness.

These notions are manifestly deficient. They fall infinitely short of the truth. Christ and his people are one *as the tree and its branches*. "I am the vine," says the Redeemer; "ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for apart from (kōris) me ye can do nothing."—John xv. 5. The root, stalk, and branches of the vine, although different from each other, form but one tree. They are distinct parts, subsisting together in the same whole. They enter into each other, and partake in common of the fatness of the soil. From the living root life and vigour are diffused throughout the entire tree: even the remotest twigs receive nourishment and strength. Such is the union of Christ and believers. He is the living vine; they are the living branches. Personally distinct,

they are relatively one—one tree, one vine. He is the root into which they are ingrafted, and in which they centre. They are "*in*" him; he is "*in*" them; and through this blessed union, they receive the life-giving and fructifying influences of the Divine Spirit.

This sacred unity is, farther, the oneness of the head and members of the human body. Thus Paul:—"And not holding the head, from which all the body by joints and bands, having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God," Col. ii. 19. "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ," 1 Cor. xii. 12. In our external framework, there is at the same time diversity and unity, multiplicity and harmony. The human body consists of various parts, unlike but not opposed, distinct but not separate. However numerous and varied the parts, they harmonize in forming one, and but one, whole. Different each from the other, they unite, and together constitute the body. "So also," says the Apostle, "is Christ." Believers joined to each other, and to the Lord Jesus, are one Christ. Such is the nearness of the relation, that with him they bear his name. Paul says not, "So also is Christ and the Church," but "So also is Christ,"—designating both by the name of the former.

Christians are the body of which Christ is the head. They are members of Christ, "of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones."

The oneness of Christ and believers is also the oneness of the marriage relation. "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the Church," Eph. v. 31, 32. The unity of the marriage relation is the closest in nature, so close that two are declared to be one flesh. Persons do not thereby, indeed, lose their individuality; but such is the nearness of the mysterious union into which they enter that this disappears from the view, and they are henceforth regarded as the same flesh. On this principle proceeds the exhortation—"So ought men to love their wives as *their own bodies*: he that loveth his wife, loveth *himself*," Eph. v. 28. Thus, also, the husband and wife partake in general of the same feelings, having mutual sympathy in joy and sorrow, in hope and despair, in prosperity and adversity. They, too, have one common interest: what they possess is common property, and their wants are equally the wants of both. They are benefited by the same successes, and injured by the same misfortunes. In marriage the wife enters on the possession of all that belongs to her husband; while he, on the other hand, becomes exposed to her liabilities. In a word, there is a community of feeling, of purpose, of interest, an interchange of poverty and riches, a fellowship in everything by which either is affected, or which either enjoys. So with the heavenly Bridegroom and his bride, the Church. Christ is, in the truest and fullest sense, the husband of the Church. Their union is mysterious, but it is not the less real. "They are no more twain, but one flesh." Taken from the Redeemer's side in the sleep of death, the Church is "bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh." Their sympathies are mutual, their feelings are the same, their interests are one. She has no longer a separate existence. "She is dead, and her life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ, who is her life, shall appear, then shall she also appear with him in glory," Col. iii. 3, 4. "Chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world," and united to him by faith, believers even now "sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus," Eph. ii. 6.

Such is the oneness of Christ and be-

lievers; and hence the great exchange, the present paper is intended to illustrate. Here we have the true principle of the inter-transfer of sin and righteousness, revealed in the Gospel. Christ and believers one—one tree, one body, one flesh—he is their righteousness; they are his sin. He is made sin *for them*; they are made righteousness *in him*. What he is not in himself, he becomes in them: what they are not in themselves they become in him. He takes their sin, and they receive his righteousness.

In attempting a brief exposition of this all-important subject, we shall consider it under the two following propositions:—

I. PERSONALLY INNOCENT, CHRIST STOOD CHARGED WITH OUR GUILT.

II. PERSONALLY GUILTY, WE STAND ACQUITTED IN HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS.

By the term *personal*, as employed in relation to the innocence of Christ, is simply meant what he was *in himself—in his own nature and character*. In this respect we believe the Saviour to have been altogether sinless. In the words of the apostle, he "knew no sin." He had no experimental, no practical acquaintance with it. Not more pure was the Divine, than was the human nature of Christ. He was, indeed, born of sinful flesh, but he did not partake of the sins of that flesh. He was begotten by the immediate agency of the Holy Ghost, in a way altogether mysterious, but effectually securing an immaculate nature. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God," Luke i. 35.

Nor was this without its reason in the economy of grace. The holiness of the Redeemer was necessary to the position he occupied in that economy. It was essential to him as an atoning sacrifice, and as an interceding advocate. "For such an High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, and undefiled," Heb. vii. 26. If he would take our place before God, holiness must characterize his entire disposition and conduct—must rule alone over the affections of the internal, and guide exclusively the actions of the external man. The slightest taint of sin would have for ever disqualified him for standing in our stead, and atoning for our sins. Had he partaken in any measure of the depravity of our nature, or in a single instance committed a breach of the Divine law, he could not have been a

Saviour. Hence the anxiety of Satan to draw him aside, Matt. iv. 1-11. But his efforts were in vain. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, any more than a corrupt tree can bring forth good fruit.

But *relatively* Christ stood chargeable with guilt. To some, in this age of smooth things, this language may seem harsh and unbecoming. Let it, however, be rightly understood, and tested by Scripture statement, and we feel persuaded it will not be found in the least too strong. Already it has been observed that *personally* the blessed Redeemer was without sin. On this point we give place to no one. Entirely distinct, however, from, but not opposed to, this is the idea now sought to be brought to view. It is this, in his relation to us Christ was, in the eye of the law, chargeable with our guilt: in other words—as one with us, our sins were transferred to him and became his, not so as to pollute his nature or alter his character, but so as to render him obnoxious to punishment. And here at the outset we are carried back to the great principle attempted to be developed in our opening remarks. The proper oneness of the Redeemer and the redeemed lies at the basis of the doctrine now asserted. It is the groundwork and medium of the transfer involved in that doctrine. Christ and believers ONE CHRIST—*one vine, one body, one flock—he the root, they the branches—he the heart, they the members—he the husband they the wife; this is the channel of sin's imputation to the Saviour. Here is a way opened for the conveyance of our guilt to Christ—for the placing of our debt to his account. As Christ is the root of nourishment and bread of life to the church, so is he her husband, engaged to meet the claims preferred against her. In marrying the Church Christ assumed her debt and exposed himself to her liabilities; her sins became his in the eye of the law as truly as if he had himself committed them. They were put to his account by the imputation of the Father; and for them he was required to make satisfaction. Hence his death, the punishment of sin; hence his resurrection, the evidence of atonement.*

That this is the truth of God, rests on the highest authority. It is the obvious teaching of the text at the head of the present paper. "He hath made him to be sin for us." These words have given rise to the exercise of much ingenuity, in an attempt to turn them aside from their

original purpose. We are told the word for "sin" (*amartian*) should be rendered "sin-offering," and the passage would then read—"He hath made him to be a sin-offering for us." This would be a truth, but it would not be the truth of the words before us. The proposed amendment we reject because it is opposed to the obvious construction of the text. We freely admit the original term, consistently with its use in the language, may be rendered "sin-offering." But here it cannot bear that translation. The entire sentence, it will be perceived, is antithetic: it has two members, and these are set in direct contrast to each other. Two things are asserted, and asserted *as contraries*. Whatever, then, the one is, the other must be—not merely something else—but the reverse. Mere difference will not suffice; there must be contrariety. This is inevitable by the antithesis of the passage; and it is only strange that any should not see it. Now on this principle, if the Greek term be translated "sin-offering," the whole passage will read thus, "He hath made him to be a sin-offering for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made a righteousness-offering of God in him." The gross absurdity involved in the rendering of the latter member of the sentence, at once obliges its rejection, and by consequence the rejection of the entire. We must abide by the present translation, if we would pretend to any acquaintance with the laws of language.

And what can be clearer or more forcible than the testimony here afforded to the truth in question? While the Apostle carefully guards us against imputing personal guilt to the Saviour, remarking that he "knew no sin," he at the same time, and in the strongest terms, declares him chargeable with our guilt. Indeed, so strong is the language, that we marvel not attempts have been made, by the *reason* of the age, to alter the sacred text. That the holy Jesus should be made, not merely a sinner or sinful, but "sin" itself, as it were a mass of guilt, is too much for those to receive who must know the *wherefore* of everything in religion. But to the humble Christian, who has submitted his sentiments to the Word of God, and who implicitly relies on the truth of what it states, whether he can fully comprehend it or not, there is here no difficulty. Nay, on this he rests his hope of eternal life. In union with the

Saviour, he loses his sins, which, being transferred to Christ, have been borne away.

But imputed guilt in relation to Christ is the teaching of Isaiah and of Paul. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all," Isa. liii. 6. "So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time *without sin* unto salvation," Heb. ix. 28. Here it is submitted that if imputed guilt is not taught of Christ, it would be impossible to find language sufficiently explicit for that purpose. What can be clearer than the terms employed? "*Laid on him the iniquity of us all,*" are words which plainly import an actual transfer of guilt, and cannot import anything else. "*To bear the sins of many,*" is an expression which not less forcibly speaks the same truth. These statements present the Saviour under the load of human guilt, "laid on him," in the constitution of the Christian covenant. Nothing can be clearer than their meaning. To say that they import the transfer and bearing of sin's penalty, is to outrage language; since sin itself—not its penalty—is asserted in relation to Christ. The quotations in question cannot but signify the proper transfer and immediate presence of iniquity, implying, of course, the transfer and presence of its penalty.

These remarks are strengthened by the implication at the close of the last quotation—"and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time *without sin* unto salvation." The second advent of the Lord Jesus will be *without sin*. How clear the inference that the first was *with sin*! Not with his own; for he came the "holy child"—the spotless "Lamb of God." With his people's then. That he freely took in covenant with the Father; and "to put it away by the sacrifice of himself," was the object of his incarnation.

Not less clear is the evidence on this subject, drawn from the typical imputation of the Old Testament. About this we are fully informed in the 21st and 22nd verses of the 16th chapter of Leviticus—"And Aaron shall lay both his hands on the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, *putting them upon the goat*, and shall send him by the hand of a fit man into the wil-

derness; and the goat shall *bear upon him all their iniquities* unto a land not inhabited." Here we have Gospel imputation in a figure. The priest puts his hands on the head of the goat, and confesses over it the sins of Israel, after which it is represented as *bearing them*. In like manner, the Christian puts on Christ, his sacrificial Lamb, the hand of faith, and confesses over him all his sins, which *are placed to his account*. By an act of transfer his sins become Christ's, and with them he is henceforth chargeable. To hold imputation in any other sense, is to hold an imputation diverse from that here taught. What else than this can be inferred from the type? If it teach anything at all, it must teach the actual transfer of guilt from the sinner to the Substitute. It is an acknowledged principle that a figure and the thing figured are essentially different; and that while the one is the *mere appearance*, the other is the *reality* of the truth exhibited. Otherwise they could not stand in this relation. That which is *apparent* in the type must be *real* in the antitype. In applying this principle to the Mosaic, as bearing on the Christian imputation, the truth under consideration is clearly brought out. Sins *figuratively* imputed under the law to the victim, are *really* imputed under the Gospel to Christ. To hold here a typical relation overturns the notion that our Great Substitute was merely regarded and treated as guilty, or that guilt was, as it is technically expressed, "improperly" imputed to him. Such imputation took place in the type; the legal victim was regarded and treated as guilty; the sins of Israel were "improperly," or figuratively, imputed to it. Can the same hold in the antitype? Must not imputation here be proper and literal? Improper imputation in the type cannot prefigure improper imputation in the antitype, since that would be to prefigure itself. The *apparent* transfer of sin to the Mosaic victim is, therefore, its *real* transfer to the Great Christian Sacrifice.

The presence of imputed guilt on the person of Christ is seen, in the last place, in the fact of his death. On no other principle can that fact be satisfactorily accounted for. How else could justice exact the penalty of transgression? If sin had not been transferred to Christ, how came he to suffer? If he did not truly bear our sins, he was unrighteously punished. It

will not do to say he suffered on our account, as this could not have been the case unless he had first been "made sin for us." Our place he could not have taken as to the penalty of transgression, without first taking it as to transgression itself. To bear our smart he must bear our guilt. The transfer of punishment without the transfer of guilt is an impossibility under righteous government. The very supposition is opposed to every notion we can form of Divine justice. Could that God who will no more

condemn the innocent than he will clear the guilty, award, or even permit suffering where no sin is? Who ever perished being innocent? or where were the righteous cut off? Job iv. 7. Under the government of a righteous God innocence cannot suffer, any more than guilt escape. Either, then, Christ must have borne our guilt, or the Father who "bruised him," and "put him to grief," must, in so doing, have acted unjustly. The Christian will know which alternative to choose.

(To be continued.)

THE PRAYER MEETING.

A FEW WORDS TO REAL BELIEVERS.

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

We have been deeply pained on more than one occasion, in hearing real believers say concerning a particular gathering of the church, "Oh, it is only a prayer-meeting, I shall not go this evening." Such language ought never to pass the lips of a Christian. When we "search the Scriptures," we find that the early Church very often gathered for special prayer. Jesus, by his example and promises, has left us an encouragement to desire the hour set apart for prayer. When Jesus was praying "his disciples were with him," Luke ix. 18. On another occasion, "he took Peter, and John, and James, and went up into a mountain to pray," Luke ix. 28. Jesus has left us many gracious inducements to prayer, especially such promises as the following, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," Matt. xviii. 19, 20. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full," John xvi. 23, 24. In Acts xvi. 13, we read of the place "where prayer was wont to be made." In Acts i. 14, we find the church gathered to supplicate before the mercy-seat, "These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with

his brethren." When Peter "was kept in prison, prayer was made without ceasing of the Church for him," Acts xii. 5. Surely these examples and these promises should lead us more frequently to the prayer-meeting, where Jesus waits to be gracious, and to fulfil his own words.

Prayer is the test of spiritual life. Just as the new-born child cries, so the regenerated man addresses himself to prayer. If my reader is a *prayerless* man, he may be certain he is a *Christless* man. The prayer-meeting is the pulse of the Church. If I want to know the condition of any particular church, I have but to enter the prayer-meeting, to note the numbers in attendance, and to mark the tone and character of the petitions presented before the common mercy-seat. The prayer-meeting is the place where we can test the union existing among the followers of the Lamb. Before the throne of grace, Christians bow, to offer their mutual requests, to confess their many infirmities, and shortcomings, to commune with each other in presenting the sacrifice of thanksgiving. The prayer-meeting is a place where the gifts of the church are manifested. In most of our churches there are individuals who possess talents, which, were it not for the hour of public prayer, might be lost to the church.

In all our churches there are, more or less, deficiencies and wants in connection with our meetings for prayer. These meetings should in every case be held more

frequently. In how many churches is there but one weekly prayer-meeting; while, in most, we find but two. This is not as it should be. When the church is prospering the members will gather at each other's houses for the purpose of pleading together. The meetings for prayer should be more regularly attended. Every member should, so far as opportunity is afforded, be present. This would encourage the pastor's heart, and strengthen his hands. It is a cheerless scene, which is often presented, when the pastor, with some half-dozen of the members, constitute the average attendance at the weekly meeting. When we have assembled with one accord to pray, we need more dependence on the Holy Spirit, with less fear of our fellow-man. Many good Christians, who now refuse to pray in public, would refuse no more, did they but remember that prayer is an address to God, and not to man. What though the speaker be illiterate? God does not criticise the correctness of his diction, but looketh on the heart. If our prayer-meetings are to become real spiritual feasting seasons, we must earnestly strive after more communion with our God in private. To enter into our closets, and shut to the door, is both a privilege and a duty to the believer. "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Prayer, to be profitable, must be preceded by a meditation on the Word of God. Varied and sufficient are the promises of that word to meet the Christian's every trial, temptation, or exigency. When God's lip of promise meets our lip of prayer, how sweet and precious is the hour of communion. If a man should attempt to fire a gun, in which he had placed the shot, but had omitted the

gunpowder, we should not be surprised if the gun refused to go off. We need not be surprised when our prayers do not reach heaven, if we have not backed them with some of the exceeding great and precious promises which our God has placed on record to this end. Plead the promises, believer; then shall you receive the answer you need. In the public prayer-meeting we need more of the spirit of Christ-like forgiveness. How unseemly is the practice of some, who make the time of prayer an opportunity to preach at an offending brother! Jesus says, "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses," see Matt. vi. 14, 15. In conclusion, when we meet for prayer, and when we separate, we need more believing expectation. When Peter was in prison the Church was earnest in united prayer on his behalf; God heard their prayers, and sent his angel to deliver Peter; but lo, when their prayers were answered, we read, "*they were astonished,*" Acts xii. 16. I am persuaded that did we receive the answer to many of our petitions, we should be astonished in like manner; hence, the necessity for Jesus' injunction, "WATCH AND PRAY." Watch the promises *before* prayer; watch for the answer *after* prayer.

"Pardon, Lord,
Th' unripeness of our choicest services,
The halfness of our hearts. Be merciful
To Christendom and Christians. Save us, Lord,
From selfish hirelings: send us zealous men
To fold thy little flock and teach the world;
Men that shall teach the truth by living it,
And care far less for their own praise and pay
Than truth's supremacy."

SOUL PROSPERITY.

BY W. ABBOTT, BLUNHAM.

THE health of the soul is matter of vital moment. To have healthy souls is to be happy. Health and happiness are fruits of the Spirit in the soul. He that has not been regenerated by the Spirit has no life, nor health, nor happiness, but is a stranger to all real religion. If ye are born of the Spirit, live in the Spirit, and walk in the Spirit. "Be filled with the Spirit," and so shall your souls prosper.

1. Cherish a *devotional* spirit. The converted man is a praying man; and the man

eminent in religion will be eminent for prayer. When we get low ideas of prayer, our religion is sinking fast. He that loves prayer uses prayer heartily, but does not rest in the exercise, but in God, to whom prayer brings us; and resting in him, we rejoice in him, and so our souls will be healthy and happy.

2. Cherish a *grateful* spirit. The recipients of mercy and grace should be the offerers of praise. The thankful shall be blessed. God blesses them in his kindness,

and they bless God in their gratefulness. We want to mingle more praise with our prayers; it would produce more cheerfulness and fervour of soul, and stir up our love and confidence in God. Where there is little thankfulness, there will be little spiritual health and vigour.

3. Cherish a spirit of *desire after God's Word*. Seek food for your souls in the Bible, and under the preaching of the Gospel. Seek bread, the Bread of Life, for your souls. Do not seek novelties and excitement, that satisfy not; but hunger after the plain and nutritious Word, that ye may grow thereby. Be daily with your Bibles, and be diligent under the preaching of the Word, and seek with more earnestness the Spirit of God to bless both. "I have esteemed the words of thy mouth more than my necessary food."

4. Cherish a *zealous* spirit. A spirit that deplores existing evils, and prays and labours for their removal—a spirit that desires and delights in doing good. It is a warm-heartedness for Christ, and in the cause of Christ, for the spreading and triumph of his Gospel. It is zeal, fed by the wisdom of Christ's Word, by the ardour of his love, and by the joy and hope of his success. "It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing."

5. Cherish a *social* spirit. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of

his." This may be true in two senses—as to the indwelling of the Spirit in our hearts, and as to the temper of mind his presence and grace produce. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." A spirit that says, "Grace be with all them who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity"—a spirit that weeps with them that weep, and that rejoices with them that rejoice—a spirit that seeks and delights in the welfare of others.

6. Cherish an *obedient* spirit. Seek in all things to please Christ; for he says, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." It is said, "The pleasure of religion lies in the practice of it." And so you will ever find that the practical Christian is the healthy and the happy Christian. Keep the laws of Christ ever before you, and seek his love to constrain you, for "love is the fulfilling of the law."

7. Cherish a spirit of *cheerful hope*. Dejection is not a sign of good health; but joy and gladness—rejoicing in hope—are signs of true progress. There is much in the religion of Christ to induce cheerfulness; and much in the glorious heaven, to which it relates, to fill the soul with joyful expectation. "Now, the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost."

MARY BUNYAN, THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD, AUTHOR OF "GRACE TRUMAN."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

It is a cold, cheerless, January evening. The stars have hid themselves behind the thick, dull clouds. The rain falls chill and penetrating. The wind roars through the leafless branches of the trees, and wails through the desolate streets. All nature, animate and inanimate, seems benumbed by the cold bleak air.

In a small room of a humble dwelling situated just without the town of Bedford, a company of men and women are assembled.

What is it that has brought old men and women, young men and maidens, from their homes such a fearful night as this? Surely

their hearts are warm in some cause. Surely their desires must be ardent. "We will not let thee go until thou bless us," seems to have been the determination which nerved them to dare the pitiless blast and the fast-falling rain.

It is a prayer-meeting.

The little church at Bedford have set apart this night for earnest prayer to God in behalf of themselves and of their dearly beloved brother Bunyan. The women are there "whom Bunyan saw sitting in the sun at the door-side, and who had directed him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." It is a momentous time. Each heart shares the burden which has fallen on the little congregation. A

solemn air pervades the small assembly; and anxious fears prevail lest the worst is not yet. A sigh steals out from an overburdened heart, and is answered by another, another, and another from hearts less pressed down beneath a weight of sorrow.

The holy man enters with a slow, calm step, and is greeted by a kindly look from every eye. He shakes hands with two or three of the aged brethren as he seats himself near the stand on which rests the Bible. All is still as death, save when some troubled heart sends up a silent petition in groanings that cannot be uttered.

Another enters and falls into a vacant seat,—then another, and another, until the room is well-nigh filled.

The aged man arises and opens the old, worn Bible.

"Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me," falls in soft full strains from his lips. With feeling he reads through that beautiful chapter, the fourteenth of John, so rich with consolation to the tried heart. "In this world ye shall have tribulation, my brethren, but in Christ ye shall have peace. Let us pray."

The whole company kneel, and, while the man of God sends up a fervent petition to the Most High that his Almighty arm shall work out deliverance for his children, a silent "amen" is going up from each bowed heart. "Oh, deliver thy servant from the hand of the persecutor, and grant, O God, that the guidance and strength of thy Holy Spirit may be vouchsafed to thy people, that they may be enabled to acquit themselves like men. Oh, may they be endued with power from on high to bear testimony to the unsearchable riches of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God; and, if need be, to seal that testimony with their blood. Give unto them that faith which overcometh the world. And if imprisonment await us, as it has done our brother, let us be sustained and strengthened, that we may endure hardness as good soldiers of our Lord Jesus Christ. O eternal God, be our refuge, place beneath us thine everlasting arms of love. Thrust out the enemy from before us, tread upon their high places and destroy them, that they may vex thy people no more. And say unto thy people, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help with thee. I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness;' for thou, O Lord God, givest

power to the faint, and to them that have no might thou increasest strength. Oh, make then for us a way in the sea, a path in the mighty waters, that the floods may not overwhelm us, that we may pass through dry-shod from the hands of our enemies."

The stillness of death is upon that little assembly, broken only by the supplicant's earnest voice, and now and then a groan which forces its way from some surcharged bosom. Each heart is melted, and there is much of self-examination; and many a fervent, unuttered prayer ascends to the throne of sovereign love for grace to meet the darkest hour, for strength to triumph over all foes, and that support might be vouchsafed to him who, for the Gospel's sake, had been assaulted, derided, and vilely cast into prison.

They rise from their knees and sing a song of praise to God. Another prayer is offered, another song sung, and aged Brother Landon rises to talk awhile to the little band. He is one who has been on the pilgrimage many a long, weary year. He has fought some hot battles with the world, the flesh, and the devil, always conquering through grace. Every one present knows him, and his words fall like sweet music on their listening ears. His long grey hair flows over his shoulders, his form is stooped under the burden of life's journey, and his thin hand trembles as he lifts it to wipe the tears from his dimmed eyes. But over his face there shines a look of radiant love, which tells us he has been with Jesus.

He wipes the tears from his face and looks upwards, then placing his hands quietly behind him, says, "Dearly beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord, I once was young, but now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread; for the Lord is his portion, and hath sworn unto him the sure mercies of David. Did not God himself destroy the foes of Israel, even all that did vex and pursue them? Did he not triumph gloriously over the hosts of Egypt, and cast the horse and the rider into the sea? Did he not cut off the enemies of his people in the wilderness and bring them safely into the promised land? Has he not been with them that fear him in all generations a hedge round about them, so that the enemy could not come near to hurt them? Did he not turn the rock into standing water, the flint into a fountain of waters? Did he not say, 'I have created thee, O Jacob, and have formed thee, O Israel;

fear not, for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine?" Oh, my brethren, hearken to his promises, and let your soul rest on his Word; for he is true, and he will bring it to pass; he is mighty, and he will deliver. He himself will shield us from our enemies and give us power to overcome, will hedge us in on the right hand and the left, and provide for us a way of escape. 'For although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruits be on the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields yield no meat, the flocks be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.' Let us not grow weary then, nor faint by the way. Thanks to his high and holy name, he hath brought me thus far on my journey, and here again I set up my Ebenezer in the presence of you, my brethren, and of witnessing angels, and inscribe thereon; "Unto him who hath loved me and washed me from my sins in his own blood, and hath made me a king and a priest unto God, to him be glory and dominion and power for ever and for ever. Amen."

Amen, and amen, responds every heart in that weeping assembly as the old man takes his seat.

Another brother rises on the opposite side of the room to bear his testimony to the goodness and love of God. He is a younger soldier than Brother Landon, but he, too, has been in the thickest of the fight and his scars testify how valiantly he has fought the battles of the Lord. And thus he tells of his warfare,—

"My brethren, when Moses held up his hand Israel prevailed, and when he let down his hand Amalek prevailed; and so it is with us throughout our earthly warfare. Whenever we trust in God, and send up, from unfeigned lips, a cry to him for his help, then his own right hand doth get for us the victory over all our foes. Then are the Amaleks that would destroy us discomfited with the edge of the sword; then can we build our altars and call them Jehovah-nissi. But, my brethren, we must not faint by the way, for, if we do, Amalek will prevail. We must hold up our hands. We must pray the prayer of faith; then shall one chase a thousand, and two put a thousand to flight. The times are dark around us; the enemy besets us on every side. The people of God are insulted, and imprisoned, and slain. They have become a hissing

among the nations, a by-word and term of reproach to all people; they are scattered and peeled; they are smitten with the rod of the Assyrian, and the Philistine is hard upon them. But their cry has gone up before the Lord of hosts, and he will have respect unto all their troubles. The Lord will have mercy on Jacob, and will yet choose Israel, and the day shall come when the Lord shall give his people rest from all their sorrows, and from the hard bondage wherein they are made to serve; for he shall break the staff of the wicked and the sceptre of the rulers, and the enemies of his people shall be chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind. This shall be the portion of them that spoil us, and the lot of them that rob us. Let us trust in the Lord, my brethren, and he will bring us out of all our troubles. Let us pray earnestly for our brother who has been called upon to bear his testimony before men, and has been condemned to suffering for the sake of the Gospel of our blessed Master. Let us pray that grace may be given him equal to his day, and that he may be able to praise the Lord in his chains and in the dark dungeon. And if he and we shall be called upon to witness to the world that God is true, let us acquit ourselves like men, and be willing to suffer, even to the offering up of ourselves, that his love and his goodness may be known, and his truth preserved in the earth. And here this night let us renew our covenant vows to the Lord and to one another, and wrestle with God for a blessing as did Jacob of old, that we may have power with God and with men, and prevail over our enemies. And may this be unto us a Bethel, where the Lord shall answer us in the day of our distresses?"—and he knelt in the midst of them and with David prayed.

"How long wilt thou forget us, O Lord? For ever? How long wilt thou hide thy face from us? How long shall we take counsel in our souls, having sorrow in our hearts daily? How long shall our enemies be exalted over us? Deliver us from our enemies, O God! Defend us from them that rise up against us; deliver us from the workers of iniquity, and save us from bloody men. They hate us without a cause; they lie in wait for us. We are poor, and needy. Make haste, O God, to help us; for thou art our help and our deliverer. O Lord, make no tarrying; we trust in thee and not in man; we put confidence in thee and not in

princes. Surely the righteous shall give thanks unto thy name; the upright shall dwell in thy presence. Guide us through life, and afterwards receive us into glory, and to thy name and thine alone, Father, Son, and Eternal Spirit, be everlasting praise. Amen."

Another and another speaks and prays. Their hearts are knit together in bonds of Christian affection. And the groan, and sigh, and falling tear attest that love which says, "For one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

Thus the time passes in prayer and praise and exhortation until the night is far spent. No petition has been offered that did not bear up before a throne of pitying love that faithful brother whom chains held to the earth because he would preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Their hearts are bound to his by cords of holy love. They are afflicted in his afflictions, and are partakers of his shame.

The aged pastor once more arises to speak to them.

It is John Gifford, "that holy man of God," as Bunyan is wont to call him. He is the under shepherd over the little flock at Bedford. He goes in and out before them dispensing unto them the bread of life, giving unto each his portion in due season, even as the Holy Spirit gave him guidance.

He wipes the streaming tears from his wrinkled face, and, with an effort, subdues his swelling emotion. Composing himself, he speaks in a voice full of love and gratitude,—

"My dearly beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord, the purchase of Christ's blood and the seal of his redemption, I would speak to you this night words of encouragement, that you may be built up and strengthened, made perfect men and women in our Lord Jesus Christ. And girded about with his salvation, and relying on his sure word of promise which can never fail, for it is yea and amen for ever, I would exhort you to all patience and long suffering, that ye may acquit yourselves men and women in the Lord, and be a light to the world in the midst of this crooked and perverse generation. God's ways towards his people are oftentimes dark and mysterious, my brethren, and, were it not for that increase of faith being granted to us for which the apostle prayed, we could not bear up under the trials which beset our pilgrimage through this

world of sin and sorrow. Amid the storms and billows of this life, when the fierce blasts of persecution sweep over us, and the forked lightnings of man's wrath threaten to strike us through, we should certainly make shipwreck of all our hopes and expectations did not God give unto us an increased measure of his all-supporting grace. My grace shall be sufficient for thee, he tells us, and we believe it. Thanks to his holy name that he has given us this blessed promise, which is an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast. 'My grace is sufficient.' To this we moor and are safe. Let the storm rage with dreadful power and the fierce winds howl in wildest fury, we will not fear, for the Captain of our salvation is at the helm, and he will guide us safely through the passage, and land us at last in the haven of eternal safety and rest.

"The clouds and storm are black round about us now, my brethren, and the fierce winds of persecution howl about our ears. Our dearly beloved Brother Bunyan has been seized upon by the relentless grasp of the tyrant's law, and has been borne from our midst to a noisome cell, from which he may be dragged to meet an ignominious death, or he may lie there long weary years, dragging out a life of wretched captivity. Our hearts are sorrowful even unto death. But, my brethren, the hand of God is in it. These things are not of chance, neither do they rise up out of the ground. They are sent by the hand of Him who ruleth the universe. They are designed to teach us an important lesson, to try our faith, to prove whether we are really sons and daughters of God, or whether we are deceived. And it is our duty now, as dear children of God, to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, examining ourselves daily to see if we be in the faith, and ever to be ready to testify for God, though we know bonds and imprisonment await us.

"Brother Bunyan is in prison, but it is for the Gospel's sake. Let us sympathize with him and his suffering family, but let us not complain against Jehovah that he hath done this thing. His wisdom hath directed it. Oh, I know well the darkness and gloom of the damp rayless cell. I have been there myself, my brethren, but it was not as a witness of the glorious truth of our Lord and Master. Oh, no, I had no such honour and joy as this in my dark captivity. Would to God I had had! I was a slave of sin! In bondage to the prince of the

power of the air, that spirit which worketh in the children of disobedience. I had borne arms against the people of the Most High to support a royalty which gloated in blood of the saints. I had bid defiance to the Lord of glory, and had taken league with the enemy of the King of heaven. But, thanks to his marvellous love, he snatched me from the jaws of hell, he rescued me from everlasting burnings."

The old man pauses, he cannot proceed. He thinks of the exceeding love of God, and his heart is broken within him. Oh, how much he loves, for he has had much forgiven! Surely he, above all others, is a miracle of grace.

Wiping the flowing tears from his face, and controlling his voice, he proceeds,—

"Sentence of death had been passed upon me, and I and seven others were to be hung for our allegiance to the de throne king. We lay groaning in the prison. The last night had come, and I sat heartless and stupid in my cell, knowing that the morning would bring my execution. Oh, what a power does Satan gain over the souls of men! I was to die. I knew it. A few hours more and I should be in eternity, before the bar of God; and yet I defied death and eternity, and thought, with bitter cursings, on what I had been, what I then was, and what was before me in the future. Oh, my brethren, my heart was besotted with sin. The light of reason had been darkened by the Evil One, and I was a willing captive to the arch-enemy of my soul. But God, even the great and holy God, had intentions of mercy towards me, the chief of sinners."

The old man's words are choked by tears. Tears are in the eye of every listener. All is breathless silence.

"It was past the hour of midnight," he resumes as soon as he can command himself sufficiently to proceed, "and I sat, as I tell you, cursing my fate. I cursed the hour I was born, the course I had pursued, the justice that had overtaken, and the doom that awaited me. I would not listen to the monitions of conscience that told me I alone was the culpable one. I bade conscience be still,—and cursed on. My sister entered the prison and stood before me. It seemed the presence of an angel. I could scarcely trust my vision. She spoke to me, and urged me to fly. I heeded not her words. She repeated her importunities with increased vehemence. I told her 'it was impossible, I could not escape; the guards were

on the watch and it was folly to attempt to pass them.' 'Fear not this,' she answered, 'the guards are fast asleep without, and your fellow-prisoners are dead drunk within, and there is no one to give alarm. Make haste! make haste! my brother! fly from these dreadful walls. Fly, I beseech thee, fly.'

"Scarcely conscious of what I did, and with but little hope of succeeding in my attempt, I suffered myself to be led by my sister whithersoever she chose. We gained the outer prison, and in safety passed the sleeping guards. The hand of God guided us beyond danger, and I was saved! Saved from death, saved from hell! Oh, what abundant reason have I, my brethren, to be thankful to God, and to trust his holy Word! How manifest was his hand in my deliverance from death! But he had also delivered me from the curse of sin, under which I was so long a time in bondage. Herein is his love manifest, that he gave his Son for us, the just for the unjust, that we might be reconciled to him through the blood of atonement, and escape the awful doom under which fallen sinners rest because of sin and disobedience. Oh, wondrous love! Oh, infinite condescension! God bowed the heavens and came down to pity us and save us from our low estate, when there was no eye to pity, and no arm to save! Let us, my brethren, praise his glorious name. Let us sing praises unto the Most High God that he hath delivered us from everlasting death, and hath given us an inheritance with the saints in light—an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and which passeth not away. Oh, let us trust his gracious promises now that all these things seem to be against us, for we know that he is both able and willing to preserve his people from the hands of their enemies, and that he will deliver Israel from the land of bondage. 'Glory, and honour, and power, and dominion to him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.' Let us not fear, my brethren and sisters, what man can do unto us; for no weapon turned against the righteous shall prosper, for the mischief of the wicked shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealings shall come down upon his own pate. Let us be encouraged by the example of those, who, through faith, have overcome and have entered into the promised rest. They had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments.

They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword. They wandered about in sheep skins and in goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. These obtained a good report through faith, though they received not the promise. But God hath provided some better things for us: and seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, my brethren, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who, for us, laid aside the glory of heaven and became a man of sorrow, bearing infamy, and shame, and buffetings, that we, through his sufferings and distress, might be made heirs of eternal bliss at God's right hand. Let us then, my brethren, take up the cross, despising the shame.

"The Lord himself will come to avenge his people, and our enemies shall have confusion of face; they shall lick the dust, their lofty looks shall be humbled, and their haughtiness shall be bowed down. For, behold, the day cometh that they shall burn as an oven, and all the proud and all that do wickedly shall be stubble, and the day that cometh shall burn them up that it shall leave neither root nor branch. The Lord of Hosts himself hath spoken it. But

unto them that fear his name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings. Let us then, my brethren, trust in the Lord, knowing there are yet some in Israel that have not bowed the knee to Baal. The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and Zion shall awake to put on her strength, and Jerusalem, the holy city, shall arise, shake herself from the dust, and put on her beautiful garments; for the Lord will make bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God."

The pastor seats himself, overcome by the intensity of his feelings. Tears stream down his wrinkled cheek. His face is lighted up with the radiance of prophetic vision. His soul is stayed on the promises of God. What can he fear? I AM THAT I AM hath spoken, he cannot doubt. He knows that the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, but that his own right hand and holy arm shall get to him an everlasting victory.

Each heart takes fresh courage as his words of hope and consolation sink deep into every bosom; and, when he has commended them to God, each one goes forth from that little assembly, feeling, as did Paul when he thought of Jerusalem, "ready to be offered for the Gospel's sake."

REVIEWS.

The Sunday School Times and Home Educator for 1869. In 2 Half-yearly Vols. London: B. Lowe and Co., 31, Paternoster-row.

We have looked carefully through the first year's efforts of those who have been providing a cheap weekly paper for our Sabbath-schools, and we pronounce it a marvel of progress, and in its varied articles everything we could wish, to help both children and parents. Many of the subjects are treated in a masterly manner, and the interest is thoroughly sustained. Happy the rising age in our day, who are so admirably provided for, and among all the efforts to serve them the SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES deserves to have a chief place. We hope that half a million of it will be kept in circulation.

Bunyan Library. Vol. I. Wayland's Principles and Practices of Baptist Churches. Edited by JOHN HOWARD HINTON, M.A. London: J. Heston and Son, 21, Warwick-lane.

THE Bunyan Library is now fairly launched,

and we augur for it general acceptance and extended success. Dr. Wayland's work is the right one to take the lead in this series of publications. It contains a comprehensive and clear view of everything of importance, both in regard to the principles and practices of Baptist churches, and cannot fail to be a standard work on these subjects. But as the work was American, it refers of course mainly to American Baptist Churches. To render it more adapted to this country, it is edited by Mr. Hinton, who gives an invaluable introduction of 26 pages. We think it still requires some supplementary chapters or notes to make it all that is desirable for British readers. But, as it is, it is worth several times the amount of the price at which it is published, and ought at once to find its place in every Baptist family, and church, and school library in the kingdom. The printing, paper, and binding are so satisfactory as to leave nothing to be desired. We shall look eagerly for the

appearance of the succeeding volumes of the "Bunyan Library."

Up-hill Work. By Mrs. CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR. London: Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster-row.

THE writer of this handsomely got-up book has done much for the instruction and profitable entertainment of the fire-side groups of our English homes. Her excellent "Women of Scripture," "Moral Heroism," "Morning Dew Drops," &c., &c., have had a wide circulation, and few mothers' libraries are without them. The present work will certainly not diminish the fair writer's popularity. Both the theme and mode of treating it will be sure to make the book a favourite. "Up-hill Work" is the tracing out of the persevering struggles of a fatherless youth, who, under the devoted and loving care of an excellent aunt, works his way against both trials and difficulties, and obtains at length a most complete and deserved success. A variety of characters are effectually introduced, and the whole is interwoven with a

reference to the career of many great men, who triumphed by steady perseverance, and attained distinguished celebrity. We think all youthful readers will most eagerly peruse the scenes so graphically described, and with these there is the constant presence of Bible truth and Bible influence. We say success to "Up-hill Work." The volume is illustrated with telling and well-executed engravings.

The Good Child's Gift Book, Containing Interesting Poetry, Striking Anecdotes, and Useful Counsels. By Rev. JAMES BURNS, D.D. London: Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster-row.

It is impossible to have too many good books for children—the demand must be immense—The author of this last claimant to public favour is well known by his "Youthful Piety," and sundry other works for the young. We are much mistaken if this beautifully got-up book has not a larger circulation than any of the author's works for juvenile readers. It is adorned with a handsome frontispiece and numerous wood illustrations.

POETRY.

THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

"A saint was once dying, and another, who sat by him, said—"Farewell, brother, I shall never see you again in the land of the living." "Oh," said the dying man, "I shall see you again in the land of the living that is up yonder, where I am going; this is the land of the dying."—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

ONE day a believer lay dying,
Awaiting his call to the skies,
Beside him a fellow-disciple
Was watching with tear-moistened eyes;
And he said, as he clasped with emotion
The hand so enfeebled by pain—
"Farewell! in the land of the living
I never shall see you again."

"Nay, brother," the dying one whispered,
"I trust that, through infinite grace,
We may meet in the land of the living,
And find there a permanent place;
This world is the land of the dying,
'Tis the land of the living above—
I am going to dwell in its glory,
And sing our Redeemer's great love."

Yes, this is the land of the dying—
The hopes that we cherish decay;
The bright blossoms around us unfolding
Must die ere the year pass away;
And earth's children each moment are dying,
Enfilling the sentence so just,
Proclaimed by Jehovah to Adam—
"Thy dust shall return unto dust."

When, in the fair garden of Eden,
The serpent, with poisonous breath,
Tempted Eve and her husband to ruin,
Sin entered, and by it came death.
For sin soul and body are sentenced
To eternal death—terrible doom!
But from this all believers in Jesus
Are freed, since he died in their room.

In heaven, the land of the living,
Sin, sorrow, and death are unknown;
There the water of life, clear as crystal,
Proceeds in a stream from the throne.
And there, on each side of the river,
The tree of life spreadeth its roots;
No longer a sword flames before it,
But all may partake of its fruits.

God's saints from out every union
In the land of the living shall meet—
A multitude no man can number,
Their happiness rich and complete.
They with Jesus, their living Redeemer,
For ever and ever shall reign,
And sing to the praise of his glory
Who once was on Calvary slain!

THEODORA.

CHRIST, PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME.

COME, my soul, look up and see
What thy Saviour's done for thee—
Wash'd thee in his precious blood;
Made thy lasting peace with God.

And, my soul, look up and see
What thy Lord's still doing for thee—
At his Father's throne he pleads,
As thy priest, his righteous deeds.

Still, my soul, look up and see
What he yet will do for thee—
Come and wipe thy tears again;
Take thee on his throne to reign!

Oh! how grateful thou should'st be
For his boundless love to thee!
Shout aloud his worthy praise
Through thy few remaining days.

Windsor.

S. LILLYCROP.

THE BAPTIST ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS.

THE weather during the two weeks devoted to the anniversaries of our denominational societies was finer than had been experienced in several former years, and its influence upon the several assemblies was highly beneficial. It will be marked with thankfulness by our readers that while there is still much room for progress, each institution is in a healthy and growing condition.

THE SOCIETY FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The meeting of this chief of the Baptist societies, held at Exeter Hall, was quite as well attended as usual. The great platform was crowded with the leading supporters of the society, gathered from all parts of the country, and the body of the hall was well filled by a most respectable company. The chair was occupied by Sir Morton Peto, M.P., the treasurer, who stated that the income for the year was £32,984, the expenses for the same period being less by the sum of £3,299. The general receipts were larger than in any previous year; but there were still over a hundred Baptist churches which did not subscribe at all. Sir Morton alluded to the forcible suppression by the Spanish Government of the mission at Fernando Po, and recounted the steps which had been taken to prevail upon the Spanish authorities to grant some compensation to the society on account of the expulsion of their missionaries and the loss of mission property. A letter had been received by the committee from the Foreign-office, in which Lord John Russell stated that a despatch had been received from her Majesty's minister at Madrid, stating that the Spanish Government had agreed to pay the sum of £1,500 to the society as a final settlement of their claims on account of their expulsion from Fernando Po in 1858. Mr. E. B. Underhill read the report, which stated that in both the East and West Indies large additions had been made to the membership of the churches during the year. In Jamaica the missionary communities have 20,000 members, and 2,000 candidates for membership at the present time. The coloured people contribute £8,000 a-year for the support of their religious institutions, being 8s. 2½d. a-head for all the members. In British India the progress had been very remarkable, hundreds of converts having been made from heathenism by the Baptist missionaries alone. In the city of Delhi, the report says, "the work continues in all its strength. More than a hundred adult persons have been baptized professing their faith in Christ,

during the year. The converts there since the mutiny now number 250, and are organized into churches. Two native chapels have been erected and opened, and a third is in progress." From several of the other large cities similar results are reported. The Rev. R. Roberts, a deputation from the Wesleyan Missionary Society, moved the first resolution, acknowledging the goodness of God in the success of the society, and expressing sympathy with the sufferers from the famine in Northern India. The Rev. E. C. Page, from Madras, related facts and incidents connected with the missionary work in which he had been engaged among the Anglo-Indians. The Rev. J. Sale, late of Calcutta, gave some interesting details in connection with his ministry in that city and neighbourhood; and told of the cruelties practised by many of the indigo planters towards the peasants, so-called "ryots." He believed the report of the commission appointed to inquire into the subject would do much towards securing for the poor man in India those rights of which he had been long deprived. The Rev. H. Wilkinson, from Orissa, followed, in a long and interesting address, illustrative of the modes of thinking, and manners, and customs, and real moral condition of the Hindoos, and of the peculiar difficulties which Christian missionaries had to encounter, and was succeeded by the Rev. Paxton Hood, who delivered a fervid and eloquent speech on the general subject of missions. The meeting was briefer than usual, but thoroughly interesting.

THE MISSION TO CHINA.

The mission to China being supported by a separate fund, though a part of the operations of the Baptist Missionary Society, a special meeting was held to advocate the claims of China upon our Christian compassion. It took place at John-street Chapel, Bedford-row. In the absence of Mr. J. C. Marshman, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel took the chair. Mr. E. B. Underhill explained that £2,000 had been collected to begin the present mission, and two mission-

aries had been sent out. During the past year £400 had been added to the fund specially created for the prosecution of the undertaking, and the treasurer had now in hand £1,300; but much more than this was wanted to carry out the purpose of the committee, which was the moderate one of adding six missionaries to the two already engaged. The chairman, in the course of a long speech, set forth the great and peculiar claims of China upon the sympathy and prayers of the Christian churches of England, and contended that the opening of the Chinese Empire by the allied armies was a manifest call in Providence for them to use their utmost endeavours to give the Gospel to the people. Every idol in Nankin had been destroyed, and the rebels were anxious for the presence of European missionaries. It was computed that the number of genuine converts to Christianity in China was not less than 1,200. With the blessing of God upon missionary efforts, there was no reason why all China should not become Christian. The Rev. S. Manning, of Frome, moved a resolution expressive of "pleasure and gratitude" on account of the opening of the Chinese Empire to European and Christian influences, and set forth the great responsibility which the fact involved. The Rev. J. Taylor, from Ning-po, in seconding the resolution, gave an elaborate sketch of missionary work in China, and told of the treatment which he and a colleague had received while engaged in distributing a portion of the million New Testaments, subscribed for by the British public a few years ago at the instance of the late Rev. J. A. James—at Tsungming. They were at first looked upon as belonging to the rebels, and very roughly used, but as soon as the mandarins discovered that they were Europeans they were treated with respect, and allowed to circulate the Testaments and preach to the people. The population of China was at least 400 millions of people. One out of every three persons on the face of the earth was a Chinese. He could testify that the people were easily accessible to the Gospel, and now there existed no hindrance whatever to its propagation. The Rev. W. Landels, in an eloquent speech, moved a resolution approving of the acts and designs of the committee, and said it would be a disgrace to the Baptist denomination, if they did not at once provide the funds necessary for the six additional missionaries. One pound

from each church per year would produce the amount required; namely, £2,000; and that would be about 1d. a-year from each member. The Rev. G. W. Lewis seconded the resolution. The Rev. J. H. Hinton said he was for religious liberty in China as well as in Europe, and therefore he could not regard with pleasure the destruction of the idols at Nankin, before the people were convinced of the error of idol worship.

THE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The meeting was held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mr. Frank Crossley, M.P., in the chair. There was a very numerous attendance. The Rev. S. J. Davis read the report, which stated that the society had now 91 stations and 3,945 members. There are 101 Sunday-schools, 1,018 teachers, and 7,000 scholars. The places of worship will accommodate 27,000, and the number of weekly hearers is from 17,000 to 18,000. The income for the past year was £3,348 19s.; the expenditure, £3,294 15s. 1d.; and the balance in hand, £54 3s. 11d. The chairman said he rejoiced in the success which had attended the labours of the society, and hoped it would be increasingly prosperous in time to come. The Rev. F. Tucker described at length the good effects that had followed the home missionary efforts in London in connection with theatres and other places, and then proceeded with a racy speech on the general aspect of the times. The Rev. Arthur Mursell, of Manchester, made his first appearance upon a London platform, and delivered an able and captivating speech. He especially urged upon his hearers, each one to rise and take some part in the work of evangelization—

Rise, for the day is passing, and you lie dreaming
 on;
 Your brothers have buckled their armour, and
 forth to the fight have gone;
 A place in the ranks awaits you; each man has
 some part to play,
 The past and the future are nothing in the face
 of the stern to-day.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon urged the claims of the society for "new men, new money, and new measures" in order to make it what it ought to be, and place it in that position in the denomination to which it was entitled. He suggested that an effort should be made to double the receipts before the meeting next year. The present income was unworthy of the Baptist churches. The Rev. J. G. Whitehead, from Durham, was also a speaker at the meeting.

THE IRISH SOCIETY.

The meeting of this society was also held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle; Mr. Richard Harria presided. Upwards of 2,000 persons were present. The report stated that the spiritual good resulting from the labours of the society had been much greater in the past than in previous years, and its future prospects were highly encouraging. New chapels had been built and churches established in various districts in the north of Ireland; some of these were to a great extent self-supporting. The general income for the past year was £2,224, the expenditure, £2,166; the balance in hand, £57 9s. 5d. In addition to this, £602 had been contributed to a special service fund recently established: £552 of this had been expended, and £49 remained in hand. The chairman said he had visited Ireland, and testified to the greatly-increased life and energy which were being developed among the Baptist churches there. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. E. Millard, F. Edwards, of Leeds, Arthur Mursell, and C. H. Spurgeon. The committees of the Home Mission and of the Irish Mission did very wisely when they arranged for the annual gathering of their friends to take place at the new Tabernacle. The change from Finsbury Chapel to Kingsgate, a few years ago, proved beneficial, and it may be hoped that this migration to the Surrey side of the Thames will result in widening the operations of both the missions to a very large extent. It was decidedly a novelty to find *thousands* of people attending the anniversaries of the Baptist Home and Irish Societies, and it may be hoped that the collections were proportionately ample.

THE BAPTIST UNION.

The annual session of this body was held in the library of the Mission House. The Rev. A. Wiberg, of Stockholm, delivered an introductory address, explanatory of the revival of religion in Sweden. He said that the visits paid by the Revs. Dr. Steane and J. H. Hinton to that country in 1868, had been the means of opening the eyes of men high in authority, and of society generally, to the true character of the denomination. They had also been the means of abating a great deal of persecution. The history of the Baptists in Sweden went back but a very few years. About twenty Baptist chapels had been erected in the last five

years, and about thirty colporteurs or local preachers were employed in evangelical labours in the different villages and provinces of the kingdom. There were altogether at the present time about 120 Baptist churches in Sweden, and upwards of 5,000 persons had been added to their communion within the last six years. He had come to this country for the purpose of interesting British Christians in the effort to build a Baptist Chapel in Stockholm, and he was happy to say he had collected £850 towards that object. Dr. Ackworth then took the chair, and after a brief conference on the revival of religion, the annual report was read by the Rev. J. H. Hinton. It showed that recently a greater average increase had been made to the churches than at any previous period. According to the last triennial returns from 1,222 Baptist churches in the United Kingdom, 858 of those churches had increased the number of their communicants by about 14,000, or an average of sixteen members for each during the year. This increase was due in a great part to the revival in the Welsh churches. Some hours were then devoted to a not very profitable discussion respecting the anti-slavery sentiments of Dr. Stow, of America, a corresponding member of the union. It was proposed by certain of the brethren to dispense with Dr. Stow's services. This was not agreed to, but the Rev. A. L. Post was elected to be an additional corresponding member. An able address to the American churches was then read on the slavery question by the Rev. C. Stovel. It called on the Abolitionists to persevere in agitating and making slavery disgraceful, but firmly to promote peace. The subsequent business consisted in the passing of resolutions on Church-rates, and the Burial of Dissenters' Bill.

THE BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY.

The meeting was held in Kingsgate Chapel. The Rev. Dr. Ackworth presided. He said that the receipts for the year were not more than £3,000. The report stated that the society had received since its commencement, 21 years ago, £41,910. 10s. 7d., and had circulated 224,500 copies of the Scriptures in the various languages of India. The Rev. John Wenger, of Calcutta, stated that three editions had been published of the entire Bible in Bengalee. The Revs. R. E. Follen, J. Carey, J. Smith, and other gentlemen addressed the meeting.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

ASSOCIATION SERVICES.

HEREFORDSHIRE ASSOCIATION.—At Longtown, on Wednesday, April 24th, were held the services of the second Herefordshire Quarterly Meeting, when the Revs. E. Edwards, C. Burleigh, and J. M. Camp preached. At the conference, the Rev. T. Williams presiding, it was moved by Mr. J. Jacob, and seconded by Mr. W. Pritchard, "That the next meeting be held at Peterchurch, on 21st May;" when it is proposed to form the contemplated Herefordshire Baptist Association, the pastors and delegates of the county and adjacent churches to be specially requested to attend.

MONMOUTHSHIRE ENGLISH BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The annual meetings of this association were held at Zion Chapel, Ebbw Vale, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 16th and 17th of April. The attendance at all the services was considerably larger, we are informed, than at any previous association. On Tuesday evening the first meeting was held, when the Rev. Thomas Jones, of Chepstow, read the Scriptures and prayed, and the Revs. E. Edwards, Llanfangel Crucorney, and S. B. Young, Abergavenny, preached. At seven on Wednesday morning a prayer meeting was held, which was well attended. The conference, composed of the ministers and messengers of the associated churches, assembled at nine. Prayer was offered by the treasurer, Henry Phillips, Esq., of Newport. The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. The clear increase, in the churches, which have already furnished returns, has been 79—thus giving an average of rather over six per church for the year. At 11 a.m., Rev. G. Howells introduced the service, and sermons were delivered by Revs. Stephen Price and Dr. Thomas. At 2.30, Rev. Thomas Roberts read and prayed, and Revs. G. Howells and T. E. Evans (who was appointed to deliver the annual sermon) preached. At half-past six, a missionary meeting was held at Brynhyrd (Welsh) Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion. The proceedings were of a highly interesting character; the Rev. — Hodges, who was for sixteen years a missionary, at Jamaica; the Rev. Thompson Hesk (Wesleyan), John Phillips, Esq., and other gentlemen took part in the proceedings. The next half-yearly meeting will be held in November, at Lion-street Chapel, Abergavenny.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

GLIMSPOD.—Mr. G. Pang, late of Wormingford, Essex, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Old Baptist Church at the above place to supply the pulpit for twelve months.

SOUTHSEA.—The Rev. J. B. Brasted has resigned his co-pastorship at Ebenezer Chapel, Southsea, having succeeded the Rev. T. Davies to the pastoral charge at Andover.

WALTON, SUFFOLK.—The Rev. J. E. Perrin has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church here. After June Mr. Perrio's address will be 3, Langham-place, Kingsthorpe-road, Northampton.

GLANFACHRETH, ANGLESEA.—The Rev. J. Jenkins having resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Pwllheli, Carnarvonshire, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church at this place, and commenced his labours there on the last Sabbath in April.

SOUTHPORT.—Friends in connection with the Baptist denomination in Southport—a rising watering-place in Lancashire have, for nearly twelve months, worshipped in the Town Hall. The Rev. A. M. Stalker, having completed the term of his engagement with the church at Gircester, and having declined their request to continue his ministry among them, has accepted an invitation to become the minister of the congregation of Southport.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

SUNDERLAND.—The Rev. Dr. Bannister, of Berwick, having accepted the unanimous call of the first Baptist church to become their pastor, a social tea meeting was held in the assembly-hall on Tuesday evening, April 30, to welcome him to his new sphere of labour. The attendance was large, including ministers and friends connected with almost every denomination in the town. After tea, the meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Parkes, of Monkwearmouth; John Halcro, Esq., was called to the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. A. A. Rees (Baptist), G. C. Maitland (Independent), John Hills, Esq., Revs. J. Parker (United Presbyterian), W. Lauce (Baptist), of Newcastle; F. E. Fuller (Baptist), of Melksham; J. Geikie (Independent), Dr. Bannister, John Andrews, Esq., of Leeds; Rev. H. August (United Presbyterian), and the Rev. Simpson Hodgson. The various speakers cordially welcomed the new pastor, and congratulated the church in Sans-street on their present prosperity and prospects. Mr. Wardropper, one of the deacons, narrated the circumstances which led to the call; and we are gratified to learn that since the Doctor's settlement the congregations have more than doubled; and, if the present demand for seats continue, an enlargement of the chapel will soon become necessary.

PENTYHOE, BERKSHIRE.—Interesting services in connection with the ordination of the Rev. E. Lloyd, of Hay, were held at the above-named place on April 30 and May 1. On the first-named day the Revs. G. Cousins and G. Phillips, Evesjobb, preached two excellent sermons. On the following morning at ten, the Rev. E. Price, Crickhowell, read and prayed, and Rev. F. Wiles, of Hay, preached on the nature of a Gospel church, after which the usual questions were asked by the Rev. G. Cousins, and satisfactorily answered by Mr. Lloyd, who gave a brief outline of his life, conversion, and call to the ministry. Afterwards the Rev. E. Price gave the charge in a very able manner, and the Rev. F. Wiles offered the ordination prayer, which terminated the morning service, when the ministers and friends partook of a cold collation, provided by the members of the church. The afternoon service was conducted by the Revs. F. Wiles and Mr. Hughes, of Hay. At six Mr. Hughes read and prayed, and the Rev. G. Phillips preached to the church; the Rev. G. Cousins preached to the congregation from the words, "Ye must be born again," and from the attention paid we believe it will not be lost, but that much good will result.

FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The friends and supporters of the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon having engaged the Carlton-rooms for the purposes of Divine worship, the opening services were held on the 1st

of May, when the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, preached in the afternoon at Above Bar Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion), and pointed out the doctrines to be held and promulgated by the new church and its pastor. A public tea was held at the Carlton-rooms at five o'clock, when more than 900 persons were present. A public meeting was held in the evening, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon in the chair. Mr. Beeston, formerly a deacon of Portland Chapel, presented to Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon, on behalf of the subscribers to the testimonial, a 70 guinea piano-forte, music stool, and Canterbury, as a token of their affection and esteem, both to herself personally, and to her husband, their beloved pastor. The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, in reply, thanked the friends for their great kindness and liberality, and said that he argued from that proof of their warm attachment that he had the prospect of a smoother course before him in the future than he had been allowed to traverse in the past. On Thursday morning, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon presided at a meeting, when the church was formed in the usual way, to be a Particular Baptist church, strict in fellowship, but holding open communion, with pastor, elders, and deacons to manage its spiritual and secular affairs. The new church will commence with more than 100 members, and, our correspondent states, "has every prospect of acquiring, before long, a leading and influential position."

LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

PRENDERGAST ENGLISH BAPTIST CHAPEL, NEAR HAVERFORDWEST.—The friends of the Baptist denomination in the above place have long since been accustomed to worship God in a small room, which has become far too small to accommodate the large and increasing numbers that attend. They have at length, by their exertions, and the co-operation of a few noble friends, succeeded in commencing a new and commodious place of worship, the foundation of which was laid on the evening of Friday, May 10th. The ceremony was performed by Mrs. Rees, of Haverfordwest, in the presence of a large congregation, and also the children of the Sunday-school, who marched to the ground under the conduct of their superintendent, Mr. John Morgan, through whose instrumentality the school was organized, and to whose zeal and devotedness it owes its present flourishing condition. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Thomas Davies and the Rev. Thomas Burditt, after which the choir sang an anthem in excellent style.

OPENING SERVICES.

THETFORD, NORFOLK.—At the commencement of the year 1859, a Baptist church was formed in this town, since which time the people have met for worship in a hired room, with many tokens of God's favour and blessing. After several ineffectual attempts to obtain an eligible site on which to build a chapel, they have purchased a freehold property, comprising a house and shop, situated in the principal street of the town. The shop has been fitted up as a temporary place of worship till funds can be obtained for the erection of a chapel. It was opened for worship on Sunday, April 28th, when sermons were preached, morning and afternoon, by the Rev. C. Eiven, of Bury St. Edmunds; and in the evening by the Rev. J. Barrett, of Bardwell. The place was densely crowded, liberal collections were made

BURLINGTON CHAPEL, IPSWICH.—The church and congregation assembling for some time past in the Temperance-hall, under the able pastorate of the Rev. John Cox, opened this very neat and comfortable place of worship on Wednesday, April 10th. The Rev. John Aldis, of Reading, preached in the morning, from "Seeing then that we have such hope, we use great plainness of speech," in which he unfolded the glorious truths of the good old Gospel. A cold collation and tea followed in the Temperance-hall, which was attended by the various ministers, the mayor, and several influential gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood. In the evening, a devotional service was held in Tacket-street Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion, presided over by Wilbraham Taylor, Esq. when addresses were delivered by the Rev. W. Leask, D.D., Rev. John Cox, and the Rev. John Aldis. The concluding service was held on the following evening, when a masterly and instructive sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Leask. The cost of the building, including lecture-room, school-room, vestry, and fittings, amounted to £1,515. The receipts towards the building are £1,025, and £100 promised. It has a neat platform instead of a pulpit, and sitting accommodation for about 500. All the expenses connected with the worship of God in this place—the ministry of the Word—incidentals, &c., are all defrayed by voluntary contributions, instead of pew rents. It is hoped, with the assistance of their friends, this self-denying people will see their little remaining debt speedily cleared off.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

MADELEY, SALOP.—On Lord's day, April 28th, the Rev. W. Jackson, of Bilston, preached in the Baptist chapel, Madeley, on behalf of the chapel debt, when times of refreshing were enjoyed from the presence of the Lord, and good collections were made.

STONY STRATFORD.—Services to celebrate the enlargement of the Baptist chapel were held on Sunday, April 21, and the following Tuesday. The preachers were Mr. E. Vernon, of Towcester, and the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, of Southampton. There was a large attendance, and good collections.

UXBRIDGE.—On Thursday, April the 18th, the anniversary of the Baptist church took place. The Rev. Henry Allen, of Islington, delivered an excellent discourse in the afternoon; the Rev. C. Graham, in the evening, preached an able sermon from Isa. xxxii. 2, 3. Collections were made towards the extinction of the building debt. A public tea-meeting was held in the school-room, which was tastefully decorated. A large number of ministers and friends were present.

PONTESBURY, SALOP.—Special services were held at the Baptist chapel, on Sunday and Monday, April 28 and 29, to remove the debt from the burial ground. On the Sabbath the Rev. T. Skemp, of Dawley Bank, preached three sermons. On the Monday a sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Jackson, of Bilston; after which about 200 friends sat down to tea. The public meeting in the evening was addressed by the Rev. J. Dore, T. Skemp, W. Jackson, and other friends. The sum of £14 was realized by the services.

CAMDEN-ROAD, LONDON.—The debt on this place of worship has been entirely removed by a vigorous effort of the church and congregation

during the past year. The final meeting for this purpose was held on the 30th ult., when Sir Morton Peto presided, and the Revs. E. White, W. Landels, and A. J. Morris, and Joseph Payne, Esq., gave stirring addresses. This effort originated in a generous effort by Mr. Cartwright to give one-tenth of the whole amount if the remainder was raised within twelve months. So successful had the several plans adopted proved, that of the entire debt of £2,339 there remained but £218 to raise at this meeting. After a resolution pledging the meeting to effect this, the subscription papers were collected and found to contain promises of nearly £200; the remaining sum was readily made up by a few friends.

WARWICK.—Services were held on Sunday, April 21, at the Baptist chapel, Warwick, to complete and celebrate the liquidation of the expenses incurred in the restoration of that place of worship," the sermon in the morning being preached by the Rev. E. W. Dale, M.A., and that in the evening by the Rev. J. Jenkyn Brown. —On the following Monday evening, a public meeting was held in the chapel, and the chair was taken by R. Slack, Esq., M.D., of Leamington. Prayer was first offered by the Rev. G. J. Allen. The Revs. T. A. Binns, and W. A. Salter, of Leamington, J. H. Hopkins, Esq., of Birmingham, the Revs. J. W. Percy, J. J. Brown, of Birmingham, and R. P. Macmaster, of Coventry, then addressed the meeting; and the collection having been made, Mr. Binns announced that the sum slightly exceeded the amount of the remaining debt, which had therefore become extinct. The Rev. A. Burdett offered prayer, and the meeting was closed by singing the doxology.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, CROWBOROUGH.—The pastor and deacons at the above place are thankful for help already received towards the required sum, £115. The people have done their utmost, but still £70 more is wanted. To those who can help, we recommend this case; 6 stamps or any sum will be thankfully received by Mr. I. Saxby, pastor, Chapel Cottage, Withyham, Sussex.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Upon the retirement of Mr. Pottenger, the Rev. William Walters, formerly of Halifax, was chosen pastor of the church meeting in Berwick-street Chapel, and entered upon his labours in the summer of last year. In Newcastle, as elsewhere, there has been evinced of late an increasing anxiety about spiritual things, and this church among others has experienced a large addition to its numbers. Since November 1st, 1850, there have been received by baptism, 44; by restoration, 5; and from other churches, 10; making a total increase of 59.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

RINGWOOD, HANTS.—The Rev. W. Frith, pastor of the Baptist church at Saxmundham, will preach at the above place on the 2nd and 3rd Lord's-days in June.

SAXMUNDHAM.—The Rev. W. Stokes, editor of the *Primitive Church Magazine*, will preach in the Baptist Chapel on Tuesday, the 2nd of July. Services afternoon and evening. Tea provided; tickets 6d. each.

MONKSTHORPE, LINCOLNSHIRE.—The anniversary of the above place will be held (D.V.) on Wednesday, June 12th, when Mr. W. Crowther, of Leeds, will preach at two o'clock, and Mr. J.

Foreman, of London, at six. Tea will be provided.

BURGH, LINCOLNSHIRE.—The anniversary will be held (D.V.) on Thursday, June 13th, when Mr. J. Foreman, of London, will preach at two o'clock, and Mr. W. Crowther, of Leeds, at six. Tea will be provided.

BLUNHAM, BEDS.—OLD MEETING.—The Rev. J. Pells, of London, will preach two sermons, afternoon and evening, on Monday, June 17th. Collections for the repairs due to the minister's house. A public tea-meeting between the services.

SREER GREEN BAPTIST CHAPEL, BUCKS.—The anniversary will be held (D.V.) on Tuesday, June 11th; the Rev. E. Beasley, of London, will preach in the afternoon. A public meeting in the evening. Addresses will be delivered by the Revs. J. Price, E. Beasley, and other ministers. Tea provided at 6d. each.

BAPTISMS.

BARDWELL, Suffolk, March 3—Two by Mr. Barrett. Both teachers in the Sabbath-school.

BARKING, Queen's-road, April 21—One by Mr. Woodward, of Ilford.

BATH, Widcombe Chapel, May 5—Twenty-one in the river Avon by Mr. J. Huntley. Several of the above from the Sabbath-school; two sons of our esteemed deacons, one of whom has been for twenty years praying for the conversion of his children, and this is the first token that the Lord will hear and answer.

BATTLE, Sussex, May 2—Three by Mr. C. C. Brown. Others are inquiring after Christ.

BEDFORD, March 31—Eleven; April 28, Seven; May 9, One, by Mr. Killon.

BLUNHAM, Beds, Old Meeting, March 3—One, a teacher in the school; May 5, Two, by Mr. Abbott. God's Spirit is working in the souls of many amongst us.

BOVRY TRACY, Devon, May 5—Two by Mr. J. Keller.

BRIDGEND, Glamorganshire, Hope Chapel, March 31—Two by Mr. J. Cole.

BRIKHAM, Devon, May 19—Twelve (nine males and three females) by Mr. M. Saunders.

BRYNMAWR, English Baptists, May 5—One by Mr. J. Reeves.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, April 7—Nineteen by Mr. Barrett for the Rev. C. Sten.

CANTON, Hope Chapel, April 3—Four by Mr. J. Bailey.

CARDIFF, May 1, at Bethany Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion)—Fifteen by Mr. Tilly. This is the first baptism in connection with the new cause just commenced at Tredegarville in the above town.

CHEFNMAWR, Denbighshire, March 17—Three; April 21, Three, by Mr. A. J. Parry.

CHELTSNHAM, Cambray Chapel, March 24—Eleven by Mr. Smith.

CLARE, Suffolk, March 24—Five by Mr. D. Wilson.

COLERAINE, Ireland, April 14—Two; 18, One; 25, Three; May 5, Three by Mr. T. W. Medhurst. During the past month two vestries and a platform, instead of the pulpit, have been erected. Our subscriptions in behalf of the Baptist Irish Society realized £13 4s. 6d. Mr. Medhurst also collected from Londonderry £9 2s. 6d., and from Newtownlimavady, £1.

CUPAR, Fife, May 15—Five by Mr. D. B. Joseph.

DUBLIN, Abbey-street, April 11—One; May 9, Three by Mr. W. L. Giles.

EVENJOEB, Radnorshire, May 5—Seventeen by Mr. G. Phillips.

GLADSTREY, Radnorshire, March 24—Three (one had been a member of the Calvinistic Methodists), by Mr. G. Phillips.

GREAT BRICKHILL, Bucks, May 5—Five by Mr. W. Gibberd.

GREENWICH, May 2—Eleven, by Mr. Davies, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

GRETTON, Northamptonshire, April 30—Five by Mr. W. Hardwick. During the past winter we have had a gracious revival in our midst.

HADDENHAM, Cambs, May 7—Eleven by Mr. T. A. Williams; at our preaching station, Thetford, after an address by the Rev. J. Dring.

HANLEY, Staffordshire, May 1—Eleven by Mr. Johnson.

HULL, George-street—Ten by Mr. J. O'Dell; several from the Sabbath-school. Many more are inquiring after Jesus.

IPSWICH, Turret Green, April 4—Three by Mr. Morris.

KENSINGTON, Horton-street, Feb. 24—Six by Mr. Bird; one of these a young disciple, being only nine years of age. Since the commencement of this church, but little more than two years ago, over one hundred members have been received into its communion.

KETTERING, April 4—Four by Mr. Mursell.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, April 24—Seven by Mr. M. Bayley. Others are asking what they must do to be saved.

KNIGHTON, Radnorshire, April 7—Three in the river Tean (in the presence of a large concourse of spectators), by Mr. G. Phillips, of Fvejobb and Gladestry.

LAXFIELD, Suffolk, May 12—Four by Mr. R. B. Sears.

LEAVALLEY, Carmarthenshire, April 7—Two by Mr. J. R. Morgan.

LONDON, Metropolitan Tabernacle, April 25—Seventeen; May 6, Thirteen; May 9, Seventeen; May 16, Sixteen; May 23, Twenty by Mr. Spurgeon.

—Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, March 31—Five; April 29, Four by Mr. Peila.

LONG CRENDON, Bucks, April 7—Six by Mr. Williams.

LOWESTOFT, London-road, March 5—Seventeen; March 31, Twenty-two; April 24, Fourteen by Mr. J. E. Dovey, Fifteen others are waiting for the ordinance.

MILL END, Hertfordshire, March 24—Six by Mr. Hardin, after a sermon by Mr. Wood.

NEWASK, April 21—Four by Mr. Bayley.

NEWTON, St. Petrock, Devon, May 13—Three, in answer, by Mr. G. B. Maynard.

OXFORD, Hunts—Two by Mr. Morris.

OSWESTRY, Willow-street, April 24—Three by Mr. A. J. Parry.

PENYBORN, Breconshire, May 12—Nine by Mr. R. Lloyd. The first fruits of the newly-elected pastor.

PORTADOWN, Ireland, March 29—Two; April 7, One; April 14, One; April 21, One; April 28, One, by Mr. Charles Morgan.

PRESTON, Pale-street, April 28—Nine by Mr. Welch. One was an aged sister, about seventy years of age. She had been connected with the Independents nearly fifty years.

SALWOOD, Great George-street, March 24—Four; April 28, seven, by Mr. S. B. Brown, M.A.

SAXMUNDHAM, Suffolk, Oct. 2—Two; Nov., Two; Feb., One; April, One, by Mr. W. Fritch. [The account of the meeting too old for insertion.]

SERR-GREEN, Bucks, April 14—Eleven by Mr.

Spratley. Four were from the Sabbath-school; one a teacher. Others are on the way.

SHOTLEY-BRIDGE, May 14—Nine by Mr. Whitehead. [Our esteemed correspondent adds:—I am glad to say the MESSENGER has become a great favourite among my congregation. Its circulation has much increased. The good work of the Lord is going forward in our midst. We have many inquiring.]

STONY STRATFORD, April 7—Two by Mr. E. L. Forster.

STRADBROOK, Suffolk, May 12—Nine by Mr. Webb.

STUDLEY, Warwickshire, May 19—Two by Mr. T. James, pastor of the Baptist church in this place.

SUTTON-AT-HOME, Kent—Two by Mr. John Neville; one from the Sunday-school. Others are expected shortly.

TRETPOD, Norfolk, April 14—Seven; May 12, Six, by Mr. Olding.

TORRINGTON, May 5—Six by the Rev. W. Jaffery. The candidates were remarkable instances of the power of sovereign grace, and much interest was awakened by their public confession of Christ.

ULEY, Gloucestershire, May 19—Eight by Mr. A. J. Ashworth.

WILLENHALL, Staffordshire, May 19—One by Mr. F. Pearce.

WINDSOR, Victoria Chapel, April 21—Four by Mr. Lillycrop; three from the Sabbath-school. Others are expected.

DEATH.

REV. J. SIMMONS, M.A.—It is our mournful duty to record the decease of the Rev. J. Simmons, M.A., late pastor of the Baptist church, Olney, Bucks. He expired at his residence, Dartmouth, Devon, at ten minutes after one, on Saturday last, after a long and painful illness, aged seventy. His ministerial career extended over a period of half a century. Nearly forty years of this period were spent in the pastorate of the Baptist church at Olney, among an influential, devoted, and happy people. As a preacher his popularity never waned, being always characterised by the great attributes of Evangelism, Eruition, Eloquence, Intellectual Energy, and spiritual Earnestness. To the Rev. J. Simmons, then minister of Charles-street, Leicester, the immortal Robert Hall, in the days of his glory, paid the highest tribute of admiration, by declaring that if he should ever require a co-pastor his choice would rest upon him. As a Christian he eminently blended in his character the harmlessness of the dove and the wisdom of the serpent. As a classical scholar his attainments were of the highest order. As a philosophical lecturer he will be long remembered by the Leicester literati, and as a poet his works have only to be published to establish his permanent fame. Extensively known and universally admired and loved, through half a century, his soul has gone to that glorious rest to which he had led so many by his ministry, leaving a family, a church, and a large circle of friends, in all denominations, to mourn his departure.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. COLA (Brigid).—The article entitled "A Call to be Ready for the Coming of the Son of Man" is in type, and will appear in our next number. The great pressure on our space, owing to the reports of anniversary meetings, &c., obliges us to omit it in our present issue.

A CAUTION FOR SIN-SICK SOULS.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"When Ephraim saw his sickness, and Judah saw his wound, then went Ephraim to the Assyrian, and sent to King Jareb, yet could he not heal you, nor cure you of your wound."—Hosea v. 13.

THERE is a tendency in the heart of man to want something to look at rather than something to trust to. The children of Israel had God for their King, and a glorious King he was. Where else was there found such justice, such compassion for the poor, such righteousness in every act? But they said "Nay, let us have a king whom we can see—a king whose pomp and magnificence shall dazzle our eyes, though he take our sons to be his bondslaves, and our daughters to be his confectionaries. Let us have a king, that we may see him with our eyes, and hear his mandate with our ears." God granted them that request. Still their allegiance was due to that Almighty King whom they could not see. The Lord Jehovah was the God of Israel—a God ever ready to forgive their sins, to hear their prayers, and grant their requests. But the children of Israel said, "Not so; let us have a king that our hands can handle, and that our eyes can see. Let us have blocks of wood and stone. Let us have the carved images of the heathen;" neither would they rest till they had set up for themselves in every high place gods that were no gods. For this the Lord chastised them. He gave up their lands to famine, and their habitations to the spoiler. He brought enemies from far countries to lay them waste, so that the state became sick, and the whole nation impoverished. Then the people of Ephraim opened their eyes, and looked to their condition. Then Judah saw himself to be wounded, but what course did he pursue? There was God ready to help him. There was Jehovah ready to heal all his distresses, to give him back all that had been waste, and to restore to him everything that the spoiler had taken. But no! The arm of Jehovah was not enough for Judah; Judah must have an arm that he could see. "Oh!" said the people, "let us send to the king of Assyria, and let him send to us tens of thousands of soldiers, and let him send his mighty men, so we shall be safe. Then will our state recover itself." But if they had trusted in God, my brethren, how safe they would have been! Mark what God did for them in the days of Hezekiah. Their enemies came upon them in great numbers. Hezekiah prayed before the Lord. And it came to pass that night God sent forth the blast of his nostrils, and they were utterly destroyed. When the men of Judah arose early in the morning, behold! they were all dead corpses. As often as they trusted in God they found immediate succour, and their enemies were put to confusion. But not so was their heart stayed in its confidence. No; the unseen arm they cannot rely upon. They must have men, and men's devices. They must have something they can see. They must have the spear, and the sword, and the shield of the Assyrian state, or else they can have no sense of security. "They went to the Assyrian king, they sent to King Jareb, yet could he not heal them, nor cure them of their wound." How foolish they were to hope he would, for as soon as they sent their ambassadors to the king of Assyria, he flattered himself while he spoke to them, "Oh, you want help, do you? I will send you some soldiers to help you." Remember their houses had been stripped of all the gold and silver they contained to give a present to the king of Assyria. "I will send my soldiers to help you;" and then he whispers to himself, "After they have helped you, they shall help themselves." And so they did. After they had come, and for a little while had fought for the people of Israel, and set them free, then they turned

round upon them, and carried them captive, and spoiled them of all they had. This comes of trusting in man. "Cursed is he that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm; but blessed is he who trusteth in the Lord, and whose God the Lord is."

Looking at this fallacy of a nation as illustrative of a common tendency of mankind, and using my text as the picture of a sinner in a certain peculiar state of mental anxiety, I shall observe, first, *the sinner's partial discovery of his lost estate*; secondly, *the wrong means which he takes to be cured of his evil*; and then I shall endeavour to direct you, as God shall enable me, to *the right means of finding healing and deliverance* through the atonement and obedience of our Lord Jesus Christ.

We have in our text somewhat of a picture of the sinner when he has partially discovered his lost estate. Mark, it is but a partial discovery. Ephraim felt his sickness, but he did not know the radical disease that was within. He saw the local ailment, but was ignorant of the organic derangement that played on his vitals. He only perceived the symptoms; he was uneasy, he felt pain; but the discovery did not go deep enough to show him that he was actually dead in trespasses and sins. He saw his sickness, and Judah saw his wound. Yes, he saw his wound; it smarted; and therefore his eye was drawn to the spot. But he did not know how deep it was; he did not know that it had pierced to the heart, that it was, in fact, a death-blow; that the whole head was sick, the whole heart was faint, and from the crown of the head even to the sole of the foot it was all wounds and bruises, and putrefying festering sores. There was but a partial discovery of his lost estate.

How many men there are who have got just so far that they know there is something the matter with them! They do not know that they are totally ruined, but they do feel that it is not all quite right. They are conscious that they are not perfect—not up to their own low standard of right; hence they begin to feel uneasy, though they still seem to think that they can make themselves better, that by degrees of reformation and daily prayer they will become superior to what they are. They have not yet learned the doctrine of the Fall, the deep depravity of mankind, the total perversion of the human heart; they have only got so far as some modern ministers, who speak of man as being a little marred, but not entirely broken; as having had a fall, but having raised himself up; though somewhat damaged, and a little spoiled, as to his outward beauty, not altogether ruined. In fact, the fashionable phrase has been "the *lapsed* state of men." Depend upon it, when men use Latin words to express their meaning, they do not mean much. The fall of man is full and entire; and when people talk in Latin phrases instead of honest English, it shows a tendency they have to diminish their meaning. I know there are some sinners brought so far that they feel themselves undone, and that unless some change takes place they are not fit for the kingdom of heaven. But they have not as yet seen the fountains of the great deep of their depravity; they have not been taken into the chambers of the imagery of the heart, and shown the abominations that are there. They still have some hope. However, I would remark that even this, though it be but a partial discovery of their state by nature, is not without its good effects. When a man gets thus far, the first good sign in him is that he cannot speak against religion. While he is at peace with himself, he calls religious men hypocrites. He can rail at the things of God, and despise and trample them underfoot. But the man who is like Ephraim in our text is very anxious not to find fault with others; his philosopher's tongue has been plucked out, and he is now a little more gentle in his speech, and feels there is something in religion that he would like to have. "Oh," says he, "I do not find fault with them now. Would to God I could become like they are! Would that

I had, as they have, an interest in the blood of Christ!" So far so good. Such men, again, are generally thoughtful. I have known many a man who, before he came into this state, was a very dare-devil, and never thought anything with regard to his soul and eternity; yet, when he has been brought to know his sickness and his wounds, has become thoughtful, until some of his companions have remarked it, and called him "Old Sober Sides," or some such epithet, and laughed him out of countenance. They tell him he is a saint. The man says, "I wish what you are saying was true." They tell him, "You are beginning to be religious." "Yes," he says, "I wish I were really so." Some man once called me a saint as I went along the street, and I turned round and said I wished I could make him prove his words. I would like to be one, certainly. Such is the condition of a man when he begins to discover, though it be but partially, his lost estate. He is thoughtful; he cannot laugh as he did; he does not now shut his eyes, and throw the reins upon the neck of his lusts, and let them rush madly on down to the pit; but he tries to curb them, and hold them in with bit and bridle, for he knows that all is not right within him. Such a man, too, has another good trait, another hopeful feature in his case—that he now begins to attend to the things of God. You see him now coming into the house of God—be it chapel or church—to hear the word preached. He never cared for that before. He worked so hard all the week that he was not able to go out on a Sunday; but now he feels he must go. He must be by the side of Bethesda's pool. Even though the angel stir not the water, he feels a kind of satisfaction while he is lying at the edge of the healing pool. He longs to be saved, and therefore he is found in the way, hoping that God may meet with him. And this man too, you will find, takes no pleasure in sin. If he is asked by his worldly companions to go into the haunts of vice, where once he went, even should he go, he comes away and says, "It was the dullest evening I ever spent. There is no enjoyment whatever to me. God has dashed the sweet wine of my memory with bitter gall. Vanity of vanities—all is vanity. I can find no comfort in this."

Have I been depicting this night the state of one who is here present? I hope I have, and I pray God that what I shall be able to say will, by the influence of the Spirit, be instrumental in leading such a one to the true remedy for his soul.

Now, secondly, when the man is partially aroused to know his lost estate, he usually betakes himself to the wrong means for deliverance. "Then went Ephraim unto Assyria, and sent to King Jareb." A sinner when he finds himself lost usually at first thinks, "I will make myself better, I will be diligent in religious observances, I will attend to every ceremony, I will keep my tongue from evil and my lips from speaking guile; I will restrain my steps from evil haunts, my hands from evil deeds," and thus he thinks within himself that all his sins will be forgiven, and that he shall have rest for the sole of his foot. Be it known once for all that all this is a vain and useless effort to work out a radical cure in the soul of man. All that man can do apart from faith in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ is utterly in vain. Let him do his best, and strive to the very uttermost, not one inch has he proceeded on the road to heaven; he hath undone instead of having done; he hath pulled down instead of having built up. O, ye that are hoping now, while ye are under conviction, that you will get relief by doings of your own, let me remind you, in the first place, you are undertaking a very long task. These men in our text went a very long way to the king of Assyria; it was a long, long journey, while God, who was near at hand, was forgotten. How long do you suppose it would take you to work out your own salvation by your own good works? Why, man, ye may bend your knees till ye have worn them out, and ye may work till there is no flesh upon your bones, and ye may weep till there is no moisture in your body to make a tear, and continue incessantly in everything you can do, and not be one atom nearer eternal life.

“ Not the labour of my hands
 Can fulfil the law's demands.
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone.”

If a criminal should get it into his head that he would climb up to the stars by going up the steps of a treadmill, he would be about as rational as when a poor sinner thinks of getting to heaven by his works. Tread, tread, tread, up, up, up, but never one inch higher. As old Matthew Wilks used to say, you might as well hope to sail to America on a sere leaf as hope to go to heaven by your own doings. This is not the way, man; and run never so fast in it, if it is not the right road, it will not bring you to the right end. If a man takes a road to the right, and wants to go to the left, he may run as fast as he likes, but he will lose his labour, and be a fool for all his pains. And, once again, it is not only a very long task, but it is a very expensive one. If you would have salvation by works of the law, you must give body and soul up, all you have, hope and joy and comfort included. I used to live near some persons who regularly attended mass very early in the morning, and I noticed how straight they used to look down the face. I thought they had good reason to look down the face, to have to go to heaven by their works. It is enough to make a man pull a long face if he has to stand before God and justify himself. We might put our hands upon our loins, and roll in the dust in despair, if we had no hope but in what we could do for ourselves. Go and look for cooling in the arid desert; go and look for fresh water to drink in the midst of the sea; go and seek some shelter on the mountain top, where the hurricane is spending all its fury, and then seek for comfort in the law. Go ye to Sinai, ye that seek to be saved by your works. Look at it, shrink, tremble, and despair. Behold, the mountain altogether on a smoke while God proclaims the law! If it was melted like wax of old, how much more now, after you have broken the law—now that God cometh not to proclaim, but to execute his fierce anger upon the law-breakers! “ Well,” says one, “ but suppose we do our best, will not that suffice?” My friend, God requireth from man, if he would be saved by his works, perfect obedience; nothing but perfection can be acceptable to a perfect God. One wrong thought, one evil desire—not to say anything of one wrong act—will effectually shut any man out of heaven, if he desireth to go there by his works. That one sin at once puts up an impenetrable barrier across that meritorious way to heaven, which is known by the common name of “ the law.” If thou canst be perfect, and hast kept the commandments from thy youth up, and shalt do so till thy dying day, then might there be salvation by works. But if there be one flaw, then is that road to heaven effectually stopped up, so that no human foot can ever tread it. But, once more, let me remind thee, O man, when thou triest to be saved by thy works, thou goest to thy enemy to be thy friend. “ And who is my enemy?” sayest thou. Why, Moses. The law is sworn against thee. It hath become thine enemy, and goest thou to thine enemy to help thee? It is a device of Satan to try and draw poor sinners away from the path of faith into the path of the law. Remember how John Bunyan graphically describes it. Poor Christian, with the burden on his back, is going to the wicket-gate with the light above it, and on a sudden a very good-looking gentleman meets him, and says, “ It is a dangerous journey you are going, you had better turn aside to the right there; there is a town there known as the town of Legality, and there is a very skilful physician there who will soon help you off with your burden; and if he is not at home, he has got a very good lad who will do almost as well as his master! Go there, and you will soon get cured.” Away went poor Christian; he had not gone far before he found that he had come to the foot of Mount Sinai, and the mountain hung right over the way, and there stood Christian; and while he was looking up, pre-

sently the mountain began to shake, the thunder to roar, and the lightning to flash, and he fell down upon his face, and said, "I am undone, I am undone." Then came Evangelist, and showed him the right way once more. And now, sinner, if you come to the works of the law, you will have to cry out, "I am undone, I am undone." For Mr. Morality cannot cure you; he may put on a little poor man's plaister, and make your wound worse, and tie it up and bandage it a little, but he'll never stop the wound. It will go on bleeding notwithstanding all, for there is no hand that can heal a sin-sick soul but the hand that wounded it, even the hand of God, through the person of Jesus Christ our Lord. It is astonishing, after all the Gospel-preaching in England, how deeply-rooted is this continual fallacy of going to King Jereb for cure. It is not very long ago, when having to preach at a seaport town, I arrived some hours before night, and as I was standing on the river-side, I thought I should like to go down the river in a boat. So, hailing a waterman, I went with him. I thought it my duty whilst sitting in the boat to talk with him about religious matters, so I asked him about his family; and he began to tell me that the cholera had visited his place, and that he had lost thirteen of his relatives, one after another, by death. And I said, "Well, my friend, have you got a good hope of heaven if you should die?" "Well, sir," he said, "I think as how I have." "Well, then," said I, "tell me what is your hope of heaven if you should die." "Well, sir, I have been on this here river, I think, for these twenty-five or thirty years, and I don't know that anybody ever saw me drunk." "Well," I said, "is that all you trust to?—is that all?" "Well, sir, when the cholera was about, and my poor neighbours were bad, I went for the doctor for 'em, and was up a good many nights; and I do think as how I am as good as my neighbours." Well, I said, I was very glad to hear that he had charity for his neighbours, and desired to do what good he could, but that was not enough to carry him to heaven. "Well, sir," he said, "perhaps it is not, for I cannot be often going to church; but, I think, when I get a little older, I shall give up the boat and take to going to church, and then, I think, that will be right—won't it, sir?" "No," I said, "certainly not. You may begin to go to church, if you please; you will not be an inch further, if you think that on that account you will be saved." The poor man seemed perfectly astounded, while I went on knocking down his hopes one after another. Then I put the question, "You have sometimes sinned in your life—have you not?" "Yes," he said, "I have." "Well, and do you think your sins will be forgiven?" "Well, sir," he said, "I have been sorry about them, and I think they are all gone—they do not trouble me now." "Well," I said, "suppose you were to go and get into debt with the grocer where you deal, and you should say to her, 'Now, mistress, you have a score against me, I cannot pay you for these goods, I am sorry to say; but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll never get into your debt any more.' Why, she would say that was not the way she did business." And I said, "Do you suppose that that is the way in which God does business, or that he is going to strike out your debts because you say you will not run deeper into debt?" "Well, sir," he said, "I should like to know how my sins are to be forgiven? Are you a parson, sir?" "Well," I said, "I preach the Gospel, I hope, but I do not go by the name of a parson; I am only a Dissenting minister." I told him how the Lord Jesus Christ had paid the debts of sinners; how those that repented in him and rested in his blood and righteousness should find peace and mercy, and the man was delighted, and he said he wished he had heard that years ago. "But, to say the truth, master," he added, "I had not felt quite easy, after all, when I saw those poor creatures taken away to the graveyard. I did think there was something I wanted; but I did not know what it was."

Now, I have told this story because I see here a great many working people. It is not what we can do, the sufferings which we endure, that can land us in heaven;

not all your probity or rectitude will carry you to heaven. All your good works are good enough in themselves—good enough in their place—but they won't do for a foundation to rest upon. Do not run away and say something like the foolish man who went to a place where there was a house being built, and seeing the chimney-pots standing there, he took them, and laid them in the trench to make the foundation. "What are you doing?" said one of the workmen. "Why, laying the foundation." "What! with chimney-pots?" "I did not know that it was wrong," was the reply. "Well, take them away; they won't do for a foundation." "Oh!" said the other, "you are finding fault with them." "No; I am not finding fault with them, but with the place where you put them; they are good enough on the top, but they won't do at the bottom." So with good works; they will do at the top, but they won't do at the bottom. For a foundation for the soul to rest upon nothing will suffice but the righteousness of Christ and his finished work for our salvation. Our good works are good enough afterwards, when God the Holy Spirit by his grace works faith, and love, and all good things in us.

This shall bring me to notice in the last place, What is the way of salvation? Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary he should know that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came down from heaven, and was for our sin incarnate in human form, born of the Virgin Mary, lived a life of holiness and of suffering; and at last this glorious Son of God—this suffering Son of Man—became obedient even unto death. In the garden he wrestled, and shed, as it were, great drops of blood in the prospect of the coming terrors of his death-struggle. To the cross was he nailed, amidst shame, and ignominy, and scoffing. There he suffered pain incredible, pangs of body, and agonies of soul. He hung there, through the thick darkness, three hours; and at last, when the appointed time was come, when he had suffered all, when the full chastisement of our sin had been laid upon him, and the iniquity of us all had received its dreadful retribution at his hands, he cried, "It is finished!" and he ascended to heaven. Now, if thou wouldst be saved, my friend, it is necessary that thou believe in him who was the Son of God and the Son of Man, and that thou believe in thy heart these things of him:—First, that he is a Divinely-ordained Saviour, and that he is able to save those that come unto God through him. Thou must believe likewise that he is willing to save, and that he will save those that seek salvation, believing and trusting in his power. When thou hast believed this, thou hast gone a good part of the way to this saving faith, which shall bring thee into a state of grace. It is by acting upon this belief, by casting thyself simply on the merits of his blood, and of his perfect righteousness, as the ground of thine acceptance before God. No man can be saved if he does not trust his soul in the hands of Christ. We must give up ourselves from our own keeping into Christ's keeping, saying, "Lord, take me, save me, make me what thou wouldst have me to be; and then, when thy Father shall require my soul at the last day, stand thou my surety, and bring it perfect and spotless to his hand." But I must add one thing more—there must be what the old divines call a recumbency—a leaning on him—a dependency on him. But here I must observe: there are some people who have an idea that if they get faith in Christ it matters not how they live, or what they are. Now, be it understood, once for all, we are saved by faith, and not by works; but we must have, you know, that faith, is not only leaning on Christ, but obeying Christ. Suppose a case. There is a man who says to me, "You have committed such-and-such an offence; you are in such-and-such difficulties. Now, if you will implicitly trust me, and leave the matter entirely in my hands, I will see you come through this clearly." Well, now, if I get meddling with it, that will prove I do not trust in him; but by-and-bye he comes to me, and says to me,

"My dear friend, are you trusting me wholly?" "Yes," I say, "I am reposing all my trust in you." "Well," he says, "I want you to look over this document, which you must sign, and then I shall want you, on a certain morning, to be at such-and-such a place." And suppose I say, "I shall do no such thing; I will not sign the deed nor meet you by appointment." "You are not trusting me." I was leaning on you, and trusting," I say. "Well!" says he, "this was not what I meant; unless you do what I tell you, your faith is not genuine faith, neither are you trusting in me at all." Now, if you are perfectly trusting Christ, your next question will be, "Lord, I am trusting to be saved by thee, but how wilt thou have me be saved?" "Oh," saith Christ, "I will save thee; but thou must break off those old habits." "Oh," say you, "Lord, assist me with thy grace, and I will renounce them all." "Well," saith Christ, "and if thou wouldst be saved, I will have thee in the next place attend to my ordinances. Come forward and make a profession of thy faith; be baptized; unite thyself to the Church visible; receive the Lord's Supper." But you say, "No, Lord! I will do no such thing." "Well then," says he, "you are not trusting me, because whatever I tell you to do you ought to do it."

You may have heard the good definition which Mr. Cecil gives of faith. His little child was standing one day at the top of a dark cellar. She was in the light and he was down below in the cellar. "My dear child, jump down, and I will catch you," said he; and the child, without a moment's thought, sprang into the father's arms. Now that is one kind of faith; that is, when we are enabled so to trust Christ, that we do, so to speak, venture our souls on him, risk all with him; but mark, that is not the complete picture of the faith of saints. This kind of faith some people profess to have, but their lives do not bear out their profession, and therefore there must be something else as a definition, and Mr. Cecil gives another through the same little girl. "I said to her one day as she had a necklace of beads, 'My dear child, you know I love you, and you would do anything I told you. Take those beads off and throw them into the fire.' She did so at once." Now the first faith was the faith of daring, venturing herself; but the second proved her faith to be true and genuine, when she could obey. And you will see that faith and obedience are, to some extent, one, so that in the Greek language the same word standeth for both faith and obedience. It is impossible for thee to believe if thou dost not obey. Some try, but their faith is worthless. But when we can unite blind trust with blind obedience, we prove that we are really trusting in Christ, and then are we safe.

Oh, my dear hearer, if I have puzzled thee to-night instead of making it plain, I can say I did not intend to do it. I would have thee to understand, if thou art troubled on account of sin, that God requires not aught of thee but what he gives thee. He requires nothing but that thou shouldst depend for all on Christ. It is all he asks for. Do it. Oh, may his Holy Spirit enable you to do it now! But I will tell you a parable which shall illustrate faith. There were two children, according to the fable, walking with their father along a narrow ridge. On either side there was a dark deep precipice. One of the dear children put his hand inside the father's hand, and his father grasped it. The other put his little fingers round his father's hand and took hold of his father's hand. It was not long before in the midst of the thick darkness the children grew weary, and the child who had taken hold of the father's hand perished. But the child who had put his hand into the father's hand and let the father take hold of it, was carried safely to the end. Now put thy hand inside the hand of Christ, and when he bids thee to obey, take it not away. Give thyself wholly up to him to be his, come life, come death, for better or for worse, to be his to trust and his to obey, being from this time forth his for ever. Oh, may God the Holy Spirit lead us to do this! It is easy enough when the Holy Ghost enables us, but it is hard enough when our human

nature kicks against it. May sovereign grace our hearts subdue and teach us to depend on Christ, and no more foolishly attempt to work out our salvation by impossible means! I can only pray that God will bless this brief, hurried discourse: I am unable to speak any longer. May God crown the word with success.

THE SAVIOUR'S TOUCH; OR, THE SERVICE OF LOVE.

BY THE REV. W. P. BALFERN, AUTHOR OF "LESSONS FROM JESUS."

"And he touched her hand and the fever left her, and she arose and ministered unto them."—
Matt. viii. 15.

THIS world was to Christ but a huge hospital, in which he walked up and down ministering to the sick and diseased—a beautiful example to all his followers down to the end of time. And when we think of the wonderful sensibility of his heart, and how he practically and constantly by his love made every form of suffering and sorrow his own, we feel astonished that he lived through even the short space of time allotted to his weary pilgrimage below. But he came here to do the work which his Father purposed, and, until this was accomplished, neither sin, nor Satan, nor sorrow, could effectually waste his life or consign him prematurely to the grave. The touch of Christ brought life and health to many; but his glorious work left no exhaustion; he still remained the mighty to save. And though he is now exalted above all suffering and sorrow, yet is he not raised above all *feeling*, for he is still a merciful and compassionate High Priest, who is touched with a feeling of the infirmities of all who approach him; and though he appears not in our midst now as in the days of his flesh, to heal with a word the sick and diseased, he is still with us by his word and spirit to heal the broken and contrite in heart, and to bind up all their wounds. We shall, therefore, view the above little incident as illustrative of the work of Christ in the soul.

THE PATIENT: *a woman prostrate with fever.* We are not told what kind of fever it was which the touch of our Saviour removed from this woman, but may view it as illustrative of the influence of sin in and over us all. Sin is like a fire in the bones, which inflames, scorches up, and consumes the entire man both in body and soul. It robs us of all moral power, beauty, and strength. It benumbs the conscience, often paralyzes the intellect, and wastes the body

by little and little down to death. Yes, it is a fire that will burn and consume all that it touches, down to hell itself.

THE CURE: *he touched her hand.* The lookers-on perhaps laughed; what, cure by a touch? Absurd! How can it be? And so a scoffing world has long time laughed, while Jesus, through the Gospel, puts his hand of power upon the sin-sick soul, and makes it whole. It is too simple, sir; ah yes! but even nature says, "from simple laws look out for great results."

But observe, the cure involved *the touch*: it was not enough that Christ was seen or heard; there *was* the actual contact. And it is not enough that we hear the words of Christ, or see him drawn upon the sacred page; the hand of his love must reach us, and by a living faith bring our hearts to rest in his wounds in order to our having peace, and the fever of sin being removed. Physicians often get the credit of cures which belong to nature, who ever struggles to repair an injury, and remove disease; but the fever of sin is never subdued but by the omnipotent love of Christ.

Christ touched this woman and the fever left her. Her own physicians would have sought to reach her fever to work upon *it*. Christ touched *her*, and the fever left of itself. So men of themselves work at the removal of their sins, but Christ takes possession of their hearts, and, by making them children of love, their sins are dethroned, and they are saved, not only from their guilt, but their power.

But did Christ *intend* to touch her hand? Surely, yes! It was not by chance that virtue went out of him; and surely, when Jesus touches the conscience by his word and spirit, either to wound or heal, he *means* to do so. And in these gracious and special operations of his spirit upon the heart, have we not evidence and proof of

his special and everlasting love towards us?

THE RESULT: *she arose.* She felt no difficulty in doing this; she was really well, the fever was gone, the work was perfect, her strength had come again. She arose a living witness to the power of Christ. Her life, responsive to the touch of Jesus, spoke loudly to his praise. There could be no mistake—her every movement testified of him who came to save. And this is what we all need now—the vital touch of Jesus: without this, all our doings are but misdeeds, the movements of an automaton without sense or feeling. Men of themselves will turn to a book, a creed, a sect; but none will turn to Christ—none will truly say, like the prodigal of old, “I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants”—until they feel the influence of a Saviour’s love.

She arose. She had often done so before, and there could be but little meaning in a fact so true of all alike; but now she rises at his word who said, “Let there be light,” and it was so. She never rose before so gloriously, or to so high a service. Henceforth her life can be no common thing, no broken paragraph, no dismal blank, no strange enigma; but, full of God’s own power, and life, and light, shall speak, and speak to men of him whose power alone could save from death. Her creed might not be large, it would be clear; she would not vary in her theme, she could not, for it was rooted in her life. And this is what we need. Society may change, and even men of taste; the intellect present its changing dreams and pictures to the eye; and theologians, too, hold up sententious doctrines to the public gaze, and some may take a thing or two to suit this place or that; but amid all this *the want* abides the same—a voice to ring the full, sweet Gospel music on the ear, and will do so, and must, whatever may come, for Jesu’s love inspires the words, and what he hath said and done fills up the strength and measure of the thought.

She arose. The fever had pressed her down, she little thought that she might reach so great a resurrection, for so to her it now must seem to be. What hand but his could thus have lifted her? And, reader, dost thou feel the weight of sin

crushing thee down? has its fire consumed thy fancied beauty, and stretched thee low upon the earth, guilty, and empty, and poor, and prostrate before the Lord, with cries and tears to seek his unmerited mercy and love? If so, look up and hope; believe the words of Christ; rest on his words, and he will raise thee up, and thou shalt live.

She arose. How the heart of Peter must have rejoiced to see his mother thus restored to them! Oh, happy son! privileged to conduct such a Saviour to his mother. Oh, happy mother! privileged to have such a son. Reader, dost thou know Christ? and hast thou sought by faith and prayer to take him home with thee? Are there some dear to thee who dwell with thee prostrate beneath the fever of sin? Hast thou directed them to Christ? and hast thou borne witness to that power which raised thee from the grave of moral death.

And ministered to them. The fever left no weakness in its train; the touch of Christ had made her whole and strong; how right that she should give her newborn strength to him that brought it! The grace which flows from the heart of Jesus will find its way back again in love. It is like a silver stream, which, however far and wide it flows, will return and seek to kiss and bear all that rides upon its heaving bosom to the great ocean from whence it comes.

She ministered to them *at once.* Her heart was full, there could be no delay; where the hands are ever empty and the feet move slowly, it is to be feared there is but little love. This woman imitated her Lord: he saw and healed; she felt and she obeyed. “I made haste, and delayed not, to keep thy commandments,” said the Psalmist.

She ministered. Those who are served of Christ serve others well; she was willing to serve not only the Master, but his servants—to be a servant of servants. True humility has its birth in love. And he who is too proud to minister to Christ’s, has but little evidence that Christ has ministered to him.

But still there remains a better service; and the day will come when Christ will place his hand upon his sleeping bride; and she, rising from the dust of death and freed forever from the fever of sin, shall come forth, and, clothed with imperishable beauty and immortal strength, shall serve him for ever in his Temple above. Wherefore, ye bereaved saints, comfort your hearts with these words;

think not of your loved ones as lying in the cold arms of death; but as quickened by the omnipotent touch of Jesus, and as mantled with the bloom of eternal health, they gather around him whose favour was their life, and whose love was stronger even than death.

Well, dear reader, is this experience above described thine? Dost thou hope the hand of Divine love hath touched thy heart, and

brought thee to repentance and faith? Has it led thee to minister to Christ by keeping his commandments and walking in his ways? Dost thou love those who love him? Dost thou seek to minister to him by ministering to them? Do not be deceived: "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit;" and saith the Apostle, "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; but whether we live or die we are the Lord's."

AN EVENING WITH JESUS IN THE COUNTRY.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX, AUTHOR OF "OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST."

THE contrasts in creation are very striking. What different objects and creatures do we find in the most intimate association! The violet growing close to the thistle; and the primrose near to the hemlock. The dove and the hawk, the lamb and the lion, may be in dangerous nearness. In one part of the heavens a beautiful rainbow may span the sky; while from the opposite side the retiring storm-cloud may shake forth its arrowy lightnings. The contrast in social life, as regards circumstances, and those in the moral world as it respects character, are equally great, and afford matter for much serious and sorrowful reflection. But nowhere, in any sphere or scene, do we find such complete and instructive contrasts, or any so calculated to excite all the varied emotions of the soul, as in the history of the Saviour. Thus it was during his life, and pre-eminently so at his death. His majesty, gentleness, humility, truthfulness, love, purity, and zeal stood out in striking contrast with the meanness, turbulence, pride, hypocrisy, malice, worldliness, and cowardice which crossed his path and confronted his purpose everywhere. These contrasts continued after his resurrection. Just think of the glorious feelings in his loving, benevolent heart in contrast with those which his inveterate enemies were the subject of. Think of Jesus revealing himself to Mary Magdalene and the women, conversing with Peter, talking with the two disciples going to Emmaus; and then, think of the priests and Jewish rulers communing with their affrighted guards whom they had set to watch the Saviour's tomb; and of their conferrings among themselves, as they thought of the empty grave of him

whom they had crucified; and say, is there not a contrast indeed?

But very frequently there was much of contrast between the Saviour and his own friends. It was thus during his life: their ignorance, prejudice, and self-will hindered them from sympathizing with him; and sometimes led them to oppose and contradict him. On his resurrection-day, how great was the difference between himself and those who loved him best! but his heart was set upon drawing them into close fellowship with himself in his own joy and hope, and he succeeded. One word, pronounced as he alone could utter it, was enough to transform the sad Magdalene's heart into more than angelic joyfulness. Two words, "All hail," brought heaven into the souls of the other loving women. What he said to Peter we know not; but "he appeared to him," and we may be sure what it was for—even to heal his ghastly wounds, and pour in the oil of joy to his sorrowing heart. We see the contrast, again, between Jesus and the two disciples who journeyed to Emmaus, and may trace the wondrous process by which he made their dim souls full of light, and their saddened hearts to burn within them with the fire of loving joy.

What believer hath not read this touching history with feelings which words could not utter? How pleasant and how profitable it is to be with Jesus in the country on this first Lord's-day evening—to walk by his side, to hear his converse, and to feel his love! The two travellers, with their perplexity and sorrows, their yet unknown Friend with his heart full of light and joy, longing to impart both to them—the discourse which bound the hearers as a spell

and warmed them like a summer's sun—the unwillingness to part with him—the constraint—the communion—the disclosure—the surprise—the vanishing—the rapture—the return to Jerusalem—the fellowship with others in repeating all they had heard again and again—oh! how beautiful, how wonderful, how consoling is all this!

How pleasant it is thus to be with Jesus in the country! Who can conceive the joy of our beloved Lord as he walked that day amid his Father's works without any burden on his holy soul! All those deep and awful words in the Psalms on which he had often mused, and some of which his parched lips uttered on the cross, were no longer terrible to him, because all had been fulfilled by him; while all the promises and prophecies in Holy Writ which referred to his glory, shone bright and numerous as stars in the firmament. Calvary was behind him, glory before him, and joy within him. We know what a difference there is in our feelings when walking over the same spot under opposite circumstances, and the Saviour was truly human and felt all this. He saw two precious souls who loved him walking together in sadness, and, determined to bless them with some of his own happiness, and so drawing near them with a kindness of manner that could not give offence, and in gentle tones that won their attention and confidence, said, "*What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another as ye walk and are sad?*" Luke xxiv. 17. Let us ponder awhile these suggestive words, and may he who put this question probe our inmost souls, scatter our disquietude, and cause his joy to abide in us.

We propose (1) to mention some facts applicable to all time; and (2) deduce some inferences applicable to all persons.

I. The FACTS are the following:—

That the Lord Jesus seeks out the sad-hearted. He was sent forth by his Father, even the Father of mercies and God of all comfort, on purpose to do this. "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek: he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them who are bound," Isa. lxi. 1. He was faithful to his commission. "He did not break the bruised reed." "He went about doing good, and healing all who were oppressed of the devil." He acted thus till he died. Witness his last dis-

course to his disciples, the key-note of the whole grand harmony being—"Let not your heart be troubled." Witness also his tenderness on the cross toward his sorrowing parent and the praying thief. It was so after his resurrection, as we have seen; it is so now, and will still continue to be. So long as there is "a bleeding heart to bind," the Lord Jesus will seek it out. He does not shun human woe. He is no priest, "to pass by on the other side." He comes to where the sorrow-stricken one is. How this brings out the sympathy of his heart, and the sufficiency of his grace!

But he searches out the cases which he finds. He said, "What manner of communications are these?" He is quite able to do this, for "he knows what is in man." He has also told us that he will do this, Rev. ii. 23. He will do it in a way peculiar to himself. He will make his sorrowing ones disclose their inward burdens and confess their secret sins, expose their many mistakes, and tell the whole truth about themselves in his kind ears. As if he said, "I see that you are sad; what are you talking about and thinking about? what are you doing?" He knows that our sadness arises from wrong thinking, wrong talking and doing, and especially in some souls from the former. Hence he says, "Why do thoughts arise in your hearts?" Ah! this is it, and he would have us know it—

A third fact concerning him is that he will scatter his people's sorrows by the light of truth, and satisfy them by revealing himself. His words to these two travellers contain a *reproof* and make a *revelation*. They were "foolish and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets had spoken." Thoughts from within were cherished, while words from above were neglected. The Lord will reverse this in his people's experience, and then comes joy. It is wise to be deaf to all that contradicts God's testimony, and to live listening to all he says. Jesus revealed himself. Whatever may make God's people sad, Jesus himself is the one only and all-suited remedy. Prophecies, promises, doctrines, all point to him. He is the one bright healing sun to scatter sadness, dry tears, and clothe the soul with beauty.

The incarnate WORD unfolded the written word, and then he was known of his charmed scholars in breaking of bread. "It is the Lord," say they! Now sadness fled, and they were fully satisfied.

"His searching look benign,
 So human, so divine,
 Was life immortal flashing through the gloom:
 'Twas more than hope restored,
 It was their risen Lord,
 And Joseph's cave was now an empty tomb!
 "The triumph on his brow,
 Was light about them now,
 Their spirits with his gracious person shin'd
 Bright with reflected grace,
 As when the prophet's face
 Told of the glory past, by glory left behind."

"*They knew him.*" He whom they trusted would have redeemed Israel was risen, and he would certainly redeem Israel now. Yes, Jesus whom they trusted, loved, and hoped in, was risen; yea, more, they now saw the Scriptures were full of him. The cross, late so dark, now blazed with excessive glory, and became to them a fountain of endless blessings. They saw the whole choir of prophets stand there, and heard them sing the praises of him who died. And oh! what glory would the future unfold! And he to whom all Scripture pointed had walked with them, talked with them, broken bread with them. They loved him intensely, and he loved them infinitely. It was all true, no mistake, and true for ever; no chance could come here. The life of Jesus was endless, and so would theirs be. They were his sheep and he was their shepherd. And all this is true of every one who relies on Jesus, and delights in him as the accepted one of God, the conqueror of death, the heir of all things.

All such will become witnesses for him. These two happy ones "rose up the same hour and returned to Jerusalem." They knew that there were many sad and perplexed hearts there, to whom the tidings they could tell would be as dew on the parched plants, and they hastened to cheer them with the glad news, "The Lord is risen." It was night, but they would not tarry for that. Probably, business had brought them to Emmaus, but what was that now? It was a day of good tidings, and they were too full of them, and made by them too glad to keep silence. They did as they proposed, and thus should all believers in Jesus act.

II. *Let us deduce some INFERENCES from these facts which will be applicable to all persons.*

Those who believe in a risen Saviour should not be sad-hearted. There are indeed some exceptions to this rule. Believers may and should mourn on account of the

sins and sorrows around them, and over their own failures and mistakes, but even these things should not hinder their joy in the Lord. As believers they are united to him who is the fountain of joy; they are married to him who is raised from the dead, even the rejoicing bridegroom; they are soldiers of a conqueror; they are joint heirs with the Son of God: and surely it becomes them to be joyful in him.

The way to get any sadness which may cross over the soul scattered, is to talk of the things which have happened. We should talk of them to ourselves in meditation, to God in fellowship, and with the saints in communion. Let us learn from this narrative to take the right standpoint, not amidst death and before the grave, but beyond both, even among the facts which concern a risen Saviour. We should view all that he has suffered and done, and all he is engaged to do, in the light of his resurrection. Nothing so joyous as resurrection. To see nature rising from the grave of winter is gladdening; but to think of the Saviour's triumph, what it has procured, and shall produce, is of all things most animating.

We should take care to keep such company as Christ will join us in. Let this thought regulate our friendships, our relationships, our readings, and recreations. Surely we should not wish to be where Jesus will not come. If we delight to walk in the fields of truth, to search the depths of doctrine, the heights of prophecy, the sweet glens of narrative, and to walk by the still waters of the promises, and if we do so with docile, prayerful minds, Jesus will join us and be our teacher. But if we visit the fields of foolish fiction, or Godless society, and if we are at home there, we shall not have his company. Better, far better to walk with patriarchs and prophets than with novelist and dramatist; better seek the companionship of the poor of this world who love the Saviour, than the society of the learned and witty who own not his authority, nor bow down at the majesty of his love.

We should also imitate the Saviour in seeking out the sad-hearted and distressed. Do we know any such among the young people of God, who are seeking him sorrowing? Let us aim to feed "his lambs." Nor overlook the poor in their privations, nor the sick in their sorrows, nor the aged and widowed in their loneliness. Let us join

ourselves to such, and seek to be what Christ was, and in our measure in his stead a comforter of mourners. The Lord Jesus loves earnestness. He loves to see our hearts set on that on which his heart is set, and he will go with and assist his people who desire to follow up his designs.

Those whose hearts were never sad on account of sin cannot have the company of the Saviour. Poor light-hearted one! "your laughter must be turned into heaviness, and your joy into mourning." Are you determined to finish the journey of life, and travel on to eternity in this frivolous way you have hitherto gone? If you go through this world despising and rejecting the Saviour, how sad will it be for you to meet his piercing glance as you enter the eternal world! You will indeed say, "It is the Lord," but no joy will be yours then. Your heart surely will burn within you—not with rapture, but remorse. You will have heavy tidings both to hear and carry, and sad musings for ever to occupy you. Hearken now to the promises made to the mourner, and the threatenings recorded against the scorner. Look to the pierced one and mourn, and be in bitterness, and then in you shall the glorious words be made good, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." But if you

will have your portion in this world, instead of seeking it in God's Word, how cheerless are your prospects for a coming eternity! Spend no more money for that which is not bread, nor farther labour for that which satisfieth not; but go to him in whose hands is the bread that endureth unto everlasting life, and whom the Father hath sealed to be almoner of his mercy to the guilty sons of men.

Believer, you may infer that if the converse of Christ on earth can do such wonders, what joy will his presence and his leadings in glory produce! "Then the days of our mourning shall be ended." "All tears shall be wiped away." We shall "enter into the joy of our Lord." "We shall walk with him in white"—"see him as he is." Then the unwritten wonders of his grace, John xxi. 25, shall be unfolded by himself, as "he leads his flock by living fountains of water." And how intensely shall our now oft sad and burdened hearts burn with rapturous joy then. "Now unto him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy; to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen. (Jude xxiv. 25.)

THE GREAT EXCHANGE; OR, CHRIST OUR SIN AND WE HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS.

BY THE REV. E. HALDANE CALSON, TUBBERMORE, IRELAND.

"He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."—2 Cor. v. 21.

(Continued from page 157.)

We come now to our second particular—the personal guilt and relative innocence of believers. Here the terms *personal* and *relative*, as used of believers, are employed to denote, the one what they are *in themselves*, and the other what they are *in Christ*. In the former respect we hesitate not to admit guilt in the fullest sense. Indeed, we cannot do otherwise, if we would pay the slightest attention to the testimony of Scripture. The evidence of human degeneracy is so abundant in the Word of God, that it is difficult to know where to begin in adducing it. Let us select a passage or two—"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who

can know it?" Jer. xvii. 9. "The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be," Rom. viii. 7. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint: from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores," Isa. i. 5, 6. "In me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing," Rom. vii. 18. "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags," Isa. lxiv. 6. "Now we know that whatsoever things the law saith, it saith to them that are under the law, that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God," Rom.

iii. 19. Here we have the decayed state of our moral nature brought out fully to view. It is impossible to read such texts with an unbiassed mind, and not discover in them the most entire disorganization in the principle and framework of our moral constitution. He who sees not in these Scriptures depravity complete, degeneracy unmixed, must be under the influence of the evil itself. The heart, which we are here taught is the seat of the disease, is declared to be "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Nay, it is affirmed to be, "enmity against God," and essentially opposed to his dominion. But sin is not confined to the heart; it extends throughout the entire man, and appears in our every thought, word, and action. "From the sole of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness in" us; in our "flesh dwelleth no good thing." Like the leper in Israel, we are a mass of corruption and unsoundness; while our best works—our highest righteousnesses—are as "filthy rags." Our moral powers, our bodily organs—the whole internal and external being we possess—are under the influence and control of sin. Before men we may appear with some relieving traits of character, with some redeeming qualities of heart; but in the sight of God even "the ploughing of the wicked is sin," Prov. xxi. 4. In the view of him who "seeth not as man seeth," all the thoughts, words, and actions of degenerate nature are evil—"only evil continually." God regards us as "estranged from the womb;" as "going astray as soon as we are born;" and his law has been given "that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God."

But *relatively* believers are innocent. They sustain a near and intimate relation to Christ, and in that relation they are without sin. Here, again, we employ the principle illustrated in our opening remarks. Christ and his people are one; and from their unity results the transfer of his righteousness to them. The root and stalk of the vine communicate to the branches the sap which centres in themselves. The head, united by joints and bands to the members, imparts to the latter the "nourishment" by which itself is sustained. The husband, made in marriage "one flesh" with his wife, endows her with all his worldly goods. And can it be otherwise with Christ and the Church, whose oneness these figures are employed to illustrate and

explain? Do they not obviously stand in the same near relation to each other? and in this is there not a way opened both for the communication of grace and transfer of righteousness? Nay, it is impossible for such union to exist without these results. We cannot be joined to Christ, and not partake of his Spirit; we cannot be one with him, and not possess his righteousness. He is our Vine, our Head, from whom we derive all grace. He is our Husband, "who is made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, sanctification, and redemption," 1 Cor. i. 30. Not only are we "created in Christ Jesus unto good works," but "in him" we "are complete," Col. ii. 10—"without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing," Eph. v. 27. His life is the life of our souls; and his obedience is the garment of our salvation. He is "the Lord our Righteousness"—"the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." In him we have met the requirements of the law in its twofold claim of obedience and suffering. In him we have kept the law in all its parts, and endured the entire penalty of its breach. Thus we become invested with the righteousness of the law. Thus we are "made righteous," Rom. v. 19.

How appropriate here the concluding words of our motto, "That we might be made the righteousness of God in him"! We are made righteous with a *Divine righteousness*. We are made so *in Christ*. What he did and suffered in his life and death, we have done and suffered, because one with him. His obedience is our obedience; and his death is our death. His entire work is as truly ours, as if we had ourselves performed it. He who denies this destroys the hope of the sinner. A perfect righteousness we must possess if we would enjoy the favour of God here, or his presence hereafter. God requires obedience to the precepts of the law—"The man that doeth them shall live in them," Gal. iii. 12. He requires, also, the endurance of its penalty—"The soul that sinneth it shall die," Ezek. xviii. 4. Nothing short of obedience and suffering, fully commensurate with obligation and transgression, will satisfy the demands of justice; and until these are satisfied, none can be saved. The means of meeting such claims are utterly beyond our reach—nay, beyond the reach of angels. Unless, then, they are found in Christ, all must perish. But, blessed be God, they are in Christ; and by union with

him they become ours. In his "obedience unto death" we have a righteousness superior to that of Adam in Paradise, or of Gabriel before the throne. It is a righteousness fully commensurate with all the claims of law, and all the demands of justice. It is the righteousness of God himself—of "Immanuel, God with us." Clothed in this spotless garment, even the eye of Divine purity can see no blemish in us. "He hath not seen iniquity in Jacob; neither hath he beheld perverseness in Israel," Numb. xxiii. 21. "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee," Cant. iv. 7.

Such is imputed righteousness—a blessing which issues at once in the perfect innocence of believers. God does not regard and treat us as righteous, while in reality we are not righteous. He imputeth righteousness to us, because by union with the Saviour righteousness is truly ours. Imputation, if just, necessarily supposes the presence of the thing imputed. A God of wisdom and truth could not reckon to us what in no sense belongs to us. The fact that JEROVAH treats us as righteous, is itself the most satisfactory evidence of our being so.

Thus understood, however, is not the truth in question in conflict with the doctrine of pardon? If we are truly innocent, what shall we say as to the forgiveness of sins? how shall we seek that blessing? We seek it as *personally* guilty. In himself, the believer, though sanctified by the Gospel, is still the child of much sinful infirmity, and in this respect he is as much in need of pardon at the hour of death as at the hour of conversion. Christians are at the same time, but in different respects, sinful and sinless—guilty and not guilty. They are guilty *in themselves*—they are not guilty *in Christ*. It is thus Paul confesses—"In me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing," Rom. vii. 18, while he also exclaims—"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Rom. viii. 33. On the one hand we have ground for the deepest humility before God as daily transgressors of his law; on the other, we have reason for the utmost joy and boasting, since in "Jehovah our righteousness" none can lay aught to our charge.

Here, then, are the great truths involved in the oneness of Christ and his people. On the ground of that oneness proceeds the all-important change which

takes place in the Gospel—the inter-transfer of sin and righteousness. Personally the Lord Jesus was righteous, and his people unrighteous. But in their relation to each other he takes their sin, and they assume his righteousness. Constituted one, a mutual transfer takes place—there is at once an exchange of sin and righteousness. They give him their sins, and he bestows on them his righteousness. Their transgressions are placed to his account, his merits are marked to theirs. What he was not in himself, he became *in them*, and what they were not in themselves, they became *in him*. Hence he confesses guilt—"O God, thou knowest my foolishness, and my sins are not hid from thee," Psalm lx. 5—and they disclaim it—"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" Rom. viii. 33. Hence he suffered, and they escaped. On him the Father poured out the cup of indignation, and would not smile till he had drunk its last bitter drop. On them God ceases not to bestow the choicest of his blessings, manifesting his love in their greatest trials.

Christians, can you know these things, and not rejoice? Very many wanting this view of the truth are "mourners in Zion" all their days. They can at best but entertain a faint hope of salvation—a hope resting more or less on their obedience to the requirements of the Gospel. They do not see clearly how all sin is removed, and how a perfect righteousness is possessed: Taught to believe that Christ has merely made salvation possible, they naturally conclude that something remains to be done, or thought, or felt, on their part. This, if not "another Gospel," is at least a grievous error. A merely possible salvation is an imperfect one, and who will complete it? Not the believer, most assuredly, who apart from Christ "can do nothing." Were eternal life made contingent on a single good thought, we should fail in obtaining it. On this supposition, so far from being possible, it would be impossible. But our deliverance is wholly the work of Christ, and in him it is certain. To the believer in Jesus it is absolutely sure—"He that believeth shall be saved," Mark xvi. 16. And the reason is obvious—"By one offering he (Christ) hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified," Heb. x. 14.

Mourner! realize your privilege. "Rejoice in the Lord; and again I say, rejoice." "Lift up the hands that hang down, and

the feeble knees; and make straight paths for your feet." Your heart condemns you; you fear because still conscious of guilt. GO TO CHRIST, AND EXCHANGE WITH HIM. He is prepared to receive you—to take your sins and bestow his righteousness. O blessed exchange! originating in union with the Saviour, and resulting in complete salvation! In Christ we are in the highest sense without sin, in the highest sense righteous before God. Who shall lay anything to our charge? we challenge hell, earth, heaven—the wide universe of God. How shall the creature, since the Creator has justified? how shall devils, angels, men, since God has acquitted? Personally, we confess ourselves guilty, deeply guilty, wholly guilty,—without one redeeming virtue or meritorious deed in the sight of God. But, in our union with the Saviour, sin disappears and righteousness takes its place. Let us, then, no longer fear. Let us but abide in Christ. In him we cannot be lost, because in him we have no sin.

Sinner! is there nothing in all this to attract your attention, or draw your heart? To you this great subject, equally with others, addresses itself. If you have discovered your true character as delineated in Scripture—if you have seen yourself to be vile, polluted, and unworthy, you are here called upon to go to Christ and treat with him. Forsake the false hopes, which in the pride of your heart you may have hitherto fostered; and go without delay to

the Saviour, that you may obtain salvation. Give to him all your sins, and he will bestow on you all his righteousness. Bring to him nothing but your guilt, and you will carry away from him nothing but his obedience. *Come to him just as you are, and you will leave him just as he is.* Behold! he awaits your approach; he stands ready to receive you. His hands are stretched out to take your burden, and give you his rest—to receive your sins, and invest you with his righteousness. And yet you refuse! Is it a matter of such trifling moment that you can afford to dispense with it, or even delay its determination? Would you exchange sickness for health, poverty for riches, loss for gain?—and will you not exchange sin for righteousness? To-day the Gospel Exchange is open, and business is being transacted. There you will find the Saviour dealing with sinners, and anxious to increase the trade. Already he has dealt with millions of our fallen race, "out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." Yet he is not satisfied. With you, sinner, he would also do business. To you he speaks, and his language is,—*"I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear."* Rev. iii. 18. And what does he ask in return? Only your sins! Oh, can you decline the offer, or even defer its acceptance? Accept, I beseech you, at once accept it.

A CALL TO BE READY FOR THE COMING OF THE SON OF MAN.

BY THOMAS COLE, BRIDGEND, GLAMORGANSHIRE.

"Therefore be ye ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."—Matt. xxiv. 44.

EVERY man who understands his responsibilities in *this* life, must feel the necessity of being ready to discharge the duties, and enjoy the advantages, connected therewith. The labourer, the mechanic, the man of commerce, the barrister, the judge, and king, must all prepare, so as to be ready for the call which may summon them to their various spheres.

This is indispensable, also, in connection with the work of God in this life. The disciples of Christ must understand their Master's will, and feel the power of his constraining love, before they can serve him

aright. This being, then, the established rule of society here, we must admit the necessity of being ready to enter into that higher state, where all is purity and light. If we allow ourselves to be guided by the infallible Word of God, we shall at once see the validity of this statement.

There we are distinctly taught that our future happiness will depend upon our conduct here. The great Author of our being intends removing us out of this world, and he has holier employments and more substantial pleasures for us than anything this world affords. Christ will come to receive

his own to himself, and he urges us to be ready. These words refer to the coming of Christ at the last day; but we generally understand that the removal of our friends and brethren by death is the visitation of Christ; and if we are found ready to die, we shall also be ready for the coming of Christ to judgment.

Let us endeavour to understand—

I. WHAT THIS READINESS IMPLIES.

The solemnity of death, the value of our immortal souls, and the authority by which we are urged to be ready, render it necessary that we should understand it.

1. *It implies immediate decision respecting the merits of the present world, and the world to come.*

This is one of the great questions about which the world is divided; and it is what a vast majority of the human family has not done or seldom think of doing. There are thousands, as in the days of Noah, seeking the pleasures and gain of the present life, so that when death seizes them they are taken by surprise. Men are often borne onwards between two currents, conscience and worldly influences: the former speaks out at times and accuses man of paying too much attention to the things which are seen, and too little to those which are not seen; when again the influence of the world bears thousands onwards to disappointment and ruin. By taking a survey of the busy multitudes of the present world, we shall be led to infer that all the good they crave is to be found here. Every preparation is made, every effort put forth, and every circumstance taken advantage of, to gain the riches and honours of this life. The creature is worshipped in preference to the Creator, the world to come is not thought of, its blessings never sought, God is forgotten, and the soul neglected.

Now it is time that we were ready to decide about these matters. Let us examine both worlds by the light of our experience and God's Word.

Here is a world of changes, disappointments, losses, affliction, and bereavement. Its blessings are transient, unsatisfying, and limited. Our stay in it is short and uncertain. The world itself is destined to pass away before the fire of God's wrath.

The future is eternal; there God the Father sits clothed in light; its blessings satisfy all the multitudes that surround the eternal throne. The laws of that world are unchangeable; and eternal bliss is se-

cured for all the inhabitants by the death of God's only begotten Son.

When earthly thrones shall have been demolished, the eternal pillars of God's throne shall stand for ever. No earthquake will ever shake the dwellings of the just; no fever or pestilence will ever thin the ranks of the family of God's adopted ones. There will be no bitter cup of sorrow to drink there; life, light, joy, and perfect peace will be the reward of all.

Now it is time for us to decide respecting the merits of both worlds; many of us may be just entering the Jordan of death. It only requires us to follow the same rule in this matter as in the ordinary affairs of life—choose the best, the most durable portion, in preference to the transitory and short.

2. *It implies a readiness to contend with our last enemy, death.*

We do exercise forethought in order to ward off the ills of this life; the exercise of precaution works in every grade of society. With what care, toil, and expense do dutiful parents provide for their children; and every thoughtful man thinks of old age, and prepares for it? We all feel a dread of the adversities of life, and wise is the man who has provided means for his comfort against the time of famine, poverty, or affliction. We are comforted when these threaten us, if we are prepared. We have passed through many of the deep waters of sorrow. We have lost many dear friends; many bitter cups have been filled for us, the dregs of which were almost more than we could drink.

We know what we have passed through, and we are conscious of our present state; but the future is with God, its secrets are all with him; we are ignorant of what may occur to us the next minute. There may be sorer trials, and more severe conflicts than any we have yet met with. But we know that there is one conflict that we must all engage in—the conflict with death—and it will be a dark and severe one if we are not found in the hands of Christ. The world will recede, its glory will depart, friends must stand aloof, we shall have to struggle with the enemy alone. Perhaps we have not ever engaged in many conflicts alone; we have had friends to rally around us, and they cheered us. Oh, why, then, do men remain unprepared for the last, and most solemn of all? It is often a hard thing to die with Jesus as our friend; but

what must it be to die without hope! I trust my readers will listen to the words of the text; they are the words of him who triumphed over death and the grave; and he will be with his people in this last conflict, and will help them through it; if we seek him, then we shall be ready, and, like Stephen, forget the pangs of death, and commit our souls to his care.

3. *It implies readiness to enter heaven.*

No one that is acquainted with the contents of the Bible, can be ignorant of the necessity of being prepared for that highest state of perfection. Here God speaks to us in the following terms: "Prepare to meet thy God." "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." "Be ye holy, for I am holy; for without holiness no man shall see the Lord." I consider that the term *holiness* includes the necessary qualification for heaven. It includes moral purity, and where this is, the heart is the seat of Christ, and all the affections of the soul become fixed on holy things. The slave to sin is liberated, and made a free man in Christ; and those who were once afar off are brought nigh by the blood of the Cross. The provision which God has made to make us ready, ought to convince us of the necessity of preparing. He has given his Son to die for us; he has opened a fountain for sin and uncleanness. Christ has atoned for sin, and the merits of his blood will also remove every principle of sin out of the human heart. Here are the means for making us ready for heaven. Christ has completed the plan of redemption, and now all things are ready; come to the feast without money and without price; come to the fountain and wash all your sins away; come and be clothed with the spotless righteousness of Christ; then, when death shall come, our passage into the haven of rest will be clear, the gates of the Eternal City will open to us, and we shall be welcomed by all the heavenly train into that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

"Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear."

II. THE NECESSITY OF OUR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION TO THIS DUTY.

There are many facts which should convince us of the propriety of being ready for the coming of the Son of Man.

1. *Because the punishment of those who are not ready will be inevitable.*

Many question this fact, and wrap themselves up in the rotten garments of flattery and scepticism, until the thunderstorm of God's wrath gathers thickly around them. But the terrors of death and judgment have penetrated the hearts of the most sincere professed sceptics. Take Paine and Voltaire as examples. It is said of the former, that he asked a young female, who visited him when dying, "if she had read his works." She answered "No;" when he exclaimed, "I wish no one else ever had, for if the devil ever had a servant, I have been one." It is also said that the woman who waited on Voltaire was so terrified by his anguish of soul when dying, that she would never attend an infidel afterwards.

It is the established law of God's moral government that sinners shall be punished in the next world; and in this there is nothing contrary to the laws of his natural government, for sin has its reward here, in many ways. If sinners were not punished, there would be no end to the insults which the King of heaven would receive both from men and devils. The justice and righteousness of his government would be overpowered, and the future world would be infested with spiritual rebels void of principle, and ready to snatch the sceptre out of the hand of the Almighty.

Many think that because God is merciful the wicked shall escape, but we must remember that he is just as well as merciful, and his mercy is exercised in accordance with his justice, and not contrary to it. You may question his love, for punishing, but such assumption must fall before the authority of him who is the Creator and Supreme Governor of all things.

The fact is fully established by the threatenings of the Scripture, and the history of the destruction of God's enemies. "He that believeth not shall be damned;" "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, prepared for the devil and his angels," is the plain language of God's Word.

Take into consideration, also, the end of the inhabitants of the antediluvian world, and Sodom and Gomorrah. Did their unbelief frustrate the designs of the Almighty when the time of judgment was come? We know it did not. How then can we expect to escape in the day of his wrath? One refuge there is for us to flee into, and

that is Christ; if, therefore, we despise him, there is nothing but eternal death awaiting us. God will do his own will, and not what we suppose to be just.

2. *Because the nature of the heavenly state renders our being ready indispensable.*

Heaven is the abode of God, where he sits clothed with glory, and surrounded by angels and glorified saints. It is a place of perfect purity, and all the pleasures participated in by the inhabitants are such as none but holy beings can enjoy. The occupation of the inhabitants of heaven is the highest in which God's most intelligent creatures can engage. Their praise is the genuine expression of the joy of their experienced hearts. They sing what they feel, and act according to the wisdom given them by God. No one can ever breathe the perfect atmosphere of heaven's purity, but those who are pure.

Now, to enter heaven, we must have our souls prepared so as to be adapted to the place and company, our tastes must be changed, and the principle of sin uprooted out of our fallen nature. This is quite in accordance with our practice in the present life. We do not engage in the great important affairs here without preparation; and if we are called upon to associate with men of superior intellects and tastes, we feel the necessity of cultivating our own, so as to enjoy their society. In heaven we shall have God's holiest intelligences to associate with—angels and saints of the highest order. If it were possible for an unregenerate soul to enter heaven, he would be incapable of enjoying its bliss; there is not a companion there for such an one, there is not a blessing that he could enjoy. If we have no taste for religious exercises now, how shall we engage in the exercise of heaven, and stand before the throne of God and look him in the face? How shall we sound the note of praise unto him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in

his own blood, if we have never sought his salvation? We should have no song to sing, nor any companion to join with. They are all one family in heaven, God our Father's adopted children, and have the mark of the Son on their foreheads. Only those who are ready will be admitted to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

3. *Because the time of our departure out of this world is uncertain.*

"For in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." These words suggest to us, that not only may the Son of Man come when we least expect him, but when we flatter ourselves that he will not come. We may cry peace and safety, and at that hour destruction may burst upon us. A man's age and position in life are no criterions for a long stay upon earth. How often do we find our hopes removed, and our prospects blighted, by the death of the young and wealthy! The Master calls, and the young as well as the aged depart. How often is the child of hope, the darling of the family, taken away from the mother's arms! Our churches are frequently clothed in mourning after a deacon or minister, when we least expected such changes. The vacant pew, and the bereaved class in the Sabbath-school, show that death has done its work. Former generations have passed away—our fathers, where are they? We have lost parents, husbands, wives, children, and brethren in Christ. Many of them dropped into eternity when we should have been glad to have kept them longer. The Great Husbandman often gathers in his fruit before we think it is ripe. "Two are in the field: one is taken, and the other left." Let us learn the lesson which God's Word and providence teach us, since we know that in our graveyards young and old lie side by side; and that, for aught we know, we may be in another world to-morrow. Let us be ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.

MARY BUNYAN, THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD, AUTHOR OF "GRACE TRUMAN."

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRUE WIFE.

How dark, oftentimes, and mysterious are the providences of God in his dealings

with his people! When after the counsel of his own mind he leads them by a way they know not, and makes them, like his servant of old, "weary" and to desire the grave, they are made to *feel*, as well as to

utter, "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

Only faith, firm and steadfast, can bear them up under the crushing difficulties through which, in his wisdom and love, he sometimes calls them to pass. Philosophy cannot do it, reason is of no avail, the smile of the world is vanity, and friends prove "miserable comforters." Only faith in the omnipotent arm of the Lord God Jehovah can support them when "the enemy is round about," and only that arm omnipotent can work out for them sure deliverance.

Oftentimes, like Abraham of old, we are commanded to take the wood of the burnt offering and lay it upon our only son Isaac. And we take the fire in one hand, and a knife, and we move onward to the place of sacrifice; and as we journey along, with timid, fearful hearts, we hear a voice say, "Offer him up, thy son, thine only son Isaac." Then the heart stands still, and dark clouds of distrust gather, and great swelling words of murmuring are ready to burst from doubting lips; but still the voice rings through our ear, "Thy son, thine only son, Isaac, offer him up as I have commanded thee." And we ask, "Wherefore, Lord! hast thou not established thy covenant with Isaac?" The answer comes back, "Get up and do as I have told thee."

We dare not disobey the voice of the angel of the Lord, so we hasten onward. to do his bidding.

And as we journey on, Isaac looks up into our face and innocently says, "My father, behold the fire and the wood, but where is a lamb for a burnt offering?" Ah, does our faith fail then? and do we murmur, "How great this trial—surely I am above all others afflicted and oppressed?" Or do we, with the old patriarch's unflinching faith, say, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering," and so go on as the Lord hath commanded us? If so, how great the reward; for the same voice that bade us offer up Isaac says to us in love, "Lay not thy hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him, for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me."

Bunyan was an innocent man! This he knew—this his friends knew—this his vile persecutors knew; yet he was kept in prison as a convicted person. What was his innocence to those bent upon his ruin? Nothing! He could not submit to their forms

and errors—their prayer-books and liturgies; his conscience would not suffer him to do it, and he must be punished—imprisoned! It was a hard fate; but God had a purpose in his having to bear it. "The Pilgrim's Progress" was to be written, and John Bunyan had to write it. But, in order to write it, he must have the necessary preparation of mind and of soul. And God saw that Bedford gaol was the place for this preparation. He was put there by those who, under the cloak of religion, used every means to persecute and destroy the children of the Most High. "God makes even the wrath of man to praise him." But he also visits destruction upon the evil ones, who, to subserve their own purposes of ambition and hate, lie in wait for the righteous man, that they may ensnare him.

Charles had been crowned April 23, 1661. Bunyan was committed to prison in November, 1661, five months after the return of the king from his long exile in France and Holland.

It was customary, at the coronation of a king, to release certain prisoners—those who had not been convicted of capital offences—by virtue of the coronation. Bunyan had hoped, by this means, to secure his liberty until they should pronounce the sentence of banishment or hanging; and then he knew he would be regarded as a convicted person, and the only privilege the coronation conferred upon him was a grant of twelve months' time to sue out a pardon. No sentence could be executed until twelve months after the coronation, and he determined to use every effort to effect his release before the expiration of that time.

The family of Bunyan had lived, since his imprisonment, amid trials, and hopes, and fears. Twice had he been summoned from the gaol to stand before the judges. Each time his Elizabeth had hoped that he would be set at liberty. But each time he had been remanded to gaol with the weight of the sentence increased. The poor wife's heart was almost broken. Her health, left very feeble by her unfortunate sickness, had been so worn upon by alternate hope, fear, and disappointment, that now her kind neighbours feared that she could not overcome the shock. It was a touching sight to see her go on, day by day, with her sad face and failing form, to provide for and support her poor little fatherless children.

The neighbours were very kind to her to supply such wants as it was in their power to do from their own scanty stores, and speaking, whenever opportunity offered, kind and sympathizing words.

The children sometimes went to see their father, to carry him some little token of love and remembrance; and sometimes, too, the wife would go. But the meeting with her husband, and the sight of his wasting form, and sunken eye, and of the cold, damp cell, so touched her loving heart, that the time of her stay was spent in tears and sobs; and when the parting came, her grief was so deep and heart-rending that even the iron-hearted turnkey was moved to compassion. Under her own individual sufferings she bore up with a fortitude astonishing to all, even to those who knew most fully the strength of her womanly nature. But to see her husband wearing away, day by day, under what she knew to be an unrighteous sentence; his manhood's strength wasted in a felon's cell; his talents, which she knew and appreciated, buried within the walls of a loathsome dungeon—this was more than her soul could endure, and she felt, amid her overwhelming sorrow, that surely, surely, the Lord had forgotten to be gracious, and his mercy was clean gone for ever.

And when she would, with bleeding heart, sore pressed, find her way from the gaol to her forsaken home, all there seemed so dark and forbidding, that it was days before she could recover sufficiently from her sadness to pursue her accustomed duties. It was at such times as these that Mary stepped forth from her childish reserve and timidity, and gave manifestations of that judgment and determination of will which in after years she so prominently displayed, and which enabled her; child as she was, to take her mother's place, when that mother, oppressed by grief and worn out by hope deferred, gave way, for the time, beneath the weighty burden. Her gentle words of affection and sympathy, uttered in her sweet mild voice, fell like healing balsam on that mother's despairing heart, and oftentimes persuaded, as it were, that heart to lay aside its sorrows and rest upon God. And then, too, in her own blind way she would look after the duties of the house and take care of Joseph and Sarah, when it became necessary for her mother to seek employment from home. The younger children regarded her with reverential love. Her blindness threw a charm around her and an

awe, so that they respected while they loved.

Bunyan had determined to obtain his release from gaol if it were possible to do so. Whereupon he decided to make himself heard at the next assizes, which were to take place in August. How to effect this was a question which gave him much thought and anxiety. He could not go in person—his gaoler had no power to grant him such liberty—and he knew of no one who would undertake the matter for him that would be likely to accomplish his purpose. He thought of Neighbour Harrow, and of those brethren who had befriended him at the time of his first trial, but he feared to entrust his case to their hands, lest they, not understanding how to proceed, should defeat the very aim of their efforts.

He at length decided, after much prayer and reflection, to write out a petition, and present it by his wife to the judges. He sent for her to come to see him, and opened the matter to her. Most willingly she undertook the office of advocate for him before the Lord Chief Justice of the kingdom.

The Midsummer Assizes were drawing near. Bunyan wrote out his petition, in which he besought "that he might be heard, that they would impartially take his case into consideration." He gave it to his wife and commended her to God. His hope was bright, for he felt that surely the judges would not turn a deaf ear to a wife's pleadings for her husband. He felt that the hardest heart must melt at the sight of that delicate form and that sad, earnest face. His Elizabeth took the petition, and they knelt within the narrow cell to pray that God would prosper her according to the dictates of his own immutable will.

As she wended her way homeward, accompanied by little Joseph, her mind was busy with various thoughts, and her heart agitated by conflicting emotions. The prattle of the child reached her ear, but could not distract her attention from the one mighty consideration which occupied her mind. "Shall I be successful in obtaining my husband's freedom?" was the question ever before her. Her soul shrank within her at the thought of failure, but she rallied her courage again, for it could not be possible that they would refuse to hear her; and surely she could convince them all that her husband was innocent. "But what if her courage should fail when she comes to confront the august

assembly of judges? Then how will it go with her cause?" She cast the thought from her ere it was half formed. How can she falter when her husband's life is at stake? No, no; she could face judges and justices, kings and courtiers—yea, the assembled world—to plead for her innocent husband.

Woman's heart is fearless when actuated by love, and a consciousness of right. She rises from her modest reserve and natural timidity to the sublime heights of guardian and defender of her heart's cherished treasures.

On her return home Mrs. Bunyan called at Neighbour Harrow's to spend a few moments in rest, and to get his advice as to the best way of proceeding in the execution of her undertaking. The old man was not at home, having gone out among the neighbours to see what could be done to replenish the almost exhausted supplies of the destitute family. "God suffereth not his children to want," Mrs. Bunyan said to herself, as "Goody Harrow" replied to her interrogation respecting her husband, and silently the tears of grateful thankfulness gathered in her eyes and rolled down her face.

"What makes you cry, Sister Bunyan? Don't it fare so well with you these days? You mustn't give up. God is faithful."

The words which the good old woman intended for consolation only served to call up fresh tears. The fountain was full, ready to overflow; only the touch of one emotion to trouble the waters, and they gushed forth abundantly. The weeping woman could make no answer. Little Joseph, with childish wonder and sympathy, clung closely to his mother.

"What makes you cry so, Sister Bunyan," said the kind old woman, in her plain, blunt style. "Is Brother Bunyan sick? or are they going to do anything with him? You mustn't distress yourself so. These things will all come right after awhile. All the followers of Jesus must have their troubles and trials here below. Evil men will torment and persecute them, and say all manner of evil against them. Didn't he tell us so? Didn't Jesus say it? It is our inheritance in the wilderness world, Sister Bunyan, and we have to take it whether we want it or not. It's mighty hard to bear it when we know that wicked men do wrong us so, and that, too, under the cloak of religion. It's bad, it's bad, Sister Bunyan, but we must bear it like good soldiers. God

himself will bring it to an end after a while. He won't suffer the wicked to go unpunished; for the wickedness of the wicked shall come to an end. This is what David, that good old man, said, Sister Bunyan, and can't you believe it? Things were sometimes so dark around him that he could see no way of escape, but God always opened up a way, and he walked through all his troubles leaning on the arm of the Lord. Can't you do like David, Sister Bunyan?"

"Oh, I am so sore distressed, Sister Harrow, to see my husband wasting away in that cold, damp prison, but I was not crying for that. I was thinking how kind God is to me and my poor little ones, always to provide something for us to eat. He has never left us to suffer yet. He always raises up some friend to help us even in the darkest moment. It was the thought of his goodness that overcame me, and I could not hide my feelings."

"The seed of the righteous shall never beg bread, Sister Bunyan. Don't David tell us that? and don't he say, too, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee; he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved?' Ah, I tell you, Sister Bunyan, these have been sweet words to me—like the manna in the wilderness. Often, Sister Bunyan, I have borne my burden here on this poor heart," and as she spoke the good old woman placed her hand upon her bosom and turned her eyes trustingly to heaven, "until I was forced down to the very earth. It seemed to me that I couldn't find comfort anywhere. I'd go to preaching, and I'd talk to my old man, and I'd study about my troubles, but it all didn't do any good—the trouble was still here. And I'd go on, day by day, bearing the burden. I couldn't do anything but to ask Jesus to give me his grace to bear it, and when it was his will to give peace to my poor troubled soul. And I tell you, Sister Bunyan, when the right time came he did give me peace, yes, and joy too. He took away my heavy load and left me as light as a feather. Yes, Sister Bunyan, Jesus will do it for us, but we must wait his own good time. Blessed Master, thou wilt not forget thy poor distressed servants. Thou wilt hear their cries and bring them out of all their troubles! Trust him, Sister Bunyan, trust him! He will deliver you out of six troubles, and in seven he won't forsake you. Hasn't he always been kind to you?"

The weeping woman hesitated to reply.

She scarce knew how to answer. If she looked at one side of the picture it was very dark, but if at the other she could see all along her way the hand of God stretched

forth towards her in unceasing love and mercy. The words of the good old faithful servant of Jesus had fallen soothingly upon her wounded soul, and she felt comforted.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS.

Pictures of the Past. The History of the Baptist Church, Bourton-on-the-Water. By T. BROOKS. London: Judd and Glass, New Bridge-street.

THIS is an interesting volume, showing the origin and progress of the Bourton Baptist chapel, dating back to about 1635, and coming downwards to 1860. The biographical references and striking incidents are given in a clear, unaffected manner, and cannot fail both to instruct and edify those who feel especially concerned in the progress of true Nonconformity and vital religion in the land. We should be glad to possess similar historical volumes of all the old Baptist churches of England. Our readers will remember that it was in this church the excellent Mr. Beddom exercised his pastoral oversight, and Evangelical ministry, for upwards of fifty years.

Put Aside at Home; or, the New Testament Plan of Giving. By J. C. PIKE. Second Thousand. London: Simpkins, Marshall and Co.

AN admirable sermon on the true and Christian principle of a regular weekly setting apart of a due proportion of our means in aid of Christ's cause. If this self-tithing were adopted by all professing Christians, the Church's treasury would be sufficient to meet the pecuniary emergencies of all our Christian benevolent institutions. Buy, read, and circulate this excellent sermon.

Scriptural Claims of Teetotalism. By NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. London: Nisbet and Co., and W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

Ready to Perish. A Sermon Delivered at the Anniversary of the City of London Band of Hope. By NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. London: Nisbet and Co., and W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

Stop the Leak. By NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. London: Nisbet and Co., and W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

THESE excellent small books, on one of the great questions of the day, written by the indefatigable pastor of the Surrey Chapel, and most handsomely got up, are sure to have a large circulation. Mr. Hall's pen possesses more than the usual elements of popularity. They are clear, forcible, earnest, and out-spoken; and yet expressed with due deference to the opinions of those who may differ with him. It is worthy of note, that Mr. Hall's father was

the author of the "Sinner's Friend," the most largely-circulated Christian tract of modern times; and the worthy son bids fair to address, in his excellent publications, as great a number of readers as any British Christian writer. Well, books such as he produces cannot be too widely distributed, and we wish them abundant success.

The Temperance Dictionary. By Rev. DAWSON BURNS. Nos. 1 and 2. London: Caudwell, 335, Strand.

ALL the members of Temperance Societies, and especially all the young people belonging to Bands of Hope, should possess this most excellent treasury of temperance knowledge. It is published in penny numbers, and when completed will be invaluable to those who take an interest in one of the most important social movements of the day.

The Last Missing Link; or, Should the Laitty, Men, Women, and Children, Everywhere Learn to Read the Scriptures in the Original Languages? with Reading in Fellowship, or Communio Sanctorum, &c., &c. Cambridge: T. Dixon, Market-street.

A MOST singular production, to which are appended scraps of sacred prose and poetry, evidently evincing the piety of the author; but the scheme itself will require more than twenty-two closely-printed statements to secure the object recommended.

Fireside Rhymes. By RUBEN CHANDLER, a Working Man, Birmingham. Second Edition. London: Houlston and Wright, Paternoster-row.

THESE poems are the production of a thoroughly vigorous Englishman, whose muse is endowed with Christian and teetotal principles. We have seldom seen a better sixpenny-worth of good effective verses. They do credit both to the head and the heart of the writer.

The Duties of Christians to the Churches to which they Belong, &c. By the Rev. W. HUDSWELL, Leeds. Fourteenth Thousand. London: J. Snow.

THIS most important paper was read at the West Riding Congregational Union at Bradford, and is published at its request. It is well worthy of the occasion, honourable to the talents of the writer, and adapted to be useful in all our churches.

Church Finance; or, the Scripture Method of Establishing and Upholding Christian Institutions. By JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D. London: John Snow, Paternoster-row.

A SUMMARY of principles, statistics, and results, such as few men can draw up with equal vigour and clearness with Dr. Campbell. It should be circulated by thousands of thousands.

Dialogues, &c., on Tobacco. By a SURGEON. London: Caudwell, 335, Strand.

A CAPITAL tract, which ought to lessen the evil it attacks; at any rate, we hope it will, in some degree, diminish the smoke around us. The writer is an intelligent practical man. Parents would do well to expend twopence on all their sons who may be exposed to tobacco contagion.

Smithfield and its Martyrs; as Delivered on Various Occasions. By GEORGE ROSS, M.D. Ward and Co.

A COMPREHENSIVE lecture on one of the most interesting scenes of Protestant martyrdom. The descriptions are striking, and the history consecutively and well given. It deserves to be largely circulated.

Who is on the Lord's Side? A Question for the Times. By OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D. London: Nisbet and Co.; and J. B. Sumner, 101, Edgware-road.

A GOOD, sound, practical discourse.

Sketches of Character. By the Rev. T. W. MEDHURST, Coleraine, Ireland. London: A. P. Shaw, Bolt-court.

A REPRINT, in a cheap and portable form, of excellent, terse, and telling sketches that had appeared in the *Christian Cabinet*. Both subjects and style adapted for usefulness.

The Shepherd and his Flock: The Substance of a Sermon at Lynnmouth, North Devon. By the Rev. J. G. BELL, LL.D., Minister of the place. London: Collingridge, 117, Aldersgate-street.

A GOOD Evangelical discourse, reprinted from the *Gospel Magazine*.

The Bunch of Keys. No. IV., April. Edited by Rev. W. KNOX. London: Elliott Stock.

FULL of good things.

The Confessions of a Medium. London: H. J. Tresidder.

A REPRINT of American vagaries.

P O E T R Y.

PREACHING EVERYWHERE.

When here on earth, the blessed Lord
In many a place proclaimed the Word;
In Jewish synagogues he taught,
Or to the Temple would resort;
And there the truths that he held forth
Of times aroused his hearers' wrath;
But some this faithful witness bore—
"He speaks as man ne'er spake before."

We read how, in a desert place,
He preached to crowds his truth and grace;
And on the mountain took his seat
While thousands gathered at his feet;
Ner can we easily forget
That once, on lake Genesaret,
He sat in Simon's ship to teach
The multitudes that lined the beach.
God's servants, following their Lord,
Preach everywhere the Gospel Word;
In many a public house of prayer
They publish it—nor only there;

In warehouses, in barns, in halls,
And e'en within the theatre's walls,
And when bright summer rules the land,
Out in the open air they stand.

In the great temple built by God—
Its roof the sky, its floor the sod—
His servants earnestly proclaim
The glories of the Saviour's name;
In daisied fields, on commons bare,
And in the city thoroughfare,
Or on the ocean's golden sands,
The Word is preached to listening bands.

Such England's liberty! We know
In many lands it is not so,
And, years ago, God's children here
Worshipped in secrecy and fear.
But, ah! it cannot matter where
The people meet, if Christ be there;
And preaching soon or late must fall
That holds not him as all in all.

THRODORA.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

BAPTIST MISSION TO CHINA.

Through the kindness of E. B. Underhill, Esq., we have been favoured with a most interesting account of the journey to Nankin, the seat of the rebel power, undertaken and carried out by the Rev. H. Z. Kleckers, in company with the Rev. Griffith John, of the London Mission, and two Chinese gentlemen. At different places on the route they had interviews with several of the

rebel chiefs, many of whom possessed considerable knowledge of the doctrines of Christianity though mixed with strange errors. Respecting a chief whom they saw at Soochow, the missionaries were pleased to find that the Bible was his frequent companion. It lay open on the sofa, on which he passes the greater part of the day, in the hall of audience. On their way, they observed many sad tokens of the recent sanguinary struggle between the rebels and the

imperialists. On reaching Nankin, the reception of the missionaries among the people was very gratifying. Everywheresmiling and happy faces beamed on them, and they could not help thinking that foreigners would be welcomed, and the Gospel heartily received if only heard and understood. Then on the Sunday, on which day they arrived, some of the people came in after family prayer. Mr. John spoke to them about the heavenly Father and Jesus. One of them seemed perfectly to understand the doctrines of sin, repentance, reformation, and redemption: but on the point of the relationship between the Father and Jesus was entirely in a maze. With the explanations that were given he expressed himself highly delighted. Though the rebel chiefs now hold and propagate very erroneous views in religion, especially in regard to the supposed Divine origin and mission of the Tein-Wang, the leader of the movement, we cannot but hope that when the leaders are brought more directly into contact with missionary instruction, and with the thoughts of other men, from which they have hitherto been debarred, they may drop the errors which they now teach, and read God's own Word with clearer eyes and an intelligent faith.

BAPTIST COLLEGE, PONTYPOOL.

The examination of the students took place recently. The examiners were the Revs. J. W. Todd; J. Butterworth, M.A. (Abergavenny); and Dr. Morgan (Pontypool). The students acquitted themselves most creditably. At the close of the examination an essay was read by Mr. S. Williams, senior student, on "Christ the Only Head of the Church." At seven the service at the chapel was introduced by the Rev. E. Roberts (Pontypridd); after which Mr. A. Morton, one of the students, read an essay; and the Rev. B. Evans (Mill-street, Abergare), preached. On Wednesday morning the service was introduced by the Rev. E. Edwards (Llanelli); and the Rev. J. J. Brown, of Birmingham, preached. The Rev. Rees Griffiths closed the meeting with prayer. After service the business meeting was held (Dr. Thomas in the chair), at which several resolutions relative to the institution were adopted; amongst which was a vote of thanks to the Rev. J. T. Davies, Llanglophen, for the gift of £100 to the college. An address and testimonial were presented by present and former students and friends to the Rev. George Thomas, M.A., the venerable classical tutor of the college. The testimonial chosen was a handsomely-bound Bible in ten languages.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN having resigned the charge of the Baptist church at Wootton, Beds, and removed to London, will be glad to supply any small church in want of a minister. Address, 64, St. John-street-road, E.C.

THE Rev. Giles Hester, of Long Sutton, having received a unanimous invitation from the Baptist church, Woodgate, Loughborough, has resigned his pastoral charge at Long Sutton, and intends entering upon his new sphere of labour on the third Sabbath in July.

NEWTON ABBOTT, DEVON.—Mr. F. Pearce, of Willenhall, Staffordshire, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation from the church in this town, and entered upon his new sphere of labour on May 20, with encouraging prospects of success.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

LEWISHAM-ROAD, KENT.—On May 29th, the Rev. E. Dennett, late of Truro, was recognized as co-pastor, with the Rev. J. Russell, of the church assembling in the Lewisham-road Chapel. The Rev. B. H. Marten, B.A., commenced the service; after which Mr. Russell explained the circumstances under which Mr. Dennett had been invited to be his associate, and Mr. Dennett stated the reasons which led to his acceptance of the invitation. The Revs. J. H. Hinton, M.A., D. Katters, F. Treatall, J. Pulling, W. B. Noble, G. Bellows, and B. Davies, took part in the services.

LLANGYNDR.—Interesting services were held at the above place on the occasion of the settlement of Mr. Frederick Evans, of Pontypool College, as the pastor of the church. Sermons were delivered by the Revs. D. B. Edwards, B. Watkins, and E. Johns. Rev. D. B. Edwards proposed the usual questions, which were answered to the satisfaction of all. Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool, offered up the ordination prayer, and delivered the charge to Mr. Evans. In the afternoon, the Revs. A. J. Morton, of Brynmawr, D. B. Edwards, and Dr. Thomas preached.

SOHAM, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—Services in connection with the ordination of the Rev. H. B. Robinson, as pastor of the Baptist church in this place, were held on May 22nd. In the afternoon the Rev. T. Williams, of Haddenham, conducted the opening devotional exercises; and the Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A., of London, delivered a very excellent discourse. In the evening, the Rev. J. Hicks (Independent), of Burwell, opened the meeting by prayer, after which Mr. Markham, one of the deacons, gave a statement of the circumstances which led to the call. Mr. Robinson then gave a brief outline of his conversion and call to the ministry, and the doctrines he held. The Rev. J. H. Millard, B.A., gave a very impressive charge to the pastor; the Rev. W. W. Cantlow, of Isleham, offered the ordination prayer; the Rev. D. L. Matheson, B.A. (Independent), gave an address to the church; and the Rev. T. Moo, of Isleham, addressed the congregation. Other neighbouring ministers took part in the proceedings. Between the services upwards of 200 persons took tea in the Town-hall.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

PRESTON, LANCASHIRE.—POLE-STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The friends of this place of worship held a tea-meeting on Whit-Monday. Tea being over, the Rev. E. Webb, the minister, presided over the meeting, which was addressed by Messrs Roberts, Thompson, Smith, Blesdale, Butterfield, and other friends. Mr. J. Ottensell presided at the harmonium, and entertained the meeting with several choice pieces of music. During the evening, a purse of money, subscribed by the young men of the mutual improvement class, was presented by Mr. Roberts to the Rev. E. Webb, as a token of their high regard for him, and as an expression of the pleasure they felt at the very great improvement which has taken place in connection with the chapel under his ministry.

FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

SOUTHPORT.—A service was held in the Town-hall, on June 12, in connection with the formation of a Baptist church. The Rev. S. E. Brown, of Salford, introduced the service by reading

the Scriptures and prayer. The Rev. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool, delivered an address. A statement of the rise and progress of the Baptist movement in Southport was read by the Rev. W. F. Burchell, of Blackpool, who presided at the formation of the church, and gave to each of the newly-constituted members the right hand of fellowship. The Rev. A. M. Stalker was recognized as pastor. An address was given by the Rev. Alex. Mc'Laren, B.A., of Manchester; and the service was concluded by the administration of the Lord's supper, the pastor presiding, aided by the Rev. W. Roaf, Congregational minister, of Wigan.

MAESTYCWYB, MONMOUTHSHIRE.—On Monday, May 27, an English Baptist church was formed in this village. Twelve months ago a member of the Welsh church at Hengoed determined to see what could be done towards extending the religious privileges of the limited English population of the locality. A wooden shed was first used for the purpose, afterwards a room in a woollen factory, and on the first anniversary from the commencement of this effort a church has been gathered of eighteen members. On this occasion the church was scripturally constituted, and the Rev. T. Thomas, D.D., Pontypool College, addressed the members and deacons on their various duties; the Rev. Alfred Tilly, of Cardiff, made a fervent appeal to the ungodly. At the close several of the members of other Baptist churches joined with the newly-formed church in commemorating the death of our Saviour.

LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPEL.

OGDEX, NEAR ROCHDALE.—On Good Friday, March 29th, 1861, the corner-stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid at the above place by Henry Kelsall, Esq., J.P., in the presence of a large number of spectators; after which a tea-meeting was held at the old chapel, when above 300 persons joined in the festivities of the evening, and the following friends took part in the proceedings:—The Revs. T. Dawson and T. Durant, of Liverpool; J. W. Ashworth, Oldham; J. W. Page, missionary from India; J. E. Yeardon, of Rawden College; and L. Nuttall, minister of the place. The estimated cost of the new chapel is about £1,000, and it is calculated to seat 600 or 700 persons.

OPENING SERVICES.

LLANGOLLEN.—A new chapel has been recently opened in this place. The ministers who officiated were the Rev. John Robinson (Llan-silin); Mr. Thomas (Liverpool); Mr. John Morris (Lleurgug, Llan-silin); and the Rev. Hugh Jones (Ruthin). The cost incurred is about £1,000. The collections were, during the meeting, about £10. It is supposed the trustees will now be in possession of £200 more towards defraying the expenses.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

SANDHURST, KENT.—On Tuesday, July 23rd, the anniversary services will be held, when sermons will be preached by Rev. Dr. Burns and Rev. S. Bird.

SHOULDHAM-STREET, BRYANSTON-SQUARE.—On Monday, July 29th, the Right Hon. Lord Teynham will preach; service commencing at seven, p.m.

SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD-STREET.—The anni-

versary will be held on Sunday, July 21st. Mr. Murrell, of St. Neots, will preach (D.V.) morning and evening; Mr. Foreman, of London, in the afternoon. Collections after each service.

SHEEPSHEAD, LEICESTERSHIRE.—On Lord's-day, July 28th, two sermons will be preached (D.V.) in support of the Baptist Sabbath-school, Charleyway, by the Rev. T. Bumpus, of Loughborough. Service to commence at a quarter-past two in the afternoon, and a quarter-past six in the evening.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEXLEY HEATH, KENT.—Three sermons (D.V.) will be preached on Wednesday, July 24 (being the anniversary of the chapel)—that in the morning by Mr. Wyard, of Deptford, at eleven o'clock; that in the afternoon, at three o'clock, by Mr. Brunt, of Colnbrook; that in the evening, at six o'clock, by Mr. Cracknell, of Dacre-park, Blackheath. Dinner and tea provided. Collections after each service.

QUEEN'S-ROAD CHAPEL, BARKING, ESSEX.—The tenth anniversary of the above place will be held (God willing) on Tuesday, July 30th, 1861, when two sermons will be preached—that in the afternoon, at three o'clock, by Mr. J. Pells, of Soho Chapel, Oxford-street; that in the evening, at half-past six, by Mr. W. H. Bonner, of Trinity Chapel, Southwark. Tea will be provided at sixpence each. Collections after each service.

FRAMSDEN, SUFFOLK.—Mr. Cobb having received and accepted a unanimous call to become the pastor of the church at Framsdén, the public ordination services will be held (D.V.) Tuesday, July 16th, when Mr. J. Webb, of Ipswich, will ask the usual questions, and state the nature of a Gospel church. Mr. C. Elven, of Bury St. Edmunds (Mr. Cobb's former pastor), will give the charge to the pastor. Mr. R. E. Sears, of Laxfield, will preach to the church. Services at 10½ a.m., 2 p.m., and 6½ p.m. A public tea will be provided.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WALTON, SUFFOLK.—In consequence of the improved state of health experienced by Mr. J. E. Perrin, he has acceded to the cordial wishes of his friends in the above place to continue his labours among them as their pastor.

SCOTLAND.—Cheering accounts have been received from Glasgow in connection with the labours of Mr. Medhurst, of Coleraine, in different chapels in that place. The work of the Lord is progressing at Glasgow.

DOLAN, RADNORSHIRE.—THE OLD WELSH BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—This association held its annual meetings this year at Pantycelyn, Breconshire, on June 5th and 6th. The weather proved very favourable, and the congregations very numerous. Nearly fifty ministers were present; and the hospitality of the neighbourhood could not be surpassed. The preaching was powerful and eloquent, and it is hoped that good results will follow these gatherings.

ABERDARE.—On Sunday, May 26, the anniversary of the Sunday-school was held, when appropriate sermons were preached. On the following day, there were large gatherings of children and friends at the annual tea-meetings. Rev. Mr. Owen, pastor, occupied the chair. Several pieces were well recited by the scholars. The meeting was then addressed by Messrs. Riches, Jones, Dance, and Webb, and the friends dispersed highly gratified with the proceedings.

FLAUDEN CHAPEL.—On Whit-Tuesday services were held to recognize the union of the church meeting in the above chapel with the church at Chipperfield. In the afternoon the Rev. C. Bailhache preached to the church and congregation from 1 Thess. v. 13; setting forth the duties of a pastor and the duties of a people toward their pastor. In the evening a public meeting was held, when Mr. Fisk, of St. Albans (father of the pastor), took the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. G. Warn, W. Emery, C. Bailhache, and C. Cole. The services were crowded.

IPSWICH.—Strenuous efforts are being made to raise the sum now due on Burlington Chapel, Ipswich. According to contract, £394 11s. 9d. is payable on July 17, 1861. The people engaged in this effort are far from rich; and as the cause is sustained by voluntary contributions, without pew rents or collections, they are very anxious not to incur any debt. A considerable portion of the sum already contributed has been given by Christians of various denominations, who believed that there was a great need for an additional place of worship. This chapel was opened on April 10, 1861. In the parish in which it stands the population is 6,000, the church and chapel accommodation, before Burlington Chapel was erected, 1,400. The total cost amounts to £1,677 8s. 4d., of which all but the above sum of £394 11s. 9d. has been paid. Subscriptions will be most thankfully received by Rev. J. Cox, Ipswich; and Rev. W. A. Blake, 38, South Bank, Regent's-park, London.

LLANFELLIN.—A large proportion of the Baptist churches throughout England and Wales are aware by this time of the great effort which our brethren at Llanfyllin are making to pay the debt which presses so heavily on the cause of God in their town; and they wish, through the medium of the BAPTIST MESSENGER, to return their most sincere thanks to those churches and brethren who have aided them in their hour of need. They also urgently request an early reply from those brethren and churches who have not already responded to their call; reminding them, at the same time, that the sum which has come to hand equals but one third of their liabilities. All contributions from England are acknowledged in the *Freeman*. The Revs. John Pritchard, of Llangollan, and John Robinson, of Llanushaiadr, strongly commend the case. Our correspondents add:—We have posted a circular for each Baptist church in all the counties of England excepting the following, Berks, Cambs, Derby, Essex, Hants, Kent, Leicester, Lincoln, Northampton, Northumberland, Notts, Oxford, Suffolk, Sussex, Wilts; but as we find that some of our circulars are lost, we entreat all those churches who have not received one, to notify the fact to us without delay, that we may communicate with the proper authorities.

BAPTISMS.

ABERDARE, Carmel, English Baptist, May 26—Three by Mr. J. Owen. Two were from the Sabbath-school. [Our Aberdare friends must pardon us for greatly abridging the account received of their anniversary services, which, though interesting to the friends concerned, is not sufficiently important to occupy so much space.]

Calvary, May 5—Ten by Mr. T. Price.

ARNOLD, Cross-lane Chapel, March 3—Five; May 16, Two by Mr. S. C. Hardy, for Mr. F. Forbes,

of Nottingham. Two of the above are from the Sabbath-school. We believe some are in answer to prayer. We thank God, and take courage.

BIEMINGHAM, Heneage-street, October 6—Six; May 5, Two, by Mr. Walter Hanson.

BROMYARD, June 9—Five (one male and four females) in the river Frome, by Mr. Nash, of Leominster.

CLAYTON, York, May 12—Ten by Mr. Hurst.

COLBRAINE, Ireland, May 19—One by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

CRADLEY, Worcestershire, April 21—Three by Mr. J. Sneath.

DOWNTON, near Salisbury, May 30—Four by Mr. J. T. Collier.

EBBW VALE, Briery-hill, Monmouth, May 5—One by Mr. W. Godson.

FRAMDEN, Suffolk, June 2—Five by Mr. G. Cobb. Three of the above are young in years, and the first-fruits of our newly-elected pastor, whose ministry the Lord is greatly blessing. This is the first baptism since Nov., 1858. We rejoice that now there is the sound of abundance of rain after this long season of drought.

GLASGOW, North Frederick-street, May 26—Seven by Mr. Williams.

GOWRB, May 23—One, in the river, by Mr. D. Evans. This was a remarkable case. Mr. Bennett, the brother who, on this occasion, obeyed the ordinance, was a Wesleyan local preacher. He had been a believer for 25 years. He came a distance of thirteen miles in order to be baptized, accompanied by Mr. Noehman, a converted and baptized Jew.

GRAVEL CLOSE, June 16—Two by Mr. Smith.

HAYES, Salem Chapel, May 26—Three by Mr. J. Griffith.

HENYOCK, Devon—Four by Mr. Blackmore, for the pastor, Mr. Tucker. Three of the above were wives of members; the other nearly 70 years of age.

HONITON, Devon, May 12—Six by Mr. W. E. Foote.

HULL, Salthouse-lane, May 26—Four by Mr. E. Bailey (late of Melbourn, Cambs). Several others are "seeking Jesus."

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, May 29—Six by Mr. H. Bayley.

LEICESTER, Carley-street, April 28—Ten by Mr. James.

—, Friar-lane, May 5—Six by Mr. J. C. Pike.

LONDONDERRY, Ireland, May 27—One by Mr. Charles Morgan.

LONDON, Metropolitan Tabernacle, May 27—Nineteen; May 30, Twenty-two, by Mr. Spurgeon.

MAIDSTONE, Kent, April 21—Nine; April 28, Six, by Mr. D. Cranbrook.

MINCHINGHAMPTON, April 24—Nine by Mr. C. Deavin.

OGDEN, near Rochdale, April 28—Two by Mr. L. Nuttall. Fourteen have been added to our number of baptisms since our last report.

READING, Berks, April 28—Nine by Mr. J. Aldis. One of the candidates was the youngest son of the pastor.

SHERPSHED, Leicestershire, April 7—Five by Mr. T. Swain, one of the deacons.

SHIRLEY, near Southampton, March 3—Twelve; April 23, Ten, by Dr. Perry.

SHEWTON, May 19—Eleven by Mr. C. Light. Two from the Wesleyans, one from the Independents, one from the Primitive Methodists, and four from the Sunday-school, with three others.

SOHAM, Cambs, May 23—Four by Mr. H. B. Robinson.

SOUTHAMPTON, East-street, June 2—Ten by Mr. R. Cavan. Three of them were from the Sabbath-school.

STEVENTON, Beds.—Mr. Haydon, formerly with the Primitive Methodists, was baptized at the above place, by Mr. Killen, of Bedford, on May 9, and now succeeds to the pastorate from which Mr. Bove retires, we regret to say through ill-health.

STROUD, May 30, after a suitable address—Seven by Mr. W. Yates. Two of the number are teachers in the Sabbath-school.

STURBURY, Suffolk, April 24—Six by Mr. Bentley.

SUTTON-ON-TRENT, May 2—Three by Mr. R. Bayly, of Newark.

THETFORD, Norfolk, June 2—Four by Mr. G. W. Oldring.

TODDINGTON, Beds, April 30—Four by Mr. Willis.

TORQUAY, Devon, March 29—Thirteen; May 30, Three by Mr. Kings.

WALL OF HANTS, June 6—Seven by Mr. J. Parker, of Lockerhy.

WALTON, Suffolk, June 2—Two by Mr. J. E. Perrin.

WILKINGTON, Whit-Sunday—Four baptized. Also, June 9, two brethren were publicly set apart for the office of deaconship in the above place.

WOODBOROUGH AND CALVERTON, Notts, May 29—Five by Mr. Ruff, after a sermon by the pastor, Mr. W. Wallis. The *Messenger* is extensively circulated in the neighbourhood.

WORSTED, Norfolk, March 3—Four; May 1, One; June 2, Two, by Mr. J. H. Smythe.

DEATHS.

MR. W. JONES, of STAFFORD, died in London, June 10, 1861, aged 76 years. His death was caused by a railway accident on the 27th of May last. The deceased, though of reserved and unobtrusive habits, was a sincere follower, and an earnest worker in the cause of the Saviour, in whose redeeming blood he expressed his entire trust when passing away from earth. His remains were interred at Stafford; and the large congregation present on the occasion of the funeral sermon gave evidence of the high respect in which he was held.

MRS. MATILDA HOBBS.—The subject of this memoir was born at Farley Farm, near Salisbury, on June 17th, 1828. She was blessed from a child with a cheerful disposition, though the pleasures of the world had but little charms for her; she was thus preserved from those sins and follies to which the young are prone. Upon the death of her father, which event took place when she was about five years old, she was taken to Whiteparish to reside with her grandparents for a time; but the unobtrusiveness of her disposition so endeared her to them that she spent the greatest portion of her days under their roof. She was the subject of early religious impressions, and evinced a strong desire to attend the

Wesleyan ministry in that place. Many times did the arrow of conviction enter her soul, and often she resolved to consecrate herself to the service of Jesus; yet it was not till the latter portion of her life that she felt the necessity of a change of heart. During a visit to Southampton, in September, 1856, she became acquainted with the writer, who afterwards became her husband, and to whom, under God's blessing, may be traced the commencement of her decided change. She owed her conversion, under God, to the reading of that excellent little work, "James's Anxious Inquirer." Like Lydia, her heart was gently opened to receive the truth as it is in Jesus. After her conversion, feeling desirous to unite with God's people, there being no Baptist cause at Whiteparish, she joined the Wesleyan church, where she remained until 1859, when she removed with her husband to reside at Winterston. She and her husband were ultimately received into full fellowship of the Baptist church, Salisbury. From this time disease was making rapid advances, so that she was never altogether free from pain; yet, notwithstanding her extreme weakness, she continued to discharge her duties in a becoming manner, and though often debarred from the services of the sanctuary, yet calmly submitted to all that God laid upon her. In August, 1860, her disease assumed a more formidable appearance, and it was believed she could not long survive, but, contrary to all expectations, she lingered for nine weeks, during which time she bore her affliction with great resignation. It was during the last week of her life that we saw how eminently religion is calculated to bear us up in this trying hour. Friday morning, Oct. 12th, 1860, on going into his wife's room, her husband found her in a flood of tears, and when spoken to she said, "Oh, I am very happy; my soul seems lifted up to heaven," and adding, "O Jesus, blessed be his name. Glory, honour, praise, and power, be unto the Lamb for ever and ever." Her husband said, "You now feel you are going to heaven?" "O yes, blessed be his name; he hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. The Lord hath washed my sins away. I feel his spirit now witnessing with my spirit that I am born of God.

"How can I stink with such a prop
As my eternal God?"

Many other expressions that fell from her lips showed how firm was her trust in Jesus; nor did she neglect an earnest exhortation to her husband to point others to the same precious Redeemer. Her mortal frame gradually sank from this time, though her mind was peaceful. On Friday, Oct. 19, her husband spoke to her of the blessings of salvation, when she replied, "I cannot praise my Saviour enough;" and though for a few hours the enemy was permitted to harass her soul with doubts and fears, she ultimately, through Divine help, gained the victory, and died expressing her faith in Christ alone. Her happy spirit is now, doubtless, with those transcribed ones who sing "the song of Moses and of the Lamb" before the throne for ever.

"Weighing sorrow, or distress,
Shall mar their joy, their peace molest,
In that bright world above,
The Lamb, their Saviour, in that day,
Shall wipe all sorrow tears away,
And still them with his love."

ONE TROPHY FOR TWO EXPLOITS.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"For by thee I have run through a troop; and by my God have I leaped over a wall."
Psalms xviii., 29.

It sometimes puzzles the unenlightened believer to find that the Psalms often relate both to David and to David's Lord. Many a young believer has found himself quite bewildered when reading a psalm; and he has scarcely been able to make it out how a passage should be true both of David and of the Lord Jesus Christ, "our Superior King." This he cannot understand. But he who is grown in grace, and has got far enough to understand the meaning of conformity to Christ, sees that it is not without a high and heavenly design that the Holy Ghost has presented to us the experience of Jesus in that model of experience through which David passed. My dear brethren, we all know as a matter of doctrine, but we have not all proved as a matter of sweet experience, that we are to be like our Head. We must be like him upon earth; like him despised and rejected by men in our generation; like him bearers of the cross. Yea, we must not shrink in any way from what is meant by being crucified with him, and buried with him, in order that we may know in after days how to rise with him, how to ascend with him, and how to sit with him upon his throne. Nay, I will go further; even in this life the believer is to have a conformity to Christ in his present glories, for we are even now risen in Christ; and he hath made us to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, in whom also we have obtained the inheritance, for we are complete in him who is the head over all principality and power. There is such a conformity between Christ and his people that everything that is said of Christ may, in some measure, be said of his people. Whatever Christ hath been they should be or have been. Whatever he hath done, he hath done for them, and they shall do the like, after some fashion or another. Whatever he hath attained unto, they shall also enjoy. If he reigneth, they shall reign; and if he be heir of an universal monarchy, they shall also be kings and priests unto God, and shall reign for ever and ever. Thus the riddle becomes solved; the parable is expounded; the dark saying that was opened on David's harp shines clearly in Gospel light. You can see not only how it is possible that the same psalm can relate to David and David's Lord; but you can see that there is a divine mystery and a most rich and precious lesson couching beneath the fact that the Holy Ghost hath chosen to set forth the doings, the sufferings, and the triumphs of Christ, under the figure or model of the doings, sufferings, and victories of the son of Jesse. You will not, therefore, be surprised to hear me remark that this text hath relation to Christ and the believer too. The doings and triumphs of Jesus must, accordingly, first engage our attention; and we shall, in the second place, observe that we have here a picture of the wondrous doings of faith, when the believer is enabled to triumph over every earthly ill, and over every human opposition. "By thee I have run through a troop; and by my God have I leaped over a wall."

Let us take the first sentence with regard to Christ. "By thee have I run through a troop." How accurately Christ's enemies are here described, described by their number; they were a troop. The Captain of our salvation, although single-handed in the combat, had to fight with a legion of foes. It was not a mere duel. It is true there was but one on the victor's side, but there was an innumerable host in antagonism to him. Not only the Prince of Darkness, but all the powers and the principalities thereof, came against him. Not only sin in the mass, but sin in daily temptations of every kind, and sins of

every shade and form. Not only from earth a host of human despisers and human opponents, but a yet greater host from the lowest depths of hell. These, from their number, are well compared to a troop.

Nor does this expression describe their number merely, but also their discipline. They were a troop. A crowd of men is a great number, but it is not a troop; A crowd may be far sooner put to rout than a troop. A troop is a trained company that knows how to march and marshal itself, and to stand firm under the attack. It was even so with Christ's enemies. They were a crowd and a mob; but they were a troop also, marshalled by that skilful and crafty leader, the Prince of Darkness. They stood firm, and were well disciplined, and in a close phalanx; they were not broken. As though they were but one man they sustained the shock of Christ's attack, and marched against him, hoping for victory. In such character do his opponents appear. However well you might discipline a crowd of men, yet they would not become a troop unless also they have been trained in warfare. A troop means a body of well-disciplined men, all of them prepared to fight, and understanding how to make war. Thus, all Christ's enemies were well-trained. There was the Archfiend of Hell, who in hundreds of battles against the Lord's elect in the olden time had gotten a thorough knowledge of all the weak points of manhood, and understood how to temper his attack, and wherein lay the greatest chances of victory. After him were all the fiends of the pit, and these were all well exercised, each of them mighty, of giant stature like Goliath—all of them mighty to do great exploits with any man less than God, however mighty that man might be. And as for sin, was it not a mighty thing? Were not our sins all of them mighty to destroy? The least one among the sins that attacked Christ would have been sufficient to destroy the human race; and yet there were tens of thousands of these, well disciplined, ranged in order, and all thoroughly prepared for battle. All these came on in dread array against our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It was a troop. I have not overdrawn this, for Calvin translates this term "a wedge," for in his day it was customary in battle for the soldiers to form themselves into a wedge-shape, so that when they attacked the enemy the first man made an opening, though he fell; the next two advanced, and then after them the three, and as the wedge widened it broke the ranks of the enemy. So it seemeth as though the Holy Spirit would describe here the regular and well-directed attack which the enemy of man's soul made upon Christ. He came against him in settled order. It was no rush of some wild Tartar host against the Saviour, it was a well-arranged and well-regulated attack; and yet, glory be to his name, he broke through the troop, and ran through them more than a conqueror. Another old and eminent commentator translates the term troop by the old Greek term a phalanx, to show again how strong, how mighty, how great and powerful were the enemies of Christ. It will often be of excellent use to us for the stimulation of our faith, and for the excitement of our gratitude, if we recollect the might of the enemies of Christ. When we undervalue the strength of his enemies, we are apt to under-estimate his omnipotence. We must go through the ranks of his foes and look the ghastly opponents in the face; we must march through the long lines of our sins, and look at the hideous monsters and see how mighty they are, and how powerless all human strength would have been to resist them, and then shall we learn in an ample measure to estimate the might and the majesty of the glorious Son of God, when, all unarmed and unassisted, he ran through the troop and put them all to the rout. Several different eminent expositors of God's Word give divers interpretations of this sentence, each suggesting a fresh meaning, and helping to bring out that which is certainly true, if not the precise meaning of the passage. One good translator says this verse might be rendered, "By thee have I ran to a troop;" and takes this to be the sense. Our

Saviour is represented to us as not waiting till his enemies came to him, but running to them, willingly and voluntarily resigning himself to their attack. He did not wait till Judas should come to the upper room and salute him in the chamber as he sat at supper; neither did he tarry on his knees in that terrible agony of his in the olive grove; but he went forth to meet Judas. Judas had come forth with swords and with staves to take him as a thief; but he sought not to make an escape. "He went forth unto them, and said unto them, whom seek ye?" Thus did he manifest both his willingness to undertake our redemption, and also his courage in facing the foe. There was at one time a human fear which seemed as if it would hold him back from the battle, when he said, "Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" but this once expressed, the Holy One of Israel anointed him with fresh courage, and to the battle he walked with slow, majestic steps. He would not wait till they rushed on him; but he would take the initiative, and begin the fight. He had come upon them in the garden; and now already with his own blood see the conquering hero rushes to the fight and dashes through the troop. But look what divine mercy, what holy courage is here found in the Lord Jesus Christ, that he ran to our enemies.

"Down from the shining courts above
With joyful haste he fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead."

He ran to a troop. But our version hath it, "He ran *through* a troop;" and this is also exceedingly accurate, if you couple with it the idea which you will find in the marginal readings of your Bibles: "By thee have I *broken* through a troop." Christ made a dash at his foes. They stood firm, as if they would not flinch before him, but his terrible right hand soon found for him a way. They imagined when his hands were nailed to the cross that now he was powerless, but that nail was the very symbol of his omnipotence, for in weakness was he strong. The bowing of his head, which they perhaps thought to be the symbol of his defeat, was but the symbol of his victory; and in dying he conquered, in suffering he overcame. Every wound that he received was a death-blow to his enemies, and every pang that rent his heart was as when a lion rendeth the prey, and Christ himself was rending them when they thought that they were rending him. He ran through a troop.

It will do your souls good if you have imagination enough to picture Christ running through this troop. How short were his sufferings comparatively! Compare them with the eternal weight of punishment and misery which we ought to have endured. What a stride was that which Jesus took when he marched right through his enemies, and laid them right and left, and gained himself a glorious victory. Samson, when he grasped the jaw-bone of an ass, slew his thousand men, and said, "Heaps upon heaps with the jaw-bone of an ass have I slain a thousand men," did it all in haste, and then threw away the jaw-bone, as if it were but little that he had done. And even so our mightier Samson, meeting with the hosts of sin, and death, and hell, laid them all in heaps; and then crying out "It is finished," he seemed as strong and mighty as if he had not endured the fatigues of the fight, or suffered the horrors of death, and was ready, if they required it, to meet them all again, and give them another defeat. "By thee have I run through a troop."

There is yet another version. "By thee have I run *after* a troop." After our Saviour had met and fought with his antagonists, and conquered them, they fled. But he pursued them. He must not simply defeat, but take them prisoners. There was Old Captivity. You know his name. He had been the oppressor of the human race for many and many a day, and when Christ routed him he fled. But Jesus pursued, and binding him in adamant chains, "He led

captivity captive, and gave gifts to man." He pursued the troop; and brought back old Satan in chains, bound him in fetters, slew Grim Death, and ground his iron limbs to powder, and left his enemies no more at large to wander where they will, but subject to his Divine power and to his omnipotent sway. He ran *after* a troop; and took them prisoners.

Perhaps, however, the most striking thing in our text is the combination of those two little words "by thee." What did not Christ fight and obtain victory by his own innate strength? Did not the Son of God, the Redeemer, find strength enough within himself to do all that was necessary for us? It would not be heterodox if I were to assert that it was even so. And yet in Scripture you will constantly find that the condescension of Christ is eminently pointed out to us in the fact that, as the servant of God; and as our Redeemer, he is continually spoken of as being strengthened, assisted, and animated by his Father and the Holy Spirit. Especially will you notice this in the Book of Mark. The Evangelist Mark speaks of Christ through the whole of his book as a servant. Each of the Evangelists has a distinct view of Christ. Matthew speaks of him as a king, Mark as a servant, Luke as a man, and John as God. Now, through Mark, you will strikingly observe, if you take the trouble to read it carefully, the frequent recurrence of such phrases as this—"And immediately the Spirit driveth him into the wilderness." This follows close on his baptism, when the Holy Ghost descended on him as a dove. And then when he came up to Nazareth we read that, as a servant, Christ needed anointing as well as any other; and when he begins to preach, his text is, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor, and hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted." Now, I take it this is a very eminent instance of the condescension of our Divine Master, that he in all things was made like unto his brethren; and as they are utterly powerless without the Holy Spirit, and without the Father's drawing can do nothing; so Jesus Christ did, as it were, divest himself of his own Divine power, and, as our brother, he fraternized even with our infirmities. Thus he was strengthened, helped, and assisted by his Father and the Holy Spirit. Hence, it is strictly accurate to remark that even Christ himself could subscribe to this sentence—"By thee have I run through a troop."

Does it seem to you beloved to lower your hope in the person of Christ? At first sight it may seem so. But think again; there is much rich consolation here. Oh, my soul, learn that thou hast not only God the Son to be thy helper; but that thou hast God the Father and God the Spirit also! Oh, 'tis sweet to see that in redemption itself, where we are too apt with our poor blind eyes to see but one person of the Trinity—in redemption itself the triune Jehovah was engaged. If this is not the view of the work of redemption which is commonly taken, I am sure it is Scriptural. It is true that the Son paid the penalty and endured the agony; but still it was his Father who, while smiting him with one hand, sustained him with the other; and it was the Spirit who, wrapping him about with zeal as with a cloak, and inflaming his soul with Divine ardour, enabled him to dash through his enemies, and become more than a conqueror. This sweetens redemption to me. The Father and the Holy Ghost also are engaged and interested on my behalf. Our Redeemer is the Holy One of Israel—the Lord of Hosts is his name. We may say of the three persons of the Divine Trinity that each of these is our Redeemer, because they have all brought to its full completion the grand work of our redemption from the power of sin, and death, and hell. "By thee have I run through a troop." My soul, lift up thine eyes ere thou turnest from this passage, and see all thy sins forgiven in the person of Christ. Look there, and behold the old Dragon's head broken—see Death pierced through with one of his own

shafts. See how the old Serpent drags along his mangled length, writhing in his agony, for "The Lord Jehovah has become our strength and our song; he also has become our salvation;" and in him, and through him, we have broken through a troop, and are more than conquerors.

Let us now take the second sentence, "By my God have I leaped over a wall." How is this to be understood? I think that David, if we take this as alluding to David, is here described as having stormed and taken some strongly-munitioned and well-walled city. He had by the power of God taken the strength from the inhabitants of Jebus, and so he had leaped over a wall. But we are now not speaking of David but of Christ. In what sense can we say that Jesus Christ has stormed a wall? "By my God have I leaped over a wall." I must be allowed to be figurative for a few minutes. The people of the Lord had become the slaves of Satan, and that they might never more escape from his power, he had put them into his stronghold and had watched them round about that they might be his perpetual captives. There was first of all the tremendous bulwark of the law with its ten massive towers mounted with ten hundred pieces of ordnance, in the shape of threatenings of destruction. This wall was so high that no human being has ever been able to scale it; so terrible, that even the omnipotence of God had to be exercised before it could be removed. Next to this there was a second rampart; it was the rampart of diabolical insinuation and satanic suggestion. Satan had not only allowed the law to stand so as to keep the soul in despair, but had added to this his own determination that he would not leave a stone unturned might he but keep the human race in his own power. Thus hell made the second rampart, while it seemed as if heaven had built the first. Outside of this there was a deep ditch, and then another mound, called Human Depravity. This, as we must observe, was as difficult to be stormed as either of the others. Man was desperately set on mischief. He would be a sinner, let what might be said to him or done for him. He would seek greedily with both hands to work out his own destruction; and that love of destruction which was in his heart constituted one of the great barriers to his salvation. Now, Christ Jesus came, and he leaped over all these walls. He came, and in your redemption he broke through the law. Nay, he did not break through it, he mounted it, he scaled it. The law of God stands to this day as fast and firm as ever—not a stone has been taken down—not one of its castles has been dismantled—there it stands in all its awful majesty, but Christ leaped over this. He paid the penalty, endured the wrath, and so he took his people out of the first ward of the law. Whereas after this came a second—the wall of Satan's fell determination to keep them prisoners. Christ our Lord and master dashed this into a thousand pieces, springing the tremendous mine of his covenant purposes, and throwing the whole mass into the air, and there it was destroyed once and for ever; no more to hold the people of God in captivity and bondage. The last wall which he had to overleap, in order to get his people thoroughly free, and bring them out of the stronghold of sin and Satan, was the wall of their own depravity. This, indeed, it were hard work to storm. Many of his ministers first of all went into the stronghold and tried to storm it; but they came away defeated. They found that this was too strong for all human battering rams. They hammered at it with all their might, but there it stood, resisting the shock, and seeming to gather strength from every blow that was meant to shake it. But at last Jesus came, and using nothing but his cross, as the most powerful battering ram, he shook the wall of our depravity and made a breach and entered in, and let his people out into that liberty, wherewith he hath made them free. Oh, how sweet it is to think of Christ thus leaping over the walls. He would have his people. He came down to earth and was with them in all their misery, and took upon him all their sin. He determined to enter in and save them from the dungeon. He made his own escape and brought them with him. He not only came himself through sin and death

and hell triumphant, but brought all his children on his shoulders, as Æneas did with his old father Anchises. The whole generation of the elect was redeemed in that hour when Christ leaped over every wall.

Thus, then, have I tried to expound the text as relating to the person of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I would only repeat the remark once more, that in this verse it is said, "by my God have I done it." As mediator, in his official capacity, and in his service for our redemption, he received the strengthening assistance and aid of his Divine Father, and he could truly say, "By my God have I leaped over a wall." It will do thee good, oh believer, if thou wilt often stay and look at thy Saviour accomplishing all his triumphs. Oh, my soul, what wouldst thou have done if he had not broken through a troop—if he had not routed them? Where wouldst thou have been? Thou wouldst at this hour have been the captive of sin and death and hell. All thy sins would now be besetting thee, howling in thine ear for vengeance. Satan, with all the hosts of hell, would be now guarding thee, determining thou shouldst never escape. Oh, how joyous is this fact, that he hath once for all routed them, and now we are secure. Then, my soul, bethink thee what wouldst thou have done if he had not leaped over a wall? Thou wouldst have been dead this day, shut in within the rampart of thine own hard heart, or within the stronghold of Satan, and with the mighty fiends of hell thou wouldst have been trebly guarded and trebly enslaved. Now thy fetters are all broken, as "a monument of grace, a sinner saved by blood." Lift up thy heart and thy hands, and thy voice, and shout for joy and for gladness. He hath broken the gates of brass and cut the bars of iron in sunder. He hath leaped over a wall and brought thee out of thy prison-house.

This brings me now to the second part of my discourse, and I must ask your patience, and pray again for the assistance of the Holy Spirit, that in this especially Christ's people may find a word of edification. We are now to regard our text as being the language of the believer. He can say, "By thee have I run through a troop, and by my God have I leaped over a wall." I shall divide my text after another fashion on this second point. I shall note first, with regard to the believer, his trials—how varied! Sometimes it is a troop of enemies; at another time a wall of difficulties. When a man has one labour to accomplish, he soon begins to be skilful in it. If he is to be a soldier, and fight a troop, at length he learns how to get the victory. But suppose that his labours are varied; after fighting a troop he has to go clambering over a wall, then you will see the great difficulties to which he is exposed. Now this aptly pictures the position of God's people; the Spirit is continually varying our trials. There is no one day's trials that is exactly like the trials of another day. We are not called to one continued temptation, or else it would cease to have its force; but the temptation is varied—the darts are shot from different directions, and the stones come from quite opposite quarters. This is well set out in one of the Lord's parables. He speaks of the trials of the righteous thus:—There was a certain wise man who built his house upon a rock, and the rains descended—trials from above; and the floods came—trials from beneath; the winds blew—mysterious trials from every quarter; and they all beat upon that house, and it fell not. Trials of every shape attend the followers of the Lamb. "A Christian man is seldom long at ease; when one trial's gone another doth him seize." The archers come against us, and we receive their fiery darts; anon the company of swordsmen come, and we rebuke them; and then the slingers sling their stones against us, and then the company of spearmen; so that we must be armed at all points, and ready for every kind of attack. Our Saviour in this was like to us. He says to us in one place, "Dogs have compassed me—that was bad enough—but the bulls of Bashan have compassed me round—that was not all—they gaped upon me with their mouths, as a raving and a roaring

lion." Only fancy that! A man has to fight with dogs, and then to fight with bulls, and then with lions. And yet this is just the Christian's state. We cannot guess from the trials of the past what will be the trials of the future; we think it is to be all fighting, but we are mistaken; some part of it is to be climbing over this or that wall, and anon to go through difficulties that will not yield. Now I have known God's people sometimes try to break through a wall, and sometimes try to climb over a troop. This is very absurd. If they have had a troop of spiritual enemies, they have tried to climb over them, and endeavour to escape them. At another time they have had a difficult trial like a wall, and they have been so headstrong they must try to go through it. Now we must learn wisdom. Some things we must fight through, others we must climb over. It is not always right for the child of God to let his courage get the better of his discretion. Let him have courage for the troop to run through them, and discretion for the wall, and not try to run through that, for he will break himself in pieces. There are exercises and trials in various ways. The believer's trials, how varied! and next to this, notice his faith, how unflinching!

There is the troop, he runs through them; there is the wall, he is ready for that—he leaps over it. He finds that his faith is sufficient for every emergency. When his God is with him there is no difficulty too great for him; he does not stop to deliberate—as for the troop, he runs through that; and then there is the wall at the other end—he takes a leap and is over that. So when God enables our faith, when the Holy One of Israel is with us, and the strength of Omnipotence girds our loins, difficulties are only the healthy exercises of our faith. God will exercise faith. There is not a single gram of faith in the breast of any living believer that is not exercised. God will not allow it to sleep—a sleeping faith, a dormant faith, I believe such a thing don't exist. If thou hast faith, my brother, expect labour; for, as sure as God gives faith, he will put it into the gymnasium and make it exercise itself; sometimes dashing at a troop, and then trying its limbs another way, no more to exercise its arm in fighting, but its knees in prayer; to climb over a hill; all sorts of exercises to keep our faith in order that we may be ready for any exercise, whatever it may be. Some men seem as if they only had to meet one form of trial. They remind me of the Indian Fakir; he holds his arm straight up; that is the triumph of his strength. Now, God does not exercise a believer's limbs till they grow stiff; but he exercises them in every way, that they may become supple, so that, come what may, he is ready to achieve any exploit.

With faith, how easy all exploits become! When we have no faith, then to fight with enemies and overcome difficulties is hard work indeed; but when we have faith, oh, how easy our victories! What does the believer do? There is a troop—well, he runs through it. 'Tis but a matter of morning exercise. There is a wall. What about that? Does he climb over with hands and knees, as a long, hard task, putting up a ladder on one side, and pulling it over on the other? Oh, no! When he is full of faith, it is just a leap, and he is over. It is amazing how easy life becomes when a man has faith. Does faith diminish difficulties? Oh, no! it increaseth them; but it increaseth his strength to overcome them. If thou hast faith, thou shalt have trials; but thou shalt do great exploits, and endure great privations, and get great victories. Have you ever seen a man made mighty through God? But have you ever seen him in an hour of desertion? He goes out like Samson to meet the Philistines. "Oh!" says he, "I will shake myself as at other times." But his locks have been shorn, and when the cry is raised, "The Philistines are upon thee, Samson," he shakes his limbs with vast surprise, makes feeble fight, and loses his eyes. They are put out, and he returns in blindness.

But when God is with him see what the believer can do. They have weaved the

seven locks of his head with a web, and he takes and carries the loom away. Anon they bind him with seven green withes that have never been tried. All things are possible to him that believeth; nay, not only possible, but easy; when God is with him. He laughs at impossibility; and says it shall be done, for faith can do all things. "By my God have I run through a troop; by my God have I leaped over a wall." And yet, though the victories of faith are thus easy, we must call to mind that these victories always are to be traced to a divine source. That man who takes the credit of his victories to himself has no faith, for faith is one of the self-denying graces. Faith called a parliament of all the graces, and passed a self-denying ordinance. It decreed that whatever any of the graces did it should give all the glory of it to God. Christ once upon a time took the crown off his own head and put it on the head of faith. "When was that?" say you. Why, Christ healed the poor woman, and therefore it was HE who deserved the crown; but, saith he, "Thy faith hath saved thee; go and sin no more." He thus put the crown upon faith. What was the reason? Why, because faith always puts its crown on the head of Christ. True faith never wears its own crown. It says, "Not unto me, but unto thy name, Lord, be all the glory." This is the reason why God has selected faith to achieve such mighty victories; because faith will not allow the glory or honour to cleave to its own wings, but shakes off all self-praise, just as Paul did the viper into the fire. Faith says, "No, no. Give me not thanks, or praise, or honour. I have done nothing." Faith will have it not only that it does nothing, but that Christ, which dwelleth in it, has done it all; and faith has been known to say, "I want none of your palms, ye belong to Christ, not me." It will have nothing to do with honour, Christ must have every atom of it.

And now, my dear friends, there is one consolation with which I will close this sermon. The Psalmist says, "By thee have I run through a troop; and by my God have I leaped over a wall." I think if he were here at this time he would permit me to add, "And by my God *shall* I leap over a wall, and by thee *shall* I break through many a troop." What faith has done once by its God, it can do again. We have met Satan once in the battle-field, and when he chooses to attack us once more that old Jerusalem blade that gave him a bitter blow once is ready to give him another. That shield which once caught his fiery dart is still unbroken, and still prepared to receive another portion of them when he chooses to hurl them. Martin Luther, you know, often used to defy Satan to battle. I care not to do that; but he used to say, in his queer, quaint way, "I often laugh at Satan, and there is nothing that makes him so angry as when I attack him to his face, and tell him that through God I am more than a match for him; tell him to do his worst, and yet I will beat him; and tell him to put forth his fury, and yet I will overcome him." This would be presumption if in our own strength. It is only faith in the providence of God that can enable us to say so. He that has made God his refuge need fear no storm; but just as sometimes in Christmas weather the wind and snow and storm outside make the family fire seem warmer; and the family circle seem happier, so the trials and temptations of Satan do sometimes seem to add to the very peace and happiness of the true believer while he sits wrapped up in the mantle of godly confidence.

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home;
My God, my heaven, my all."

And when we know that we shall reach our home, even the storms or the tempest matter but little. Come, poor believer, pluck up thy courage. I have tried to give thee some strong meat this morning. Feed upon it. As the Lord Jesus Christ had a troop to face, and broke through them, so shalt thou. Even as he overcame, so shalt thou overcome. Did he enter heaven, and is there a long cloud of witnesses

streaming in behind him, every one a warrior? So if thou art his warrior thou shalt be one of that long stream; thou shalt also wear a crown, and wave the palm, and sing a song of victory, and talk of triumph purchased through the blood of, and achieved through faith in, the Lamb.

I must pause one moment while I address myself to those who know nothing of God, and nothing of Christ. Well, my hearers, you have a troop too, and you have your walls of difficulty; but you have no God to help you! Whatever trials the believer has, he has a God to fly to. "Look," said a poor woman to a lady who called to see her—"Look, ma'am, I'll show you all I'm worth. Do you see that cupboard, ma'am? Look in." The lady looked in, and saw nothing. "Do you see *this* cupboard?" said the woman. "Yes," said the lady; "but there is nothing in it but a dry crust." "Well," continued the woman, "do you see this chest?" "Yes, I see it; but it is empty," was the reply. "Well," said she, "that is all I am worth, ma'am; but I have not a doubt or fear with regard to my temporal affairs. My God is so good that I can still live without doubts and fears." She knew what it was to break through a troop and leap over a wall. Now, perhaps there are some of you with cupboards just as empty as that poor woman's; but you cannot add, "I have a God to go to." Oh, miserable creature—miserable if you are rich—thrice miserable if you are poor—to be like a pack-horse in this life, carrying a heavy burden, and then not to be unloaded at the grave, but to have a double burden laid upon you. Oh, poor men and women without Christ—with the few comforts which you have in this life, with its many privations, with its hunger, and thirst, and nakedness—oh, that you should not have a better world to go to! Above all, it seems a miserable thing that you should go through poverty here to a place where a drop of water shall be denied you to cool your burning tongue! If Christ is precious to the rich on earth, you must think that there is a peculiar sort of relish with which the poor man feeds on the bread of heaven. But you say, "May I not have a hope of heaven?" Assuredly, my friend. Dost thou long for Christ this moment? Then he longs for thee. Dost thou desire to have him? Then he gives thee that desire. Come thou to him, for the word of the Gospel is, "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." None are excluded; none but those who do themselves exclude. The invitation is free. May the application be effectual! Oh, that some of you may be led to go to your houses now, and on your knees ask for forgiveness of sin, and seek that you may become the children of God, through faith in the precious blood once shed for many for the remission of sins.

A CHILD IN THE WELL.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHRELTENHAM.

MY brother sometimes sends me a subject for my pen, and a letter just received from him contains the following:—"A child in the well! A CHILD IN THE WELL! It is now more than fifty years since I heard that cry. It was a terrible scream, and it is as fresh in my memory as when it was first uttered by that affrighted young woman. A boy had been sent by his mother to the well to draw water, and had taken his little brother with him; and while he was engaged in drawing it, the child, unperceived by him, as it is supposed, was looking down into the well, and fell in. The wonder was that he was not killed in his descent, by striking against the large bucket. The excitement was great. The neighbourhood was aroused, and all were filled with alarm, as the well was unusually deep. But it happened that a young woman came for water at the very moment, and in her fright she dashed her picher to pieces, and screamed out, 'A child in the well! A

CHILD IN THE WELL !' This piercing cry reached the ear, and entered the heart, of a poor man, who was at his dinner hard by. He flew to the rescue, and, without staying to consider the danger of the step, descended by the chain just in time to catch the child, as it was sinking the third time. Now all were at work to get the man and his charge up in safety; ropes and ladders were procured, and success crowned the efforts of the kind-hearted neighbours. The child was put into the arms of its distracted mother, and the poor man was praised for his kindness and courage. But who shall say how much depended upon that cry—that fearful scream of a woman, '*A child in the well ?*' All appeared to hang upon that cry. Five minutes and all would have been lost. But,—

'Not a single shaft can hit,
'Till the God of love sees fit.'

The cry aroused the man, the man fled, the child was saved: the hand of God was not seen or acknowledged until years rolled on. For more than thirty years that child has been a preacher of the Gospel, and has written many useful works. He has been the instrument, in the hand of a wonder-working God, of rescuing many poor ungodly sinners from a far deeper well. Through that child thousands have heard of the name and fame of Jesus, and those thousands have in some way been useful to others; and thus the effect will be felt to the end of time. How much depended on, and resulted from, that loud scream, '*A child in the well !*'

'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.'

This account of my own preservation when but a child is sent me as a subject for my pen; but what can I add to it? My heart has heaved with thankful emotions, and my eyes have been moistened with tears of gratitude, while I have been copying it, and I have been ready to exclaim with Leah, "*Now will I praise the Lord;*" and with David, "*I will sing of mercy.*" I cannot but admire the wonderful working of Divine Providence—how nicely everything is arranged and adjusted! How well all is timed! I do not wonder that good men have said that we are immortal until our work is done, for new proofs of this are constantly arising. Where is the Christian, the labourer in God's vineyard, who cannot find an illustration of the fact in his own experience? I can find more than one in mine. Some may perhaps reflect upon me for publishing my brother's narrative, and think me deficient in modesty; but I am not a young man now, nor am I so much affected by what my fellow-men say or write of me as I once was. If God, either as the God of providence or grace, can be glorified by anything I write or publish, it is enough; and surely no Christian can read the above with an unprejudiced mind without glorifying God in me. How near to death, yet intended for life! How imminent the danger; how simple, and yet suitable, the means of preservation! How wondrously God wrought, and yet no one present then appeared to see his hand or acknowledge his interference! How much often depends upon a trifling action! Take away one link, and the chain falls to pieces. Not one circumstance can be omitted, or the child's life is lost. The woman must come at the exact moment; alarmed, she must scream at the top of her voice; the labourer must be eating his homely meal; in his fright, he must do what if he had stayed to reflect he would have feared to attempt; but the hand of God was in the whole. "He performeth the thing that is appointed for me, and many such things are with him."

What effect should the bringing of this circumstance before my mind at this time have upon me? I trust it has made me feel grateful, and has led me anew to praise my God, for his wonderful works towards the children of men. But this is not enough. I would anew in the most solemn manner dedicate myself, the life so wondrously preserved, with all my powers, talents, and opportunities, to the Lord, and to his glory. Often have I surrendered myself to my God, and conse-

crated myself to his glory and praise; and I do so with all my heart and soul again this morning. For the Lord I desire to live; to promote his cause I desire to labour; to bring sinners to Jesus, and to comfort and edify his people, I desire to render the one great object of my life. As the especial care of his providence, as well as the subject of his sovereign and distinguishing grace, I desire to be his, wholly his, only his, and his for ever. Lord, take me anew into thy hands, and make me more and more like thy beloved Son; not only so, but as thou hast used me for the good of others, and the glory of thy great name, use me yet more extensively, and glorify thyself by me, ten thousand times more than thou ever hast done yet! If I have one undying desire in my soul, it is that Christ may be magnified in me, and be glorified by me, both in life and in death. Many years ago, this desire was kindled at the cross by a sense of the infinite love of Jesus, and nothing has ever been able to extinguish it yet, nor do I believe that anything ever will.

Reader, can you look back upon any hairbreadth escapes from death? Can you look back upon a deliverance, not from a well of water, but from the pit of destruction? Can you say with David, "Great is thy mercy towards me, for thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell?" What would deliverance from death be, if you are not delivered from hell? Of what value would a few years on earth be, if spent in sin, if filled up with worldly pleasure, if there should be a place in hell? Blessed be God, he not only saved my life, and delivered me from an early death, but he saved my soul, and condescended to employ me in his vineyard. Beloved, life without God's favour—life without an interest in Christ—life unless it is spent in God's service—is not worthy the name of life. To live, is to have the life of God in the soul! To live, is to have Christ formed in the heart! To live, is to be inhabited by the Holy Spirit, and by his inhabitation to be consecrated to God's glory and praise! O to live as Jesus lived! To keep the same end in view, to walk by the same rule, and to do the works he did! For this, we were redeemed by his blood, for this we were called by his grace, for this our lives are preserved in the present world, and for this his fulness is thrown open to us, and we are invited to make use of his grace. Holy Spirit, lead us to make more use of Christ, to enjoy closer communion with Christ, and to live, walk, work, and talk, more entirely for the glory of Christ! Blessed Jesus, accept of us as thy own property, fill us with thy own sweet spirit, stamp thy lovely image upon us, and use us to exalt thy dear name, spread thy well-deserved fame, and extend thy glorious cause. Father of mercies, God of all grace, receive our praises for thy wondrous love, sovereign grace, and special providence—help us to praise thee here on earth, and then take us to praise and bless thee eternally in heaven!

SABBATH OBSERVERS BLEST OF GOD.

BY THE REV. S. LILLYCROP.

THE ministers of the Gospel have many inducements to call the attention of their people to the better observance of the Sabbath-day from the pulpit; and the members of our churches should be alike influenced to put forth their energies, in order to stem the tide of Lord's-day desecration, by the distribution of religious tracts on the subject, and by personal example, in the consecration of those sacred hours to God. For the threatenings of the Most High

against those who profane that hallowed day are very alarming, as those which were delivered by Ezekiel, *xx. 12*, "My Sabbaths they have greatly polluted: then I said, I will pour out my fury upon them to consume them." While, on the other hand, the encouragements to keep holy that blessed day are numerous and cheering, as that in Isaiah *lvi. 4*: "For thus saith the Lord unto the eunuchs that keep my Sabbaths and choose the things that please me

and take hold of my covenant; even unto them will I give in any house and within any walls a place and a name better than of (having) sons and daughters: I will give them an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off."

The fearful profanation of the Sabbath in the day in which we live, surpasses anything known in this country when religion in general was at a lower ebb. This is Satan's counteraction to the efforts of the faithful in the land. Coaches travelled forty years ago, 'tis true, on that holy day, yet many of them stopped till the Lord's day was passed over. But now railways not only do most of the ordinary traffic, but actually advertise with impunity their excursion trains, specially for that day; and on Sunday, August 5th, of the last year, the Brighton Railway carried to that fashionable watering-place six thousand five hundred Sabbath-breakers! Appalling as this may appear, it is no uncommon thing. It is to be wondered at, that the poor servants, or rather slaves of that company, should be sighing and almost crying for deliverance? But the need of daily bread compels them to continue in the employ. To whom can they look but to the people of God for help, in the shape of petitions to the Legislature; in appeals to the railway companies; in abstaining from the use of the trains, if it can be possibly avoided; by personal example in always being found in the sanctuary of God on the Lord's-day; and by not hiring cabs or omnibuses, that the drivers thereof may have opportunities of refreshing their souls, as well as those who employ them? They are truly anxious for this blessed day as their own,—

"The best of all the seven."

For one thousand cabmen have this year enrolled their names as members of the new club, formed for their spiritual benefit.

But to impress these things on the mind more clearly, we shall endeavour to show—

I. That the Sabbath was instituted by God himself. It should not be looked upon as a Mosaic institution. Its sanctification is coeval with the creation of the heavens, and earth, and sea, as Gen. ii. 1, "Thus the heavens and the earth were made and all the host of them, and on the seventh day God ended his works, and God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it." Hence it does not derive its authority from the Sinai Decalogue. It was established more

than 2,000 years anterior to that solemn event. Marriage was sanctified in Paradise, and so was the Sabbath, and those who profane the day of rest have as much right to cancel their marriage vows.

For the Sabbath is an institution perpetually in force, as our Lord Jesus showed in the days of his humanity, when he declared "that the Sabbath was made for man," and, consequently, as long as man dwells on the earth, he will require the Sabbath. In Paradise it was given to the first man as a day of rest from his light toils; how much more, then, must man require it at the present period, when his energies are too often stretched beyond their natural tension! John in Patmos consecrated the holy rest, though not on the same day of the week, celebrating the redemption of the world, as Adam did the creation of the world. What would the poor slave in America do without this kind provision of God? Six days the lash has been flaying his back, but he looks forward to that morn so bright, on which the Lord arose to raise him from the degraded position of a beast of burden to that of a man, who has an immortal soul—a soul as precious in the eye of Jesus as the monarch's upon the throne.

It should never be forgotten that God has claimed the Sabbath as his own in all ages, Ex. xvi. 23: "To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord." And John in Patmos terms the Christian's day of rest "the Lord's-day." The one may be the seventh and the other the first of the week; but a seventh part of the week is termed "the Lord's." It was on the first day of the week the day of Pentecost fell, when the Lord so graciously and copiously poured out of his Holy Spirit on the waiting Christian Church, and thus consecrated both the day and the new-born souls to his glory; saying, "Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it; that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil," Isaiah lvi. 2. And it should not be forgotten, that the first entire day that Adam enjoyed upon earth, was the Sabbath of the Lord, on which the smile of his Maker fell with beams of light and love Divine on his countenance.

II. The observers of the Sabbath receive special notice from God, Isaiah lvi. 4: "For thus saith the Lord unto the eunuchs that keep my Sabbaths, unto them will I

give in mine house a name better than of sons and daughters." God has distinguished eminent saints in all ages for their consecration and dedication of hearts and lives to him; as "Moses, who refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter," and Joshua and Caleb, who stood up in opposition to the unbelievers, who brought a false report of the goodly land and Lebanon. And, in like manner, the pious Jews, who kept the holy Sabbath in Isaiah's day, are highly honoured of God, who says, "*They choose the things which please me.*" Some only choose those things which please themselves. Self-gratification is the one object of their thoughts.

Pleasure and play they delight in all day;
But the church or the chapel are never found in
their way.

Sabbath was the self-gratifying principle that like heaven worked in the souls of the Israelites, that God's house and God's day were "nearly forgotten." For this Jehoiakim had a controversy with his people, and sent his prophets, rising up early and sending them; but they would not hear; therefore he sold them into the hands of their enemies; and in the land of Babylon they paid the penalty of their temerity seventy years, until Canaan had recovered her days of rest. So that those who would not sing the Lord's songs in their Temple at Jerusalem, found it a hard thing to be required to sing those songs by the rivers of Babylon; and by the very men who carried them away captive. They that would not employ their harps in the songs of Zion in their own land, were now compelled to hang these harps on the willows in the land of their enemies, while they sat down and wept bitterly. Oh, how painful the way of the backslider, and how pleasant the path of the just! The Lord not only says, "*They choose the things which please me, but they take hold of my covenant.*" Not the covenant of circumcision, but the covenant of grace—an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure. A covenant of peace sealed by the blood of the Mediator, whose atonement and righteousness secure the fulfilment of all its engagements to the very uttermost to all them that believe. Truly "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and her paths are peace." "But the wicked are like the troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt." "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

III. There are special and Divine pro-

misses made to those who honour the Sabbath of God. Indeed, "religion has the promise of this life as well as of that which is to come." As, for instance, "They that honour me, I will honour; but they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God and he shall be my Son." And again, "Unto them (that keep my Sabbaths) will I give in mine house and within my walls a place and a name better than of (having) sons and daughters." To have a name or title to God's house is no small privilege; but to have a place there is better than a name. And who is so likely to prize this privilege as "those who keep holy day," and cry out in the ecstasy of joy, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord?" And

"O the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus shows the brightest beams
Of his overflowing grace."

But the privileges promised to the Sabbath observers are not confined to Solomon's Temple or the Christian sanctuaries of this dying world. No, no; if so, it would be very transient and uncertain at the best. But "there is a rest that remaineth for the people of God," not a mere Sabbath-day, but an everlasting Sabbatism, which Dr. Watts sweetly versifies in his Holy Hymns, 23:—

"There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my waiting spirit stands,
Till God shall bid it fly."

That is the mansion our gracious Lord and Saviour is gone to prepare for all his redeemed whom he has bought with his most precious blood, and make them "kings and priests unto God," and they shall reign with him for ever and ever.

Oh! how different are the prospects of the wicked who desecrate God's Sabbath, and neglect his house. Seven young men, at Liverpool, some time since, resolved on a Sabbath-day's sail on the water. One was restrained by parental authority, the other six went their way, the boat capsized, all of them were drowned, and called to stand suddenly before that God whose Sabbath they had profaned. The one saved was brought to repentance, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and ultimately became a Gospel minister, and assistant to the Rev. S. Kippin, of Exeter. "Oh, to grace!"

'Tis melancholy to reflect on the progress

Sabbath profanation is making in dear old England, especially at the Crystal Palace. Many pious souls always objected to the erection of that interesting school of art, knowing that it would end in the neglect of God's day by thousands. Let the faithful in the land do all in their power to

avert the evil, by example in their families, and before the world, by the distribution of religious tracts and personal counsel, and by prayer to our heavenly Father that he would be pleased to pour out his Holy Spirit upon all nations, for his name and mercy's sake. Amen.

THE TIME OF SINGING IS COME.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH WILKINS, OF BRIGHTON.

THESE is "a time to mourn and a time to dance." Amid the moving sceneries of the panorama of life, the careful observer cannot but see how Divinely one thing is set over against the other, so that miseries and mercies, darkness and light, sorrow and song, are so balanced that we rejoice with trembling, and endure with hope. The change of season, the phases of life, and the revolutions of time, all teach us nothing is stationary; the wheel is ever rotating, the views are always dissolving, and successors come forth to be succeeded. As we look on our feelings are excited, or our emotions aroused according to the character of the event; thus joy and grief, horror and pity, divide our heart, magnifying the difference and filling us with strange amazement at the change. To announce, then, that "the time of singing is come," suggests to us at once the idea of a CONTRAST.

The picture is borrowed from nature. Stern winter creeping forth from his hibernal lair, stretches out its paralyzing power, stripping creation of its beauty, and binding our earth as with fetters of steel, till the hyaline drops stand thick on nature's brow, and darkness and gloom reign monarchs around. At length multipotent benignity compassionates the captive, and gives command to "loose him and let him go." Then youthful spring, like the Hebrew stripling, comes forth in the name of Israel's God, and with undaunted courage makes battle with the foe, and, with resistless power, day by day he thrusts back the tyrant, breaking off fetter after fetter till the prisoner is free. Nature at once begins to clothe itself afresh, and under the balmy influences of genial showers, and bright shining after rain, a thousand beauties burst forth to show the Maker's praise. The primrose, and violet, and sweet wild flowers

unveil their faces, and the verdant carpet is spread on every meadow and lawn; and the lark, invited by the clear blue sky, soars aloft, filling the air with the notes of melody, which, blended with the sweet harmony of the vocal woodlands, declare that "the time of singing is come." Oh, happy contrast! what minds have expanded to portray its beauty, and what harps have been strung to sing its praise! Yet it is not the greatest contrast; for what is the gloom of winter to the darkness of sin? or the slumbering, or pinching hunger of the feathered tribes, compared to immortal souls sleeping in iniquity, or perishing for lack of the bread of life? And what are the liberty and light of spring compared with the freedom and life of the Gospel of Jesus? Here is the contrast; when captive souls are freed, when guilty souls are pardoned, and when weeping souls rejoice. At such a time the sorrow of the night is passed, and "the time of singing is come." The soul sings, the Church sings, and angels in heaven sing, too, at such a contrast as this.

This singing is certainly a WONDER.

Bright and glorious was the opening-morning of our world's history. A cloudless sun illumined the heavens, and his refulgence filled the earth; the mountains were gilded with his beams, whilst he scattered life and bloom on every land. The forest, animated with warbling choristers and roaming beast, was a paragon of peace. The Eden of God was the abode of man, and the murmuring of the streams of Paradise, connected with the music of the heavens, formed counterparts to the songs of innocent humanity. Sin was unknown, pain unfelt, and death not feared, for the heirs of earth were happy and free as the angels of God. But alas! that happiness endured but a moment; for sin entering, blasted the prospects of man, and filled the

creature with guilt and the world with woe. From that moment onward misery and death mantled the earth, and the wail of suffering arose up to heaven. Darkness covered the lands, and gross darkness the people. Thus night sat brooding on the vast progeny of the great transgressor. That night was only broken by the star of promise, the passing light of the prophetic watchmen, or the feeble reflections of Jewish types. Thus did it continue till the day-star arose, the certain harbinger of the Sun of Righteousness, which speedily dawned on Bethlehem's plains. His glorious beams and fertilising influences caused the barrenness to put on verdure, and the moral desert to blossom as the garden of the Lord, gladdening redeemed souls, who, with exulting joy, went forth to tell burdened captives that "the time of singing was come." This must ever be viewed as wonderful, especially when the difficulties are examined, and the labour estimated. Men ignorant of the Divine character may look on sin as a trifling thing; but let it be read in the light of Calvary, where the holiness and justice of Deity shine forth, as the innocent Sufferer takes our place, bears our iniquities, and carries our sorrows, and it will henceforth be a marvel that a note of joy should ever have been heard from human lips, seeing the misery sin entailed. 'Tis here the mighty wonder is to be estimated. Shepherds marvelled greatly as the hush of night was broken by that outburst of angelic song which announced to them "peace on earth;" but the fishermen had far greater cause to marvel when they saw that "the chastisement of our peace was upon him" who "went about doing good." Travelling with him through the chequered scenes of his ministry, they learnt much of his love and pity; yet, from all the pages of that deeply-interesting life, could they not learn so much as from the last, in which they read his sufferings and death. There his love was perfectly demonstrated, and the magnitude of our guilt manifested. Think of him in the garden and on the tree, where he endured such strokes, which otherwise must have doomed every human soul to eternal wailing and woe. Poetry has represented all heaven as amazed at this sight; nor is it surprising, if the spirits of the just at such a time should "suspend their song" to gaze from the battlements of the heavenly city on the Sufferer Divine. With what breath-

less silence would they trace the agonies of his soul, which increased more and more, till darkness (betokening heaven's frown on guilty man) spread itself over earth, leaving the "spotless victim," and the world for which he bled, enwrapped together in the night! The heavenly watchers gaze on till the wrath is endured, when gradually the darkness wears away, and the glorious Sufferer exclaims, "It is finished." This is heard above, beneath, and every chord is summoned, for the battle is fought, the victory won, and the celestial inhabitants, learning the full price of their joy, "the time of singing had come," and heaven's arches resounded with "Worthy the Lamb," whilst every redeemed spirit wonders and adores.

This heavenly wonderment is the same in spirit, which fills every released soul from the bondage of guilt; what a night of darkness is the season of conviction for sin—darkness only broken by the flashes of awakened conscience, or occasional reflections of truth, the arrows of the Almighty sticking fast in the heart, and Sinai roaring around the spirit—'tis indeed a time of weeping and woe; yet no sooner does faith lift up her eyes and behold Jesus the all-atoning Lamb, but, behold! the gloom is scattered, the burden is lost, the misery is ended, and, to the astonishment of the lately-troubled heart, "the time of singing is come."

This joyful season having arrived, the fact announced should be looked upon by all the godly as a SUMMONS.

It becometh not the children of God and the heirs of glory to "go mourning all their days." If those whose religion has consisted chiefly in writing hard things against God and themselves, and in sighs and groans, cannot be persuaded to learn a more perfect way, they must be left to their bitter herbs; yet let all who know the loving Saviour's grace with the fullest assurance of his perfect work, and with the long historic testimony of his power and faithfulness, and with the bright prospect before them, not another moment doubt his grace, but with fixed eyes upon the Lamb let them "with music pass along." And let the united Church likewise now feel that it is a time of song, for though many places are yet black with the darkness of cruelty and sin, yet our God has come with omnipotent strength, and of late has mightily shown his arm, so that from the

uttermost part of the earth we hear songs. The heathen temples are crumbling, the man of sin is tottering, while the stone is still rolling on, filling the earth with glory. The Church should now raise her harp for the shout, despite neology, infidelity, and false, man-concocted systems; for their present efforts are but the last struggles of life; therefore, let the dying groans be drowned with songs of victory, for the Lord is with us, and the conquest is ours.

Let us rejoice too in anticipation of the last victory, when the world shall be freed

from its bondage and we from corruption—when a groan shall no longer trouble the earth nor a sin our breath; but when creation shall be restored to its glorious destiny and we to the image of Jesus then shall the glorified Church not only exclaim: "Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory," but each one, with new and immortal powers, in strains which seraphs can scarcely reach, shall join that never-ending song which shall echo and reverberate throughout the vast creation, which that day shall liberate from the curse of sin and the follies of man:

WHAT IS TRUTH?

BY THE REV. SAMUEL KING BLAND, CHESHAM, BUCKS.

There is in England, exactly what is in Russia. It is in 1891, entirely and exclusively what it was before the flood; and the second advent of the King of kings will create no new truth, falsify no old truth, nor cast one ancient fiction into reality.

Truth is God's; by right, by origin, by choice. The being and attributes of God are not only true harmony, but the unity of truth. In the infinite there exists not truth but truth; for essentially, eternally, unchanging truth is one. While its aspects are numerous, its influences diverse, its voices a multitude, its beauties varied, its triumphs "a cloud," its spirit, its integrity, its heart is one.

Truth is God's by right, ours by gift. By infinite, original wisdom, God comprehends all truth. By affectionate condescending authority, God declares that truth fitted to the reception and good of his subordinates.

God knows all truth—always, all at once; God reveals truth by measure, in time, place, and subject.

God is true; God is light; in God is no darkness; God cannot lie (deceit); God lives in truth; thinks, speaks, acts, loves in truth. All that is true owns God as its father. All who love truth own God for their father; and the Father layeth up for, teacheth, guideth his children; and as many as are led by his Spirit they are his sons. "Therefore, if any lack wisdom, let him ask of God; and the reward shall be the delighted devotion." Thou shalt guide me

by thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

No creature can understand all truth; this is the Creator's sole prerogative. The knowledge of all creatures together comprehendeth not all truth.

The faultless creature is yet imperfect in knowledge; for the creature is in course of education; yet can never know beyond the power of creaturship.

What the limit of that power be or shall be we may not even guess. The daybreak of immortality dawns our earthly gaze; even its dim reflection overwhelms the humble, teachable soul. What is its meridian splendour?

She is a lie. Its interest and spirit is to darken the mind, to conceal the truth, to hinder the light, to falsify the testimony of righteousness, to obtrude the question, "Hath God said?" (Gen. iii. 1.)

The exultations of sin are false; the promises of sin are deception; the pleasures of sin are a mockery; the indulgences of sin are the poison seed of the soul's death. The sorrow of sin alone is real; for trouble, disappointment, and misery are the judgment of the true upon the false; of the good upon the evil. Truth is an uncounting, promising enemy; an unrelenting foe; but only against *Sin—the lie*. The nature of truth, and the will of its author, are alike opposed to a falsehood, whether in conception, doctrine, or action; for God loves truth.

"God's will be done, as in heaven so on earth." This is the righteous anticipation

alike of the sinless host upheld and of the saved Church redeemed. This the longing cry of every sin-burdened heart whose chains are bursting before the emancipation of truth—yielding to the conquering love of the anointed deliverer. This the fulness of the promises of our Father to his sons and daughters far and near.

God knoweth our frame—meteth out the knowledge of his will as we are able to bear it—never withholdeth a beneficial gift—ever gives enough to lead the soul to himself.

The glimpses of the truth to an infant age afforded just that light which made the faithful of those days successful, waiting watchers. The allegorical unfolding, the dreaming visionary teaching of a prophetic age, led on and confirmed the believer's hope; and while they died in faith, not having received the promises, yet through a glass (darkly) they saw them afar off, and, embracing them, left the lies of a godless

world behind; and patiently traversed on, looking for a better country, even a heavenly. But the God of Truth, who spoke in divers ways unto the Fathers; hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son; hath said the same things, given the same ground of hope, opened the one ancient way of peace.

Simeon rejoiced in the very day of Christ which Abraham with gladness saw. And Jesus stood forth, the foundation, the centre, the crown of all truth. Jehovah pleased all fairness in him, and was well pleased therewith. Christ fulfilled the decree of the rod, and, turning to his Father, cried, "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do;" then toward man, exclaiming, "I am the truth, learn of me." Oh for grace to reply, "Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths! Lead me in thy truth, and teach me, for these are the ways of my salvation!"

MARY BUNYAN, THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER BORD, AUTHOR OF "GRACE TRUMAN."

CHAPTER IX. (continued.)

THE SILENT WIFE.

"I could bear all my trials, Sister Harrow," she replied, after a pause in which she partially subdued her emotion and wiped the tears from her face, "if my dear husband was not lying in that miserable cell. I could get along with my own trouble if I did not know that he was suffering. But it almost breaks my heart to see him wasting away as he is, and I do not know that he will ever be released."

"It's a mighty hard trial, Sister Bunyan. I know 't is, and my heart feels for you. You must bear it as well as you can. It can't be helped. God has some purpose in it. He will glorify his own great name in Brother Bunyan's trials. I am sure of that—I know 't is his own work; and he just suffers evil men to have their way for a little time to show His power, and he'll cut them off suddenly, and that without remedy. You needn't give yourself any trouble about the end of all these things. God will make 't straight after a while. All you've got to do is to go along and do what's right and

look to Jesus. He'll work it out in his own good time, and then you'll see it is all as clear as the shining sun. Just have patience and trust to our blessed Master, he'll take care of you and it."

"But I must do something to try and get my husband out of that dreadful dungeon. He cannot live if he stays there."

"Oh, yes; if you could do anything, Sister Bunyan, it would be well enough. But what can you do, poor woman? If they won't listen to you, these men here at Bedford."

"I have been thinking of going down to London, Sister Harrow, to see if I cannot be heard there. My husband has written out this paper which I have in my hand. It is his petition, and I am going to take it with me, and get it handed to the king or the lords."

"You going down to London, Sister Bunyan?" exclaimed the old woman, almost rising from the settee on which she had been seated during the conversation. "You go down to London by yourself? Why, what will you do when get there? Why, you'll be lost, I tell you, in that great big city.

They tell me it is a world in itself, and you'll never find your way to the king and the great men."

"I think I shall be able to do something, Sister Harrow; if I can do anything I must. I cannot see my husband suffering as he is without making some attempt to get him out of that horrid place. My heart is wrung to see him pining in that narrow cell when I know he has done nothing sinful in the sight of God or man. I can't understand it—it's very, very dark."

"And are you going to London sure enough, Sister Bunyan?" asked the old lady in surprise. She had never in all her life been so far from home, and the idea of a lone woman going way down to London to present a petition for her husband's life before the king and the lords, filled the honest soul of the poor old woman with great consternation. "Why, won't you be afraid, Sister Bunyan?" she added, as she drew her settee nearer the weeping woman. "And how will you go?"

"It was to find this out that I came by to see Brother Harrow. I thought he could tell me. Mr. Bunyan said he would arrange the matter for me and help me to get off."

"To be sure he will, Sister Bunyan. My good man will help you all he can if you must go. And I think you ought to if you can do any good. How long before you will start?"

"I must go next week. The assizes begin week after next, and I want to be in time."

"And who will go with you to look after you, Sister Bunyan, and what will you do when you get there? Oh, me! it is a great undertaking for you. But it is for your good husband, and you ought to do it. May the Lord help you on your way! He can bring you off in safety."

"Nobody will go with me, and I don't know how I shall go. When I get there I am going to stay with an old friend of my husband, a Mr. Strudwick, on Snow Hill."

"Well, Sister Bunyan, I hope you will get your wish. I pray that God will go with you and watch over you, and make the king and the great men see their wickedness, that their hearts may be opened to do what is right. Poor sinful creatures, how will they be able to stand at the last day? The poor undone creatures! Oh, 'tis dreadful, Sister Bunyan, to think of the everlasting torments they must meet."

"A fearful thing, Sister Harrow. May

the Lord, in his infinite mercy, give them repentance before they die. They have imprisoned my husband and left me a widow and my children fatherless, and for all this I believe God himself will punish them in this world; but I have to pray that he will open their eyes before it is everlastingly too late, and give them to repent the wickedness of their hearts, that they may be saved. But I must be getting home; it is getting late, and the children are by themselves. Tell your good man I would like to see him and get his advice."

"Yes, he will be over to see you to-morrow. He told me before he went away that he was going to your house to-morrow to carry you some things. Now don't be troubled about this thing, Sister Bunyan; it will all work together for good. Only trust God, he won't deceive you. He'll make you triumph over all your enemies, for he is a strong arm, and you know, Sister Bunyan, none can hinder him. I hope God will be with you on your way, and give you sweet consolation, and give you strength to go before the king and the great men, and that he will incline their hearts to grant you your request. Keep in good spirits, Jesus is your friend. I will come over to-morrow with my old man, and when you go down to London you must leave the children with me."

The afflicted wife pressed the hand of the kind old woman in grateful assent, and departed. Little Joseph clung closely to his mother. His heart was filled with childish wonder and fear. The conversation between his mother and Goody Harrow had confused and frightened him. He could not unravel it. He understood that his mother was going to London, which seemed to him a most wonderful thing, and that, too, to see the king. He could scarcely credit his own ears when he heard this—his mother going to see *the king*, that great man, whom his childish imagination had pictured so far above all other men, and whom his untainted veneration had made an object of idolatrous worship! He could not understand it. It was something about his father and the gaol, and what it all meant was beyond his comprehension. So he walked along silently beside his mother, pondering over all he had heard, and trying, with all the reasoning powers of his little mind, to overcome all the difficulties and make the different parts of the story harmonize with each other. He wanted to tell it to Sarah when he got

home, but he wished first to understand it well himself. He longed to ask his mother all about it, but, with that intuition which children oftentimes possess, he saw clearly that his mother's mind was deeply occupied; so he walked quietly along, with his thoughtful eyes fixed on the ground, trying to solve his difficult problem. Suddenly he looked up into his mother's face and asked,—

"Mother, are you going to see the king?"

"I do not know, Joseph, whether I shall see him or not," was his mother's abstracted reply.

He was again silent for some moments more. But he could not satisfy himself, and his curiosity must be gratified, so he seized his mother's hand, as it hung lifeless at her side, and asked,—

"Mother, mother, will they let father out of that old dark dungeon?"

"Who, Joseph?"

"Why, them big men way down in London that you are going to see. Will they let father out of gaol? I do hope they will."

"I cannot tell whether they will or not, Joseph," answered the mother, pursuing her train of thought.

"Well, you are going to ask them when you go down to London, ain't you, mother?"

"Yes, Joseph. They had no right to put your father in gaol, and I think they ought to let him out that he may come home to see us."

"I think so too, mother. Father didn't do anything bad, did he, mother?"

"No, Joseph. Your father did not do anything to be put in prison for. Bad men put him there without a cause."

"But the big men down in London will let him out when you ask them, won't they, mother? and then father will come home and stay with us like he used to do. He won't preach any more either, and then they can't put him in the ugly old gaol again."

The mother knew she could not explain the causes of doubt respecting the father's release so that the child could understand, and so she made no answer. Joseph's questions had brought before her mind with great vividness the difficulties of her proposed undertaking. She pictured herself in the streets of London, a lone, unprotected woman, whose name could have no influence upon those who heard it, except to bring down contempt and insolence upon her own head. If her husband was known

at all, it was as John Bunyan, in Bedford gaol, for disobedience to the laws of the land. When she thought of the judges, with their stern faces, and the laughs, and jeers, and gibes of those who might hear her business, she shuddered. And then, horrid picture! there came up to her mind the refusal of her petition, while the judges turned a cold look upon her, and unfeeling ones stood by laughing at her anguish and disappointment.

Her tears began again to flow as this most fearful finale presented itself to her overtaxed mind; but she wiped them hastily away, and choked down her emotion. She was almost home, and she did not wish to appear unusually troubled before the sensitive child whom she knew awaited her with eager, anxious heart.

After the evening meal was over the two youngest children were sent out to play, and Mrs. Bunyan then unfolded to Mary the plan before her and the probable results of the undertaking.

"Oh, if dear father could get out of that frightful gaol and come home to us once more, how glad I would be, mother;" and the poor blind child turned her darkened eyes towards her mother with such an expression of solicitude on her sweet, sad face, as made the mother's heart ache.

"Do you think they will let him out, mother?"

"I cannot tell, Mary. God will attend to that. I must do what is my duty in the case, and leave the result with him. If it is his will he shall be set at liberty, it will be done. But if he sees fit to keep your father in prison, we must try to submit, and say, 'Not our will, but thine, O Lord, be done;'" and the poor woman heaved a deep, long-drawn sigh, which told to Mary's heart how faintly the mother was able to pray the dying Saviour's words.

How often we utter with our lips truths which the heart has not yet been made subject to! We desire to feel—we pray to feel—that submission which our lips utter, but "grace sufficient" has not yet been given, and, while the words flow, the heart beats in fearful apprehension.

"I cannot tell, my child, how this matter will end," resumed the mother, after a pause, "but it is our only hope, and if God shall bless my efforts your father will be pardoned. If not—" And she shook her head despairingly, as the unfinished sentence died on her quivering lips.

While the mother and Mary had been thus discussing the matter, Joseph, with all the intensity of his ardent nature assisted by his excited imagination, had been peering into the ear of little Sarah his wonderful story of his mother's intended journey to London. The poor little Sarah caught her brother's enthusiasm, and her reddened cheek and agitated manner, as she earnestly listened to his strange words, fully betrayed the excitement and fear of her little timid heart. And when Thomas came home bringing up the cow, the little ones took him aside and disclosed to him the wonderful tale.

"'Twas a night of silent sorrow in the little homestead at Ellow. Burdened hearts dared not speak their agony, and, while silence sealed the lips, the fountain welled higher and higher its bitter waters. Oh, God! thou alone canst be a father to these fatherless ones, a stay to their widowed mother's heart. Speak some word of consolation to her soul, and protect the children of thy servant. They are in thy hand. Oh, lead them gently! They are the lambs of thy fold, let not the enemy devour.

The mother knelt with her four helpless ones round the deserted hearthstone, over which dark, deep shadows brooded! Shall these shadows ever be supplanted by the light of happiness, or shall they deepen—deepen—until the darkness becomes solid, rayless, gidron? God alone knows. The issues are in his hands. He worketh, and none can hinder; he speaketh, and it is done! And as the faithful soul of the desolate wife poured forth her ample, fervent petition, she realized in all its fearful sublimity that God "saith according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, 'What doest thou?' By faith having through grace triumphed over the fear and anxiety of time, she laid hold on the promises of eternal life, and was enabled to feed on the hidden manna of God's own precious Word, realising that he who had called her to follow him would guide and protect her the journey through.

"Alas, a deeper test of faith
Than a prison cell, or martyr's stake,
The soft abasing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make."

The next day, as was promised, Neighbour Harrow came to present the little stores he had gathered together from the sympathiz-

ing friends, and to see about preparations for the journey to London. It was decided, that Mrs. Bunyan should go in a public conveyance, as being the speediest and most prudent way of travelling. She was to leave on the following Monday, so that, if possible, she might return to her little family before the Sabbath-day. The old man guaranteed that she should be furnished with everything necessary, and as he took her by the hand to bid her good-bye, he recommended her to the care and guidance of God.

The few intervening days passed by. The wife made such arrangement as the circumstances required at her hands. The mission was one of fearful import. Upon its result depended her weal or woe. She pondered the matter well. Could she but have seen her husband once more before leaving, what a consolation this would have been, what strength would it have imparted! But this was impossible. She had just made him a visit, and she knew full well that the gaoler would not admit her again for weeks to come. There were many things respecting which she wished to advise with her husband, many points upon which she needed his instruction. But it was too late. She must entrust herself to God, and go forward in the path of duty.

What will not a woman brave for the sake of a innocent husband? One that she knows and feels is innocent—stands clear in the sight of God, however much bitter, vile, persecuting enemies may seek to destroy him, and to cast out his name as evil. She will dance the highest heights, and pierce the deepest depths—will bear contumely, reproach, the gibes and sneers of fiends in human form—will remain firm and immovable when all else forsake, and, trusting to God, and in the might of truth to prevail, will stand defender of his rights till life itself shall end. This is woman's love! This is woman's faith! This is woman's courage!

Monday came. The mother set out on her journey. How sorrowfully her eyes rested on the dark, gloomy form of the heavy gaol, as it stood there in its forbidding loneliness on the old bridge. Her heart's treasure was there sealed in from her sight by heavy time-stained stones and massive bars of iron. The evil spirit of persecution had torn him from her bosom. The evil spirit of persecution, under the borrowed cloak of religion, had placed him there, and there kept him in weary chains

from day to day, while his strength and manhood wasted fast away.

Her feelings as she journeyed on we will not make an attempt to describe. No words of ours could do them justice. Neither could those who have never been called to pass through the deep waters of persecution for righteousness' sake understand them, though they were portrayed in characters of living light. There are certain bitter experiences of the heart which no language can speak—a sorrow which no tongue can describe—it fills the soul, but seals the lips. It wastes its very life, but oh, how silently!

Owing to detentions, the journey, though only about thirty miles, was not completed until the next day. About noon of Tuesday the great city burst upon the view of the daring wife. For a moment she shuddered with a feeling of dread and wonder; but it was only for a moment. "It is for my husband that I brave all this," she said to herself, "and I must not falter now, and what I do must be done quickly."

She descends from the vehicle, and taking from her bosom the petition written by her husband, with throbbing heart she wends her way towards the House of Lords. She prays as she walks along that God himself will interfere for her, and grant her success. On, on, she bends her steps, inquiring as she goes, until at last the magnificent building, wherein are assembled the nobility and wealth of England, bursts upon her view. She steps suddenly, overcome by a feeling of fearful apprehension. How shall she ever be able to make known her desires? "God will open a way for me," she says to herself as she again moves on. "I go to plead for his poor innocent persecuted servant, and he will give me strength according to my trials." As she was approaching the door of the House of Lords, a nobleman, with kind, benignant face, perceived her, and thus accosted her,—

"My poor woman, what is your desire? Have you any business to be attended to?"

Her heart revived as she heard the gentle words and remarked the compassionate expression of the nobleman's face, and presenting to him the petition which she held in her hand, she said,—

"I have come, my lord, to see if I can get my husband's liberty. He has been falsely accused and thrown into prison, and I have come down to the city to see if he cannot be set free."

"And this is your petition, is it, my woman? Who wrote it for you?"

"My husband himself did, my lord; he is a preacher; as you will see from that; and they have thrown him into prison because he will not promise to quit preaching."

"Well, well; we must look into this matter. Come along with me, and I will see what can be done for you," and Lord Barkwood passed through the doorway, followed by the trembling steps of the faithful wife.

He motioned her to a stand, where she remained in fearful suspense, while he presented her petition to various members of the House, and spoke with them respecting it.

"We cannot release him," each replied. "The matter must be handed over to the judges at the coming assizes, and they must decide upon the case."

The kind-hearted lord felt this was too true. It was not a part of their business, and they could take no action upon it, except to commit it to the judges, which was done.

He reached her as she stood anxiously watching every movement and expression, and explained to her their inability to decide the matter.

She was sorely disappointed, and her whole frame shook tremulously. The lord spoke kindly to her. "They could not," he said, "release him." He advised her how to proceed at the coming assizes, which were to take place in Bedford the following week, and, wishing her success, he pointed her to the door and left her.

And thus all her expectations were blasted. The House of Lords could not give liberty to her husband, and her journey to London had proved fruitless. Yet there was the shadow of hope left her. She was not altogether overwhelmed in despair. It might be that the judges at the assizes would hear her petition. She would hasten to communicate this intelligence to her husband. But how was she to get out of the city? How should she find the coach? She met a boy in the street of whom she inquired. He promised to show her to the place for a penny. On they went through the streets, until they reached St. James, which was the starting-point of the Bedford conveyance. It was waiting at the door. She stepped into it, and in a few minutes was on her way from the great city, hurrying back to

bear the sad tidings of her failure to her husband and children.

Bunyan's was not a heart to despair; and when he heard from his blind child the result of his wife's visit to London, he determined within himself to again make an effort through his wife to obtain his liberty.

He wrote out several petitions, which she was to present to Judge Hale and the justices during the following week when the assizes would be in session in Bedford, and sent them to her, with all necessary instructions, by the hand of his daughter.

(To be continued.)

TO BAPTIZED CHRISTIANS RESIDING IN LONDON AND ITS SUBURBAN TOWNS AND VILLAGES.

DEAR BRETHREN,—I am anxious that our denomination should increase in numbers and usefulness. It seems to me that at our present rate of procedure we shall soon be left far behind in the onward march of the churches of Christ. We ought, therefore, to adopt more vigorous measures to propagate our faith, and to increase the kingdom of Christ. Should the following proposal meet your views, I shall feel that God, in answer to prayer, has guided me aright.

In connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle, there is an educational institution for the training of young ministers, and a considerable number of Christian men, of different capacities, have enrolled themselves in the books. These men are ardent in spirit, and longing to tell of the Redeemer's love. Are there not very many villages where rooms might be opened, in which they might proclaim the Gospel?

Our provincial towns maintain a considerable number of stations; why should not the metropolis do the same? Let us use cottages, barns, halls, and schoolrooms, wherever we can find them—whether in the crowded city, or the thinly-peopled neighbourhoods. Some of our strongest churches commenced in small rooms and wooden sheds. Who can tell how many mighty churches might arise out of small beginnings, if we would but try?

I invite correspondence from friends living in suitable localities for commencing preaching stations in connection with my church. Wherever there is an opening, however small, let them give me information. Perhaps they can use means by which the Baptist friends in their neighbourhood could meet and co-operate in the arrange-

ments. They would only be expected to pay rent and travelling expenses until they could do more, which would not involve any serious pecuniary difficulty. My sentiments are well known, and I only seek the aid of those who approve them. The churches which I seek to form must be strictly Baptist in membership, but open in communion, and the eldership would be adopted in them all. Two strong churches have already grown out of our system, and others are rising. We would commence with stations, and hope and pray that the little ones would grow into distinct churches; but, if they did not, it will be enough to have preached the Word freely to perishing souls. There ought to be in London ten times as many Baptist churches as there are, and the fear of hurting other interests by commencing new ones is only a temptation of Satan to keep us a small and unknown body. If the chapels are but a street apart, there is population enough to fill them if we get the right preachers. In those parts of London where our churches are planted the most thickly, they flourish best; and where they are fewest, it will be found that hundreds of Baptists are hiding their principles and injuring our denomination by joining with unbaptized churches. In the suburbs we shall lose all foothold if we do not arise at once and act with decision.

If there be any who have confidence in my zeal for the cause of Christ, and in the method I propose, let them write me upon the matter at once.—I am, brethren, yours to aid in every good work,

C. H. SPURGEON.

Metropolitan Tabernacle, July, 1861.

REVIEWS:

Tracts for the Priest and People.—1. Our Terms of Communion the Boundaries of the Church. By the Rev. C. R. P.—2. The Message of the Church. By J. W. LANGLEY, M.A. Cambridge, Macmillan and Co.

WE don't think that any Nonconformist could imagine, without having read them, the peculiar views of these two tracts. In the one the widest principles of fellowship or communion are propounded, which would include men, however peculiar their views of inspiration, the atonement, future retribution, &c., &c. The second tract is professedly a statement of the feelings of one who has escaped from the *strait-lacedness* of Dissent into the *freedom* of a National State Church. He dilates especially on the fact that by baptism the children become real members of God's spiritual family. We have wondered, in reading these tracts, if either writer had ever really meditated on the true nature of personal religion; or considered at all the spiritual and holy character of Christ's Church. Whatever influence such writings may have on Churchmen, they could not effect, in the smallest degree, the intelligent members even of Bible-classes among Nonconformists.

Divine Dealings with a Child. A True Story. By the Author of "Nothing to Pay." London: W. H. Collingridge.

AN interesting account of the awakening and conversion of a little girl. The conversations of the Uncle, on the whole, are plain and Scriptural; but we do not like the phrase on page 10: "He begged me off with God the Father by dying on the cross." Surely the atonement of Jesus could have been more satisfactorily stated. We make this remark because it is of the utmost importance to be careful in the use of terms when teaching children the truths of religion. We, trust, however, that the writer will continue to provide good books for the young, and wish this one may be extensively circulated.

The Branch of the Lord. A Sermon preached at the Opening of the Baptist Chapel, Beccles, designated, The Martyrs' Memorial, &c., &c. By GEORGE WRIGHT.

A POWERFUL good sermon on a subject always interesting to the spiritually-minded Christian. With this discourse are connected outlines of other sermons by Mr. Cooper, of Wrotham; Mr. Collins, of Grundisburg; and Mr. Bland, of Chesham; all of an edifying character. Then

follows an account of the erection of the house of God, and a brief reference to the three martyrs burned at Beccles, May 21, 1556. We regret that there is no London publisher's name affixed.

The Sunday School Times and Home Educator. January to June, 1881. London: B. Lowe and Co., 31, Paternoster-row.

ONE of our very best weeklies, supplying first-rate material to our Sabbath-school teachers, elder children, and home circles. A prodigy of cheapness. The half-yearly volume well done up, with its numerous wood illustrations, and 208 pages, for eightpence.

Theological Tracts for the Times.—1. Historical Veracity of the Bible. 2. Biblical Interpretation. 3. The World at School; or, Education and Development. London: H. J. Treasider, 17, Ave Maria-lane.

AN admirable series of excellent tracts, adapted especially to our times. Clear, concise, and suggestive; well-printed, and cheap. We hope that all our Sabbath-school teachers will read and study them.

Spurgeon versus Carr — Believers' Baptism Defended. Being a Reply to a Tract, by Mr. E. Carr, entitled, "Spurgeon's Challenge Accepted." By C. D. EVANS. London: Slatter Brothers, 48, Blackfriars-road.

AN utter demolition of Mr. Carr's imaginary reasonings and unscriptural assumptions. The wiser Pædobaptists let the subject alone, and leave to the vain, inexperienced, or chivalrous the attempt to bolster up that human expedient—infant sprinkling.

The Kingdom of Christ. By H. BRITTAIR. Wrexham: S. Owen.

A PAMPHLET containing many important truths forcibly presented.

Old Jonathan for April.

A GOOD number, with a capital woodcut of the Postman, and a number of smaller illustrations well adapted to please young people.

British Beaugetist for July.

BESIDES several good original articles from James Smith, and B. E. Maidstone, W. B., and others, this number contains selections from Dr. Guthrie, and pieces adapted to instruct and edify the family circle.

P O E T R Y.

7 1881 SUMMER BEAUTIES. I.
Fair summer, robed in green, has come
To gladden earth again,
And lavishly her gifts are strewn
O'er valley, hill, and plain.

The Christian, as he walks abroad
On these bright summer-days,
Finds earth a book whose every page
Proclaims his Father's praise.

The tiny insect in the grass,
The sun that shines above,
Both show to him their Maker's skill,
His power and his love,
And nearly all the beauties spread
Above, beneath, around,
Recall some truth or promise sweet
In holy Scripture found.

The flowers that deck the fields and woods,
The birds that wing the sky
Still illustrate his Master's words
Against o'er-anxious care.
And as he views the wide-spread fields
Of growing, waving corn,
How many precious Scriptures texts
Into his mind are borne!

When o'er the heaps of fragrant hay
The wandering sallows pass,
They seem to whisper in his ear
The words—"All flesh is grass."
The flowing streams—the fruit-bowed trees—
The dewdrops on the sod—
All bring to mind some truth Divine
Writ in the Word of God.

"I thank thee, Father," he exclaims,
"For making earth so fair,
But earth, e'en in her brightest robes,
Cannot with heaven compare.
For summer soon will pass away,
The flowers must fade and die;
These trees, ere long, will leafless stand
Beneath a wintry sky."

"Fading away are all things here,
But it will not be so
In heaven, the glorious, better land,
Where I, a Pilgrim, go."

No change, no death, no winter there—
Its light shall ne'er grow pale—
Its trees of life are ever green—
Its streams can never fail!"

THEODORA.

LOOKING UP.

Pilgrims all wearily,
Drooping, drearily,
Bound for above,
Earth is no home for us,
Yet have we over us
Shelters of love.

Over the mountain side,
Where the sweet waters glide;
Waiting to bless:
Heavenward our spirits yearn;
Thither our eyes we turn;
Onward we press.

Up, when dark days begin,
Shrouded in mists of sin;
Up we would roam;
Sending forth longingly
Thoughts that come throngingly;
Sighing for home.

Up to the shining towers;
Up, where are fearless flowers;
Up to the throne:
Up, where bright crowns they fling;
Up, where the ransomed sing—
Joy in their strain.

Father of love and light,
Oh, through life's longest night
Help us to be
Looking amid the gloom,
Far past the darkened tomb,
Up toward thee, FATHER.

MARIANNE FARRINGHAM.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

WOOLWICH.—The Rev. J. Teall, of Hatch, Taunton, has accepted the invitation of the church and congregation worshipping at Queen-street Baptist Chapel to become their pastor.

MR. T. M. ROBERTS, B.A., late of Regent's-park College, having completed a six months' engagement with the church at Aldborough, Suffolk, has accepted a cordial invitation to remain as their pastor.

ASSOCIATION SERVICES.

MOLASTON, NEAR NARRBERTH.—The annual meetings of the Pembroke-shire Association were held this year at Molaston, 4th and 5th June. The weather was fine, and the preaching throughout was marked with earnestness. There was a large attendance of ministers both from England and Wales, and it is calculated that at least 5,000 people were present.

BWLCHYSARNAU.—The quarterly meeting of the northern portion of the Old Baptist Association was held on Wednesday and Thursday, June 12th and 13th. On the evening of the first day, Edwards (Llanidloes), Evans (late of Rock), and Rees (Talywern), preached. At the second day's meetings the following ministers officiated:—Jones (Maesyrheleim), Phillips (Evenjobb), Evans (Newchapel), Davies (Dolan), Rees (Talywern), Davies (Moedre), and Vaughan (Staylittie). Multitudes assembled to these

meetings. The farmers of the neighbourhood very kindly took the strangers with them for refreshment.

DEYRIGE, FLINT, AND MERLONESHIRE BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The meetings of the above association were held this year at Bagillt, on June 24th and 25th, under the presidency of the Rev. John Llewellyn Owens, minister of the place. Conferences were held on Monday and Tuesday, when different subjects came under consideration; amongst others, the necessity of having a college established in North Wales. The sermons were preached by the Rev. Messrs. James, Llanidloes; Jones and Prichard, Llan-gollen; Roberts, Plasbyonum; Owen, Rhyl; Parry, Cefn; Robinson, H. Stowell Brown, Roberts, Trendyn; Roberts, Forddlas; Roberts, Llanrwst; Roberts, Llansgarnau; Ellis, Llanellyd; Jones, Ruthin; and Williams, Carnarvon.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

MALTON, YORKSHIRE.—The members of the Baptist church and congregation being anxious to testify their appreciation of the labours of their pastor, the Rev. B. Shakespeare, resolved some time ago that a bazaar and special services should be held; the proceeds of which should be presented to him as a testimonial of their esteem. On Lord's-day, June 30, sermons were preached and collections made for the object, by the Rev. D. M. Thompson, of Hull; and on Monday evening, a sermon was preached by the

Rev. B. Evans, D.D., of Scarborough. On Tuesday afternoon, a numerous company sat down to tea in the Court Exchange. In the evening, a public meeting was held in the same place, the pastor presiding. After a hymn had been sung, the Rev. C. Stockdale, Methodist, offered prayer. Mr. Johnston, the deacon of the church, presented the pastor with a purse containing the handsome sum realized by the bazaar, &c. The Rev. B. Shakespeare gratefully acknowledged the gift. The meeting was then addressed by the Revs. N. Woodcock, Independent; T. D. Innes, of Driffield; D. M. Thompson; J. Macpherson, of Hull; and Dr. Evans, of Scarborough.

FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

BARTLEY-GREEN, NEW FOREST.—A new Baptist cause was commenced here on Friday, June 20th. At three p.m., a sermon was preached by the Rev. James Spurgeon, of Southampton, after which about 300 sat down to tea. In the evening a public meeting was held, when stirring addresses were delivered by the Revs. John Parker, Lockarly; James Spurgeon, Southampton; and other friends.

LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

PARK-ROAD, PRICKHAM.—On Monday, July 1, Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P., laid the foundation-stone of a new chapel, proposed to be erected for the church and congregation now worshipping in Hill-street, under the pastoral care of the Rev. T. J. Cole. A large number of people gathered together upon the site, which is far removed from any place of worship. The building will, when the galleries are erected, provide accommodation for 300 people, and can, at any future period, be easily enlarged to nearly double the space. The cost of this erection will be £1,800. About 200 persons afterwards took tea in the chapel. In the evening, a public meeting was held, when the chair was taken by the Rev. T. J. Cole, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Barker, Munns, Sears, Benson, and Messrs. May, Carter, and Potter. The donations of the day amounted to nearly £150.

RYEFORD, NEAR ROSS, HEREFORDSHIRE.—On July 9th the foundation-stone of a new chapel was laid at this place by Dr. Batten, of Coleford. Addresses were delivered by the brethren Collings, of Gloucester, and Beet, of Coleford; Messrs. W. Landers, of Mitchel Dean, Independent; J. Hall, of Gorsley; J. Stephens, of Ryeford; and J. Smith, of Obeltenham, took part in the devotional services. In the evening, Mr. Smith preached to a large congregation in a tent. More than 400 friends took tea between the services, and nearly £200 were raised toward the building. Ryeford is one of the oldest churches in Herefordshire, and mother of most of the churches in the neighbourhood.

COLD LIFT, PEMBROKESHIRE.—Interesting services were held at the above place on May 27th. The object of the meeting was to witness the laying of the foundation-stone of a new place of worship. The Rev. D. Davies, Pembroke, read suitable portions of the Divine Word, and offered prayer. The stone was gracefully laid by Miss Morgan, Pater. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. H. Morgan, Pembroke Dock; D. Davies, and G. Havard, Saundersfoot. Two sermons were preached in the evening by the Revs. D. Davies and J. Rees, Myrthelwyl. The cause in this neighbourhood is likely to be

very progressive under the ministry of the Rev. J. Evans, Manorbier.

ARTHUR-STREET CHAPEL.—On Friday, July 5, a large number of persons, principally ladies, assembled at the site in Arthur-street, Frederick-street, Gray's Inn-road, on which it is intended to erect a new chapel for the use of the congregation lately worshipping at Vernon Chapel, Bagnigge Walls-road. There were present besides the Rev. Dr. Wills, the pastor of the church, the Revs. H. M. Henderson, J. H. Hinton; C. Woollebot, J. G. Oucken, Francis Wills; A. W. Hanson, Esq., H.B.M. Consul at Sherbro, in Africa; &c. The Rev. J. H. Hinton delivered an address and offered prayer. Dr. Wills then placed a sealed bottle in an orifice made in the foundation-stone. The Rev. F. Wills, on behalf of the committee, presented Lord Teynham with a handsome silver trowel, and his lordship, having laid the stone with the usual ceremonies, gave an earnest and appropriate address. There was a very interesting meeting in the evening.

OPENING SERVICES.

QUANTON BAPTIST CHAPEL, BUCKS.—The re-opening services of the above chapel were held on Tuesday, 30th July, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. C. Stovel, of London.

SKETTON.—The new Baptist chapel was recently opened for Divine worship. Sermons were preached by the Revs. H. Dowson, of Bradford; J. Acworth, LL.D., president of Rawden College; W. F. Berrell, of Blackpool; J. Tattersfield, of Keighley; and Rev. F. Edwards, A.B., of Leeds.

BURNHAM, ESSEX.—The Baptist chapel, after considerable enlargement, was re-opened on Tuesday, July 9th. The Rev. W. G. Lewis, of Westbourne-grove, London, preached two excellent sermons, one in the afternoon and the other in the evening. The attendance was very good. Between the services more than 200 persons sat down to tea in a booth which had been erected for the occasion.

WOKINGHAM.—On Thursday, July 4th, the new Baptist chapel erected on the site of the old building, Milton-road, was opened. The afternoon service was commenced by the Rev. John Alda, of Reading. The Rev. W. Landels then preached from Rev. iii. 12. At half-past four nearly 600 persons partook of tea in tents erected in a meadow near the chapel. At half-past six a public meeting was held, at which Sir Morton Peto presided. The proceeds of the day, added to the collections on the following Lord's-day, amounted to £84.

BRIGHTON.—The handsome new chapel erected in Bond-street was recently opened by sermons from the Rev. Octavius Winslow, D.D., of Bath, and the Rev. J. Webb, M.A., of Ipswich; and a public meeting, presided over by the Rev. G. Isaac, the pastor of the place. Ministers and gentlemen of other denominations, as well as Baptists, addressed the assembly. The contributions and collections amounted, during the day, to more than £200. Some £300 are still wanted, and Christian visitors to Brighton are earnestly solicited to help to provide it. Contributions will be gratefully received by the secretary, J. Tate, 3, Bartholomew, Brighton.

LITCHFIELD.—RE-OPENING OF CHARLES-STREET CHAPEL.—This place of worship has recently been enlarged and extensively improved, at a cost of £1,900. The re-opening services

commenced on Wednesday, June 5th, when the Right Hon. Lord Teynham preached two sermons in the Temperance Hall. The collections for the day amounted to £32. On Sunday, June 9th, two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Angus, D.D., President of Regent's-park College, London. A new organ, erected by Mr. Nicholson, of Worcester, was opened at the same time by Herr Schneider. The collections of the day amounted to £27. On Tuesday afternoon, the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, preached. In the evening he delivered a lecture on Bunyan's "Holy War." Rev. T. Lomas, minister of the place, occupied the chair.

BIRMINGHAM.—Wycliffe Chapel was opened for Divine worship on the 26th of June. On the previous Lord's-day the Rev. J. J. Brown closed his ministry at the Circus Chapel, and, after the public services, he and the senior deacons took an affectionate leave of the church. Wycliffe Chapel was opened by a meeting for prayer, at seven o'clock in the morning; at eleven, the Rev. James Hamilton, D.D., preached; and at seven in the evening the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, M.A. The devotional parts of the services were conducted by the Revs. R. W. Dale, M.A., C. Vince, and R. D. Wilson. On the 30th of June, the Rev. W. Landels preached; and the collections on the two days amounted to £310. The series of services were brought to a close by a united communion, when upwards of 700 persons united in commemorating the Lord's death. The chapel furnishes sitting accommodation for 950 persons, and has admirable arrangements for schools and classes.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

BLUNHAM, BEDS.—At the Old Meeting, on Tuesday, June 17, the Rev. John Pells preached two sermons to large congregations. Some 200 friends partook of tea in a barn kindly lent by Mr. King, of Girtford. The harmonium opened on the occasion, and intended for future use in the chapel, was pronounced to be a fine-toned instrument, and was efficiently played by Mr. James Odell, of Caldecott. The hymns were given out by the Revs. S. Voysey, of Sandy; E. Hosken, of Pottou; W. Abbott, of Blunham; J. W. Rolls, of Roxton; and P. Griffiths, of Biggleswade. The collections were exceedingly good, and the trays for the tea were furnished by the friends.

SNAILBEACH, SALOP.—Anniversary services were held at the above place on Sunday and Monday, June 16 and 17. Sermons were preached in the morning and afternoon, by the Rev. T. Williams, and Rev. B. C. Young, of Coseley; in the evening, Rev. R. W. Lloyd, Marton, and Rev. B. C. Young. On Monday afternoon, a tea-meeting was held in the chapel, when about 300 persons sat down to tea. At six o'clock, a public meeting was held, when the Rev. B. C. Young delivered a very interesting address on "The Superstitious Rites of the Chinese." Afterwards, two short sermons were preached, by Rev. E. W. Lloyd, and by the Rev. T. Williams. The meetings were well attended. £10 of the proceeds of the meetings have been given to the China Mission.

NORTHAMPTON.—A public tea-meeting was held in Grafton-street Baptist Chapel, on Monday, June 24, when about 250 persons partook of the social repast. The proceeds were devoted to a fund for the erection of a new chapel and schoolroom—the present place of worship being

a rented one, and, for the society's objects, destitute of many requisite conveniences. After tea, animating addresses were delivered by the Rev. P. Storey, — Wallis, and — Williams, of Northampton; Rev. — Litchfield, of Kingsthorpe; Rev. J. Lea, of Moulton; and Messrs. Thompson and Meadows, of Northampton; the minister of the place, the Rev. Joseph Brown, presided. The sum collected during the evening in cash was £10 9s. 3d. The first steps were taken in the movement by the children of the Sunday-school offering to forego their rewards, that a fund might be commenced towards a new schoolroom. Donations will be thankfully received by the minister, the Rev. Joseph Brown, or by Mr. Wm. Hyde, Regent-street, superintendent of the Sunday-school, and secretary of the Building Fund.

ST. THOMAS'S-HALL, ST. THOMAS'S-ROAD, WELL-STREET, SOUTH HACKNEY.—The church and congregation recently meeting in Hampden Chapel in connection with the ministry of the Rev. Robert R. Finch, now assemble in this hall until arrangements can be made for the erection of a commodious freehold chapel and schools in the vicinity. The hall was opened for Divine worship on Thursday, May 30, when the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached in the morning, and the Rev. Octavius Winslow, D.D., of Bath, in the evening. On the following Sabbath, the Rev. Robert R. Finch, the pastor, preached in the morning, and the Rev. Samuel M'All, of Hackney College, in the evening. On Wednesday evening, June 5, the Rev. Francis Tucker, B.A., of Camden-road Chapel, preached; and on the following Wednesday, the opening services were very appropriately closed by a united communion service, at which the Rev. Daniel Katers, of Hackney, presided. The Revs. Edward Schnadhorst, James Benny, J. R. Temple, Robt. R. Finch, and others took part in the interesting engagements of the evening. The pastor and deacons wish to inform the Christian public, that they have been compelled to vacate Hampden Chapel, in consequence of the lease of that place expiring, and its being only renewable upon such terms as they were not justified in yielding to.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CARDIFF.—The Rev. C. E. Spurgeon visited Cardiff on June 27. He preached two sermons to a congregation of some thousands gathered from Swansea, Merthyr Tydvil, Aberdare, Newport, and all the region round about. The afternoon service was interrupted by a heavy thunderstorm. At the evening service, held in the cattle market, it is computed that nearly ten thousand persons were present. Not unanimately, in the face of such gatherings as this, Mr. Spurgeon said, "that he never had so much pleasure in preaching to any men as he had in preaching to the Welsh."

IRELAND.—The Rev. A. Livingstone, of Dunfanaghy, Donegal, communicates the following:—You are already in, some degree, aware of the progress of truth in our far North, as I see by the "Denominational Intelligence" in your May MESSAGE. I am thankful to say that not only in Coleraine, Letterkenny, Tubbermore, and Londonderry—the three first of comparatively long standing as churches—but also in this extreme point, truth has fixed its abode, and is, under the head of the Church, extending its influence. Some years ago, I was led, by a marked providence, to sojourn, as an invalid, on this

mountainous coast. Having been previously engaged in mission work in the South, I lost no time in calling the people together amongst these hills, and preached to them regularly the Gospel of the grace of God. The Lord gave his Word success and restored my health, so that to this day I have been enabled to carry on the mission with perhaps as much success (local circumstances considered) as any other station in Ireland has been blessed with during the same length of time. God alone shall have the glory. We have now a healthy little church formed, with regular services every Lord's-day; and every Lord's-day evening, I preach at a station some two miles distant. As the landowners and Episcopal clergy are so bitterly hostile towards us, we have not been able to get even a small chapel; nevertheless, we meet comfortably in a large room in my own house. During the past year I have baptized seven, and I have good reason to hope that the Lord will soon add to us more of the saved. We are about thirty-six miles north-west of Londonderry, and about twenty miles north of Letterkenny, which is the nearest town of any importance. We are at present asking connection with the "Baptist Irish Society"—we feel that we have a claim—our isolated position, as regards locality, and the opposition we have to encounter, are good reasons why our hands should be strengthened.

BAPTISMS.

ABERDARE, Calvary, June 16—Two by Mr. T. Price.

AMERSHAM, Old Meeting, July 9—Three by Mr. Bell; one from the Sabbath-school. Teachers, labour on!

BATTLE, Sussex, May 30—Two; June 30, Two, by Mr. Caleb C. Brown.

BEDFORD, June 30—Six by Mr. H. Killen.

CANTON, Cardiff, Hope Chapel, July 3—Eleven by Mr. Bailey.

CHEDDAR, May 27—Thirteen; July 1, Sixteen, by Mr. Webb, of Tiverton.

CHELLENHAM, Cambray Chapel, May 19—Five; and June 23, Five, by Mr. Smith.

CRESHAM, Bucks, June 9—Three by Mr. S. K. Bland.

CHIPPING SODBURY, Gloucestershire, July 7—Seven by Mr. F. H. Roleston. After a season of drought, in answer to the earnest prayers of a few, the Spirit of God has breathed upon the church here. Six of the above were from the Sabbath-school, and two from the pastor's own family. We had the present addition as a pledge of a yet greater increase.

COALVILLE, Leicestershire, June 2—Fifteen by Mr. J. Cholerton.

COATE, Oxon, June 2—Six; June 30, Seven, by Mr. B. Arthur. Among whom was a mother and her son in his 17th year.

COLERAINE, Ireland, May 30—Four by Mr. T. W. Medhurst. It is confidently expected the formation of a new Baptist church, about nine miles from Coleraine, will be the fruit of this baptism.

CORTON, Wilts, March 10—Eight; May 12, Seven; July 14, Four, by Mr. Joseph Toone. Six of these are from the Sabbath-school, and several others are remarkable instances of the power of sovereign grace. Twenty-six have been added to the church in this small village within a little more than twelve months.

DONCASTER, June 30—Four by Mr. Britcliffe. One previously a Wesleyan Methodist; the other three teachers in the Sabbath-school.

DRAYTON, Parslow, Bucks, March 3—One; June 2, One, by Mr. J. Young. One a teacher in the Sabbath-school.

EAST DERHAM, Norfolk, June 27—Six by Mr. J. L. Whitley. The work of the Lord is progressing in the above place; others are asking the good old way.

EVENJOBE, Badnorshire, July 5—Seven by Mr. G. Phillips, after an address by Mr. D. T. Davies, of Bristol College.

FORTROSE, Scotland, June 23—One by Mr. Ferdinand Dunn, in the sea; for nearly twenty years a member of an Independent church.

GOWER, June 23—Three by Mr. D. Evans, after a sermon by Mr. T. Jones, Caersalem, Newvil.

HANLEY, Staffordshire, July 5—Thirteen by Mr. Johnson.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL, July 7—Four by Mr. T. Smith. Two of the above were children of the pastor. Efforts are making for a new sanctuary. God is giving his people here praying hearts. Good is doing.

HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING, Durham, June 2—Three by Mr. J. D. Burns, in the river.

HULL, Salthouse-lane, July 7—Three by Mr. E. Bailey.

KILLINGHOLM, Lincolnshire, June 9—Four by Mr. J. Harper, of Kirmington. [About sixty BAPTIST MESSENGERS are circulated here monthly.]

LEEDS, South-parade, June 2—Five by Mr. F. Edwards, B.A. Four of the above were from the school.

————, Call-lane, June 13—Three by Mr. J. Tunncliffe.

LIVERPOOL, Great Crosshall-street, June 23—One; June 30, Two, by Mr. W. Thomas.

LONDON, Church-street, May 23—Three by Mr. W. Barker.

————, Metropolitan Tabernacle, June 27—Nineteen; July 4, Seventeen; July 18, Twelve, by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon.

————, Shouddham-street, June 23—Three by Mr. W. A. Blake.

NEWTON ABBOT, June 30—Three; July 7, Six, by Mr. Pearce.

OLNEY, Bucks, June 2—Six by Mr. F. Timmia.

RISLEY, Beds, May 26—Four by Mr. W. Wilson.

SALTHOUSE, Norfolk, June 8—Eight by Mr. J. F. Smythe, of Worstad. Four of the above were daughters of one of the deacons. There are signs of a revival here.

SHEBBYTON, July 7—Seven by Mr. C. Light.

SWANSEA, Bethesda Welsh Baptist Chapel, July 21—Eighteen by Mr. R. A. Jones. An earnest and very lucid address was delivered on the occasion by the pastor, R. A. Jones, which resulted in bringing forward an elderly gentleman, who had been a member with the Independents for forty years. His appearance at the baptistry created an intense interest and sympathy. The cause of Christ is greatly flourishing here; during the last five years more than 400 have been added to the church.

UXBRIDGE, July 7—Six by Mr. G. Rouse Lowden.

WANDSWORTH, June 13—Twelve by Mr. Gardner, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

WEDMORE, May 29—Six by Mr. Webb. The first-fruits of a blessed awakening.

WEM, Salop, July 14—One by Mr. E. Morgan.

WEST BROMWICH, Stafford, July 14—Two by Mr. J. Hanson, late of Idle, Yorks. We rejoice to say our new pastor's prospects are pleasing and promising.

WOOLASTON, Northamptonshire, June 21—One by Mr. Kitchen, of Ringstead.

DEATHS.

Miss. W. BATTLE, BLUNHAM, BEDS.—On Saturday morning, June 8, of consumption, Mrs. W. Battle, leaving a husband and five children, the youngest a babe, to lament their great loss. The death of a sister, some two or three years since, led her to feel deeply anxious about the salvation of her soul; and a sermon, preached at the Old Meeting, one Sunday evening, last year, on "The Gospel Hope: the Anchor of the Soul," was the means of leading her to rejoice in Jesus. Soon after this she was baptized, and joined the church. In the early part of the present year, the illness commenced, which terminated in her death. She was much sustained and comforted by the love and presence of Jesus all through her affliction, and died rejoicing in him. That sweet hymn, "Rock of Ages," was much upon her mind during the last week of her life, and to the last moment. A funeral sermon was preached for her by Mr. Abbott, on Sunday evening, June 16, to a large and sympathizing congregation, from Psalm xvi. 11: "Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."

GERTRUDE, ELIZABETH LEWIS, the beloved daughter of the Rev. T. P. Lewis, of Diss, fell asleep in Jesus, on Wednesday morning, June 5, having just completed her 13th year. The heart's desire and prayer to God of her parents was that, with the blessing of the Holy Spirit, their dear child might be trained for heaven; and very early were seen, like the first development of the rose-bud, or the faintest blush of morning which ushers in the day, the intimations of early piety. When only three years of age she, unsolicited, said one morning as the other members of the family were repeating their portions of Holy Writ, "Papa, I can say my verse now." And then, with hisping accents, repeated those words of Jesus, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and from that time she evidently grew in intelligent attachment to religious exercises in the closet, the family, and the sanctuary; and so conscientious and God-fearing was all her conduct, blended with one of the sweetest and most amiable of dispositions; that a friend who had frequent opportunities of observing her, remarked, "Were it not for belief in original sin, she might have been thought sinless." But she thought not so of herself, for, as she said, she always prayed to God to pardon her sins for Jesus' sake. Her dying illness was short, being an attack of paralysis, which, benumbing one side, she was unable to kneel as she had been accustomed to do in secret prayer, and was much grieved on that account; yet she could not restrain prayer before God, and was frequently found, when she thought no human eye was upon her, standing up as well as she could, engaged in secret prayer. Soon, however, even speech became difficult, and when asked, "Do you love Jesus?" she said, "I think so." This was in keeping with her uniform meekness, yet was more than if she had said, "I hope so." She thought she loved Jesus, and oh, that all our young readers could say the same, and with the same sincerity! Thus thinking of Jesus, this dear little lamb was gathered into the fold of that kind Shepherd, who "taketh the lambs in his arms and carried them in his bosom." And as we have thus seen how "a

flower may fade before 'tis noon," it is earnestly desired that others perusing this brief obituary may seek and find him who has said, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."—C. E.

MR. ROBERT SHAW, OF LEEDS.—Mr. Shaw, a hosier in Brigate, Leeds, who died on the 6th of May, aged thirty-one, was a son of Mr. John Shaw, of Lancaster. He was religiously trained by his pious parents; but no lasting impression was made until, when about sixteen years old, he went into a Primitive Methodist chapel, and the sermon, by the grace of God, led to his conversion. While respecting the instrumentality thus blessed, he was convinced that Particular Baptist views of truth were Scriptural, and was baptised and received into a Baptist church. Some years ago he removed to Leeds, and joined the South Parade church. Some characteristics of this "faithful man" may be mentioned; not in his praise, but from the desirableness of commending them to the attention of the members of our churches, especially just now. Basing his religion entirely upon the Word of God, he was profoundly convinced of the exceeding evil of sin, and of the inevitable claims of Divine justice; and feeling, also, the plague of his own heart, he had that deep sense of the inestimable value of the Saviour's finished work, which is only found with such convictions. With the doctrines of distinguishing grace he ever associated a striving after holiness, and laboured, beyond his strength, to do good. Cultivating Scriptural charity, he abhorred that immoral sanction of wrong which usurps its name: Though a man of peace, he resisted that subversive and pernicious spirit which would sacrifice truth for a hollow quietness; but ever stood upon the principle contained in the words of inspiration, "First pure, then peaceable." Charges of over-strictness, and the worldly maxims of lax professors, influenced him not. Reverential at all times, he was grieved at the frivolity seen in some places of worship. He was one of those modest men to whom, even in religious society, the shallow and noisy are often preferred; but the thoughtful and consistent valued his solid worth. For years his health was feeble. Latterly, he suffered much with patience; and expressed to the writer his gratitude to God that he had a better religion than the "new light" notions which are growing in some evangelical churches. Humble, and of a positive temperament, he had times of cloudiness; yet he felt much of the preciousness of Christ. His last days were serene; and, relying exclusively on the substitutionary sacrifice and imputed righteousness of the Redeemer, he passed tranquilly into eternal rest. The funeral service was conducted by Mr. Dean, a member of the church; and "devout men" made lamentation over the departed, yet glorified the grace of God in him.—H. A. COLLIER (Leeds).

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We respectfully inform our esteemed correspondents, that in order to ensure the insertion of notices of deaths they must be very brief. The space allotted to this department of our Magazine will not allow of such lengthened accounts as are generally sent;

THE UNSUSPECTED WICKEDNESS OF THE HUMAN HEART.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"And Hazael said, Why weepeth my lord? And he answered, Because I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel. And Hazael said, But what? is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing?"—2 Kings viii. 12, 13.

I SUPPOSE that none of us can doubt that Hazael acted with perfect freedom when he became the murderer of his master. No one, surely, would dare to suggest that any constraint was put upon him. The glittering prospect of wearing the crown of Syria was before his eyes. Nothing stood between him and the kingdom but the life of his master. That master lies sick with the fever. The wet cloth is the usual remedy. He has but to select one that shall be thicker than usual, and take care in spreading it over his face to accommodate it so that the man is suffocated, and lo! he comes to the throne. What wonder is it that Hazael easily puts his master out of the way, and then mounts the vacant seat? None of us will imagine for a moment that he was under constraint, unless it was Satanic. And yet, while he acted as a free agent, is it not quite clear that God foreknew what he would do—that it was absolutely certain he would destroy his master? The prophet speaks not as one who hazarded a conjecture. He foresaw the event with absolute certainty, yet did this man act with perfect freedom when he went and accomplished the prophecy of Elisha. I believe, my brethren, that it is quite as easy to see how Divine predestination and free agency are perfectly compatible with one another as it is to see how foreknowledge and free agency are compatible with one another. Doth not the very fact of foreknowledge imply a certainty? Is not that which is foreknown certain? Is not the fact sure to be when God foreknows that it will be? How could it be foreknown conditionally? How could it be foretold conditionally? And especially in this text there was no condition whatever. It was foretold that he should be king of Syria. The prophet right well knew and right well implied it when he looked into his face and wept. God foreknew the mischief that he would do afterwards, when he came to the throne; and yet, I say, that foreknowledge did not in the least degree interfere with his free agency. Nor is this an isolated and exceptional case. The facts most surely believed among us, like the doctrines most clearly revealed to us, point all of them to the same inference. The predestination of God does not destroy the free agency of man, or lighten the responsibility of the sinner. It is true, in the matter of salvation, when God comes to save, his free grace prevails over our free agency, and leads the will in glorious captivity to the obedience of faith. But in sin man is free—free in the widest sense of the term, never being compelled to do any evil deed, but being left to follow the turbulent passions of his own corrupt heart, and carry out the prevailing tendencies of his own depraved nature. In reference to this matter of predestination and free will, I have often heard men ask, "How do you make them agree?" I think there is another question just as difficult—"How can the two differ?" The two may be as easily made to agree as to disagree. It seems to me a difficulty which cannot be stated, and that there is, in fact, no difficulty. It is but a difficulty which we surmise, and surmised difficulties are always hard to deal with. When we look at matters of fact, the mist that clouds our understanding vanishes. We come to see God predestinating, yet man acting freely; God ordaining every circumstance, yet man working out God's decree apart from any motive of reverence; in short, man accurately, but unconsciously fulfilling all which was written in the wisdom of God, and that without any impetus of the Almighty upon his mind compelling or constraining him so to do. You will observe in this chapter three or four distinct instances in which both the foreknowledge and foreordination of God are distinctly proven, and yet at the same time the free agency of

the creature is conspicuously set forth. That point, however, I have merely adverted to by way of introduction. My subject this evening, as more immediately suggested by the words before us, is the common and too often fatal ignorance of men as to the wickedness of their own hearts.

First, let us expose and expound this ignorance, and then let us draw two practical lessons—one of restraint, what it suggests to us that we should not do—and the other of counsel, what it suggests to us that we should do.

I. Our ignorance of the depravity of our own hearts is a startling fact. Hazael did not believe that he was bad enough to do any of the things which were here anticipated. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" He might have been conscious enough that his heart was none so pure but it might consent to do many an evil thing; yet, crimes so startling as those which the prophet had foretold of him, he thought himself quite incapable to commit. He could not believe that there was such wanton cruelty in his heart towards women and children, nor, perhaps, was the treachery that could aspire to the throne of Syria, by the murder of his master, fully ripe. Ah, my brethren, the ignorance of Hazael is ours to a greater or less degree. While we are in our natural state, we are almost totally ignorant of the depravity of our own hearts. When we hear men deny that their hearts are depraved, and tell us that though man be a little injured by the fall he is still a noble creature, having high and glorious instincts within him, we do not attempt an answer. Such foolish conceits we impute to ignorance. Men think they speak right, when they affirm all they know, or think they know; but they do not know the plague of their own heart. They have not yet learned that their heart is base and depraved. Hence it is that they challenge the doctrine when we state it—because they are ignorant of the fact. We do not expect a man to believe a fact merely upon our testimony. He needs to have some experience himself before he will be able to lay hold upon a truth so humbling, so self-abasing, as that of total depravity. I say, that while we are yet in a state of nature, we are all but totally ignorant of anything like the baseness of our hearts. There is a faint gleam of knowledge. Conscience is sufficient to let us know that all is not quite right. We feel that we are not altogether pure, that we are not completely perfect. We do admit that we make some mistakes, but we set them down to weakness, not to wilfulness; we apologize for our infirmities, and rather excuse than accuse our own hearts. Most of us, however, I trust, have enough light to discern that there was something wilfully wrong with our hearts before the Spirit of Christ began to deal with us. We would frankly and freely confess that we were not all that we desired to be our own selves, that there was some radical evil that defied our capacity to search it out. Ah! but how pale was that gleam; it was but the very starlight in the soul—not like the sunlight which has since shone in, and shown us the blackness of our nature. We were ignorant, then, of the fact that our nature was totally corrupt; we did not know that it was essentially tainted with iniquity; we could not have endorsed that saying of the Apostle, "The carnal mind is enmity against God, and is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be." We could hardly understand it, when we heard the Christian minister say that the old nature was positively irreclaimable, and must be crucified with its affections and lusts, and that a new nature must be given us. If we ever heard a preacher speak of the fountains of the great deep of our evil heart being broken up, we thought he exaggerated; at least we said, "Surely this might be true of some who were especially criminal; it might be true of some who were ill-bred, who had had an ill example from their youth up," but we could not imagine that this was actually true of ourselves. Ay, but, my brethren, we were, to a great degree, cured of this our ignorance, when the Spirit of God dealt with us under conviction. Oh, what a view of ourselves he then gave to some of us! I think we could say with Bunyan,

we thought the most loathsome toad in the world to be a better thing than ourselves. We have been led, when under conviction of sin, to sigh and wish we had been made a viper or something that men would tread upon and crush rather than we should have been such base, such vile, hell-deserving sinners as we felt ourselves to be. No discourse, then, about human dignity, could have pleased us; it would have been rubbing salt into our sore to have told us that man was an un-fallen and a noble creature. It was all in vain to tell us, then, that we were a little awry, but that Divine grace might restore us and lift us up from the position into which we had been cast by Adam and by our sin. No, we felt that grace must new-make us, that there must be a supernatural work wrought in such beings as we were, or else surely we never could be fit to stand before the face of God, and see him with joy and with acceptance. Thus, I say, brethren, much of our ignorance was taken away; but alas! how much remained! We did not know even then how base we were. When Sinai's lightnings were flashing abroad, and all our hearts seemed lit up with its dread fire, that fire was not bright enough to show to us all our baseness. When we stood trembling there, while the law was thundering over our heads, we bowed to the very dust, but we did not bow then as we ought to have bowed. We had only just begun to sketch out the black letters of that volume of our total depravity. I think we knew more of depravity afterwards, when Jesus came to us, and, by his sweet love, bade us be of good cheer, for our sins, which were many, were all forgiven us. Oh, we thought we never saw the baseness of sin before; but now we saw it in the light of his countenance. The love of his eyes flashed a brighter light into our hearts than all the lightnings of Mount Paran. Horeb's burning steep never gave us such illuminations as did Calvary's hallowed summit. Calvary might be the lesser height, it might not seem to stand out with such majesty and awe, but it had greater power on us. In its tender flush of mellow light, our eyes could see more clearly than in all the fitful flashes of lightning that had terrified us before. I think, brothers and sisters, we saw, then, to as full an extent as it was possible for us to bear, how vile, how desperately evil was our nature! When we perceived how great must be the sacrifice which, by its virtue, could atone for sin, how vast that price of our Redeemer's blood which only could provide a ransom from the fall, we had lessons taught us once, never to be forgotten. And yet, since then, methinks we have learnt more of our baseness than we could at first apprehend. We said, then, "Surely, now I have come into the innermost chamber of iniquity;" but often, since that day, has the Spirit said to us, "Son of man, I will show thee greater abominations than these," and we have been led to see, in the light of God's continual mercies, his perpetual faithfulness, his unailing love—we have been led to view in that light our continued wanderings, our idolatries of heart, our murmurings, our pride, and our lusts, and we have found ourselves out to be worse than we thought we were. I appeal to you, Christian men and women, if any one had told you that you would have loved your Saviour so little as you have done; if any prophet had told you, in the hour of your conversion, that you would have served him so feebly as you have done, would you have believed it? I appeal to you from the dew of your youth, from that morning flash of your soul's joy, if an angel from heaven had said to you, "You will doubt your God, you will murmur against his providence, you will kick at the dispensations of his grace"—say, would you not have replied, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this evil thing?" Your experience, I am sure, has taught you that you did not know, when you put on your harness, how dastard was the soldier who then did gird himself for the battle. But mark this, we none of us know, after all, much of the baseness of our hearts. Some of you may have had more drill than others; you may have made proof of it by sad backsliding, your lusts may have betrayed outwardly their inward vigour; you may have been discarded by the Holy Ghost

for a little season that the Lord might show you that you were weak as other men, that he might prove to you the hollowness of all your self-confidence, and wean you from all trust in your own integrity. But the most sorely exercised among you have not learnt this lesson fully yet. God only knows the vileness of the human heart. There is a depth beneath, a hidden spring, into which we cannot pry. In that lower depth there is a still deeper abyss of positive corruption which we need not wish to fathom. God grant that we may know enough of this, ever to humble us, and keep us low before God. Yet hold, Lord, lest we should yield to despair, and absolutely lie down to die under the black thought of our alienation from righteousness, our naturalization in sin, and the deplorable tendency of our heart to rebel more and more against thee, the faithful and true God. As for the most of us who cannot talk of this experience, let us not think ourselves Doctors of Divinity; let us sit down at once on the lowest form of the Divine school. We have only begun to know ourselves yet; but we do know something of the Saviour, blessed be his name! That something is exceedingly precious. Yet how much there is to learn! We have hardly begun to sail on that unfathomable sea; we have not dived yet into its depths. We know not all its heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths. I have been startled often—and if any should say, jeeringly, “The preacher speaketh by experience,” they may—I have often been startled when I have found in my heart the *possibilities* of iniquity of which I thought I never could have been the subject. When all at once a blasphemy so foul as hell itself has started up in the very middle of a prayer so earnest that my heart never knew one more fervent, I have been staggered with myself. And when, at any time, God has called us into the pulpit—oh, we thought, at one time, we never could be proud if God honoured us; this has seemed to be a step in advance in the black march of our depraved heart. And then, again, when we have seemed to be a little cast down and troubled in spirit, and we have wished to leave the world altogether, and have been like Jonah trying to flee to Tarshish that we might not go to this great Nineveh any more, then we have thought again, “Well, I never knew there was cowardice in my soul.” We have found out another phase in our own nature. If any man says his heart is not vile, if he be a professing Christian, I much suspect whether he ought not to renounce his profession; for, methinks any man who looks to himself, and whose experience leads him somewhat to look within, will surely find, as he opens his eyes, many things to censure. I say the Christianity of that man may be doubted who doubts whether there are in his soul the remains of corruption, and whether he be not still, though a quickened child of God, yet one who hath another law in his members, warring against the law of his mind, so that he finds a battle within, that the things he would do he often doeth not, while the things that he would not do he often doeth; so that he needs to be in constant prayer to God to deliver him from the evil in his heart that he may be more than a conqueror over it at last. I do assert once more, and I think the experience of God’s children beareth me out, that when we shall be most advanced, and when we come, at last, to sit down in God’s kingdom, we shall find that we have not learnt all that there is to be learnt of the foulness of our nature, and the desperateness of the disease. “The whole head is sick, the whole heart is faint. From the sole of the foot even to the head, it is full of wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores.” “The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?” “Cleanse thou me from secret faults.” “Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.” Perhaps if we knew more, it might not be possible for us to live. Among the wise concealments of God, is that which hides from open view the depravity of our heart.

II. But now I turn at once to the practical use of our subject, using it in two ways, what it forbids and what it suggests. The depravity of our nature forbids

first of all a venturing or presuming to play and toy with temptation. When the Christian asks, "May I go into such a place?"—should he speak thus with himself? "True, temptation is very strong there, but I think I shall not yield. It would be dangerous to another man, but it is safe to me. If I were younger, if I were less prudent, less circumspect, I might be in jeopardy; but I have passed the days of youthful passion; I have learned by experience, and I think, therefore, that I may venture and hope to swim, where younger and less stable ones have been drowned." All such talking as this cometh of evil, and gendereth evil. It cometh from the evil of the proud flesh, which thinketh itself to be something good when it is nothing but evil. This is the conception of iniquity, and let it but be nourished and it will soon spring forth in its hideousness of form to every development of sin. He who carries gunpowder about him, had better not stand where there are many sparks; he whose limbs are out of joint, who should be in danger of falling every moment, had better not lay himself down upon an anvil where the hammer might smite him. Let those who feel themselves to be of a constitution which naturally feeds disease not come into a place where disease is most rife. If I knew myself to be a subject likely to be affected in the lungs, and knew that a certain air would be prejudicial to me, I think it would be a sufficient reason why I at least should decline to venture there. If you know in your heart that there is a tendency to sin, why go and tempt the devil to take advantage of you? Satan will come often enough. Why will you borrow fuel from his forge for your own destruction? Why will you come to him, as it were, instead of staying for him to come to you? You have enough temptation. It is an ill thing for God's people when they leave their quarters and go where sin abounds. If thou wert an angel, and if thou wert sure thou shouldst not fall, then thou mightest walk through hell securely; but if thou wert adamant, thy business should be to keep out of the way of temptation, to keep as far as possible from that forbidden tree of the knowledge of good and evil. But since thou art not even as strong as adamant, but a creature whose moral power is weak, whose bias to evil is extreme; I implore thee as thou wouldst honour thy God, and as thou wouldst stand in his brightness, go not—go not I beseech thee where the temptation to sin is strongest. There are some of us such poor soldiers, that I think, if we had our choice, we would rather be where there was least danger. It is right for some brave men, whose duty it is, to go into the thickest of the battle; but every Christian is not meant to be in the front rank. There are some men who have to deal with great sins, who are to seek and pluck sinners as brands from the burning. Some, like the physician, must go into the plague that they may save those who are smitten with it. There are some whose calling necessarily demands that they should be in the midst of sin; they have need to have a special guard over themselves, lest while they seek to pluck others from the fire, they be like Nebuchadnezzar's men, who, in going near the furnace, were burned themselves. Let them take heed then to themselves who seek to take care for others. In some of those cases in which you, my dear brethren in the church, are daily engaged, take care lest you yourselves, exposed to temptation, should so slip and slide, that Satan may have to rejoice, that instead of smiting the lion, the lion hath smitten you and you are lying at his feet. Oh! keep, I say, out of temptation's way, for there are few of us who are called to expose ourselves to it. Keep as far off as you can. You need be very watchful.

But again, since we know not how vile we are by nature, but know that we are bad enough for everything, let us take another caution; namely, let us not boast. Let us never say, "I shall never do this," "I shall never do that." Let us never venture to say with Hazaël, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" My short experience has furnished me with many instances that the

braggart in morality is the man most likely to fall. I have known the man who hated drunkenness, who has avowed he was certain he never could be intoxicated, and that very man has been the subject of that iniquity, or, if not of that particular sin, yet there has been some other, more terrible, perhaps, more fatal to the soul, which has smitten that man down to the dust. He has said, "My mountain standeth firm; I shall never be moved;" and if not in that very point where he thought his firmness lay, yet in some other which was next of kin to it, and proved his weakness; and lo! the mountain tottered to its base, and was cast into the midst of the sea. There are no men who are in such danger as the men who think they are not in danger. There are none so likely to sin as those who say they cannot sin. I remember a story told me by a dear brother, who is, in fact, present now. A certain tradesman, a deacon of the church, asked him for a loan of money. He did not particularly wish to advance it, but he would have done so. However, this deacon of the church said to him, "You know you may safely advance this money to me, for I am incorruptible. I am not young; I am past temptation." My friend said to him, "You shall have none of my money." At that very time that man knew he was on the verge of bankruptcy, and, ere long, was actually a bankrupt, and yet he could pretend to say he was above temptation. Above all, avoid those men who think themselves unable to sin. If there be a ship on God's sea, the captain of which declares that nothing can ever sink her, stand clear, get to the first leaky boat to escape, for she shall founder. Give a ship the flag of humility, and it is well; but they that spread out the red flag of pride, and boast that they are staunch and trim, and shall never sink, they shall either strike upon a rock, or founder in the open sea; for pride is the mother of soul ruin; self-confidence is next door to self-destruction. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Boast not, if thou be never so strong. Boasting becometh no man. Though thou wert a Goliath, boast not. Goliath never seemed so little as when he said, "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air." Leave thy boasting until the battle is done. Do not begin to glory till thou hast all thine enemies beneath thy feet, till thou hast crossed the Jordan, and till thou standest in heaven. Do not begin to say yet, "I am out of gun-shot; I am beyond the reach of sin." "Oh," saith one, "I am so grown in grace that I cannot sin." Brother, I would not have thee think that thou hast so grown in grace that thou mayest not sin. "The man after God's own heart" sinned; and what if thou be after God's own heart, why shouldst thou say, "I cannot sin"? Think thou of Lot! Art thou wise as Solomon? Yet Solomon was an arrant fool. Mayest thou not be in thine old age a fool too? Art thou a believer? So was Peter, and yet Peter denied his Master. Mayest not thou deny thy Master too? Let the fact that many of God's saints have fallen just where they seemed to be the strongest—Moses failed in his confidence, Abraham failed in his faith, David failed in his courage, and so forth—let their example teach thee to take heed to thyself, lest thou also be tempted, and thou also be cast down.

There is one other lesson which it will be well for us to learn, namely, let this fact that we do not know our baseness teach us not to be harsh, not to be severe, with those of God's people who have fallen into sin. Be severe with their sin; never countenance it; let your actions and your conduct prove that you hate the garment spotted with the flesh, that you abhor the transgression and cannot endure it, but ~~must~~ ^{must} away with it. Yet ever distinguish between the sinner and the sin. Think not that he is dead because he has sinned. Imagine not that he is to be excommunicated because of a slip; or, if he must be—if there must be a church censure passed upon him—yet take care that thou so act that he in penitence of spirit may joyously return. Be thou as John was to Peter. Shut not out thy fallen brother, for the day may come when they shall shut thee out, and when thou mayest need all the pity and all the help which the spiritual and ethereal can

give unto thee. Distinguish, I say again, between the sin that thou dost condemn and the sinner whom thou must still love—the child of God over whom thou must still weep. Ah, sirs! there may be some of you here who speak with bitter contempt and scorn of some men who, notwithstanding their frailties, are better men than yourselves. God may have suffered some sin to attain a great predominance in them for a season. Perhaps, if all were known of you, you might be proved to be worse than they;—and oh! let him but take his bit from your mouth, and the bridle of his Divine providence from your jaws, and you may run to greater excesses of riot still. Who maketh thee to differ? What hast thou that thou hast not received? Say in thy soul, “By the grace of God I am what I am;” but stand not up with the self-righteousness of the Pharisee—say not, “God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are.”

I leave now this point of caution, briefly to notice, by way of counsel, what this positively suggests. If we be thus depraved, and know not the full extent of our depravity, what then should we do? First of all, let us daily mourn before God because of this great sinfulness. Full of it we are. Let us constantly renew our grief. We have not repented of sin to the full extent, unless we repent of sinfulness as well as actual sin. We should mourn before God, not only over what we have done, but over that depravity which made us do it. See how David does. He does not merely mourn for sin, but he says, “Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.” He makes a part of his confessions, that iniquity was in his inward parts, and that his soul was tainted from the birth. So be it with you: weep over the nature as well as over the development of the nature. Weep not over the fountain merely, but over the deep spring from which this fountain gushes—not merely over the coin of sin which has been minted into outer acts, but over that base bullion of iniquity which lies uncoined in your heart. Every day expose this, as well as the sins you have committed, before God. Lay before God not merely thy crutches, but thy lameness—not merely thy ceremonial defilement, but the deep leprosy that is in thy skin and in thy bone. Yea, mourn over it, and beg him by his grace to cleanse thee, that thou mayest enter into his kingdom. And when thou hast thus done, take care that thou walk every day very near to God, seeking daily supplies of his grace. Brethren, I charge you, and specially do I charge myself here, let us look up to God, let us hourly depend on him, feeling that yesterday’s grace is of no use whatever for to-day—that the grace which saved us seven years ago is not the grace that can save us now, but we must have fresh supplies. Oh, there be many, I think, who sit down and say, “I did once know Christ.” That is not enough, brethren; we must know Christ each day, we must have fresh grace each hour. It is not to be once partaker of the Divine nature, but to be daily a partaker of it. Doth the tree bear the fruit by the seed of seven years ago? Is it not the seed of this year which will produce this year’s fruit? And must it not be so with you? Must you not have daily influxes of the Divine influences of the Holy Ghost? Must you not receive from Christ each hour that life without which you must droop and die? Oh, brothers and sisters, let no day pass by without commending yourselves to God; let no hour be spent without resting under his wing. Oh, may our daily habit be to cry unto him, “Hold thou me up and I shall be safe.” Oh, my dear hearers, there are some of you who think you are not vile. You have never had your eyes opened to learn your depravity. Let me tell you this, that you are so depraved that except you be born again you cannot see the kingdom of God. You may reform, you may go and seek to make yourselves better. It will not do. Know the old proverb and consider it—“The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.” Ay, the nature is so base—the nature itself is so depraved and so vile—that there must be a radical change of the whole self. How, then, canst thou

change thy nature? Canst thou renew thine own heart? God forbid that thou shouldst be so vainly infatuated as to imagine it possible! No arm but the Eternal arm can make thee what thou shouldst be. Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Canst thou make thyself a new creature in Christ? Thou canst not create a fly or a grain of dust, much less create thyself a new heart. But there is one who can. The Holy Spirit is able, Jesus Christ is willing. Dost thou say, "Oh! that he would renew my heart to-night?" Methinks he has begun the work; that desire of thine, if sincere, would prove it. Remember what he bids thee do is to trust. If thou hast longing desires for him, cast thyself down at his dear feet, and say, "Jesus, salvation is brought nigh to me; I trust in thee to make known in me this strange, this God-like grace. Work in me the new heart, the Divine life, the new nature; save me, save me, Jesus; put my feet in the narrow way, and then guide me all the days of my pilgrimage and bring me to thyself, that where thou art, in heaven, there I may be with thee." Sinner, he will do it, he will hear thy cry and answer thy petition, and thou, in the heights of heaven, shalt sing of the mercy which received thee when thou wast not worthy to be received, of the love which loved thee when thou wast wholly unlovely, and of all the grace which changed thy nature and made thee meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. God grant that we may not, any of us, be as Hazeel, the perpetrators of crimes of which we never suspected ourselves capable; but that rather, feeling we are men and women of the same kith and kin as the vilest sinners that ever trod this earth, may it be our grateful surprise and our happy lot to be justified freely by God's grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. So shall we be numbered with the saints now and throughout eternity. To the Holy Ghost, with the Father and the Son, shall be the glory evermore. Amen.

THE FAITHFUL PROMISER.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHILFENHAM.

THERE are seasons when the mind of the believer needs to be directed to certain portions of Divine truth, which are calculated to strengthen, encourage, and stimulate it. To me the present is such a season; and after looking up to the Lord for the gracious teaching of his Holy Spirit, I feel my mind fixed on that encouraging view of the Most High presented to the Hebrews to encourage them to hold fast their profession—"He is faithful that promised," Heb. x. 23. Precious view of our covenant God this: may we be able to enter into and enjoy it! Let us ask three questions:—

First, *What hath God promised?* And to this we may at once reply, what hath he not promised? Hath he not foreseen all that we can possibly want, and, having provided it in his everlasting covenant, promised it in his holy Word? Yes, there is not a good thing that we can want, or the infinitely wise God can bestow, but it is clearly and positively promised in his Word. But let us look at a very few of his promises, and then look into the future through them. He has said, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Then, whatever strength we may need, to do or suffer the will of God, we are sure it will be given us. Not before the day, but on the day. Not for us to proportion to the day, but the Lord will proportion it, and give it out just as it is needed. Strength for the day—strength for every day, even the last day. Strength for every step of the journey, until we step into heaven. This was given in Old Testament times, and has ever been made good; and we have a very similar one given under the present dispensation: "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." I know not what I may need, but the Lord assures me I shall have grace sufficient.

I know not how extreme my weakness may be; but the weaker I am, the more will God put forth his power in me, and show the perfection of his strength in the weakness of his child. O blessed assurance! sufficient grace for prosperity or adversity, for sickness or health, for life or for death. What, then, should discourage me, damp my zeal, or cool my ardour? Not only so, but instruction and guidance are promised too. "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." By his gracious providence, when we yield ourselves to him, he will guide us into the right way; and in the way he will teach us, making known his ways unto us, as he did unto Moses and Israel of old. He will keep his eye on us, protecting and preserving us from evil, and will counsel us in every emergency and difficulty. Nor is this all: he has promised "to supply all our needs, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Jesus has all things put under him. It pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell. His riches are unsearchable, and according to his glorious riches as the Lord of providence and grace will he supply all our needs; or, as in the Old Testament it is stated, "The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." All things necessary for life and godliness, whether spiritual or temporal, are promised us most clearly and explicitly by our God and Father. To crown all, we may say with John, "This is the promise that he hath promised us, even eternal life." This is the great, the crowning promise. So that, with Paul, we may live "in hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began." Assured of strength for the day, of sufficient grace for all seasons and circumstances, of instruction, counsel, and guidance all through our wilderness journey, of all necessary supplies of temporal and spiritual good, and of eternal life at the end of our course, may we not, ought we not, to go forward with confidence and courage?

Second, *To whom are the promises made?* "To Abraham and his seed were the promises made." "They that are of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham." "If ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." All the promises are in Christ. Made to him as the Head of his Church, they are all confirmed in him, and will be made good to all who trust in him. The promises are made to *all believers*. Faith accepts, appropriates, and trusts the promises of God; and God fulfils them to all who trust in him. They belong even to *the fearful*, who are so often bidden not to fear. "Say ye to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold, your God will come, and save you." The strong believer claims the promise and confides in it, and God honours him in so doing. The weak and timid believer looks at it with a longing eye, sighs for a sense of interest in it with fearful heart, pleads it in prayer with a dread of presumption, and God fulfils it to him. *To those who walk uprightly*, keeping the eye on God's precepts as their rule, and on his glory as their end. Daring to be singular, though exposed to persecution, or threatened with loss, they walk erect, doing justly and loving mercy. The upright man is the Lord's delight, and though for a time he may allow him to be tried, and to be tried severely, yet he will appear for him, and make good his promises to him. *To the tried, opposed, and buffeted*, as Paul was, some of the most precious promises belong. It was to him, when in such circumstances, that the Lord said, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." And to all in similar circumstances the promise belongs. The thorn may remain, and appear to rankle in the flesh; infirmities may increase, and deeply humble the soul; but God will supply with strength, until he sees fit to deliver. *All who love God*, even though their love be feeble, may claim the promise. Around such an one they all cluster, to such an one they shall all be made good. Therefore it is that with confidence we say with the apostle, "We know that all things work together for good to them

that love God; to them that are the called according to his purpose." In a word, all the promises belong to *all who know the Lord*, which knowledge always leads the soul to repose its trust and confidence in him. Hence we read, "They that know thy name will put their trust in thee; for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee." If, therefore, I so know the Lord as to place my confidence in him, I am entitled to his promises; I may confide in them, and expect him to make them good; or, every promise I can believe, and taking up in faith, plead with God to make it good, is mine.

Third, *What security have we that God will perform his promises?* "He is faithful that promised." The perfection of his nature is a sufficient guarantee. He cannot change his mind, or revoke his word. He solemnly, deliberately, and out of pure love, made the promises, and he will fulfil them. As he has said, "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Infinite in wisdom, perfect in knowledge, and unchangeable in his love, he cannot fail to make good his word. His past conduct also assures us that he will make good his word. In every age, in the experience of every believer, he has performed his promises. As our Lord on the cross said, "Our fathers trusted in thee; they trusted, and thou didst deliver them." We have also his solemn oath appended to his promise, as if to give the greater security and to make us happy,—that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us. Yes, blessed be his holy name, he has said, "As I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth; so have I sworn that I will not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." His faithfulness, so long and so often proved, is our security. Faithful is he that hath promised, who also will do it; for God is not a man that he should lie, nor the son of man, that he should repent, or change his mind. Hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?

Let us, then, steadfastly believe the promises, resting upon the faithfulness of the Almighty Promiser. "The Lord is faithful, who shall establish you, and keep you from evil." *Let us plead the promises, and take encouragement from the fact that "if we believe not, yet he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself."* *Let us act upon the advice of the apostle, suffer what we may, be circumstanced as we may; he says, "Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator."* Holy Spirit, give us a strong, steady, active faith in this great truth, "*He is faithful that promised.*"

MUTUAL RECOGNITIONS OF THE RIGHTEOUS IN HEAVEN.

BY THE REV. W. BARKER, OF CHURCH-STREET, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD.

"And I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. viii. 11.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

We believe that the departed dead are in a state of conscious life; and that they are now either actively employed in the services and felicities of heaven, or are consigned to the conscious torments of perdition. When we think of this solemn fact in connection with our own death, it is a

very natural question, and one which many godly persons ask themselves, Shall I know my friends, and be known by them, in the heavenly world; or must every connection, interest, and relationship of the present life be dissolved and obliterated by death? We answer, No. It is our full conviction that

the saints in heaven will retain a distinct recollection of the facts of their present life, and have, also, the power of identifying those with whom they have been associated on earth, either in social relations, or in the Church of God.

The two Scriptures we have read to you this morning, in our opinion, relate to a future state; and clearly imply, or directly teach, the power of mutual recognition amongst the people of God in heaven; yea, more, they seem to indicate that we shall be permitted to enlarge our knowledge of the saints individually, whether we have known them personally on earth or not, for we are to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—language which implies familiarity and actual identification. And instead of the powers of the mind being more limited there than here, and our sources of pleasure being fewer and feebler, we are to be characterized by a perfection of being, and a completeness of the means of mutual intercourse, which is described as "*knowing as we are known.*" Notice—

I. THE CERTAINTY OF FUTURE RECOGNITIONS. There are three grounds on which rests our belief in this feature of a future world:—1st, Its consistency with the laws and operations of the human mind; 2nd, Its accordance with the general ideas and impressions of men at large; and, 3rd, Its agreement with the teachings of holy Scripture. Upon the *first* of these points we shall, now, offer no remarks. Upon the *second* we shall mention a few facts confirmatory of our assertion.

The polytheism of the ancients was, to a considerable extent, founded upon the opinion that death does not dissolve the connection between the living and the dead. Hence nations, provinces, and cities had their tutelary deities, and families their household gods. The Lares and Penates of the Romans appear to have been consecrated images of departed ancestors and friends; and they were believed to preside over the families and houses where they were set up. Homer, in his "*Odyssey*," takes the hero of his tale into the invisible regions, where he recognises the spirits of the illustrious dead, as well as many personal friends, the recognition of whom occasioned a flow of emotion of the most mingled and exalted kind. The whole purport of these scenes, as well as of many allusions in the "*Iliad*," is to show that death does not dissolve the bonds which bound the

good and virtuous together on earth. Socrates, in his admirable address to his persecutors, after his condemnation, said, "If the *common* opinion be true, that death conveys us to those regions inhabited by the souls of departed men, will it not be unspeakably happy to escape from the hands of mere nominal judges to appear before those who truly deserve the name? . . . Is it nothing to converse with Orpheus, Homer, Hesiod? Believe me, I would cheerfully suffer many a death on condition of realizing such a privilege." The same eminent philosopher alludes to a prevalent custom of committing self-destruction for the purpose of meeting in another world with the objects of their affection. (*Plat. Phæd.*) The Hindoo widow goes cheerfully to be burned on the funeral pile, in accordance with the customs of heathenism, that she might meet her husband again in the spacious halls of Brahma, and spend happier days with him than on earth. It was also a very popular notion that men would mingle together in a future world, and be the subjects of pain or pleasure according to their lot here; and enjoy pleasure and riches according to their characters here.

But in the third place the foundation on which our hope of future union rests is the certain and gracious revelations of Scriptures. We find there, upon the testimony of one who cannot lie, abundant evidence that this privilege pertains to us by our union to Christ, who is our sacrifice and our life.

Jacob said he would go down into the grave (*Sheol*) unto his son mourning, *Gen. xxxvii. 35.* Now to me it seems certain that he could not mean literally the grave, because he regarded him as torn in pieces by wild beasts, according to the evil report brought home by his sons. He could not then expect to go into the silence of (*Keber*) the sepulchre; but into the unseen, the unknown, to which his soul had gone. There he would join him and commune with him. This was now the only solace of his spirit in his sorrow concerning him.

David expressed a conviction that he should go to the child, though he could not return to him, *2 Sam. xii. 22-23.* If he meant that he should join him in a conscious life hereafter, we can understand why he should put off his mourning, cease his fasting, and allow himself to be solaced by

the thought of reunion at some time consistent with the will of God.

The *sitting down with Abraham* and the rest of the worthies, represents a festive scene, and must imply a knowledge of, and power of intercourse with, these eminent saints. They shall banquet together, in the kingdom, at the marriage supper of the Lamb. In the scenes of the judgment, the righteous are commended for benevolent acts done to the least of Christ's disciples, and their recollection of the times and circumstances connected with such services rendered to Christ is appealed to as the means of their enjoyment of such commendation, Matt. xxv. 40. And the presence of those benefited is clearly implied: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

When Christ was transfigured, there appeared with him two of the Old Testament saints, Moses and Elijah, who appeared in glory, and spoke of his decease, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem, Luke ix. 28-33. Here it is clearly implied that Moses and Elijah knew each other; that Christ was a common object of attraction and interest to them both; that his earthly career was the subject of interest to them in heaven. And if the three disciples who were "eye-witnesses to his glory," could, with all their fears and earthly infirmities about them, know these departed saints, no matter by what means, how much more possible, yea, even probable, it seems that the whole Church in glory shall be favoured with the power of intercommunication, so as to recognise those in whom they were interested on earth, and also form the acquaintance of those eminent men of God who have lived in other ages.

Dives is represented in the parable as knowing Lazarus in heaven as safely resting in Abraham's bosom, which, though a parabolic representation, must have its foundation in truth, because every parable is an illustration of some leading truth, which, in the present case, appears to be that this rich man, who on earth had treated the pious beggar with such contempt and inhumanity, now found his own just condemnation completed by a knowledge of the felicity of the poor beggar; and was even commanded to *remember* that, in their earthly life, he was comforted and Lazarus tormented.

Paul, in the Epistle to the Colossians, i. 28, speaks of presenting every man perfect

in Christ Jesus in the day of God. A clear knowledge of the separate and distinctive characters of his converts in that day seems to have been anticipated by him, or else how could he have expected thus to present them, or bring them forward in the presence of the Lord Jesus? When the martyrs before the throne cried to be avenged of their enemies on earth, Rev. vi. 9-11, they were told to rest until their fellow-servants and brethren that should be killed should be fulfilled, which seems to favour the idea of their cognizance in heaven of the states and conditions of the Church militant on earth. We fully believe that the Scriptures throughout are replete with the materials for the clearest and most satisfactory inferential belief in the opinion that the people of Christ in heaven have an unfettered intercourse; a sure and holy fellowship; and a distinct recognition of each other so far as their earthly acquaintance renders this possible; and, further, that they are made conversant even now with the condition of the militant portion of the Church, on the battle-field on earth. Nor does heaven appear the less attractive on this account, but, on the contrary, we find it increase our willingness to be separated from those around us whom we love, having the hope of lasting reunion with all of them that believe on our Lord Jesus Christ.

II. WE NOTICE THE CHARACTER OF THESE RECOGNITIONS.

I. It will be a spiritual and perfect intercourse. Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. The nature of each one will be then changed, but the identity of each retained, though we cannot now say how that will be accomplished. We shall be each purified from all that is carnal and sordid, and shall be as the angels. Even now we find that the farther removed our friendships are from earthly and carnal elements, the more lasting and satisfactory they are. So that pure Christian friendship has, even in the present life, its spiritual and eternal character enstamped upon it. All the disturbing elements which destroy the power and mar the usefulness of the Church, here are earthly and fleshly; the true bond of love, which death itself cannot break, is spiritual. Our brotherhood and sisterhood in God shall be as permanent as that sonship in God with which it is connected.

Certain peculiar relationships, proper and

necessary here, will have no existence there, and no sphere for the exercise of their various affections and functions; but reminiscences of them will remain, which may be rendered conducive to our perfect felicity in heaven. The relations of parent and child—of husband and wife—of master and servant—of prince and subject—are of the earth, and must be confined to earth, of necessity; but the fact of their having existed may in many ways, which we cannot now define, furnish the saints with materials for joy, gratitude, and love before the throne of God and the Lamb. How perfect will be the bond which binds in one there! Charity will there reign supreme and eternal. Holy and God-like exercises will engage the highest powers of each one; and as, from circle to circle, the interest and love shall spread, our knowledge of the whole family shall extend until we all realize that we are but one spiritual household, gathered around our Father's board, and privileged to dwell together in one everlasting home.

2. These mutual recognitions will be a subordinate source of joy and satisfaction. "God shall be all and in all" as a supreme delight; but shall not the intercourse of the redeemed afford them a joy second only to that which they find in their personal union to God? How delightful to meet with those of our own flesh, our family connections, or church relations, who are gone before! What a meeting between parent and child, redeemed by the same paternal grace of God; not now actually father and child, but individual members in a higher family! How holy the greeting of the once husband and wife, now like the angels, but filled with holy joy and rapture that their spirits are permitted to perpetuate that Christian fellowship which they only imperfectly enjoyed below on account of the earthly alloy mixed up with it! Special friends, with whom on earth we have taken sweet counsel together, just so far as that friendship has been of a high and holy character, shall be reunited in heaven. But every sordid element will have been purged away, and now they will promote one another's rapid growth in all the perfection characterizing the spirits of just ones before the throne. Our Church connections will there be reviewed, and every element of holy love amongst us now resuscitated there. Some of you, too, will know what it is really to love and understand each other there. You will not perpetuate your separateness and

coldness one towards another. You will understand each other's real value in perpetuating God's name amongst you. They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars in the firmament of God. How changed the Church below becomes in a few years! And it is even so with the Church. And if it appears so to me, who have only known it for a few years, how much more must you feel it, dear friends, who have grown up here from children, and now fill the places of the fathers who went before you! Be not grieved; you are passing on to them. You shall soon mix up with them again, both of you glorified and sanctified from every spot which obscured your lustre here below. What a reunion! how much to be desired! Run, run the race set before you, looking to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of your faith. Be ye followers of them so far as they followed Christ. Rejoice that they, without us, cannot be made perfect. Oh, what a meeting for some of you with those sainted pastors of this church, who were your spiritual fathers and guides! What was their anxiety while toiling here? It was to do two things: First, "to present every man perfect," which implies your indebtedness to them, instrumentally, for your spiritual growth. Secondly, to rejoice over their spiritual children. On this ground, then, we may claim our humble share in their joy; for while ye have not had many fathers, though many instructors, they who sowed and they who reaped shall rejoice together.

Behold the Sabbath-school teacher and his scholars blessed by his instrumentality; what joy he shall have upon meeting with them in heaven! And the private Christian, who has been incidentally useful, shall also find his joy increased by such honour conferred upon him. The considerations which make such cases special, and illustrate the reality of our increased joy and pleasure from the fact of our mutual recognitions, appear to me to be the following:—

We shall then see more clearly the value of the redemption of the soul, and shall estimate accordingly the joy of each individual we recognise there. We shall see, then, the grandeur of the Saviour's character, who loved them and gave himself for them, and the satisfaction of his soul in their salvation will increase the joy of our hearts who were made the means of their conversion, or advanced their spiritual growth unto perfection.

The grand object of the reunion of the righteous, and the constant extension of our knowledge of the blessed, will be to make heaven more attractive to us, and give it all the charms of an eternal home; while the wonders of providence and redeeming love, as seen in each other's history, will expand our minds, and enlarge our fruitions of the Divine glory and love. As our knowledge of him in his ways with his people increases, our longing to be filled with his fullness will be intensified, and we shall go on from strength to strength until we dwell very near the throne, and approximate towards the boundless glories which crown the head of the Son of God.

3. Our joys and connections in heaven will be perpetual. This is a grand charm about heaven to my mind. All things around us are so fleeting. We find friends, and as soon as we become really attached to them, lose them, until we can scarce feel the same interest in a place which we once felt. After long years we visit the home of childhood, and the sacred house of God, which once appeared to us the embodiment of all the good men and women in the world, and oh, what an emptiness, what a blank, what cruel changes! Our spheres of usefulness are occupied for a while, and then are gone; the sphere itself is dissolved; the occasion for it passed away. Death, that stern exactor of the penalty of sin, comes and robs us of our joys, our friends, and all now dear to us. But in heaven not one of these imperfections will be found. There shall be no more "tears there"; no more separation there, and no more death.

"O that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more."

And now in a few words let us sum up the practical lessons of this subject, and prayerfully ponder them in secret before God. (a) It encourages the formation of the best and highest friendships on earth. Ah, how much that passes for friendship now will not, cannot, find a place in heaven! Let us as church members think of this fact. (b) It magnifies the importance of our social relationships. Oh, how little fellowship will

many parents have with their children of a specific kind in heaven, because they had so little Christian communion on earth—were such strangers to each other's joys and sorrows, fears and hopes? How little close communion in heaven will some husbands and wives have, though both saved, because they have so few holy reminiscences of earthly life, and when their fellowship here is purified of its dross, there will be so little of the soul and spirit of friendship remaining. (c) It teaches us the importance of using all means for the salvation of our relations and dearest friends on earth. We cannot at present understand how we shall bear their absence from heaven, or witness their misery in hell. Let us then do all in our power to lead them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. He will approve of our anxiety, and bless our efforts in a degree beyond our conceptions, if we are actuated by a love for souls and a concern for his glory. (d) It should reconcile us to death. The separations occasioned by it are only temporary. Our own removal from those we love and leave behind us shall not be for long, if they love Christ. All that is valuable which is gone before we shall be reunited to on our arrival in heaven; and all that is Christ-like and sacred left behind, shall come after us. The tribes are crossing the river which divides the wilderness through which they have come from the land to which they go; and they shall go on from company to company until not an "hoof" shall be left behind. Oh that in that day none of us may be separated—classified with unbelievers—shut out from the marriage feast of the Lamb! Keep oil in your lamps, or you may "trim" them in vain, for though they may seem to shine during the interval of espousals on earth they will not light you into the wedding chamber, or entitle you to a name and a place amongst the friends of the bridegroom. Thank God we can say with great delight—

"One family, we dwell in him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death."

ON THE MYSTERIES OF GOD.

(1 Cor. iv. 1.)

BY THE REV. J. JENKINSON, OF OAKHAM.

ALL knowledge is power, and all desirable knowledge is, if rightly used, advantageous to its possessor, and a means of good to others. Yet knowledge has its pains, its perils, and its difficulties too. Many of these difficulties may be solved by studious thought and persevering research, but not a few of them are in every sense insuperable. In what direction soever the field of knowledge is traversed, we presently reach its boundary, beyond which lies the pathless and vast domain of the unknown, the mysterious, the inscrutable. Men of mightier mental power may succeed in solving perplexities which altogether baffle their inferiors; but as the largest illuminated circle has a boundary of darkness, so the loftiest of created intellects soon find their further progress arrested by "the mysteries of God."

God himself is a mystery; yea, the mystery of mysteries. That he exists, none but the mentally blinded can deny, and that he is superlatively great, and wise, and good, is abundantly evident; but he is also the Unsearchable One (Job xi. 7, 8, 9; Psalm cxlv. 3; Isaiah xl. 28). His self-existence is an unquestionable reality, but it is a mystery too. His infinitude transcends our powers of thought—his eternity baffles even our imagination to conceive; yet assuredly from everlasting to everlasting he is God. That the countless occurrences of ten thousand years do not add an iota to the stores of his knowledge is true, yet mysterious. That the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Spirit is God, and yet that there are not three Gods, is an important truth; but it is also an unfathomable mystery.

Many of the works of God are mysterious. Notwithstanding the much-lauded progress of natural science in modern times, to how many interesting questions does that oracle still return no answer! What is life? What is instinct? What are gravitation, electricity, magnetism, and a thousand things besides? That these things exist and that they are highly useful too, no one can deny; but their causes and their essence is still enwrapped in impenetrable mystery.

The permissions of God are often myste-

rious. As infinitely holy, all sin must be utterly abhorrent to him; as infinitely good, he must delight in the uninterrupted happiness of his creatures; as infinitely intelligent, he must have perfectly foreseen all the bitter consequences of transgression; and as infinitely powerful, he must have been able to prevent its entrance into his dominions. Why did he *not* prevent it? Why was moral evil permitted to exist, and why allowed so extensively to prevail and to protract its reign through so many successive generations? These, and kindred questions, have engaged and baffled the mightiest minds the world has ever known. To say that not a ray of light has been cast on these solemn and perplexing questions would be untrue; but in all their most momentous points, these dark enigmas still remain unsolved. But be it distinctly understood that for these mysteries *Christianity* is in no degree responsible. If the Bible and all who believe it were for ever swept from the earth, the mystery of God's permission of sin and suffering would not be diminished, but enhanced thereby. For though the revelation he has given us does not answer all our inquiries as to why we were permitted to fall *into* the pit, it does satisfactorily and fully answer the incomparably more important question, How can we be raised *out* of it?

On a smaller scale, too, *the providence of God is frequently mysterious.* In how many instances are the Lord's Lazaruses poor, afflicted, and despised, while the slaves of Satan enjoy uninterrupted health, are gorgeously apparelled, and fare sumptuously every day (Luke xvi., Psalm lxxiii.) The heirs of heaven often find it difficult to provide things honest in the sight of all men, while "the ungodly prosper in the world, and have more than heart could wish." How frequently, too, has the sceptre of earthly power been wielded by the wicked, while the righteous have been the victims of cruel and relentless persecution! How often, too, have the pests of society lived to curse the world through many successive years, while the humble, the holy, the lovely, and the eminently useful, have been carried to an early grave! In all

these and many such like instances Jehovah has "held back the face of his throne, and spread his cloud upon it," and thus constrained his sorrowing, yet trusting servants to exclaim, "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour."

The Word of God has its mysteries. Were it otherwise it would lack one evidence of its Divine origin. As Creation and Providence abound with mysteries, we might reasonably expect to find them in Revelation too. And this expectation is verified. The incarnation of Christ is a mystery (1 Tim. iii. 16). The union in his person of the Divine nature with the human without the least deduction from the perfection or the attributes of either, is a mystery. The punishment of him, "The Holy One of God," in the stead of man the guilty, is a mystery. The infallible accomplishment of Divine purposes and prophecies through the agency of creatures who in every instance act freely, and are therefore justly held responsible for their doings, is a mystery. The work of the Eternal Spirit in enlightening the human mind, convincing of sin, regenerating the heart, and sanctifying the soul, is a mystery. Yet mysterious as these things are, they are all abundantly attested in the Sacred Scriptures, and not a few of them are known to be facts in the experience of every member of God's blood-bought family.

The efficacy of prayer is a mystery. That prayer cannot augment God's knowledge of us, or of our need, is certain; and that it cannot in any way or measure induce him to alter his purpose respecting us, or those for whom we pray, is equally so. Yet it is not the less true that prayer has "power with God" (Hosea xii. 3), is heard by him, and answered too; sometimes signally so. Every believer knows what it is to ask, and have; to seek, and find; to pray, and to have his prayer exchanged for praise on account of the gracious answers it has received.

In conclusion, let us rest assured—

1. That *all the mysteries of God are holy mysteries.* There are many mysteries in our world which are the reverse of this—mysteries of sin, "the depths of Satan." There is also that masterpiece of evil, the Romish apostacy, on the front of which is engraven, "*Mystery, Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of*

the earth" (Rev. xvii. 5); concerning which the Apostle of the Gentiles said, "The mystery of iniquity doth already work" (2 Thess. ii. 7). But "the mysteries of God" are all worthy of himself, inasmuch as they are perfectly accordant with the purity of his character, the equity of his reign, and the benevolence of his nature. "Clouds and darkness are round about him; but righteousness and judgment are ever the habitation of his throne."

2. That *not a few of these mysteries arise from our infantile capacity.* After having incessantly, through many thousands of years, attentively observed and investigated the manifestations of their Creator's character, the angels of light, in all likelihood, find many parts of his ways which far transcend their powers of understanding; inasmuch as it would be easier to comprise the waters of the ocean in a nutshell than for any creature to perceive all the grounds of his Creator's doings. But if so, how much more may we expect it to be thus with ourselves, who "are but of yesterday, and know (nothing" Job viii. 9)?

3. That *the mysteries of God are designed and adapted to be a means of spiritual profit to his people.* (1.) *They tend to deepen our humility.* "Knowledge puffeth up." Mysteries which baffle our reason are an antidote to this. And the frequency with which such mysteries intercept our path reminds us that after all the high thoughts of ourselves which we have been too ready to indulge, we are, as yet, but as infants in understanding. (2.) *They tend to elevate our views of the Most High, and thus to increase reverence and adoration in our souls.* "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing" (see 1 Kings viii. 10-12). That which is but partially known frequently tends to excite awe and veneration; the fully known is apt to be regarded with contempt, or, at least, with unhalloved familiarity. Of this fact the priesthoods of false religions have been well aware. Hence the mysteries of Egyptian idolatry, the mysteries of Ceres at Eleusis, and the thousand other dark and mystic rites of Paganism. In these instances the darkness was, doubtless, the covert of vice and impotence. Not so "the mysteries of God;" yet they, too, are designed to inspire his worshippers with awe. "He makes darkness his pavilion, and the clouds are the dust of his feet;" and thus leads us devoutly to exclaim, "Oh, the depth both of

the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! (3.) *They exercise, and thereby strengthen our faith.* In our heavenward pilgrimage "we walk by faith, not by sight." And this is wisely appointed to us, inasmuch as to trust the Lord where we cannot trace him, is both a mark of grace and a means of growth therein.

(4.) *They stimulate study and research.* He who has endued us with intelligence, has also surrounded us with strong inducements to its exercise. As to procure a supply of our corporeal need presents a powerful motive to physical exertion, so the desire of knowledge presents a cogent motive to studious thought. And as the hardness of the granite and the oak calls forth more energetic toil, so do the mysteries of God arouse the otherwise dormant energies of the mind in efforts which, in some instances, succeed in casting light on that which had previously been shrouded in obscurity. And even where no such results are realized, thought and research, like that employed in seeking to discover the philosopher's stone, is far from being altogether lost or wasted. (5.) *They also tend to greater frequency and fervency in prayer.* "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him;" is the precept and the promise which has often prompted the petitions: "That which I see not, teach thou me;" "Oh, send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me;" "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

4. *That the mysteries of God are a cause of high and holy enjoyment to the soul.* Some of them will probably eternally retain their mysterious character; but not a few are so only for a time. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," is an assurance which begins to receive its fulfilment even in the present

world: "Take thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and offer him for a burnt-offering," was a mysterious command to Abraham; but the mystery was explained when he not only brought him back in safety to his tent; but had also received special commendation and a glorious promise from God as the recompense of his obedience and faith. The Lord's dealings with Job and Jacob were mysterious; but in the eventide of their lives the mystery was solved, and light and gladness shone upon their path. The crucifixion of Christ was a mystery which severely tried the faith of his disciples; but through all their subsequent years they recognised that event as the most blessed and glorious one the world had ever witnessed. Therefore, let those of the Lord's family who now walk in darkness, and have no light, trust in the name of the Lord, and stay themselves upon their God. "He will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight." Even on earth they may live to see that, in his darkest dispensations towards them, "he hath done all things well." But whether it be so or otherwise, the world to come will assuredly be to the saints the world of light. "There shall be no night there." Here we frequently have to go "mourning without the sun;" but there we shall be above the clouds. Many of the things which now perplex us will then be fully understood. Not only shall we then possess the high advantage of intellectual maturity, and of the perfect development of the work of grace in our own souls, and of learning immeasurably much from the individual and collective experience and observations of the angels of light, and of all the ransomed of the Lord, but Christ, the incomparable Teacher, will lead us to living fountains of waters, and to pastures on which our souls will eagerly and gladly feed, and thus rapidly increase in knowledge, and wisdom, and in understanding of God; and of his dispensations.

A STAFF FOR THE WEARY PILGRIM.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH PALMER.

"Thy staff."—Psalm xxli. 4.

So soon as we know sin's sinfulness, and feel our own weakness, we become recognized pilgrims in a waste, howling wilderness. And no pilgrim is without his staff;

he would be badly qualified for his journey without his staff. Now, this staff used by Zion's pilgrim is God's truth—the Word of life. This has been the long-tried, old

companion of all who have ever gone on pilgrimage; and it has been found truly serviceable under extreme circumstances.

Amidst the "perils of the wilderness," our Divine Master knew we should need a staff. God's holy Word—its truths, promises, consolations, and encouragements—form that provided staff. Let the pilgrim be young or old, rich or poor, he requires and makes use of the same. There is no respect of persons here. Necessity despises etiquette.

But, to be plain—

I. *Seeking souls* need the *encouragements* of God's Word. Who would dare to hope for pardon and acceptance without the kind, encouraging words of God in his Book, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"? How sweetly full these words! Unbelief can scarcely misrepresent them. Little-faith feels stronger in supporting itself upon them. How many now in glory have leaned here and found help! But this is not the only portion; there are many—the sacred pages sparkle with such gems. Take another: "Seek and ye shall find." There is no ambiguity whatever. The text is plain, simple English, and God means what he says. Reader, are you a seeking soul—a Christ-seeking, pardon-seeking, holiness-seeking soul? Here is a staff for you to lean upon.

II. *The tempted and tried believer* needs the "Fear nots" and promises of God. Oh, it is sometimes very dark in soul experience; night broods murkily over the mind. God's promises then help us to feel our way. One in this spot cried out, "I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." It was so dark with him; but God's promises upheld him. Our God knows how to whisper peace when the hurricane of temptation roars around us. "He will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on him." God knew his saints would be fearful; therefore he has so often said, "Fear not."

III. *Wandering and perplexed souls* need the word of *exhortation*. "Turn to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope." "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith." "Return unto me, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings." "Call upon me in the day of trouble." "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God,

who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." These are only specimens of the many similar portions of fatherly advice recorded in God's Holy Word.

IV. *Sensibly guilty souls* need the Word to *cleanse and sanctify*. We are so apt to get our consciences befouled with the filth of the country we are passing through, and there is no purifying ourselves from time to time experimentally, but at the waters of that mystical rock which still follows God's Israel in the wilderness. Thus Gospel truth is cleansing. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, cleanses us from all sin." "Him hath God set forth as a propitiation through faith in his blood." "There is a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem." Happy souls who can draw near by faith.

V. *Wounded souls* need the Word of God. The Great Physician's prescriptions are there. The balm of Gilead—so celebrated for soul diseases—is deposited there. All may have it who feel their need of it; it is given away to the poor. Most travellers to Zion get wounded, from time to time, in one way or another; the sting of sin is a common mishap in the wilderness; but the balm of Gilead is a certain cure. There is no real danger, when the sting causes real uneasiness; but if it be unfelt it is deadly. Sometimes we get wounded in compassing Sinai's frowning height; sometimes by the fiery darts of the great adversary; sometimes we suffer from fits of unbelief; sometimes from the workings of a bad, a corrupt constitution; sometimes we are hurt by the briars on our way, or the stones in our path; so that the traveller has frequent use for God's truth, in which the balm of Gilead—Christ's precious merits—is stored for Zion's pilgrims.

VI. There is a *torpidity and lifelessness* also suffered from in the wilderness, which God's Word removes. "He sent his Word and healed them." "Quicken thou me, according to thy Word." "Thy visitations preserve my spirit." "My Word is as a hammer to break the rock in pieces." "I have come that ye might have life; yea, that ye might have it more abundantly." Thus all our fresh springs are in and from God.

Reader, do you thus know experimentally the preciousness of God's holy Word? It is a blessed and happy knowledge. The

weary pilgrim has then a reasonable staff. But if a stranger to these things, although in a wilderness, you madly call it your home;

and if grace open not your eyes, you will deceive yourself ever, and so fatally neglect the gracious provisions of the pilgrim's God.

HAVE YOU MADE A PROFESSION OF YOUR LOVE TO CHRIST ?

BY THE REV. T. W. MEDHURST, COLEBAINE, IRELAND.

ALL who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, are bound to confess his name before all men. This profession is only acceptable to God, when it is preceded by the unreserved dedication of the heart. We only profess love to Christ aright, when our profession is regulated by practical obedience to each and all of his precepts. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them" (John xiii. 17). "If ye love me, keep my commandments" (John xiv. 15). They who profess the name of Jesus before men, are bound to follow up their profession by steady perseverance, through good report, through evil report, and unto the end. They who were united to the number of the disciples on the "day of Pentecost" "continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and prayers" (Acts ii. 42). It is the duty and privilege of all Christians to make a profession of their love to, and obedience to the requirements of the Lord Jesus Christ. This duty is enjoined by Divine authority; it is enforced by the Saviour's love, and the example of Jesus, which he has left us to follow. A realization of God's love within us should encourage us to show our love to God. The honour of Christ demands this. If you love Jesus and call him Master, you are bound to honour his authority and to yield obedience to all his laws. The prosperity of Christ's Church demands this. "The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved" (Acts ii. 47). All who are saved must unite themselves to a visible Church of Christ on earth, or the Church cannot prosper. As members are translated to the company of the redeemed above, the Church must look to those who believe, to fill up the places

which have been left vacant. The relation the Christian bears to the world demands that he should come out from the world and associate with those who "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." Disobedient Christians do the world an incalculable amount of injury, while they delay to identify themselves with the Lord's people, by refusing to make a public profession of their faith and hope in Jesus. The Christian's personal welfare demands that he unite himself with those who are led by the spirit to attend to the laws of Christ's kingdom and to the ordinances of his house. Church membership is designed by the Great Head of the Church, as a bond of union for the mutual assistance of individual believers. Perhaps my reader is deploring his unworthiness and unfitness to associate in fellowship with the Church. Bear in mind, if you are unfit to meet in fellowship with redeemed sinners on earth, you are far more unfit to meet in fellowship with glorified saints in heaven. All the fitness you require before you make a profession of oneness with the Lord's people, is faith in Christ. "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." Church members should encourage young timid believers to make a profession. They should manifest a spirit of loving sympathy with all who are seeking, and should be careful that their whole deportment be such as will encourage other Christians to cast in their lot with them. I am persuaded, if they who fear the Lord did speak more often one to another, many who are now standing aloof would become desirous to cast in their lot with them in the Church of Christ. Members of churches, meditate on these things.

THE CHRISTIAN'S BOAST.

BY THE REV. W. ABBOTT, OF BLUNHEAM.

"My soul shall make her boast in the Lord."—Psalm xxxiv. 2.

HERE is one all alive to the interests of his soul. It was a time of soul-blessing with him. It had been a time of danger, and was now a time of deliverance. It had been a time of trouble, and was now one of rest. It had been a time of sorrows, and was now a time of songs. The past time had been good, but the present time was better. He feels great and good things in his soul, and tastes great and good things with his tongue. Blessed soul his! Happy tongue his! He is "the sweet singer of Israel."

He had had a conference with his soul, and right glad was he that his soul had come to this resolve. Nothing could be more pleasing to his feelings—nothing could be more pleasing to his God. It was well that it was in his soul, and it was well that it was on his tongue. Let other souls and other tongues do as they please—if they think they have such license—but as for me and my soul and tongue, we will make our boast in the Lord.

My soul shall boast. There is that boasting that is wrong, as well as that boasting that is right; the one is displeasing to God, while the other is well-pleasing to him. It was the boast of joy; it was sound joy and solid boasting. His soul was exhilarated with joy, and he makes his boast in God, the source of his joy. The boast of thankfulness. His soul was filled with mercies, and his tongue filled with praises. The boast of confidence. That of referring all its concerns to God, and reposing all its interests in him who had dealt so bountifully with him. He knew God, and loved him; he had tried God, and could

trust: "O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him."

Boast in the Lord. He pardoned me. Pardon is the chief blessing of my soul. Sin would have crushed me—sin was soul death, pardon is soul life. He gave his Son to die to put away my sin; and he sent his Spirit to assure me of it. In his pardon therefore I find the joy of my soul—the joy of salvation. He helped me. "The Lord is my Helper." He helped me in great danger; with a strong arm, with mighty power—yes, and with surprising love. And yet there was no reason why he should thus show his love, only that he delights to do so. He helps me still—helps me every day—and says, "He will help me quite through." And shall I not boast of him? He comforted me. And such comfort it was! None on earth like it. It was sent from his palace—from his heart. It was sweet as honey, strong as wine, and worth more than gold. "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul!" He supplied me. Gave me just what I needed; and as much as I needed. It was rich—both rich and free. And he said, "In future never tell anybody what you want, but come right to me, and I will surely do you good." "It is good for me to draw near to God." He says, too, that he will give me heaven. He sent his Son to open the way to heaven, and his Spirit to lead me in the way. He gives me now the sweet hope of it, and my soul says, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory."

MARY BUNYAN, THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD, AUTHOR OF "GRACE TRUMAN."

CHAPTER X.

MRS. BUNYAN BEFORE JUDGE HALE AND THE JUSTICES.

It is the second day of the Assize Court. The audience chamber is filled to overflowing. Judge Hale, in his robes magisterial, sits in silent dignity to receive petitions and

hear the pleadings of the petitioners. There is a pause in the business of the assizes, and a woman, clad in a coarse black dress, with a cap of snow white shading her pale, sad face, rises from the crowd at the back of the room, and passes up the aisle with dignified but modest step. She approaches the Lord Chief Justice and presents a peti-

tion. Her hand trembles and her cheek flushes, yet she betrays no farther emotion, as the Justice at the right rises, and, receiving her petition, hands it to Judge Hale. The Judge reads it; remains silent for a moment, then, turning very mildly upon her, he says,—

"My poor woman, I will do the best good for you and your husband that I can, but I fear that I can do none."

He extends to her her petition, telling her that he will look at it again. Her heart throbs wildly, her head bows, tears gather in her eyes, and a sigh such as only the sorely disappointed heart can know escapes her bosom. She stifles her emotion as well as she can, but the scalding tears will fall blindingly. An old man, with trembling step, comes forward, holding in his hand a paper. She steps aside, and is lost amid the crowd.

A handsome equipage halts in front of the Swan Chamber. On its luxurious cushions reclines a Judge, in all the nonchalance of undisturbed complacency. He knows nothing of the deep griefs that rend the human bosom, and he decides the weal or woe of bursting hearts with as much indifference as a judge at a cattle show determines the relative grades of the sleek, stupid, dumb brutes. The footman is in the act of opening the door, when a pale woman, in the garb of mourning, steps to the carriage and hands him a paper. With a look of annoyance at being thus detained, Judge Twisdon glances over the petition, and, turning upon her with angry look, "snaps her off," telling her that her husband is a convicted person, and cannot be released unless he will promise to preach no more. She cannot promise this for him, so she receives again the petition, and turns away with sorrowful heart, while the Judge, with an air of pompous pride, passes into the hall, and seats himself in his chair of state.

Is justice clean gone for ever? Has the Lord forgotten righteousness, that his humble follower should thus be turned aside to weep in bitter anguish, while the heartless wretch who tramples on the rights of bleeding, suffering humanity, steps on high, followed by the admiring gaze of obsequious thousands? Wait yet a little while and see. The wicked shall be cut off suddenly, and that without remedy. He shall not live out half his days. But the righteous man shall flourish, he shall "rejoice when

he seeth the vengeance. He shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked."

"Cast down but not destroyed," the faithful wife determined to make another attempt to procure her husband's liberty. Directing a silent, fervent prayer to God for strength and wisdom, with faltering step and trembling heart she again entered the court-room, and presented her petition to Judge Hale as he sat upon the bench. He recognized her as the pale, sad supplicant of the previous day. His heart was moved, and, as he looked kindly upon her, and spoke a few words of encouragement, her soul beat high with hope and gratitude.

"God had at last heard her prayer, and was about to answer her fervent requests in granting to her the liberty of her husband." Oh, how light seemed all her previous troubles! They were all swallowed up in the joy of the present moment. All she had endured, all she had suffered, was not worthy to be compared with her present happiness. She trembled almost to falling with the intensity of her feelings.

But stop; a Justice steps forward and speaks to the Judge. Her eager ear catches the words,—

"He is a troublesome fellow, your Lordship, and ought not to be set at liberty. Moreover, he was convicted in court, and is a hot-spirited fellow that will do harm, and ought to be kept in gaol."

The Judge paused for a moment and looked upon the floor. It was a moment of heart rending suspense to the unfortunate wife. What could be his decision? What—Oh—what?

He turned his eyes pityingly upon her, handed her her petition and waved her from him. She staggered to the door, and passed out. Not a word escaped her lips; but those words of the Psalmist were in her heart: "Why standest thou afar off, O Lord! Why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble! The wicked in his pride doth persecute the poor. Let them be taken in the devices they have imagined."

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint." How fully did the faithful wife realize the truth of this most glorious promise of the Lord God of Israel, as with trembling step she pressed her way along the aisle, while eager, curious eyes were

rivated upon her, to present, for the third time, her petition for her husband's release.

The Swan Chamber was crowded—judges, justices, and gentry were there. But she feared neither the frown of the one, nor the contemptuous gaze of the other. Unflinchingly she walked the crowded room, until she stood before the Judge and justices. Directing herself to Judge Hale, she said,—

“My lord, I make bold to come again to your lordship to know what may be done with my husband.”

All eyes were fixed upon her as she spoke, and eager ears bent forward from every part of that large audience to catch her words. There she stood, a poor, frail woman, pleading before the assembled dignity of the realm, for the life of her husband. Was ever sight more sublime—was ever a scene more touching!

The Judge turned upon her. He hesitated, then answered in a tone of mingled confusion and decision,—

“Woman, I told thee before I could do thee no good. They have taken for a conviction what thy husband spoke at the sessions, and, unless there be something done to *undo* that, I can do thee no good.”

Hear her as she replies,—

“My lord, he is *unlawfully* kept in prison: they clapped him in prison before there were any proclamations against the meetings. The indictment also is *false*. Besides, they never asked him whether he was guilty or no. Neither did he confess the indictment.”

“He was lawfully convicted, woman,” interfered one of the Judges, chafing at her words.

She turned a look upon him. He was one whom she did not know. Addressing Judge Hale, she replied, with the true courage of a noble soul,—

“My lord, it is false! For when they said to him, ‘Do you confess the indictment?’ he said only this, that he had been at several meetings, both where there was preaching the Word and prayer, and that they had God’s presence among them.”

“What, woman, do you think we can do as we list?” interfered Judge Twisdon, in a loud, angry tone, looking upon her with all the vengeance of his mean nature. “Your husband is a breaker of the peace, and is convicted by the law.”

“Bring the statute book,” demanded Judge Hale, and we will see for ourselves.”

“He was not *lawfully* convicted, my lord,” said the brave woman as she looked upon Judge Twisdon.

“He was lawfully convicted,” interrupted Judge Chester, raving with madness that his act (his was one of the five red letter names that sent Bunyan to prison) and his word should be called in question.

“It is false,” she said calmly; “it was but a word of discourse that they took for a conviction.”

“It is recorded, woman; it is recorded, I tell you,” vociferated Chester, as if he would silence her by the power of his voice if he could not by argument.

“It is false if it is,” and she looked him unflinchingly in the face.

“He is *convicted* and it is *recorded*,” repeated Chester. “What more do you want?”

“My lord,” said the fearless wife to Judge Hale, “I was a little while since at London to see if I could get my husband’s liberty, and there I spoke with my Lord Barkwood, one of the House of Lords, to whom I delivered a petition, who took it of me, and presented it to some of the rest of the House of Lords, for my husband’s releasement, who, when they had seen it they said that *they* could not *release* him, but *committed* his releasement to the Judges at the next assizes. This *he* told me, and now I am come to you to see if anything can be done in this business, and *you* give neither releasement or relief.”

The Judge made no answer.

“He is convicted and it is recorded,” reiterated the infuriated Chester.

“If it be, it is false,” repeated the heroic woman.

“He is a *pestilent* fellow, my lord. There is not such a fellow in the country,” exclaims Chester turning to Judge Hale.

“Will your husband leave off preaching, woman? If he will do so, send for him, and let him answer here for himself,” spake out Judge Twisdon, almost as much exasperated as was Chester.

“My lord,” the Christian woman said, “my husband *dares* not leave preaching as long as he can speak.”

“See here, see here,” vociferates Twisdon, rising from his seat, and striking the bench with his clenched fist, “why should we talk any more about such a fellow? Must *he* do what he *lists*? He is a breaker of the peace.”

The brave woman noticed him not. Keep-

ing her eyes steadily fixed upon Judge Hale, she said,—

“My husband desires to live peaceably and to follow his calling, that his family may be maintained. Moreover, my lord, I have *four small children* that cannot help themselves, and one of them is *blind*, and we have nothing to live upon but the charity of good people.”

The eyes of the Judge bent in pity upon her.

“Hast thou four children?” he said kindly. “Thou art but a young woman to have four children.”

“I am but mother-in-law to them, my lord, not having been married to him yet two full years. Indeed I was with child when my husband was first apprehended, but being young and unaccustomed to such things, I, being *smayed* at the news, fell into labour, and so continued for eight days, and then was delivered, but my child died.”

“*Alas, poor woman,*” said the kind Judge, as she finished her touching story.

“You make poverty your cloak, woman,” broke in Twisdon, “and I hear your husband is better maintained by running up and down a-preaching than by following his calling.”

“What is his calling?” asked Judge Hale of her.

“A *tinker*, my lord, a *tinker*,” answered some one standing by.

“Yes, my lord, and because he is a tinker, and a poor man, he is despised and cannot have justice.”

“Since it is thus, my poor woman,” said the Judge mildly, “that they have taken what thy husband spake for conviction, thou must either apply thyself to the King, or sue out his pardon, or get a writ of error.”

At the mention of a writ of error, Chester chafed, and was highly offended, and exclaimed,—

“This man will preach, my lord, and do what he pleases.”

“He preaches nothing but the word of God,” fearlessly spoke out the true wife.

“He preach the word of God!” repeated Twisdon with a bitter sneer, turning towards her as if he would have struck her; “he runs up and down the country and does harm.”

“No, my lord, it is not so; God hath owned him and done much good by him.”

“God!” repeated Twisdon sneeringly; “his doctrine is the doctrine of the devil.”

“My lord,” she said, “when the righteous Judge shall appear, it will be known that his doctrine is not the doctrine of the devil.”

“Do not mind her, Judge, but send her away,” exclaimed Twisdon, seeing that he could not intimidate her.

“I am sorry, my poor woman, that I can do thee no good,” said Judge Hale compassionately. “Thou must do one of these three things aforesaid, namely, either apply thyself to the King, or sue out his pardon, or get a writ of error;—but a *writ of error* will be cheapest.”

At the second mention of a writ of error, Chester was in a great rage, and took off his hat and scratched his head for anger.

“Though I was somewhat *timorous* at my first entrance into the Chamber,” says Mrs. Bunyan in her account of this most wonderful and heroic defence of her husband, “yet before I went out I could not but break forth into tears, not so much because they were so hard-hearted against me and my husband, but to think what a *sad account* such poor creatures will have to give at the coming of the Lord, when they shall there answer for all things whatsoever they have done in the body, whether it be good or whether it be bad.

“So, when I departed from them the book of statutes was brought, but what they said of it I know nothing at all, neither did I hear any more from them.”

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS.

Baptismal Reconciliation. With Remarks on Dr. Halley's Reply, and the Appendix of Dr. Wardlaw. By the Rev. CHARLES STOVEL, Cheap Edition. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

MR. STOVEL'S book, though well known and justly appreciated by reading and intelligent Baptists, has not yet accomplished its mission

on behalf of the pure and spiritual truth of the doctrines of the Gospel. Here is combated the late Bishop of London's theory of baptismal regeneration; Dr. Halley's views, in opposition to the Bishop of London and the Baptists; Dr. Wardlaw's views, in opposition to Dr. Halley, the Bishop of London, and the Baptists. We

have ever felt that the naked weakness of Pædo-baptism is exhibited to every reflective mind, in the fact that they do not agree among themselves as to what infant baptism is, what it does, or the arguments on which it rests. The truth is, they are equally at daggers drawn among themselves as with the Baptists; while all who teach the ordinance of the immersion of believers are distinctly united both as to the grounds of their belief and the precise position that baptism holds in the Church of God. Mr. Stovel, therefore, has done a good work in placing all these views in their true light; and, while demolishing the shadowy structures reared

by the Bishop and these Non-Con. D.D.'s, he has also developed, in a full and satisfactory manner, the teaching of the Holy Spirit as revealed in the Scriptures. We are glad, too, to find that while the arguments are invincible the spirit and temper of the writer are all that could be desired; so that he has done God's work in the mind and disposition of the Master. This cheap edition, well got up and in so portable a form, ought, first, to get a place in every Baptist church and Sabbath-school library in the kingdom, and then should be found in every family where the love of Bible truth is held more sacred than the mere dogmas of human authority.

P O E T R Y.

PASSING THROUGH THE WATERS.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."—Isa. xliii. 2.

We have read how ancient Israel pass'd dryshod through the deep,
And how Jordan, when they crossed it, "rose up upon an heap;"
So, sometimes, when the Christian deems a flood of woe to meet,
His God between the billows makes a pathway for his feet;
But oft he struggles through the waves, and feels them surging round,
And then this olden promise most comforting is found.

When those who have experienced the power of Jesus' blood
Pass, like their Lord and Saviour, through the baptismal flood,
This promise of Jehovah is proved most sweetly then;
For, though the Master's ordinance may be despised by men,
They feel that God is with them, while this public proof they give
Of their love to that dear Jesus who died that they might live.

When through affliction's waters the pilgrim has to pass,
When the waves are rising round him in a raging, foaming mass,
Above their angry thunder he hears a still small voice—
It cheers his fainting spirit, and bids his soul rejoice—

"Fear not, for I am with thee; although the floods surround,
My arms are underneath thee, and thou shalt ne'er be drowned."

And, at last, through death's dark river, each child of God must go;
But, though the waters buffet him, they shall not overflow.

We read of *Bunyan's pilgrim*, how he struggled hardly through;
But yet, ere he passed over, he found this promise true.
The wicked well may tremble at the river deep and wide—
God's saints may boldly enter, since Jesus Christ hath died!

Take courage, O believer! God's promises are sure,
And through every flood thou meetest thy Lord has pass'd before:
He was baptiz'd in Jordan, as holy Scripture saith;
He pass'd through deep afflictions, and through the stream of death;
Yea, more—the mighty Saviour was immers'd in floods of woe,
Whose fearful depth and violence his people ne'er can know.

For the wrath of the Almighty, that was due unto the guilt
Of all the countless multitude for whom Christ's blood was spilt,
Rolled o'er the spotless Substitute, like billows of the sea,
When he grovelled in the garden—when he hung upon the tree:
Since Christ pass'd through these waters, they shall touch no ransom'd soul,
But for ever round the wicked the dreadful waves must roll.

THEODORA.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE CAREY CENTENARY.

On Monday, August 19, in celebration of the centenary of the birth of the celebrated Dr. Carey, the founder of the Baptist Missionary Society and translator of the Bible into forty

Eastern languages, a very large company of Evangelical Christians held a *soirée* at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, after which a public demonstration was held, when Sir S. Morton Peto presided over a vast assembly, which

crowded every corner of the spacious edifice. Amongst the ministers present we noticed the Revs. C. H. Spurgeon, J. P. Chown, of Bradford, J. H. Hinton, and F. Tucker, of Camden-town. The Rev. Mr. Hinton opened the proceedings with prayer.—The chairman, in addressing the meeting, called attention to the sad cause of absence of their intended chairman, who was the biographer of Carey, Mr. Marshman—viz., the death of his niece, the daughter of Lady Havlock. After paying a tribute to the memory of the lamented young lady, the hon. baronet said they felt that the centenary of Carey was a fit occasion to call the young men together, and he trusted that the meeting would increase their missionary zeal.—The Rev. Mr. Chown then proceeded, at some length, to give an account of the life and history of Dr. Carey, who was born at Pury, or Paulerspury, in Northamptonshire, on the 17th of August, 1781. Carey originated the Baptist Missionary Society at Kettering on the 2nd of October, 1792, and he proceeded to Bengal in the following January. He sailed through took a prominent lead in the noble enterprise which embraced the intellectual and spiritual life of a great country, and his name will for ever be indissolubly associated with the progress of improvement in Hindostan. He died in the year 1834, at the age of seventy-three. The news of his death produced a profound feeling of regret throughout the United Kingdom, and there was scarcely one of the missionary societies which did not mourn his irreparable loss. The Rev. Mr. Tucker next spoke on the subject of the missionary labours of Carey.—After some other speeches, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon rose to address the meeting. He said there was nothing in Carey's history which was especially worthy of commendation, viz., his great originality. At present nothing could be done without innovation. There were master minds in mechanics and manufactures, who were always capable of inventing some new article. Why should the Christian Church then be without innovations? Was the Church to be behind the world? Was no man of daring genius to arise that should show that she was capable of invention? Next to Carey's originality, he looked at his brave determination. It was said, in the time of Carey, that the work of conversion could be carried out without his interference. Carey admitted the truth of the assertion, but still strongly contended that there were millions of people in India who were elected and required to be instructed. There were many of this class of objectionists in the present day. The next point in Carey's character which commended itself to him was his unbounded faith in God. The amount of the collection he raised for the Baptist Missionary Society at the meeting at which it was originally established was £13 2s. 6d. Let them just think of that; £13 2s. 6d. to carry the Gospel to the world at large! What could more truly show the unbounded faith which he had in God? Lastly, he commended Carey for his indomitable zeal. He called upon the young men of the congregation to imitate the zealous action of the celebrated man whose memory they were now assembled to honour. If they complained that there was a difficulty in the way of getting to foreign lands, let them imitate the noble conduct of the woman who said that she would swim there if she had no ship in which to make the voyage. The rev. gentleman concluded by saying that he should never be happy until young men went forth from that Tabernacle to preach

the Word to foreign lands, and until it became the birthplace of many a Milton, a Bunyan, a Kubo, and a Carey; and sat down amid loud cheers. In the course of the proceedings a collection was made on behalf of the Serampore College, founded by Dr. Carey; and after a vote of thanks to the hon. baronet in the chair, the proceedings terminated.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

PRESTEIGN, RADNORSHIRE.—Mr. D. T. Davies, student of the Baptist College, Bristol, has taken the oversight of the Baptist church, Presteign, Radnorshire.

ROADE, NORTHAMPTON.—The Rev. J. Flecker, who has resigned his connection with the Baptist church in this place, will feel a pleasure in supplying any destitute church in town or country.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

WATERFORD, IRELAND.—On Sunday and Monday, July 23 and 29, services were held at the Baptist chapel, Waterford, publicly to recognize the settlement of Mr. Thomas Evans, of the Haverfordwest College, as pastor of the church assembling there. The service on Sunday morning was conducted by the Rev. D. Davies, Pembroke (Mr. Evans's late pastor), who preached an excellent sermon from Rev. i. 18. In the evening, the Rev. T. Davies preached. On Monday, the Revs. D. and T. Davies preached from Jude 20, 21, and 2 Cor. v. 9.

TOWN MAILING, KENT.—On Tuesday, July 18, the Rev. T. Field, late of Sladwell, was publicly recognized as pastor of the Baptist church in this town. Rev. J. Russell, of Stooditch, preached in the afternoon. After tea a public meeting was held in the chapel; Rev. J. H. Blake, of Sandhurst, presided, Rev. R. Shindler, of Matfield-green, offered prayer. The meeting was addressed by Revs. W. H. Bonner, of London; J. Russell, John Lewis, of Chatham; G. Haigh, of Bessel's-green; Mr. David Taylor, of Whitechapel; Mr. Constable, of Borough-green; and the newly-elected pastor, Mr. Sedgwick, of Sladwell, concluded with prayer.

CIRCUS CHAPEL, BIRMINGHAM.—The Rev. J. P. Barnett, the new pastor of the church worshipping in this place, received a public welcome at a tea-meeting which was held in the school-room on Tuesday, July 30th. After tea the chapel was thrown open for a public meeting and was well filled. The Rev. J. J. Brown, the former pastor, presided, and warmly welcomed Mr. Barnett to Birmingham on behalf of the friends at the Circus and of the Baptists in the town generally. The Rev. R. W. Dale, of Carr's-lane, followed this welcome with another equally cordial on behalf of the Independent body. Mr. Barnett gave a suitable reply. The meeting was then addressed with great earnestness by the Revs. J. Barnett, Biaby; E. T. Allen, Penzance; E. D. Wilson, Ebenezer Chapel, Birmingham; J. F. Feaston, Loleis; and by J. H. Hopkins and W. Middlemore, Esqs.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

TORRINGTON, DEVON.—The teachers of the Baptist Sabbath-school have presented their minister, the Rev. W. Jeffery, with the Holy Bible, in two volumes, folio, with notes by Alex. Cruden, author of the "Concordance," and the complete works of John Bunyan.

HATCH, NEAR TAUNTON.—On August 6th, public services were held in the Baptist chapel

In this village for the purpose of giving an affectionate farewell to the Rev. J. Teall, the late minister, upon his removal to Queen-street Chapel, Woolwich. John Eroom, Esq., of Wadeford House, Chard, took the chair. Mr. Perry, one of the deacons, in the name of the church and congregation at Hatch, presented to Mr. Teall a handsome gold watch as a parting token of esteem. The Revs. R. P. Cross, E. Edwards, S. Pearce, and other ministers, delivered appropriate addresses. Mr. Teall enters upon his new sphere of duties with every prospect of success.

FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

LLANGOLLEK.—On July 30th the Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool, preached a most beautiful and instructive discourse to the English congregation, from Ephesians iii. 14-21. After the sermon, the rev. gentleman formed the English members (fourteen in number) into a church. The increasing number of English inhabitants, and the many English visitors to the place, render it absolutely necessary to hold regular English services in the town.

LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

TREDEGARVILLE, CARDIFF.—On Wednesday, July 31, the memorial stone of a new chapel was laid by Mr. R. Cory, jun., Geo. Smith, Esq., in the chair. The Revs. Dr. Thomas, E. Probert, of Bristol, and A. Tilly, and several other gentlemen took part in the proceedings. The building is to be in the "early English" Gothic style, and inside measures 70ft. by 44ft. The total accommodation will be for about 1,100 persons. It is to be completed in April next. We are informed that Mr. Cory, who laid the stone, has given £250 towards the cost of the erection; Mr. J. Cory (a Wesleyan) has also given £100.

NEEDINGWORTH, HUNTS.—The foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid on the 3rd of July, by Bateman Brown, Esq., of St. Ives, after which the Rev. W. Robison, of Cambridge, delivered an address "On the Principles of Nonconformity." About 150 persons sat down to tea, and in the evening a public meeting was held, over which J. B. Ulph, Esq., of St. Ives, presided. Addresses were delivered by Revs. — Whiting, pastor; D. Irish, Ramsey; J. S. Wyard, Cottenham; and J. Crainpin, Somersham. The estimated cost of the new chapel is about £600, towards which the church and congregation have subscribed £200, and a further sum of £200 has been given by neighbouring causes, including £40 from Bateman Brown, Esq., for the purchase of a new site in the centre of the village. About £200 more is needed, which the friends here hope will be forthcoming, so that the chapel may be opened free of debt. Brethren, help us.

RIDGE, CHILMARK, NEAR SALISBURY.—On Wednesday, August 7th, highly interesting services were held in connection with the laying of the memorial stone of a new Baptist chapel in this village. In the afternoon two very suitable addresses were delivered, one by J. M. Jupe, Esq., of Mere, who laid the stone, and the other by the Rev. H. J. Chancellor (Independent), of Salisbury. At five o'clock a good company assembled for tea. In the evening an effective sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, from 1 Cor. iii. 11, when about 300 people were present. The chapel is to be a neat, substantial building, to seat about 140 persons. Already the sum of £205 has been subscribed,

and about £95 yet remains to be raised. The friends sincerely hope that before the opening of the new chapel the whole amount will be obtained, that the place may be opened without the incumbrance of a debt.

OPENING SERVICES.

HAMPSTEAD.—On Tuesday, July 23, the new chapel erected for the Baptist congregation of Hampstead was inaugurated for Divine worship by the celebration of two opening services; the preachers on the occasion being the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, and the Rev. Newman Hall. The chapel has been erected at a cost of £5,000, and contains sittings for about 800 persons. The pastor of the congregation is the Rev. W. Brock, jun., son of the respected minister of Bloomsbury Chapel.

HARPOLE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—The Baptist chapel in this village having been closed for repairs and enlargement, by the erection of a school-room and vestry to open into the chapel, re-opening services were held on August 6. In the afternoon the Rev. J. T. Brown, of Northampton, delivered an eloquent discourse. In the evening a public meeting was held, the Rev. J. T. Brown presiding. The Rev. A. Smith, minister of the place, read an account of the cost of the alterations, together with the amount subscribed by friends, from which it appeared that £200 had been expended for which no appeal had been made beyond their own congregation, and the whole now wanting to make up this sum was £38, towards which would go the entire proceeds of tea and collections.

BARNSTAPLE.—The Baptist Chapel, Bouthport-street, having been pulled down and a larger edifice erected to accommodate the increasing congregation, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Samuel Newman, was publicly opened on July 17, with a prayer-meeting at 7 a.m., at which upwards of 400 were present. At 11 o'clock, the Rev. T. Leach (Wesleyan) read and prayed, and the Rev. Alfred Tiley, of Cardiff, preached. In the afternoon, a public meeting was held, and addresses given by several ministers and friends. Tea was provided at 5 o'clock in the Music-hall, of which 650 partook. In the evening, the Scriptures were read and prayer offered by the Rev. W. Tarbotton (Independent); and a sermon preached by the Rev. T. Winter, late of Bristol, now supplying the place of the pastor of the church here, Rev. S. Newman, absent through affliction, and travelling in Switzerland. The chapel will comfortably seat 850; but 1,000 can easily be accommodated. On the day of opening, and succeeding Sabbath, £67 were collected. The debt on the chapel is now about £500.

EARLS COLNE, ESSEX.—The new and commodious chapel erected by the Baptist congregation in this place was opened for public worship on July 31. In the morning a devotional meeting was held, at which the Rev. G. H. Griffin, the pastor, with several ministerial and lay friends, engaged. In the afternoon an able discourse was given by the Rev. W. A. Gibson, of Saffron Walden; followed in the evening by the Rev. A. C. Thomas, of Islington, who delivered an eloquent and impressive sermon from Ezekiel xlviii. 35. A large number of friends took tea at five o'clock, in the spacious barn, lent by Mr. Hills, and during the intervals of public worship aazaar was held in the temporary chapel on the green, for the sale of fancy articles, and this,

with the collections, realized a handsome sum in aid of the building fund. The attendance at the various services was numerous, the chapel being filled upon each occasion. The new building, which is as yet in an unfinished state, is built of brick in the Byzantine style, with red and black columns. Benches are substituted for pews, and the pulpit rejected in favour of a platform, capable of accommodating about a dozen persons. In front of the platform, a baptistry occupies a prominent position, and three vestries adjoin the building in the rear, where also it is intended to erect school-rooms. The works have been satisfactorily carried out by Messrs. Rogers and Wash, of Earls Colne, under the superintendence of Mr. R. H. More, architect, of Walbrook, London. Upwards of £400 still remains to be raised before the chapel will be entirely free from debt.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BALLYMENA, IRELAND.—We are rejoiced to hear that Mr. M'Vicker, the pastor at this new station, is receiving evident tokens of a Divine blessing resting on his labours. The news from Coleraine is also very cheering. Mr. Medhurst has many proofs that he is not labouring in vain.

BAPTIST COLLEGE, PONTYPOOL.—The session of this college has commenced with thirty-seven students. The support of so large a number of young men far exceeds the amount of the annual income of the society. The committee are doing their utmost to meet the demand, and trust the churches will liberally sustain them. There are still fourteen more applications for admission.

RYDE.—BAPTIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—At a teachers' meeting, held Aug. 1, the following resolution was adopted:—"That the teachers were much gratified by the liberal response already made to their appeal." The debt is now £30. If those who have received a circular, but from whom they have not yet heard, feel disposed now to afford their help, it would be both timely and acceptable.

LANGHAM, ESSEX.—On Sunday, July 21, two sermons were preached in the Baptist Chapel, in aid of the Missionary Society, by the Rev. J. H. Page, from India. On the 23rd, a tea-meeting was held, trays being given by the friends; the proceeds, amounting to £7, were given to Mr. Page to aid him in carrying out his object in building a number of small chapels in India.

BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY.—The committee of this society have voted the sum of £850 in aid of translations of the Scriptures by Baptist missionaries; £400 for Indian versions; £150 for the new version by Mr. Carter, of Ceylon; £100 for a version in the Cameroon language by Mr. Saker; and £200 towards the Oriya version by Mr. Buckley, of Cuttack.

COLERAINE, IRELAND.—E. B. Underhill, Esq., visited Coleraine, Ireland, on August 5th, and addressed a meeting in the new Town-hall on behalf of the Baptist Foreign Missions. J. C. L. Carson, Esq., M.D., son of the late Dr. Carson, of Tubbermore, presided. The meeting was opened and concluded by the Rev. T. W. Medhurst. A collection on behalf of the missions was made at the conclusion of the meeting.

EAST DERHAM.—On July the 10th, 1861, designation services in connection with the departure of Mr. Kingdon, of Necton, for Jamaica, were held at East Dereham, Norfolk. Mr. Kingdon's statement was very interesting. Mr. Whitley, of East Dereham, delivered the charge from Tim. ii. 2-3. The field of labour was de-

scribed by Mr. Hewitt, of Jamaica. Messrs. Williams (Independent) of East Dereham; Woods, of Swaffham; and Wigner, of Lynn, took part in the services. Collections in aid of the Baptist Missionary Society were made at the close of each service.

THE BEST MEANS OF INFUSING A MISSIONARY SPIRIT INTO THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.—The prizes offered some time since by the Rev. Charles Hodgson, rector of Barton-le-Street, for the best essays on this subject, have at length been awarded to the successful competitors by the adjudicators, the Revs. W. W. Champneys, M.A., C. R. Alford, M.A., and J. Gabb, B.A. The first three essays, out of the 270 sent in, are in the press, and will shortly be published by Mr. Elliot Stock, of Paternoster-row, under the title, "Help from the Little Ones in the Lord's Harvest." The volume is to be issued at a price that will bring it within the reach of all those interested in the religious and secular education of the young.

A TREAT TO OLD PILGRIMS.—On Wednesday, Aug. 14, the inmates of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society's Asylum at Camberwell were entertained by Mr. John Gadsby, at Cowley-hall, near Uxbridge, in a way somewhat novel to them. Mr. Gadsby hired vans to convey them from the asylum to Paddington; thence they were whizzed along the Great Western Railway to West Drayton. About forty sat down to dinner, including the treasurer, warden, &c., of the society, and forty-five to tea. The day was everything that could be desired, and never did poor old people enjoy themselves more. Some of them had never been on a railway before; and others had not seen a green field for three years. One of the poor pilgrims was 87, and the youngest about 66. There were three over 80, and eighteen over 70. The united ages of these 21 made 1,434 years.

BAPTISMS.

AMERSHAM, Old Meeting, July 23—Five; Aug. 30, Two, by Mr. Bell. Five of the above are from the Primitive Methodists.

BARNSTABLE, Bouthport Chapel, July 31—After a sermon by Mr. Wilshire, of Bideford, Thirty-one by Mr. T. Winter.

BEDFORD, July 28—Three by Mr. H. Killen.

BILSTON, Staffordshire, May 26—Three; June 23, Three; July 23, Three, by Mr. W. Jackson.

BIRMINGHAM, Mount Zion Chapel, Graham-street, Feb. 24—Ten; May 8, Nine; July 23, Eleven, by Mr. C. Vince.

BISHOPS STORTFORD, Aug. 1—Two by Mr. Hodgkins.

CARDIFF, Mount Stuart-square Chapel, May 30—Ten by Mr. Tilly. These friends are added to the church lately formed at Tredegarville in the above town.

COLERAINE, Ireland, July 4—One, a sister aged 77; July 8, One, the only daughter of our senior deacon; July 11, One; July 20, One; July 25, Three; August 1, Six, four of whom were sisters in one family; August 3, One, from the church at Garryduff, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst. Will some of our friends in England kindly send us some tracts on baptism?

COTTENHAM, Cambs, Aug. 1—Eight, in the river, by Mr. Wyard.

CROXTON, Staffordshire, July 7—Three; July 14, Three, by Mr. J. Shelley. [By some means Mr. Shelley's former accounts of baptisms have not reached us.]

DARTMOUTH, July 10—Two by Mr. Brewer.

DYSS, Norfolk, December 2—One; March 3, Three; April 7, Six; May 5, Two; July 7, Two, by Mr. J. P. Lewis.

DOLAN, August 3—Two by Mr. D. Davies.

EARLS COLNE, Essex, August 4—Five by Mr. Giffin. One of them the devoted missionary of a neighbouring town, a member of an Independent church.

GLASGOW, North Frederick-street, June 30—Thirteen by Mr. Williams.

GOWER, Glamorganshire, July 21—Three by Mr. D. Evans.

GREENWICH, at Metropolitan Tabernacle, July 29—Ten by Mr. Davies.

IPSWICH, Stoke Green, July 7—Two by Mr. J. Webb.

KATTEERING, Ebenezer Chapel, Aug. 11—Two by Mr. W. Wilson, of Ideely.

LANGHAM, Essex, July 31—Two by Mr. R. Bayne.

LAXFIELD, Suffolk, August 11—Four by Mr. R. E. Sears.

LEICESTER, Carley-street, June 19—Three by Mr. James.

LEAWILLETH, Monmouth, July 14—Six by Mr. Williams, of Nantyglo.

LOCKHELY, Hants, March 3—Four; April 7, Five; July 7, Seven, by Mr. J. Parker. Several of the above are from Independent churches.

LONDON, Charles-street—Six by Mr. T. Attwood. One formerly Preceptor in the Archbishop of York's family. Two sisters, daughters of a senior deacon.

Church-street, Blackfriars, July 23—Eight by Mr. W. Barker.

Metropolitan Tabernacle, Aug. 1—Sixteen; Aug. 15, Thirteen by Mr. D. H. Spurgeon.

Mount Zion, Dorset-square, July 23—Five by Mr. J. Foreman.

Shouldham-street, July 26—Fourteen by Mr. J. Jones.

Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, July 23—Two by Mr. Pells. [Mr. Pells' present address is 3, College-place, Camden Town, N.W.]

MARSA, Camba, June 23—Two by Mr. Wilson.

MERTHYE TYDVIL, Eron English Baptist Chapel, June 9—Two; August 4, Two, by Mr. Lewis.

MILFORD HAVEN, May 19—One; June 18, Three; June 17, Three; July 15, Five, by our aged pastor, Mr. Thomas.

MIRFIELD, Yorks, July 14—Five by Mr. H. S. Albrecht.

NANTYWELLAN, Radnorshire, June 30—One by Mr. D. Davies, of Dolan.

NEWBURY, Berks, June 30—Five by Mr. Drew.

NEWPORT, Monmouthshire, April 4—Three by Mr. J. C. Reeves; May 30, Six (one a Wesleyan Methodist) by Mr. E. Thomas; July 4, Seven (one a member of the Church of England) by Mr. E. Thomas.

NITON, Isle of Wight, June 30—Four by Mr. J. Hockin.

NORTHAMPTON, College-street, August 2—Four by Mr. J. T. Brown.

PORTADOWN, Ireland, July 21—Two by Mr. Charles Morgan, whose stated labours in Portadown terminate on Sept. 1st, being called to another field.

PURTON, Pole-street, June 30—Fourteen by Mr. Webb. God is blessing us. Fifty have been added during the past eighteen months.

PRINCES RISBOROUGH, Bucks, July 21—Ten by Mr. J. J. Owen.

ROCK, August 11—One by Mr. J. Jones.

RUARDEN, Northamptonshire, Succoth Baptist chapel, July 28—Nine by Mr. C. Drawbridge. Many in our midst are convinced that they ought to do likewise.

SHEEPSHEAD, Leicestershire, Aug. 4—Eight by Mr. J. Bronzwich. The address was delivered by Mr. J. Poston, of Bristol College.

STOURBRIDGE, Hanbury-hill, March 31—Five; May 25, Five; July 28, Five, by Mr. B. Bidd. The above, with one exception, were from the Sabbath-school.

SUNDERLAND, Sans-street Chapel, August 4—Two by Dr. Bamister, whose labours are much blessed at the above place. "Since the 1st April, upwards of thirty have been added; several others are waiting for admission."

WALSALL, Stafford-street, March 31—Eight; April 27, Four; July 31, Five, by Mr. W. Lees, whose ministry the Lord is blessing.

WALLOP, Hants, June 6—Seven by Mr. John Parker, of Lockerly.

WOODSIDE, July 7—Three by Mr. Preece.

DEATHS.

THE REV. S. WIGG, LEICESTER.—The deceased was a native of Norfolk, and spent the early part of his life in Norwich. There he sat under the Gospel, and at the age of fifteen became awakened to a knowledge of his state. His views of sin were exceedingly clear, and his convictions of personal guilt were very profound. The sentence of death was within him, and he felt in his own soul "that his iniquities had separated between him and God." In this state of suspense he received much support from the counsel and prayers of religious friends, until it pleased the Father of all mercies to reveal "to him his Son Jesus." By the light and help of the Holy Spirit, he obtained a comprehensive knowledge of the Saviour—of his person, character, and work; and he was soon enabled to lay all his sins on Jesus, and to rest all his hopes of pardon and justification on his blood and righteousness. He was baptized and received into the General Baptist church, Priory-yard, Norwich, then under the ministerial care of the late Rev. W. Thompson. There he showed great love and zeal, and began to exhort sinners to seek the Saviour. He commenced preaching in the suburbs and neighbouring villages, but ultimately in a more regular way administered the word to a few friends in Prospect-place, in the same city. In 1821 he received an invitation from the church in Friar-lane, Leicester, and began his labours on the first Sabbath in June. He maintained his standing for thirty-eight years, the best and most useful part of which he spent without the hands of the Presbytery, but at the solicitation of a few friends he became the ordained pastor of the church. His talents were of a superior class. His appeals to the conscience of his hearers were frequently managed with an eloquence seldom surpassed by the erudition of the schools. The affability of his manner and the simplicity with which he would converse upon the subjects of religion, made him a great favourite with the young. The last two years of his life were spent in retirement, under the depressing influence of an enlarged heart, his days were unexpectedly brought to a close on the 18th of July, 1861, in the 65th year of his age. His death was improved to a large congregation by Dr. Burns, from 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.—S. R.

On Aug. 12, at Plaistow, Sarah Diment, the beloved wife of the Rev. B. Preece, of Cotton-street, Poplar, aged 31 years. "Asleep in Jesus."

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notice of a death is omitted in consequence of the writer not having affixed his name. Anonymous communications can not receive attention.

LESSONS ON DIVINE GRACE.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"But by the grace of God, I am what I am."—1 Cor. xv. 10.

THIS confession, suitable in the lips of Paul, is equally appropriate in the mouth of each one of us who have known and proved the grace of God. We might consider Paul, according to his own account of himself, as being "not meet to be called an apostle," though "not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles;" not meet to be called an apostle, because he had persecuted the Church of Christ. In respect of personal merit, he knew that he did not deserve to be made any account at all of; yet, when the sole ground of approbation was not the service he had rendered his Sovereign, but the countenance his Sovereign had bestowed on him, he could say, "By the grace of God, I am what I am." Take the meanest lamb in Jesus' fold, the feeblest heir of grace, the most timid and fearing, the most hopeless and helpless of all disciples, the man most devoid of talent, the man who stands the very lowest on the list of the saints of God, surely he may and must say that "by the grace of God" he is what he is, so far as he is in Christ—a believer, with all the privileges that believers have a gracious right to claim. Let this be thy comfort, thou little one, that the same grace that made an apostle of Paul has made a Christian of thee. The self-same power that has quickened the mightiest man in the army of the Lord of Hosts hath quickened thee also; the grace that saves the greatest saves the least. If the greatest gem in the crown of Christ reflects his grace and glorifies his love, even so shalt thou, though thou be but as the smallest pearl that shall be set in his glorious diadem of honour. And then take the Apostle Paul in the other way, according as he describes himself in this very verse. In the 9th verse he says he is the least of the apostles, but in the 10th he says, "I laboured more abundantly than them all." It is equally true, whether you put him in the meanest place among converts; or whether you put him in the very forefront of the army of faithful soldiers, among the feeblest of pensioners or the most zealous of all the labourers in the vineyard of the Master; the acknowledgment must be made, "By the grace of God, I am what I am." Be our attainments never so eminent, our knowledge never so extensive, our usefulness never so great, yet still we stand on the same footing as the very meanest of the Church. The song which begins among the little and the timid gathers strength among the great and the brave. It is not altered in the slightest degree. The language is the same, the strain the same, the song the same—"By the grace of God" we all of us must say, we are what we are.

This evening, for a little while, I shall consider my text—doctrinally, experimentally, and practically.

I. Doctrinally. We will all take this first sentence as our creed—"By the grace of God, I am what I am." I am not what I am as the result of something good, which God foresaw would be in me. God has not vouchsafed to me his love, his favour, or his mercy, because he foresaw that I should believe and should repent. No, there is a deeper cause for his love than anything that could be found in me. Indeed, there was nothing that could be found in me which is lovely to him, but it shall be proved, immediately, that he has first of all freely given that lovely thing, and hath created that in me of himself. If I be a child of God, an heir of heaven, the well-spring of God's love to me is in his own sovereign grace. Nothing in my disposition or character could move his heart to me. His heart must have moved spontaneously. It must have welled up, for the sake of its own deep love, and it must have flowed in its divine channel towards me, simply because sovereignty would have it so. "By the grace of God, I am elected." His grace inscribed my name in life's eternal book. 'Twas grace which distinguished me with

discriminating love before the stars were made; 'twas grace that separated me from the impure mass, and 'twas grace that laid hold of me while I was as a pebble in the brook, and ordained that I should be a glorious diamond in his crown. 'Tis he that by his own grace in the beginning has decreed I should be what I am. And, therefore, to begin there, we take this as our creed—"By the grace of God," as manifested in old eternity, and by that alone, have I been caused to be what I am.

Then again, "By the grace of God, I am what I am." That is, I am not what I am, as the result of any creature strength or any means of my own. I am not what I am because I chose to be what I am, for if I had been what I chose to be, I had still been dead in trespasses and sins. If I had followed poor, blind, free will, it would have been leading me, this day, to hell; but never would it have led me to heaven. If I had made it my guide I should have wandered farther, and farther, and farther from God. With my back to the Saviour, I never should have moved towards him. If there be anything good in any one of us we must confess that God has put it there. He taught our souls to pray. He made us feel our need of grace. He stripped us of our boastful pride. He delivered us from our refuges of lies. He levelled the legality of our hearts by bringing us low with labour, exhausting all our strength. 'Twas he who cast the first ray of hope into our soul. He opened our blind eyes to see the grace of Christ. He gave us the first glimmering of faith, he has kept us alive to this day, and has enabled us to see that our sins are washed away by the blood of Jesus Christ. We will maintain this against all comers, that by the grace of God saints are what they are, and not by their own free will. I have sometimes heard men preach doctrines contrary to this. They will say that men are what they are, as the result of the improvement of universal grace. The distinction which was in them was all made by themselves. God gave them a grace which they were to use; not a grace which operated on them, but a grace which they operated upon. And according to such men, grace is given to men as a tool with which they are to operate; but by no means do they represent grace as a seal which God sets upon a man. Grace is subservient to him, but he is not subservient to grace. Now, although we have heard such divinity preached, I have never met with such divinity practically received in the heart of a child of God. When you come to the point, and ask the true believer—Why are you now a child of God, and an heir of heaven?—he tells you, once for all, God made the difference; he will deny that he has done anything; he will tell you men may do much of themselves, but he will confess he has not done anything; and he will put the crown on the head of Christ, even though—being beclouded in his understanding—he may have talked as though he denied the truth. But, brethren, what we hold is the doctrine of the effectual working of God in the hearts of his chosen ones. "It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord;" by the grace which that Spirit giveth unto us, and which worketh in us mightily, "according to his mighty power which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead." "By the grace of God I am what I am."

Again we can take this text in another aspect. Some suppose if Divine grace begins the work, yet at least we must carry it on. It cannot be denied that the living child of God has power, but it must not be forgotten that the power of the living child of God is not in himself but in his Master. For it is as true of him as of any sinner dead in trespasses and sins, that without Christ he can do nothing. The living child of God is still as powerless as the dead sinner apart from the constant indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and the constant inflowing of the Divine life of Christ into his soul. By the grace of God we remain what we are. We should long ago have ruined ourselves and damned ourselves if Christ had not kept us. There has not been one hour in our whole Christian experience in which we have preserved ourselves; we cannot look back to one stage in our history, and say, "Here I wrought marvels by myself;" we dare not say, when we have been made to stand

on our high places, that we stood there by our own wisdom; nor can we say, when we ran with weariness—"We have run in our own strength." Nay, beloved, wherever we discover our own strength in our pilgrimage, it is in going backward and in tumbling down, but never in going forward, or in mounting upwards. All my springs are in thee, and as the springs are there, the streams are there too. If the fountain of my life comes from God, the stream that still supplies my life likewise flows from him.

"Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be."

Not only a debtor once for all, but each day adds to the debt, and each hour adds to the bulk of our obligations. "But by the grace of God I am what I am." Some of you could say this twenty years ago, and you are able to say it now; and when you get grey-headed, and totter down to Jordan's brink, you will not be able to say, "By my own goodness I am what I am." Even there must you give all the glory to that grace, which, having been the Alpha, has also been the Omega—which having been the beginning proves itself also to be the end.

Doctrinally, I say, we state the truth thus—"By the grace of God I am what I am." I am elect—my election is of grace; I am redeemed—redemption is a mighty masterpiece of grace; I am called—I am called by grace; I am preserved—I am preserved by grace; and whatever there be in me that is high and holy—whatever there be in me that is commendable and virtuous—whatever there be in me which the Son of God can admire, and which shall give to my own soul real comfort, it must all be of grace, and of grace alone. I have spoken in the first person all the way through, because the text is in the first person. Will every one of you speak in the first person too, and say in your heart, "By the grace of God I am what I am," and endorse that truth, and set to your seal that this part of God's word is true, and go forth and write this on your banner as the doctrine which you will hear, and which, if you are called to the ministry, you will preach? "By the grace of God I am what I am."

II. Well, now, I am going to take it, in the second place, experimentally. By this I mean that there are times in our experience when this truth starts up in letters of light, and we recognise it as an indisputable fact, not only taught in doctrine, but proved in us. Let me just narrate a few instances. Brethren and sisters, have you ever had times when the fountains of the great deep of your depravity have been broken up? Have you ever been taken into the chambers of imagery? and has the Spirit of God said to you, "Son of man, I will show you greater abominations than these?" and has he taken thee first into one chamber, and then into another, and made you stand aghast while he has shown you the idols of your heart, the deep depravity that still remaineth in you, the pride, and sloth, and every form of sin which still lurks and shelters itself there? Have ye ever had the filthy rags unrolled before your eyes? Have ye heard the chattering of the unclean birds in that cage—your heart? Say, have ye ever been made to recognise the stench of your Old Adam nature? Has its rottenness and its putridity gone up into your nostrils to your own offence and disgust? Say, hath your heart yet sickened at the very thought of manhood, and, most of all, at yourself? Have ye ever had your secret sins set in the light of God's countenance? Have ye ever been made to see the blackness of your own crimes side by side with the brightness of Divine favour? Now, I will put a question, which may come home to myself, if not to you. Have ye ever been made to taste the bitterness of your sin even at the Sacramental table, and to feel its bitterness on the lip even when you sipped the sweetness of the blood of Christ, and renewed the preciousness of fellowship with him? If so, then I know thy heart has been true to this fact; you have been compelled to say, "Verily, by the grace of God I am what I am." You have looked at your heart, and you have seen the barren rock, and, if

there has been wheat growing upon it, ye have said, "This is by the grace of God." Ye have looked at the old black rocks of that Old Adam nature, and when ye have seen, out of your belly, flowing rivers of living water, you have been compelled to say, "This is a miracle; this is by the grace of God!" Flimsy views of human depravity lead to very indistinct ideas of the grace of God. There is nothing but deep ploughing, deep sub-soil ploughing, that ever leads a man to become thoroughly sound in the doctrines of the Gospel, and I will defy any man who has had a deep experience of his own odious depravity to believe any other doctrine but the doctrine of grace, commonly called Calvinism. Nay, even the mind, unless it be expressly seasoned by a knowledge of Christ, will be inclined to act in excess of the doctrine, and push the term beyond its legitimate sphere. There are other occasions on which you and I have been ready to say, "By the grace of God I am what I am," namely, after some strong and terrible temptation. Have you never known what it is to feel some old lust, which you thought was dead, suddenly come upon you with a whirlwind power, and drive you like an aspen leaf, like a sere leaf of the forest, that could not resist its might? I have, sometimes. When quietly meditating upon the things of God, some strong and terrible impulse to sin has come over me, as if some giant hand had taken me by the neck and pushed me onward, until at last I came to the very brink of some awful iniquity, and looked down upon it, and just as I seemed as if I must plunge into it my eyes have been opened, and I have seen the horror of great darkness in the depth of iniquity, and I have started back and said, "Good God! how is it I have not committed that sin? How is it thou hast come to save me just in the very nick of time, and stretched out thy hand just when my feet were almost gone—when my steps had well nigh slipped? Not only had I thought of slipping, but my steps had well nigh slipped. "Then thy mercy, O God! held me up." I don't know whether you have had strong impulses of that kind; many of God's people have, and especially those who, before conversion, plunged deeply into iniquity and sin. You have sometimes had the oath almost on your lips which you hated in your utmost heart; sin has come before you, and, though you abhorred the iniquity, yet, for the moment, a hallucination of dazzling bewitchery seemed to catch hold of your spirit, so that you have gone out and fallen into the hands of the Pharisæes. And so it is that we are often compelled to say, in looking back at marvellous providences and Divine interpositions, "Truly, by the grace of God I have been kept, and I am what I am." I think, too, that we have often seen this in the faults of others. You have walked to and from the house of God with some notable professor; and he has instructed you very much; he seemed to be a man of deep and devout experience; your heart has knit to him, and you have said, "Here is a brother, indeed," and often envied him his great attainments and his abilities of speech. On a sudden, you heard he had fallen into an awful sin. You went to the church, and found it true. You were present at the church one night when the solemn sentence of excommunication was pronounced upon him; and, while the minister passed it, all the congregation bent their heads and wept for this poor sinner, and prayed that he might be led to repentance; that his soul might not be given up to Satan. You have said in your soul—"O God! By the grace of God I am what I am."

When any turn from Zion's way—
 Alas, what numbers go!
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 Wilt thou forsake me too?
 "Ob, Lord, with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must; I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last."

So you see these instances may act as beacons to warn us of pride, and teach us again the lesson—"By the grace of God," we are what we are.

And then, brethren, there is another season in which I think we learn this too, and that is, in seasons of great dullness in spiritual matters. Now, heavenly trade is not always brisk, even in the best market—that is, in the breast of the believer. The wind does not always blow; and, thus, though we should always have our sails up (which, alas! is not true of us), yet even then the wind would not always blow. It “bloweth where it listeth.” We have our lulls and our ebbs, as well as our floods. Do you not know what it is at times to go to the throne of grace, when—as for words, you can find plenty of them—but for heart and soul, and vigour in prayer, if your salvation depended upon your fervency, you must perish? Have you not gone and groaned there; but you have only groaned because you could not groan as you ought? You have taken your wants to the mercy seat, but you have had to bring them away again. You have gone up to the house of God; you could not find fault with the sermon, but, somehow, there was nothing in it for you. You went home to your Bible, and turned it over; it was a precious book, you knew, but it was not precious to you. It might be like a honeycomb, but you could get nothing out of it. You had lost all appetite, and you drew near unto the gates of death. And you will remember, too, how then you sought the company of the righteous, but you have got no consolation from them. Heavenly things seemed to be dreams: the substantial things of eternity did not affect your spirit; you could only cry, “My soul cleaveth unto the dust, quicken thou me, oh Lord, according to thy word.” And at such times, and, especially, if the prayer has been graciously heard, you have been compelled to say, “Surely, this is but my natural state to be dull and cold like this; and if at any time I do run swiftly in the race to heaven, and my sails are filled, and my bark is wafted towards Paradise, surely this is by the grace of God.”

Then, but once more. Times of great mercy often operate upon some of us in this way to bring us very low, and make us feel, “By the grace of God,” we are what we are. Simon Peter was a man of this kind. When he had no fish in his boat, Simon was proud; but when the boat was full, and it began to sink, he fell on his knees, and said, “Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!” The greatness of God’s mercy convicted him of his own undeservedness; and, constrained by his mercy, Peter fell to the ground, and began to acknowledge that he did not deserve it. I believe it has been so with some of us. The more the glory of God’s grace has come in upon our souls the humbler have we been made to lie. When God seemed to bless us but a little, we were proud, but when he piled his mercies up till they were like the great mountains, and his faithfulness like the bottomless depths, then we were compelled to say, “This is of God, indeed. These great things could not come of man. Lord, who am I, and what is my father’s house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?” God sometimes overwhelms his children by mercy quite as completely as he ever does by affliction. Pride is to be overcome in two ways: it is overcome by trouble that crushes the man, or else by tremendous grace, which, in overwhelming waves of love, rushes in upon the man’s spirit, till, covered up in love and mercy, he can only resign himself to the depths of it, and feel, and yet feel that he cannot feel enough, the wonders of God’s grace, and his own littleness in comparison with God’s favours. Now, God can humble his children sometimes by putting them in the dark, and sometimes he does it the other way, as when David says—“When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast created—when I can see all this—O, Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him; or the son of man, that thou visitest him?” How often have we had to say, “How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God; how great is the sum of them!” And as we passed over all this mercy we have had to add to the Psalmist—“I am less than the least of all the mercies which thou hast shown unto me.” So I hope it will be with each of us, that the greatness of God’s goodness to us, as

a church, and as individuals, will lead us to say, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

III. Now, we will consider the matter practically. What is the practical use of this text—"By the grace of God I am what I am?" Surely it is designed to keep us humble; and, depend upon it, if we don't take this for our motto every day, there is the rod of the covenant ready for us. He will soon be in a storm who does not see God's grace in the sunshine. If our mercies are about us, if our days roll happily along, and we begin to ascribe our greatness and riches to ourselves, it is not long before God will bring us down. And so it may be in your experience, especially if you soar upon the wings of self-confidence; as sure as ever you begin to get strong in your own eyes, there is an hour of weakness at hand; whenever you are full it is not long before you will learn your own emptiness; for he who begins to grow rich in himself is next door to poverty—nay, he is already clothed with rags. But, my brethren, there is no safe walking unless we make this the staff on which we lean—"By the grace of God" we are what we are. While we stick to this as our hourly, daily, weekly, monthly, yearly, everlasting text, we shall not go astray, nor shall we have so much of the terrible down-castings, which are the result of our up-flyings in self-confidence. Come, then, from this day let us learn humility, lay our deeds in the dust, and say, "By the grace of God I am what I am. Why should I be proud?"

Then, in the light of our text, let us learn charity. Why should I be harsh towards those who are not what I am? I would that some persons who think themselves very sound in doctrine would recollect this. If another brother is thought to be unsound they will have him cut in a dozen pieces. Suppose, before they use their sword, they were to say to themselves, in their hearts, "By the grace of God I am what I am." Therefore, though you should be never so sound and right, be gentle with the brother who has not received so much grace as you. Good John Newton has said, that for a Calvinist to be proud was the most inconsistent thing in the world; because, by his own profession, these were truths which no man could receive and understand of himself. Why should I be angry with them for not doing what they could not do? So I say, if our brethren cannot see as well as we can, why should we be angry because our eyes are better than theirs? And if a man cannot see at all, I see no reason for being angry with a blind man because he cannot see. Rather let us bend ourselves down to help those that are burdened; let us give ourselves to be a staff to those that are wandering; let us seek to help the weak and confirm the feeble knees, and, to the best of our power, to lead others into that glorious light in which we are dwelling, for "by the grace of God we are what we are." Let us always remember this, and be kind and patient toward all men.

Moreover, if "by the grace of God we are what we are," this should teach us hopefulness concerning other men. There is a drunken man; you think he never can be converted. Why not? The grace that converted you may be a match for him. You sometimes hear of an infidel; perhaps you have one in your family—a father, a brother or sister—and you are ready to say, "Well, it is no use trying to get such an one to go to the house of God; all he does is to mock or jeer. If a minister has made a mistake he is sure to seize hold of it, and make it stock-in-trade for the abuse of a week. If there be a fault among God's children he is sure to observe it, and make it his song, and, say you, it is better for him to keep away. Ay! but the grace that can convert you can convert him. Never give any one up, for God has not given you up. I do think, and I will say, if God has converted me he has done the greatest miracle. The conversion of another is not harder, and it cannot be easier to omnipotence, for it knows of no degrees, all things are alike to omnipotence. We may, therefore, draw always this inference, that he who converted us can convert any that live. What marvellous things Christ has done,

and done in us too! Some of you must weep over that verse in which the Apostle has spoken of whoremongers, unclean persons, and adulterers, and in which he says, "Such were some of you, but ye are washed and sanctified," and so forth. When we read that verse some of us could water it with our tears, and say, "Yes, and to God be all the glory that he hath made us what we are." Therefore, I say, let us never give any one up, but always look after those that Satan has ensnared, and seek after those hard-hearted sinners, that they may be brought under the saving influence of Christ.

And, then, let me say, lastly, if, "by the grace of God," I am what I am, this should teach us greater thankfulness. Children of the Heavenly King, never forget to praise your God. We sometimes fail in this duty. We have had many meetings for prayer, to ask God to bless us in our manifold labours. Now, we must have some meetings for praise; and, as our meetings were nearly all for prayer, we must have some meetings that shall be nearly all singing, to praise God for his great goodness. I have heard that in some parts of New England there used to be a day of fasting every month, to mourn for the iniquity of the land, and for this, that, and the other; and at last some senators proposed that it would be as well if they had a feast, to thank God for the mercies which they had received. And, truly, he was in the right. It is not good always to be fasting, but we must be feasting sometimes. An old Puritan says that we take in breath by prayer—by a heavenly inspiration—and that we breathe it out again by praise; and so the spiritual lungs can be at work breathing in and out, taking in an atmosphere of heaven by prayer, then sending it out again by the lungs with earnest, affectionate, honest, upright, and joyful praise. However, we must thank God for his grace to us. Dear brethren and sisters, if you and I were to sing as loud as we ought to sing, oh! what a strain there would be; if our voices could but be tuned to the deservings of God, if we were to praise him as he deserves to be praised, oh! what songs and sonnets would make glad this wilderness. You remember Ralph Erskine's sonnet of the Battle in Heaven—the great contention of the Bards in Paradise. He pictures them all contending in heaven which should have the lowest place, and which should sing the loudest to the praise of God. There were the babes snatched from their mothers' breasts, claiming the lowest place among the rest, because they had gone to heaven straight, without trials or troubles. But the grey-headed men would not allow them to sing the loudest, for they said they owed the most, and had been supported for eighty or ninety years in affliction. Then came those who, as young men, had been converted, who said they'd sing the loudest, because they had had some fifty or sixty years' experience—they had had a heaven below. But up came the thief, and he said he'd sing the loudest, for he was converted at the last moment, and he had the most to praise God for. While some declared they must praise God most because they had been the blackest sinners, others would praise him most for his restraining grace, which had kept them from sin; and so the strife went on, until they all agreed, each one, to sing with all his might to the praise of that great love which bought them all with Jesus' blood, that mighty love which recorded their names on the sacred roll, and that omnipotent love which attended them all their journey through and landed them at last in heaven.

THE ORDINANCES KEPT.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.

THE ordinances of the law were numerous and complex, the ordinances of the Gospel are few and simple. Those were costly; these are inexpensive. They were for the Jews alone; these are for believers of every name and

nation. They were for the natural seed of Abraham; these for the spiritual. The Jews often neglected the ordinances of the law, and sometimes changed them; and believers have done the same with the ordinances of the Gospel. The Corinthians were disorderly in their attendance upon one of them, but they did not neglect them; therefore, the Apostle, writing to them, said, "*I praise you, brethren, that ye keep the ordinances, as I delivered them to you,*" 1 Cor. xi. 2.

THE ORDINANCES KEPT.—These were two, baptism and the Lord's supper. The first to be attended to at the commencement of our Christian course; the other all the way through, until we arrive in glory. *Baptism is the solemn immersion of the person in water, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.* This is intended to be a solemn profession of faith in Christ, a public avowal of having received Christ, and of the soul's placing its dependence on Christ alone for salvation. Faith is requisite to every religious duty, "for without faith it is impossible to please God;" and to baptism particularly: therefore, when the Eunuch desired to be baptized, Philip said, "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." And the commission runs, "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved." *Baptism is a hearty dedication of the person to the service of Christ.* This must be voluntary, and must flow from a conviction of the Saviour's rights. The rightly baptized person has dedicated himself, body, soul, and spirit, to the Saviour, for the whole of life; and has given up himself to be, and do, and suffer just as the Saviour wills. *Baptism is a representation of union with Christ.* We are buried with him by baptism into death; we are planted together in the likeness of his death; and we are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God. Baptism sets forth our union with Christ in his voluntary sufferings, in his death and burial, and in his glorious resurrection. The baptized believer and Jesus are one—vitaly one—professedly one. He the head, the life, the example; the believer the member, living by him; and imitating him. The second ordinance is the Lord's supper, which is the partaking of bread and wine, in union with the Lord's people, at convenient seasons, in commemoration of Christ. *It is a feast with Christ,* for Jesus always presides at his own table. *It is a feast upon Christ,* for it is feeding upon Christ. His body is represented by the bread, and his blood by the wine; and as meat and drink sustain the natural life of man, so Jesus, as the meat and drink of the soul, sustains our spiritual life. *It is a feast in commemoration of Christ.* We meet to remember him, and to show forth his death until he come. Our thoughts should be wholly taken up with Christ, especially with his love, sufferings, sacrifice, and death. Precious Redeemer, as in baptism I dedicated myself to thee, and put thee on, so may I ever act as one devoted to thy service and praise, and may I appear before God clothed in thy righteousness, and before men adorned with thy virtues! And may I constantly meet with thy people at thy table to celebrate thy love, remember thy agony and bloody sweat, thy cross and sacrificial death, and look forward to thy second advent, when I shall eat bread with thee in thy kingdom.

THE COMMENDATION.—"*I praise you that ye have kept the ordinances as I delivered them.*" They kept them by only admitting the parties entitled to them, which are professed believers. Persons may profess to have what they have not; and for this we cannot answer. But we should exhort all to examine themselves whether they be in the faith, and require a profession of this, before we admit them as part of the family of God. They kept them as to the manner of administering them, not departing from the proper mode and manner, keeping the nature, object, and design of the ordinances in view. They kept them as to the design of them, not pretending that baptism would regenerate the soul, or that the elements in the supper were the real body and blood of Christ; but that both ordinances were

intended to preach Christ, and to keep Christ constantly before both the world and the Church. They kept them as to the regular observance of them. Baptism once, and but once; for being once in Christ, we are in Christ for ever; having once put on Christ, he is ours for ever; being once consecrated to Christ, we are consecrated to Christ for ever. The Lord's Supper often, for having fed on Christ once, we need to feed on him often; and having once feasted with Christ, we desire to feed with him frequently.

The ordinances of the Gospel are very simple things, not tremendous mysteries, as some have falsely represented them. They are intended for spiritual persons, and for spiritual persons alone. Without a new birth we cannot discern or discover the nature of Christ's kingdom; we are not qualified to perform any of its duties, or observe any of its ordinances. As without faith it is impossible to please God, he cannot be pleased with the attendance of unbelievers, or of those who have not faith upon these ordinances. As whatsoever is not of faith is sin, I must be fully persuaded in my own mind of the nature, importance, and binding obligation of these ordinances upon me, or I am not justified in attending to them. The supper is not a sacrifice, but a feast, in which bread and wine represent Christ, and as such should be received by all believers. There is a constant tendency in fallen nature to pervert God's word, invert God's order, and substitute signs for the things signified. Therefore, Popery, and others superstitiously inclined, have put the ordinances in the place of Christ. In many instances baptism is made a substitute for the work of the Holy Spirit; and the Lord's supper for the work of Christ. This is not to keep ordinances as they were delivered, but is altogether perverting them. Baptism without the work of the Holy Spirit cannot save nor help forward our salvation. The Lord's supper, without faith in Christ, union to Christ, and communion with Christ, cannot save, nor in any degree help forward our salvation. Having faith in Christ, we should profess it in baptism; and, being baptized, we should take our place at the Lord's table, and there remember Jesus, and feast with him.

THE FAITH OF MOSES.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX, AUTHOR OF "OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST."

ONE of the longest chapters in the New Testament is wholly occupied with an account of faith; showing first what it is, and then describing what it does, Heb. xi. In this chapter we have this remarkable expression, "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Whatever else we may do, if we do not believe God is not pleased with us, on the contrary, he is greatly displeased. Faith is taking God at his word, and then showing that we do so by acting on that word. This is the proof that we really believe what God says. There is nothing that sooner offends us, or offends us more deeply, than for persons to refuse to believe what we say. If we have taken much trouble to make anything known to a person, and if we find afterwards that though he *seemed* to believe us, he did not at all act on what we said, we cannot be pleased with such a person. God has taken infinite trouble to tell us what most deeply concerns us, and he

will be very angry with those who go on just as though he had never spoken. Such persons may please themselves, and please others, but God looks on and says, "If ye believe not, you shall die in your sins." He speaks of those who thus act, especially of those who once professed to believe him, "as drawing back to perdition, instead of believing to the saving of the soul."

In order to guide and encourage all who hear the word of God, that so "faith may come by hearing," there are many examples of believers recorded; while, in order to warn against unbelief, the sad cases of many who refused to receive God's word are described. The Israelites who came out of Egypt, and passed through the Red Sea believed God for a time, "but they soon forgot his works—" "they tempted God in their hearts"—they said, "Can God do what he has promised?" The patience of God bore with them for a long time, but at last "He sware in his

wrath that they should not enter into his rest;" and they all died in the wilderness. God points to them and says to us, "Take heed lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God." "Let us labour to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief."

The Testimony of God to Moses in the chapter I have referred to forms a striking contrast with that borne against those whom he brought out of Egypt. In one thing, indeed, Moses failed, and on that account was not permitted to lead Israel into the land of Canaan, but generally his conduct was such as pleased God, and this all grew out of faith. The following is the testimony of the Holy Spirit respecting him:—"By faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months of his parents, because they saw that he was a proper child; and they were not afraid of the king's commandment. By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king, for he endured, as seeing him who is invisible. Through faith he kept the passover and the sprinkling of blood, lest he that destroyed the first-born should touch them."—Hebrews xi. 23-28.

Here observe five things, which Moses did by faith, and for which he obtained a good report:—1. His renouncement of all earthly glory, honour, and riches. 2. His recognition of God's people and cause, though in trouble and affliction. 3. His respect to things unseen and future. 4. His reliance on God as the *invisible* but loving and Almighty one. 5. His rest on the heaven-provided sacrifice. The passover taught two things: safety under the sprinkled blood, and the certainty of every thing being done which God promised: hence we read, "where I see the blood I will pass over you," and "the blood shall be unto you for a *token*." Those who rest on the blood of Jesus shall be "saved from the wrath to come," and that blood will also be to them a pledge that all promised blessings shall be bestowed. "He that spared not his own Son but delivered him up for us all,

how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

But I will only say a few words further on the fourth point mentioned, which is that "Moses endured as seeing him who is invisible."

I. *Here is a testimony for God which we do well to ponder.* "Him who is invisible." "*Him*." This leads us to think of God as the *Great one*; the *Being* of beings "who only hath immutability." "*He is*." The same as ever he was—the immutable God, "in whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning." And he is "invisible." We see his works, we trace his ways, we read his word, but *himself* we cannot see. Yet he is "near to every one of us;" he is always about our path, and about our bed. He sees all, himself unseen; and he would have us to realize this and be affected by it. There is a holy, almighty, invisible Being ever at my side. What a solemn fact is this! A poor ignorant savage once said to a missionary, "I am an old man and have never seen God," and hence he inferred there was no God. Dr. Livingstone relates that "he came to a tribe of Africans who would listen while he spake to them with all respect and attention, but (he says) when we kneel down and pray to an unseen Being, the act and position appear to them so ridiculous, that they cannot refrain from bursting into uncontrollable laughter." Now if these, as the apostle says, are "without excuse," (Rom. i. 20), how much more those who have the Bible in their hands, and to whom God has spoken by his Son, if they live and act as if there were no God looking on, and taking account of all their ways!

God is invisible, but the Lord Jesus Christ is "the *image* of the invisible God," and he says, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Read, then, the history of the Saviour, study his kind words and gracious acts, in order to learn about God. Man makes an image of God with his hands, or imagines a God in his mind; let us turn aside from all and "behold the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Moses saw him who was invisible and so he *endured* while so many came short. Here we behold—

II. *The trial and triumph of faith.* It is a great thing to *endure* in religion. It is easy to begin and go a little way; many do this and turn back. I am just come from the sickbed of one who seems evidently marked

for the grave. Four years ago he seemed in earnest about the salvation of his soul; but he left off to be wise and to do good, "neglected God's house and word," and now how bitter are his self-upbraidings and how sad his forebodings! Moses persevered in the right amidst many discouragements, much opposition, and the failure of so many around him. Happy those who, when others turn back to sin, can say, "So did not I because of the fear of God." If we would resist temptation, "abhor that which is evil, and cleave to that which is good," we must, like Moses, keep up communion with God. He was a man of prayer. His continual cry was, "I beseech thee show me thy glory." "O satisfy us early with thy mercy," "Teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." God heard his prayer, revealed his love, manifested his mercy, and taught him lessons of heavenly wisdom, and so he will us, if we "always pray and do not faint." He continued also in service for others. All the unkind treatment he received did not lessen his affection, nor hinder his efforts.

His faith, though sorely tried, triumphed by seeing him who is invisible. He realized God's presence, he rested on God's promise, and then resigned himself to God's will. What happiness had he while thus acting, and what honours has God put upon him; and this path to happiness and honour is still open, and God will give all who earnestly seek him grace to walk therein. Oh let us bear in mind that our worst enemies, our greatest dangers, and our richest treasures are all *unseen*, and that we can only overcome those enemies, escape from these dangers, and possess these treasures, as we "see him who is invisible." The Holy Spirit can make spiritual things as clear to the soul, and as influential, as natural objects are to our senses, and make them much more powerful to affect us. Some writer has said, "Think much of God, and he will be consciously present with you." But mind and think of him as he hath revealed himself, and not as men imagine him. Think

of him as holy yet condescending; as just yet forgiving; as jealous of his glory, yet faithful to his promises. Oh be careful that he has not to say of you at last, "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself." Think of God in Christ, reconciling—through Christ bestowing the Holy Spirit, and for Christ's sake hearing prayer, and bestowing all blessings.

III. Here is a *test* for us to try ourselves by. Are we *enduring* in religion? Some may at once know that they have never yet begun. Let such "seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near." Another may say, I have gone back, "O that it were with me as in months past!" To you God says, "Return." Will you not say to him, "Restore?" "Turn thou me and I shall be turned." Be in earnest to get near to God, and to keep near to him. It may be that you are living among scenes of evil and are exposed to many temptations. If so, you had need to ponder the solemn words of Jesus:—"And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved (Matt. xxiv. 12, 13). Think of the importance of being *saved*; and remember that there is One "who is able to save to the uttermost all them that come to God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. vii. 25). If Christ is your *way*, God in Christ your *end*, and the Holy Spirit your helper, then you will endure and be at last owned as overcomer.

Perseverance will be sure to follow a realizing of God's promises; therefore seek to walk with God. *Practical atheism is at the root of all declensions in religion*; and to this all our hearts are ever prone. Therefore let us "watch and pray, that we enter not into temptation." We must not allow God to be out of our minds because he is out of sight, but endeavour to live by faith, and to "endure as seeing him who is invisible."

"Give me, O Lord, such godly fear,
As feels thy presence nigh,
And looks to thee when sin is near,
And makes the tempter fly."

THE DEAD QUICKENED INTO SPIRITUAL LIFE.

BY THE REV. JOHN BLOOMFIELD, OF SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S-COURT, SOHO.

"You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins."—Eph. ii. 1.

THE Apostle Paul was saved by the grace of God, through the mediation of Jesus; and, as a minister of Christ, he preached

salvation by *grace*. He never seemed weary of expatiating upon the grace of God in its manifold blessings and manifestations. The

overaign *grace* of Jehovah is a fathomless ocean, out of which cometh the *pearls* of heavenly *doctrines* and precious *promises*. God is the God of all grace; Christ is the grandest expression and the divinely-appointed medium of grace; the *Holy Spirit* is the spirit of grace, for he revealeth and expoundeth *grace*, in its saving *power* and intrinsic excellencies, in the hearts of *sinners*. The inspired apostle, in his writings and ministry, manifested most clearly that he had a painful sense of the fallen state of man, and that he had the most exalted *views* of that salvation which is secured by the mediation of Immanuel, and which is experienced and enjoyed in the heart by the power and *quickenings* energies of the Holy *Ghost*. He did not fail to depict the awful state of man through the Fall, and by practical transgression. He did not fail to set forth the nature, claims, and immutability of the Divine law. He preached both law and Gospel: the law as the Divine standard of moral conduct, and the Gospel as a proclamation of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. He pointed out the absolute necessity for holiness, and clearly and faithfully described the workings and *wages* of sin. The chapter out of which the text is taken refers *not* only to the state of the Ephesians, but it is true of *every* sinner in his fallen condition, for all have *sinned*; all are dead in trespasses and sin till they are effectually wrought upon by the truth of God. It is a favour of priceless worth to be delivered from the power of sin. It is a glorious salvation, for it is worthy of that infinite love in which it originated, and of that Gospel in which it is made known. It is a treasure of immense value to the *believer*, for, as *sin* is the worst enemy and disease, salvation from its dominion and from the curse of the law is a *treasure* indeed. It is sin which separates the soul from the fountain of life and happiness. It is sin which shuts us out from the light of God's favour, and renders us morally incapable of serving and enjoying God. It is sin which brings us under condemnation. It is sin which corrupts the heart, blinds the understanding, and *sears* the conscience. The Ephesians were *dead* in sin, and so is every man till quickened into a spiritual life by the power of *God*. The impartation of this Divine life may be through the instrumentality of the preached word, but the *efficient* power is as much of God as the creation of the world. Life is the pro-

duction of God. Is this true of natural life? Yes; and spiritual life too. No man can quicken his own soul into the life of *godliness* any more than the leopard can change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin. If we are not now insensible to Divine and eternal things—if we are not walking after the course of this *world*—if we are acquainted savingly with the sanctifying activities of the grace of God in the heart, it is because the Lord hath quickened *us* into a life which is of *more value* than all the treasures of creation besides. *Observe three things* :—

I. *The Condition of the Unconverted before the Lord*.—They are dead in trespasses and sins.

II. *The Condition of those Quickened into a Divine Life*.—They are *alive* to the things which *make* for their *peace* and joy.

III. *The Evidences of having Experienced this Change*.—The evidences are numerous and clearly defined in the Scriptures, but I shall only notice a few of the *more prominent ones*.

I. *The Condition of the Unconverted before the Lord*.—They are dead in trespasses and *sins*. It is the best *death* to be dead to *sin* by the life of God in the soul, and it is the worst death to be dead in *sin*. When men are said to be dead in *sin* it does not mean that they are physically dead; neither does it mean that they are intellectually dead, for they can *think* and reason; neither are they dead to the proprieties of social life; but, 1st, *they are dead to the claims of God's law, and to the supernatural excellencies of spiritual and sanctifying religion*. The claims of our Creator are righteous and immutable, but men in sin have no perception of them, and hence they have no soul trouble about their lost state before the great Jehovah. Men who are physically dead are separated from the world, and have no perceptions of the beauties and glories of the material universe. So men in sin are strangers to *God*. "They are without God, and without hope in the world." They are without the knowledge of God, without the fear of God, and without the enjoyment of God. They are separated from God, and are without his *moral* likeness, in which man was created. Their nature is morally corrupt, and so morally incapable of serving God as the law requires. They are exposed to the curse of the Divine law, but it does not fill them with concern. They are *dead* to their own

criminality and danger. They are dead to the glories of spiritual religion. They are dead to the exercises of spiritual worship, and to the glorious foretastes of eternal happiness in the fellowship of God and of his saints. In this state they will continue till quickened into life by the Eternal Spirit. He who gives life from the dead must enlighten their understandings to see the nature and claims of the law, and the inexorable justice of God's moral government. O! how fearful is the state of fallen man! How corrupt his moral nature! How unconcerned about his apostasy from the God who created him! How indifferent to the claims of God's moral government! How full of enmity to the supremacy and sovereignty of Jehovah! Men are, indeed, the children of disobedience, and the willing slaves of the Prince of Darkness. They are insensible to eternal things, for their hearts are as cold, as hard, and as unimpressible as stones. They have stony hearts, and not hearts of flesh. They are dead in sin, and death is a state of insensibility to our responsibility to God. Death is a state of corruption, and man's moral nature is corrupted by sin. The heart is represented in Scripture language to be deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. The heart is as a sepulchre of dead men's bones. It is corrupt, and there is no health in fallen man. Death is a state of destruction, and men have destroyed themselves. "O, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself." Death is a state of condemnation, and every sinner is under condemnation. There is condemnation to all but those who are in Christ Jesus. There is no salvation but by the mediation of Jesus, and any more than there was salvation for any of Noah's family during the flood but in the ark. Men dead in trespasses and sins may show their enmity to Divine things in the bitterest and lowest forms of opposition, or by utter indifference to their claims, importance, and preciousness. How rich the grace manifested in giving them life! How life-giving and sovereign the power of the Holy Ghost through the preached word! What debtors of mercy are God's believing people! Should they not seek the Divine glory in the conversion of others to God? Should they not feel it an honour of the loftiest character to be made useful in gathering the people unto Shiloh? Surely our weakness should not prevent our using every Scriptural method, seeing the Lord is as

powerful as ever, and as gracious as ever.

II. *The Condition of those Quickened into a Divine Life.*—They are alive to the things which maketh for their peace and joy. They are brought into the possession of the principle and earnest of eternal life. They are quickened by a vitalising and Divine power, for no one dead can raise himself. It is the work of God the Spirit to bring a man into spiritual life as much as ever it was by the power of the Son of God that Lazarus was raised from the dead. It is by the sovereign power of God that the man who was dead in trespasses and sins hath now spiritual sensibilities, spiritual perceptions, spiritual affections, and spiritual sympathies. God is the fountain of life, and Christ, the Mediator of the New Covenant, is the sacrificial medium of life. He came that we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly. And the Holy Spirit produces newness of life in the soul towards God and heavenly things. The life of God in the soul is a Divine bestowment, and the result of a Divine operation. It is produced in the soul by a Divine and quickening energy. Men may produce pictures of men, but they cannot produce life, for that is the gift and work of God, and it is generally accomplished by means of the word of truth. "Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first fruits of his creatures." Again, Peter says, "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever."

It is by this Divine change we are fitted for spiritual service and enjoyments. It is through this change we are made capable of beholding the Divine glory, and of enjoying fellowship with the Triune Jehovah. If God requires spiritual service we must be spiritual to render the service he requires.

Regeneration fits for God's service, and sanctification is the soul's meetness for God's glory and presence. If we are unregenerate, we are in the flesh, and, therefore, cannot please God. When the Spirit worketh this change in any man it is as permanent as the counsels of Jehovah's will. It is a raising man into a spiritual relation to God, according to the covenant of grace. He has a new heart and a right spirit within him. He may fall into sin, and so bring the sword into his house, but cannot live in sin. It is not his trade nor his delight. When the

Israelites left the land of Egypt they never went back to it again, although they thought sometimes that it would have been better for them if they had never left the house of their bondage. Many of God's *children*, in their darkness of mind, in their *depression*, in their unbelief, and in their *carnality*, have thought the same—that it would have been better if they had never made any profession of religion at all. The Lord sees this, and frequently, in answer to humble and believing prayer, he turns their captivity, and maketh them to *rejoice* in the ways of life and righteousness.

III. *The Evidences of having Experienced this Change.*—When this Divine change has been wrought in the soul there will be many manifestations of it. It is a tree of life, and its fruits will be seen and known.

1. *There will be an Honest Recognition of the Claims of God.*—What wilt thou have me to do? will be the cry of the awakened sinner. It is the cry of a man who is alive from the dead. He knows now that the law is spiritual, just, and good. He feels that God has a right to his *service*, to his powers, and to his *heart*. And he knows that God would be just in sending him to *hell*, but he rejoices that God's mercy flows freely through the blood of Christ for sinners who deserve to die. He now studies to know the will of the Lord and seek his favour. He knows God might have been angry with him for ever, but he now rejoices that God is love to him for ever, through the finished work of our gracious Saviour. It is a good thing to have a right perception of God's claims in his law, for that will aid us in our study of God's grace

in the Gospel of salvation and peace. The man who has heard in his own soul the thunders of Mount Sinai is not far from the gladdening music of Mount Zion.

2. *There will be Contrition of Heart.*—There is no right knowledge of sin where there is no brokenness of heart for sin. When the rocky heart is smitten it gusheth forth with godly sorrow for sin. Can the sinner have a right sense of his sins before God, and not weep in his very soul before God? Is not his *heart* wounded? The Lord wounds as well as heals the souls of his people. It is the tearful eye the Lord wipes. It is the broken heart he heals, and its mourners he comforts with the favours of his grace, and with the treasures of his redeeming love. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." With a contrition for our guilt, there will be an honest confession of it before God. It is impossible to cover our sins and prosper; but "if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

3. *There will be Fervent Prayer for Mercy.*—It is pardon the man needs who has a right sense of the claims of God's law, and a right sense of his own wretched and lost condition; therefore, he prays, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The prayer of faith is an evidence of the possession of a Divine life. It is the living man who breathes, and it is the man who is quickened into spiritual life who prays really to God.

4. There will be supreme love to Christ, and a hearty sympathy with his followers. The Lord grant you life and peace. Amen.

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE ACTING IN CONCERT.

BY MR. JOHN FREEMAN.

In the year 1662 the Act of Uniformity became the law of the land on Sunday the 24th of August, when about two thousand ministers in the Church of England had to quit livings they could no longer conscientiously retain. Thus these giants of the Reformation were called Ejected Ministers by some and Nonconformists by others. As stated, however, in Psalm i. 6, "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous," or, in other words, "Jehovah hath complacency in the way of the righteous."

We are not surprised, therefore, to learn

that God eminently blessed these Nonconformists, and that the blessing upon the fathers was afterwards sometimes beheld resting also on the sons. Thus Dr. John Evans mentioned in the anecdote here given was the son of an ejected minister, and himself grew up to be good and great. As stated by Dr. Harris on preaching his funeral sermon in 1730, "He first took the whole pastoral charge of the congregation in Little Broad-street, Moorfields, where he spent the principal part of his life and labours." In this sphere of usefulness

he probably was when one, to whom his ministry was grateful, related, in an advanced stage of his pilgrimage, what God had marvellously done for him in youth, by blessing to his conversion Eccl. xi. 9 thus expressed in our Bibles: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

This scope was given for an anecdote communicated to the world by the Rev. John Ryland, A.M., in a book entitled "Select Essays on the Moral Virtues, and on Genius, Science, and Taste." This work the writer of this paper fears has disappeared for ever. Happily, however, the anecdote given in that book in the seventieth year of Mr. Ryland's age was copied into "The Evangelical Museum, or Christian's Pocket Book for 1793," as there distinctly stated. And from that Pocket-Book at the British Museum the writer gives the anecdote with [he] added, and the rest word for word as follows:—

THE BULLET AND BIBLE UNDER THE CO-OPERATION OF DIVINE GRACE.

When Oliver Cromwell entered upon the command of the Parliament's army against Charles the First, he ordered all his soldiers to carry a Bible in their pockets. Among the rest, there was a wild wicked young fellow, who ran away from his apprenticeship in London, for the sake of plunder and dissipation. This fellow was obliged to be in the fashion. Being one day ordered out upon a skirmishing party, or to attack some fortress, [he] returned back to his quarters in the evening without hurt. When he was going to bed, pulling the Bible out of his pocket, he observed a hole in it. His curiosity led him to trace the depth of this hole into his Bible. He found a bullet was got as far as the eleventh chapter of Ecclesiastes and the ninth verse. He read the verse, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth: walk thou in the way of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." The Spirit of God set the words home upon his heart, so that he became a very serious and sound believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and lived in London many years after the civil wars

were over. He used pleasantly to observe to Dr. John Evans, the author of "The Christian Temper," that the Bible was the means of saving soul and body too.—Dr. Evans has printed an excellent sermon upon the text. Thus ends the anecdote.

Memorable are the words of the Saviour when he says in John vi. 37, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." And when this declaration is selected for a text in which the minister proposes first to consider the doctrine, and then its use, we anticipate a valuable sermon. For though the doctrine with its abuse is milk mixed with deadly poison, the doctrine with its use is milk and honey from the heavenly Canaan. In short, exhibitions of Divine truth ought to bring heaven upon earth as to happiness, and ever to have a tendency to place the hearers in the attitude of soldiers with no part of the Christian armour wanting, and with a resolution to fight on and fear nothing, yea, to be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

Thus having guarded against misconception, the writer may say that every individual given to Jesus by the Father is so set apart from his birth that Providence acts in concert with grace in making him immortal till conversion. Thus neither the sea nor Bedford river could drown John Bunyan in his unregenerate state. And equally protected was the aforesaid runaway apprentice. The bullet that penetrated his Bible was in the service of Providence, and had an injunction from heaven not to take away the young man's life, or even to touch his body; while his Bible, in the service of grace, was commissioned to be the power of God to his salvation.—Such wonderful protection by Providence is expressed by another brand plucked out of the fire; namely, John Newton, of fragrant memory, who writes thus concerning the Saviour:—

"Determind to save,
He watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death."

In an age of fiction, therefore, a fact exhibiting Providence and grace acting in concert is a jewel. And the jewel here produced, as furnished by our ancestors, is too good to be consigned to oblivion. Nor let any sinner despair. For to the first clause of John vi. 37, as already adverted to, the Saviour adds, "And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Maryland Point, Stratford, Essex.

A FEW REMARKS UPON PRAYER-MEETINGS.*

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

OUR meetings for prayer have very greatly improved during the last few years. A gracious Revival has shed a benign influence upon many of the churches, the spirit of supplication has been rekindled, and the fire of prayer remains while the flash of excitement has departed. It would be too flattering to hope that the beneficial change is universal, but our observation leads us to believe that it is very general. The hard-shelled brethren whom no enthusiasm can penetrate, and no arguments arouse, continue in their usual petrified condition, mumbling forth prayers which exercise none of the Christian graces, except the patience of those who are doomed to listen to them; but their influence and supremacy are on the wane even in their own circles. Encompassed with solid bulwarks of ice, there are some churches which are impenetrable to any genial warmth from without, and far removed from the possibility of a thaw from within; but these, we think, are rare exceptions, demanding our deepest humiliation before God, but not forbidding our fervent expectation of better things in the Church at large. Perhaps even these are rather apparent than real exceptions; even here an irresistible under-current of earnestness may be setting in, destined in due time to quicken the sluggish tide which now conceals it. It is our own conviction that the most sorrowful cases of immoveable indifference are not without signs of progress; the very dullest of our Adullams have been disturbed with echoes which have startled their hollow caverns, and Zoar itself has become weary of its boasted littleness. Where zeal for Christ, love for souls, and earnest pleading with men are still suspected to be dangerously unorthodox, there is nevertheless an alteration in tone and manner, indicating a secret revolution of which the men themselves are unconscious; so unconscious, indeed, that they would repel the blessed impeachment with contempt if it were pleaded in their hearing. If the prayer-meetings of our Baptist churches were all visited, there would be found to be a very considerable advance in the numbers attending them,

the spirit of the supplications, and the manner of utterance. We may be wrong, but making all allowance for the cases at which we have hinted, we speak with much confidence, and believe that our estimate is a correct one.

The old faults, which are gradually disappearing, were mainly these:—*Excessive length*: a brother would pitch himself against the table-pew, and pray for twenty minutes or half-an-hour, and then conclude by asking forgiveness for his *shortcomings*—a petition which was hardly sanctioned by those who had undergone the penance of endeavouring to join in his long-winded discourse. A good cure for this is for the minister judiciously to admonish the brother to study brevity; and if this avail not, to jog his elbow when the people are getting weary. This fault, which is the ruin of all fervency, ought to be extirpated by all means, even at the expense of the personal feelings of the offender.

Cant phrases were another evil. “*We would not rush into thy presence as the unthinking (!) horse into the battle.*” As if horses ever did think, and as if it were not better to exhibit the spirit and energy of the horse rather than the sluggishness and stupidity of the ass. As the verse from which we imagine this fine sentence to be derived has more to do with sinning than with praying, we are glad that the phrase is on its last legs. “*Go from heart to heart as oil from vessel to vessel,*” which is probably a quotation from the nursery-romance of “Ali Baba, and the Forty Thieves,” but as destitute of sense, Scripture, and poetry as ever sentence could be conceived to be. We are not aware that oil runs from one vessel to another in any very mysterious or wonderful manner; it is true it is rather slow in coming out, and is therefore an apt symbol of some people’s earnestness; but surely it would be better to have the grace direct from heaven than to have it out of another vessel—a Popish idea which the metaphor seems to insinuate, if indeed it has any meaning at all. “*Thy poor unworthy dust,*”—an epithet generally ap

* We have great pleasure in inserting, by permission, the above paper from the *Baptist Magazine* for last month, believing that it cannot fail to benefit all who will give heed to the advice given on so important a subject.—ED. B. M.

plied to themselves by the proudest men in the congregation, and not seldom by the most monied and grovelling, in which case the last two words are not so very inappropriate. We have heard of a good man who, in pleading for his children and grandchildren, was so completely beclouded in the blinding influence of this expression, that he exclaimed, "O Lord, save thy dust, and thy dust's dust, and thy dust's dust's dust." When Abraham said, "I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes," the utterance was forcible and deeply expressive; but in its misquoted, perverted, and abused form, the sooner it is consigned to its own element the better. Very many other perversions of Scripture, uncouth similes and ridiculous metaphors, will recall themselves to the reader; we have neither time nor patience to recapitulate them: they are a sort of spiritual slang, the offspring of unholy ignorance, unmanly imitation, or graceless hypocrisy; they are at once a dishonour to those who constantly repeat them, and an intolerable nuisance to those whose ears are jaded with them. They have had the most baneful effects upon our prayer-meetings, and we rejoice to assist in bringing them to their deserved end.

Another evil was, mistaking *preaching for prayer*. The friends who were reputed to be "gifted," indulged themselves in public prayer with a review of their own experience, a recapitulation of their creed, an occasional running commentary upon a chapter or psalm, or even a criticism upon the pastor and his sermons. It was too often quite forgotten that the brother was addressing the Divine Majesty, before whose wisdom a display of our knowledge is impertinence, and before whose glory an attempt at swelling words and pompous periods is little short of profanity; the harangue was evidently intended for man rather than God, and on some occasions did not contain a single petition from beginning to end. We hope that in our own time good men are leaving this unhallowed practice, and are beginning to see that sermons and doctrinal disquisitions are miserable substitutes for earnest wrestling prayers, when our place is the mercy-seat and our engagement is intercession.

Monotonous repetition frequently occurred, and is not yet extinct. Christian men who object to forms of prayer will nevertheless use the same words, the same sentences,

the identical address at commencement, and the exact ascriptions at conclusion. We have known some brethren's prayers by heart, so that we could calculate within a few seconds when they would conclude. Now this cometh of evil. All that can be said against the prayers of the Church of England, which were many of them composed by eminent Christians, and are, some of them, as beautiful as they are scriptural, must apply with tenfold force to those dreary compositions which have little virtue left, since their extempore character is clearly disproved. O for warm hearts, burning with red-hot desires which make a channel from the lip in glowing words; then indeed, this complaint would never be made. "What is the use of my going to the prayer-meeting, when I know all that will be said if So-and-So is called on?" is not an uncommon excuse for staying away; and really, while flesh is weak, it is not so very unreasonable a plea: we have heard far worse apologies for greater offences. If our (so called) "praying men" drive the people away by their everlasting repetitions, one half at least of the fault lies at their door.

Most of these diseases, we trust, are finding their cure; but the man would be hardy, not to say foolhardy, who should affirm that there is now no room for further improvement. "Advance" must still be our motto, and in the matter of the prayer-meeting it will be found most suitable.

Our brethren will excuse our offering them advice, and must take it only for what it is worth; but having to superintend a large church and to conduct a prayer-meeting which scarcely ever numbers less than from 1,000 to 1,200 attendants, we will simply give our own notions as to the efficient means of promoting and sustaining these holy gatherings.

1. Let the minister himself set a very high value upon this means of grace; let him frequently speak of it as being dear to his own heart; let him prove his words by throwing all his vigour into it, being absent as seldom as possible, and doing all in his power to give an interest to the meeting. If our pastors set the ill example of coming in late, of frequently staying away, or conducting the engagements in a drowsy formal way, we shall soon see our people despising the exercise and forsaking the assembling of themselves together. A warm-hearted address of ten minutes, with a few lively words interposed between the prayers, will

do much, with God's blessing, to foster a love to the prayer-meeting.

2. Let the brethren labour after brevity. If each person will offer the petition most laid upon his heart by the Holy Spirit, and then make room for another, the evening will be far more profitable, and the prayers incomparably more fervent than if each brother ran round the whole circle of petition without dwelling upon any one point. Compare the subjects of prayer to so many nails; it will be better for a petitioner to drive one nail home with repeated blows, than to deal one ineffectual tap to them one after another. Let as many as possible take part in the utterance of the Church's desires; the change of voice will prevent weariness, and the variety of subjects will excite attention. Better to have six pleading earnestly, than two drowsily; far better for the whole meeting that the many wants should be represented experimentally by many intercessors, than formally by two or three. As a general rule, meetings in which no prayer exceeds ten minutes, and the most are under five, will exhibit the most fervour and life; in fact, length is a deathblow to earnestness, and brevity is an assistant to zeal. When we have had ten prayers in the hour, varied with the singing of single verses, we have far oftener been in the Spirit, than when only four persons have engaged. This is an observation confirmed by the opinion of our fellow-worshippers; it might not hold good in all cases, but it is so with us, and therefore we thus witness.

3. Persuade all the brethren to engage. If the younger and less instructed members shrink from the privilege, tell them that they are not to speak to man but to God. Assure them that it does us all good to hear their groans and ineffectual attempts at utterance. For our own part, a few breakdowns generally come very sweetly home, and awakening our sympathies, constrain us to aid the brother by our more earnest wrestlings. It gives a reality and life to the whole matter, to hear those trembling lips utter thanks for new life just received, and to hear that choking voice ceasing the sin from which it has just escaped. The cries of the lambs must mingle with the bleating of the sheep, or the flock will lack much of its natural music. As Mr. Beecher well says, "humble prayers, timid prayers, half-inaudible prayers, the utterances of uncultured lips, may cut a poor

figure as lecture-room literature. But are they to be scornfully disdained? If a child may not talk at all till it can speak fluent English, will it ever learn to speak well? There should be a process of education going on continually, by which all the members of the church shall be able to contribute of their experiences and gifts; and in such a course of development, the first hesitating, stumbling, ungrammatical prayer of a confused Christian may be worth more to the church than the best prayer of the most eloquent pastor."

Every man feeling that he is to take part in the meeting at some time or other, will become at once interested, and from interest may advance to love. Some of those who have now the best gifts, had few enough when they began.

4. Encourage the attendants to send in special requests for prayer as often as they feel constrained to do so. Those little scraps of paper, in themselves most truly prayers, may be used as kindling to the fire in the whole assembly.

5. Suffer neither hymn, nor chapter, nor address to supplant prayer. We remember hearing seven verses of a hymn, ending in "he hates to put away," until we lost all relish for the service, and have hardly been reconciled to the hymn ever since. Remember that we meet for prayer, and let it be prayer; and oh! that it may be that genuine, familiar converse with God which shall drive out the formality and pomposity which mar so much our public supplications.

6. It is not at all amiss to let two or even three competent brethren succeed each other without a pause, but this must be done judiciously; and if one of the three should become prolix, let the pause come in as soon as he is done. Sing only one verse, or at the most two, between the prayers, and let those be such as shall not distract the mind from the subject by being alien from the spirit of the meeting. Why need to sing about the temptations of Satan just after an earnest prayer for the conversion of sinners? and when a brother has just had joyous fellowship with Christ in intercession, why drag him down by singing, "'Tis a point I long to know?"

Of course, we ought to have said all manner of good things about the necessity of the Holy Spirit, but upon that point we are

all agreed, knowing right well that all must be in vain without his presence. Our object has rather been to gather out the stones

from the way than to speak of that divine life which alone can enable us to run therein.

MARY BUNYAN, THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD, AUTHOR OF "GRACE TRUMAN."

CHAPTER XI.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

"HATH God forgotten to be merciful? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?"

The prisoner sat, his head low bent upon his bosom. He was struggling with great, weighty thoughts, too deep for him. He had read the truths and promises of God's holy book; he had meditated thereon; he had prayed in the burning words of the forsaken Son of God—"Father, if it be thy will, let this cup pass from me,"—"yet not my will but thine be done." Oh, how he had wrestled with God! With what intense, consuming desire, had he groaned forth his agonizing supplications. He read of the purposes of God, fixed and immutable. He doeth *all* things according to the counsel of his own will, and none can hinder. And his mind kept reaching—reaching—after the infinite, until he found himself lost amid the grandeur and sublimity of his thoughts.

"Can man by searching find out God?" "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

Mrs. Bunyan was pleading before the judges while her husband was thus communing with the Infinite.

But the scene is ended; she has been in the presence-chamber. Threading her way along the streets, she reached the bridge, passed the outer door, and stood within the narrow enclosure. Poor disappointed woman! Her hair, escaped from the plain white cap, fell loosely over her face, swollen with weeping, and bearing the plain, deep lines of sorrow,—that sorrow which, with cold iron hand, writes itself upon the hopeless heart, and traces itself in time-defying characters on the despairing countenance. Her form was bent under the burdening weight that crushed her. She passed her hand slowly over her throbbing brow, as if to wipe out the painful recollection of her cruel repulse. Her brain reeled; her limbs trembled. She

paused, and looked irresolute towards the narrow door, with its heavy iron gates. Within those dull, relentless bars, there groaned, unjustly, him for whom she would brave aught of danger, bear aught of contumely and reproach to aid. Envy had placed him there; cruelty had turned the heavy bolt to shut him in, and injustice, high and glaring as the noon-day, had set the seal to bolt and bar, to be removed—when?—ah! when? And the deep, solemn chambers of her heart echoed throughout their empty sounding extent—"when?" "ah! when?"

She had stood before the assembled multitude, judges, justices, nobility, and gentry; and her courage had never forsaken her. Prying looks had peered with disgusting curiosity into her still calm face, but her eye had quailed not under their insulting gaze. Taunts and sneers had been heaped upon her as she passed along the aisle of that crowded court-room, but her heart, nerved by undying love to her husband and full consciousness of his innocence, had never for a moment feared, neither had her step faltered. With truth and right shielding her as a helmet, what had she to fear?

But her petition had been disregarded; her entreaties set at naught; her earnest supplication been made the butt of ridicule and laughter, and while pride and wickedness sat exalted on high, she, the worn and sorrowing wife, follower of the lone and suffering Jesus, had been spurned aside as unworthy of notice or consideration.

How could she proceed? How could she tell her husband that all her endeavours had been abortive? What could she say to him under this grievous disappointment that could give consolation? Her own heart was without a ray of hope. She could see nothing but darkness whichever way she turned. She felt with David when he said, "Reproach hath broken my heart, and I am full of heaviness. And I looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none." And she stood

and gazed wildly around, scarce knowing what she did. The assistant turnkey, as he threw wide open the grating door, turned to her and bade her enter. She mechanically obeyed his command.

She trod the dark and narrow passage with unsteady step. What a world of agony there was pent up in that throbbing heart. She paused a moment before reaching the cell door of her husband to gain composure. She must nerve herself to meet him. She could not add to the trials of his heart by manifesting her own. God knows he had enough to bear—a crushing, blighting burden. She adjusted her hair beneath her cap, and folded her neckerchief. Silently she breathed a prayer for Divine assistance. She endeavoured to look calm, that her appearance might not break the intelligence of her defeat too suddenly to him she loved.

The turnkey opened the narrow door to the cell and stepped aside that she might enter. The light of evening came in through the small window that overlooked the river, and fell in sombre shade on the bare walls and the meagre couch of the prisoner. In one corner of the cell, by the low settee, knelt Bunyan, his Bible beside him.

He arose, and his eye, accustomed to the dim light of his cell, took in at a moment's glance the sad, pale countenance of his wife, and in it he read enough to fill him with apprehension.

She seated herself on the couch. He sat beside her.

For a few moments not a word was spoken. Thoughts and fears could not voice themselves in words. The prisoner looked his wife steadily in the face to read the result of her effort. He saw she had been unsuccessful; disappointment and grief had worn themselves in upon that full countenance in ineffaceable lines.

At length Bunyan turned to his wife and said,—

“I fear, my Elizabeth, it has gone ill with your plea. I see it in your face. My persecutors and they that hate me are set in their hearts to ruin me. The Lord forgive them; they know not what they do. But tell me, why did they refuse to hear you? Tell me all, Elizabeth, all.”

The poor heart-broken woman essayed to answer her husband's question; but all she could answer was—

“I tried, my husband, to persuade them to send for you, but they would not.”

“And what did they say, when you asked them to let me be sent for?”

“Some answered one thing, and some another. One said that you were a pestilent fellow; another said that you were a breaker of the peace. Some said that you were lawfully convicted, and others that you run up and down and do harm.”

“And won't they grant my release?”

She threw her arms about his neck, and leaning on his bosom sobbed out, “The Lord is against us, my husband, and the rulers' hearts are stone. They heeded not my petition, but turned cruelly from me. They will not let you go. And you must die here in this cold dark prison, away from me and the children.” And the despairing wife clung more closely to her husband and wept most sorely.

Ah, what a sad defeat to the prisoner. He had hoped, had prayed, but there was no longer any hope, yet he could still pray, and his full soul found utterance in the following sublime petition:—

“Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Save me, oh God, for the waters are come into my soul. I sink deep in mire, where there is no standing. I am come into deep waters where the floods overwhelm me. They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of mine head; they that would destroy me, being mine enemies wrongfully, are mighty. Draw nigh unto my soul and redeem it. Deliver me, because of mine enemies.

“My soul is among lions; and I lie even among them that are set on fire; even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword. Reproach hath broken my heart, and I am full of heaviness; and I looked for some to take pity, and there was none; and for comforters, but I found none. They gave me also gall for meat, and to my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink. But I will cry unto thee, O God Most High, unto thee that performest all things for me, and thou wilt send from heaven and save me from the reproach of him that would swallow me up. Deliver me, O God, from the workers of iniquity, and save me from bloody men, for they lie in wait for my soul. The mighty are gathered against me, but not for my transgression, nor for my sin, O God. Pour out

thy indignation upon them, and let thy wrathful anger take hold upon them. But I am poor and needy; make haste unto me, O God; thou art my help and my deliverer. O Lord, make no tarrying, but help me. For my soul trusteth in thee."

It was a fervent petition that the poor man uttered in the hopelessness of his bitter disappointment.

"But tell me, Elizabeth, did Judge Hale give you no encouragement? Surely he would not turn you away unanswered."

"He said he could do me no good," replied the still-sobbing wife.

"And did he say that *nothing* could be done? surely there is some resource left me. It cannot be possible that I must die unjustly."

"He told me that one of three things must be done, seeing that they had taken for a conviction what you spoke at the sessions."

"And what are they, Elizabeth?" asked the prisoner eagerly.

"Either that I must apply myself to the king, or sue out your pardon, or get a writ of error."

The prisoner heaved a long, deep groan. For the first time he realized that nothing could be done. He felt that death was just before him. From the inexorable decree, he saw no way of escape. The dealings of God with him were so mysterious, so deep, that for a moment he was staggered. His expectations had perished; his faith was eclipsed, and darkness, thick darkness, was round about him. He looked for help and there was none, and he prayed for deliverance, but his way remained hedged up about him.

God sometimes leaves us, as it were, to ourselves, on purpose to show us how weak we are. We devise and arrange, and plan and execute; and we fondly imagine that it will all be fulfilled according to our earnest desires. Have we not purposed, and shall we be defeated? Ah, no. And as we stand gazing, the picture unfolds charmingly before our eyes. Not one mar or blemish anywhere to be seen. All is beautiful and bright as heart could wish. Then we admire the work of our own hands, and dwell with delight in the accomplishment of our own purposes. And we say to ourselves, now, surely, all will be well with me, I shall have the full desire of my eyes. Then our hearts begin to swell with pride; and we look and look, and, looking, forget God. His name is on our lips, and his image is in

our souls; but we pronounce the one coldly and the other is shut out from our view by the superstructure of our own hands. Then God, who is a jealous God, comes suddenly, and dashes out with one bold stroke the charms and fair proportions on which we so much delighted to dwell, and we hear his voice thundering in our ears, "Have I not said, 'Thou shalt have no other God beside me?' 'Repent and turn yourselves from your idols, and turn away your faces from all your abominations,' and worship me only." Then we are at our wits' ends; and we cry unto the Lord; and he saveth us from all our troubles.

Bunyan sat without speaking. He was stunned by his wife's information. Either of the three things proposed by the Lord Chief Justice seemed impracticable, and he felt to be a doomed man. Then came up before his mind thoughts of his suffering wife and children, and his little flock of humble believers through the country scattered for want of a shepherd, the prey of false teachers, who were endeavouring to deceive and destroy, if possible, the very elect of God.

Oh! how his soul was burdened in view of these things. He felt for a moment that God had withdrawn his presence from him, and he was left to himself to grope his way in darkness where there was no light.

"And am I to die a death of ignominy," he exclaimed, "or must I wear out my days in this narrow cell? O Lord, my times are in thy hands! Unto thee belongeth mercy, that thou mayest be feared."

"Tell me all you have done, my Elizabeth, that I may see if there is any hope. Come, dry your tears. God will reveal himself a helper in our time of need," he said consolingly to the weeping woman. "Let us never doubt the God of Israel, our God, Elizabeth, for his promises are sure and steadfast, and he will have mercy and not sacrifice. His loving kindness endureth for ever, and his tender mercies are over all his children."

Encouraged by the kind and confident tones of her husband, Mrs. Bunyan suppressed her tears, and entered upon the recital of her narrative. The prisoner watched her eagerly, and his heart swelled with intense emotion as she portrayed to him her repulses by the judges, and her mental sufferings in consequence.

"And Chief Justice Hale did turn you away without hearing your petition?"

"The first time I went to him he told me he would do the best good for me and for you he could; but he feared he could do none. I then threw one of the petitions into Judge Twisdon's carriage, hoping he might be disposed to grant my request, and intercede with the Lord Chief Justice. But he frowned upon me, and snapt me up, and said, 'you were a convicted person, and could not be set at liberty unless you would promise to preach no more,' which I knew you would not do; so I took back my petition, and he did not notice me any more. I went a second time to Judge Hale—"

"And what did he do?" anxiously asked the prisoner, intensely excited at his wife's touching recital.

"He read my paper, and looked at me. Then one of the justices went up to his side and told him you were a troublesome fellow, and did not deserve to be set at liberty. Moreover, they said you were convicted in court, and were a hot-spirited fellow, that would do harm, and ought to be kept in gaol. After all this had been told him he turned upon me with pity in his face, and handed me back my petition, and motioned me away. I thought my heart would break, my husband, as I staggered out. But nobody cared for me."

"God cared for you, my Elizabeth. He was watching over you for good. His hand is in this thing. We must wait until it shall please him to make crooked paths straight. I am glad they did not insult or ill-treat you."

"But this is not all. I was determined to leave nothing undone, my husband, to effect your liberty; and although I had been twice repulsed, I resolved to go again and see if I could not move the heart of the Lord Chief Justice in your favour. And the next day of the assizes I went. I prayed earnestly to God to speed me on my way, for I felt that I could not bear to be again refused. I went praying, and when I got before the judge, I lifted up my heart in prayer, that he would look upon my petition with favour, and grant my plea. And I believe he would have done so, but Judge Twisdon said you were a troublesome fellow, and had been convicted, and that it was recorded against you."

"The Lord help," groaned the injured man.

Tears started afresh to the eyes of the disconsolate wife. She relied on the brave heart of her husband, and as long as his

courage remained undaunted she felt strengthened. But just as soon as he gave way, her fears and doubts prevailed, and she was ready to give up all in despair.

"Go on, my Elizabeth, and tell me all," he added, after a minute's reflection. "I would hear it all, and the Lord of grace give me strength to bear it. Did they give you any other reason for not putting me at liberty?"

"They said you were a breaker of the peace, and a pestilent fellow. Twisdon said you would run up and down the country and do harm; and that your doctrine was of the devil. They called you a tinker, my husband, and said you had better be following your calling than running up and down preaching. I told them because you were a tinker and a poor man that you were despised, and could not have justice done you; and that when the Righteous Judge shall appear, it will then be known that your doctrine is not the doctrine of the devil. I also told them that God had owned you, and done much good by you."

A sigh, long and deep, was the prisoner's only reply.

"I tried to move their hearts. I told them about my little children and my poor, blind Mary; and that we have nothing to live upon but the charity of kind people. I told them you dared not to leave off preaching while you could speak. But Chester and Twisdon laughed at my words, and stirred up the Chief Justice against me. If they had kept silent, I believe I should have succeeded;" and the poor woman wept bitterly as she thought of all the cruel taunting and contradiction she had endured at the hands of her heartless judges.

"Do not cry now, my Elizabeth, it is all over. The Lord has directed it according to his own pleasure, and it will work out for us an exceeding great reward if we trust in him and remember his promises. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith the Lord. 'Our enemies shall be confounded and put to shame; and all they that persecute the children of the Most High God shall be cut off suddenly, and that without remedy.' Let us trust in the God of Israel, who brought his children up out of Egypt, and led them through the wilderness into the promised land.' 'He poureth contempt upon princes, and causeth them to wander in the wilderness where is no way. Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock.' We

must not forget that he doeth all things according to the counsel of his own will, and he will accomplish his purposes in us and through us. We will not fear what man can do unto us, for the very hairs of our heads are numbered, and our enemies cannot go further than God sees is best for us. Let us trust him for all coming time, feeling confident that our grace will be sufficient to our day. The more he multiplies our trials and afflictions, the greater measures of is Holy Spirit will he impart to us; and if we are called to pass through the fire, even there we will praise him. Dry your tears, Elizabeth, and try to console yourself with his promises."

"But, my husband, what will become of me and the children if you are taken from us or left here to die in this miserable dungeon? Oh, we shall starve to death! There will be nobody to care for us when you are gone. It is so dreadful to think of; my husband. Our poor blind Mary; I am more distressed about her than any of the rest. She is so feeble now, and since you have come to this horrible gaol, she looks so sad. She is almost ready for the grave herself. Oh, it is so hard, so hard!"

"I will be a father to the fatherless and the widow's stay." I once was young, and now I am old, yet I have not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily shalt thou inherit the land, and thy seed shall be fed. Our poor dear blind one will be taken care of, my Elizabeth, and none of you shall want. I desire to praise God in my death as well as in my life, and if it is his will that I shall go to the stake, and burn there for the glory of his cause, amen, I am in his hands. Let him do with me what seemeth to him best. Pray for an exceeding abundant share of grace, my poor wife, to help you along on your thorny way. Teach the children to look to God and to rely on him. And may our God bring them all to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus our Lord. It is a hard task, my poor Elizabeth; but God will be with you to direct and support you, and he can do much more for you and our little ones than I could. If he takes me from you and them, he will raise up some one in my stead to give them food and raiment. Go on, then, trusting in him, and do the best you can. It will all be well in the end. The Psalmist tells us that light is sown for the

righteous and gladness for the upright in heart, and we will not fear what man can do unto us; for though the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried in the midst of the sea, yet will we not fear, for the Lord is our light and our salvation; the Lord is the strength of our life."

"But, it may be," interposed the fond wife, "that if you would give up preaching for a little while, just while these troublous times are upon us, you could go free, and then after awhile you could preach again. I cannot believe that God is going to chastise his children always. He will have mercy, and remember their cries and tears."

It was a powerful appeal. The strong man wavered for a moment. Things would soon change, and then he could preach again. Would it not be best? Would it not be for the glory of God and the advancement of his cause on earth?

It was a moment of intense interest. What weighty consequences hung on the decisions about to be made. "Take up thy cross, take up thy cross, and follow me," "through evil as well as good report," came thundering through his conscience, as if it would rend the very foundations of his being. "He that loveth his life shall lose it." "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels," followed upon the heels of the other dreadful warning. "It will be but a little while," whispered Satan: "your poor wife and children, what will they do without you?" "Every one that hath forsaken wife or child for my name's sake shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit eternal life," the Spirit answered.

A heavy step was heard approaching the cell.

A moment, and the turnkey opened the door, and told the wife that she must leave. Throwing her arms about her husband's neck, she bade him farewell 'mid sobs and tears.

"God be with you, my Elizabeth, and take care of you and my poor little ones."

The door closed. The prisoner was alone with God. He prayed for grace, for direction, for patience, and strength to do his Master's will. He was "passing through the valley of Baca."

Could he make it a well?

REVIEWS.

The Bunyan Library. Vol. II. Select Works of ROBERT ROBINSON. London: J. Heaton and Son.

WE were well satisfied with the first volume of this interesting series, but we are still better pleased with the second. Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, would have been a great and eminently distinguished man in any age or country. His natural capacity, his rare endowments, his indefatigable industry, his true nobility of spirit, his enlarged generosity, and his unwearied industry, and all crowned with a simple yet fervid piety, could not have failed to make him, mentally and morally, illustrious. That he had striking infirmities, and, evidently, did not adhere to the whole truth as it is in Jesus, we fear is too evident to dispute; and we are glad that his worthy namesake, who is among his successors in the pastorate, has fairly and faithfully stated the whole case, and has done it in so Christian and unexceptionable a manner. The biographical sketch is well executed, and cannot fail to interest those who have been long acquainted with Robinson's writings, as well as our young people, who would do wisely to become familiar with many of the good things his prolific pen produced. Whether the selection in this volume is the very best that could have been made may fairly admit of difference of opinion; but we do say it would be rather difficult to find a volume containing more material for thought, or more really telling in rich ideas, or expressed in a more instructive and racy manner. We know of no order or class of mind that may not be greatly instructed and edified by the excellent articles this volume supplies. We trust its very large circulation will be such as to amply satisfy both editor and publishers, as well as to increase the interest of the Baptist Denomination in the Bunyan Library scheme.

The Old Theology, the True Theology; or, Justification and Sanctification of the Holy Scriptures, of the Early Lutherans, and of the Creed-Books and Doctors of the Reformed Churches. By the Rev. Wm. ELLIOTT, Epsom. London: James Nisbet and Co.

WE literally abhor long titles, and, therefore, should have been glad if this volume of 155 pages had been brought before the public with some striking, good name, expressed in three or four words at most. However, after all, what's in a name? Well, the author has intended to present, in a clear and forcible manner, in a condensed form, what the title expresses; and we have no doubt the book will, by the blessing of the Divine Spirit, be extensively useful both in establishing believers in the truth, and in preserving the young from the meshes of those errors which are subversive of the doctrines of

the Gospel. Mr. Elliott writes with perspicuity and power, and is evidently earnest-hearted in the cause of God's truth.

Good News. By BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A. London: James Nisbet and Co.

A PRECIOUS gem, exhibiting in Mr. Noel's lucid style the good news of the Gospel scheme of salvation. We hope it will be circulated by thousands of thousands. Simple, popular, Scriptural, direct, and affectionate, it cannot fail to do good. Well printed, and, we presume, cheaply got up, we shall be glad to meet it everywhere. Go forth, good news, until all men shall know and feel the precious truths thou hast to publish!

Words from the Workshop. Edited by NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. London: James Nisbet and Co.

A SMALL, beautifully got up little book, containing a number of very striking testimonies in favour of abstaining from intoxicating drinks. Mr. Hall's endorsement is a sufficient guarantee that the testimonies are not only true, but worthy of general reception. We hope it will be extensively useful.

Alcohol, a Prisoner at the Bar. The substance of Two Lectures by JABEZ INWARDS. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

MR. INWARDS' prisoner has no chance of escape from his powerful grasp, and he is made to cut a sorry figure in the Temperance Hall, at York. We happen to know, also, that he has been tried in various other places in the kingdom, and many persons think he ought to be outlawed as a rogue and a vagabond. Unfortunately, he is in favour with a large class of persons, many of whom possess both rank and influence, and, therefore, we fear it will be some time yet before he is made to bear the just consequences of his numberless misdemeanours and crimes. At any rate, Jabez, the honourable teetotaler, is doing his best to accelerate so devoutly to be desired a consummation.

Universal Love of God, and Responsibility of Man. By JABEZ BURNS, D.D. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: Houlston and Wright.

WE need not say to those who are conversant with the writings of Dr. Burns that this little treatise is thoroughly evangelical in its spirit. The present edition, which is an enlargement of the "Doctrinal Conversations," will be read and accepted by the General Baptists; and, we presume, by many others who may not agree with the Anti-Calvinism of some of the conversations.

We read this little book in its earlier edition, and have looked over, with interest, the additional matter in its present form; and we do not know where the reader will find elsewhere, in so small a compass, the subject of God's impartial love and man's responsibility more cogently treated than in these pages. And those who take the other view of these questions can have no objection to a free and full discussion of the momentous truths involved.

Sketches of Character. By the Rev. W. MEDHURST, Coleraine, Ireland. Reprinted from the "Christian Cabinet." A. O. Shaw, Bolt-court, Fleet-street.

THESE Sketches of Character present a variety of interesting subjects, illustrated by the lives or conduct of a number of supposed persons. In this way the truths are given in a practical form, and are likely to be read with profit, and to be very useful. Mr. Medhurst writes well, and deserves multitudes of readers.

P O E T R Y.

HARVEST HYMN.

The earth has yielded once again
Her precious stores of ripened grain;
The last full sheaves of golden corn
Home to the garner have been borne;
The reapers' songs we hear no more,
Even the gleaners' toils o'er,
And fields that lately bounteous were
Are all deserted now and bare.

The corn is safely gathered in,
Then let new songs of praise begin;
Let us to God an altar rear,
For he with goodness crowns the year;
Again Jehovah has made good
The promise that so long has stood—
"While earth remains"—oh! words of peace!
"Seed-time and harvest shall not cease."

Except the Lord had blest 'the grain,
Man's labour had been all in vain;
He deigned with gentle showers to feed
Each tiny earth-imbudded seed;
Beneath his sunlight, rain, and dew,
From stage to stage the corn-blades grew,
And then he sent bright harvest days—
To God alone be all the praise!

When God's own word like seed is sown
On hearts prepared by him alone,
Blest with the beams of Jesus' love,
And gracious showers from heaven above,
Into a fruitful plant it grows—
Life, strength, and fruit to God it owes;
For as in nature, so in grace,
From first to last his power we trace.

The angels, in earth's harvest-day,
Shall bear God's saints like sheaves, away,
They in the garner will be stored,
But all who do not love the Lord
Shall be consumed like stubble dry,
Before the wrath of God most high.
Lord, grant that we through grace may be
Like ripened sheaves prepared for thee!

Wellingborough.

THEODORA.

"ALL RIGHT!"

THE following verses were suggested by reading the memoir of the Rev. J. George:—

"My dear, dutiful, suffering son said to me,
when I addressed him from the landing, 'All
right, dear father! all right! Father, dear, all
right!'"—REV. J. GEORGE.

All right, all right, though mighty death
With sudden power had come;
And, as in Egypt, so again,
Smitten the first-born son.
But 'twas no bitter cry went forth,
As in that dreadful night,
Sweet words were they from the dying one—
"All right, father! all right!"

Though side by side with those I love,
Bath was a pleasant home;
And in my manhood's prime I talked
Of days and years to come.
Though my cup of blessing seemed to fill
With every dear delight,
Yet I question not his perfect will—
"All right, father! all right!"

Though here awhile I hoped to tread
The path his saints have trod,
And all my service sanctified,
Work faithfully for God—
All right! Perchance the enemy
Might hide him from my sight,
Or tempt me to deny my Lord—
"All right, father! all right!"

And you are going too, father;
The time will not be long
Ere all the farewell sounds of earth
Are changed into a song.
Though mine the early finished course,
And yours the harder fight,
There's a crown of life laid up for both—
"All right, father! all right!"

Amid the innumerable host,
Parent and child now stand;
And sweet communion realise
With that happy white-robed band.
No more the dubious mists of earth
Obscure the perfect sight;
Unfalteringly, can each one say—
"All right, father! all right!"

The widowed ones who stay below
Waiting the Master's will—
I ween the echo of that voice
Will linger near thine still,
Cheering the valley far adown
With a celestial light:
A watchword for the wilderness—
"All right, father! all right!"—E. DAWSON.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. John Davies, of the Baptist College, Rawden, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Bond-street, Birmingham, to become their pastor.

ROCHDALE.—**WEST-STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—The Rev. Edward Carey Pike, B.A., of Regent's-park College, London, has accepted the invitation of the church assembling in the above chapel.

BACUP.—The Rev. H. Hall, of Rawden College, near Leeds, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church and congregation meeting in Zion Chapel, Bacup, Lancashire.

STONEHOUSE, PLYMOUTH.—Wm. Welch, of Great Gidding, Hunts, has accepted an affectionate and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Ebenezer Chapel, and expects to enter on his new and important sphere of labour on the first Lord's-day in October.

PRINCES-STREET CHAPEL, NORTHAMPTON.—The Rev. John Nickalls, of St. Ives, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church and congregation assembling in the above chapel, and intends entering upon his labours very shortly.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

BRIXHAM, DEVON.—Two interesting meetings were held on Friday, August 30, in connection with the Baptist church at Brixham. The object of the meetings was to bid farewell to the former pastor, Rev. M. Saunders, and to recognise and welcome the new one, the Rev. W. Laskey. About 300 persons sat down to tea at five o'clock. The great respect in which Mr. Saunders is held brought an unusually large number of friends together. In the evening the friends met, in increased numbers. The Rev. H. Cross (Independent) was called to the chair. The Rev. F. Scadding, Wesleyan minister, offered prayer. The Rev. H. Kings, of Torquay, addressed the meeting; after which Mr. John Smith, sen. deacon of the church, read an address, and presented Mr. Saunders with a purse of money, as a testimonial of respect and esteem from the church and congregation. Mr. Saunders replied in affecting and appropriate terms. Interesting and appropriate addresses were afterwards delivered by the Revs. T. C. Page, Plymouth; H. Scadding, Brixham; W. H. Elkin, Brixham; T. Peters, Kingsbridge; and Mr. Fieldwick, secretary to the British and Foreign Seamen's Society.

BETHEL AND SOAR, BRECONSHIRE.—Interesting services in connection with the ordination of Mr. J. L. Evans, late student of the Baptist College, Haverfordwest, were held at the above-named places on Thursday and Friday, the 15th and 16th of August; they were held on the first day at Bethel, and on the second at Soar. On the first-named day, at two, the service was commenced by Mr. J. Morgan Evans, student of Carmarthen College; and the Revs. F. Evans, of Langynidr, G. H. Llewellyn, of Erwood, and E. Evans, of Dowlas, preached. At six, Mr. M. Jones, Maesyberllan, read and prayed, and the Revs. G. H. Llewellyn, and D. B. Edwards, Brecon, preached. On the following day, at ten, the service was opened by reading and praying by the Rev. J. Jarman, Llanfrynach, and the

Rev. D. B. Edwards delivered an address on the nature of a Gospel Church; after which the usual questions were asked by the same, and satisfactorily answered by Mr. Evans. Then the ordination prayer was offered by the Rev. E. Evans, which was followed by the laying on of hands. Afterwards the Rev. T. Davies, President of the Baptist College, Haverfordwest, gave the charge to the young minister, and the Rev. E. Evans to the church. At two, the Rev. J. Jones, Sardis, read and prayed, and the Rev. B. Watkins, Maesyberllan, and T. Davis, preached. At six the introductory service was conducted by the Rev. D. B. Edwards, and the Rev. F. Evans, D. B. Edwards, and E. Evans preached.

OPENING SERVICES.

CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.—This place of worship was re-opened on Sunday, Sept. 5, when sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Reid, of Windermere, and the Rev. Daniel Kirkbride, of Maryport. A tea-meeting followed, when about 120 persons sat down. Immediately afterwards, the chapel was well filled. John Crossley, Esq., of Halifax, presided. Addresses were delivered by R. Somerville, Esq., of Windermere; the Revs. J. Myers, pastor of the church; T. Taylor, of Tottlebank; Daniel Kirkbride, J. Reid, and other friends. The expenses incurred in the alterations were stated to be about £177, towards which there had been collected about £107; which, with the public collections and subscriptions promised during the meeting, was increased to £142, leaving a debt of £35.

BALLYMENA, IRELAND.—The new chapel erected in this town for the church under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. G. M'Vicker was opened for religious service on Lord's-day, August 25. Sermons were preached in the morning and evening by the Rev. William Brock, of Bloomsbury Chapel, London. The building elicited universal commendation for its commodiousness, simplicity, and general excellence, together with the economy by which so thoroughly suitable an edifice has been reared at comparatively small cost. The church and congregation are laid under great obligation to Mr. Adair for his munificence as the proprietor of the land, and as a contributor to the cost of the erection. The total outlay is about £1,100; towards this sum there has been raised, inclusive of £132 collected on the day of opening, upwards of £900, leaving less than £200 due.

BRISTOL.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon went to Bristol on Wednesday, September 11, to preach one of the opening sermons of City-road Baptist Chapel, a handsome structure erected for the congregation, of which the Rev. Evan Probert is the pastor. For several days previously there was an immense demand for tickets of admission. The tickets were distributed gratuitously, to the full extent of the limits of the chapel, and in the evening the Circus was engaged as a more commodious place of meeting. But even this building, it appears, was not half large enough for the numbers who desired to hear Mr. Spurgeon, and the consequence was a considerable disturbance. Those who were shut out refusing to be content with their lot, knocked at the doors and wooden sides of the building so vehemently that for a good while it was impossible for the service to proceed, and Mr. Spurgeon was evidently much excited, and could only deliver a

short address. Mr. Spurgeon left the building before the mass had attempted to move, and thereby escaped any inconvenience which he might otherwise have experienced in threading his way through the crowd outside. The greatest order was observed by the audience in making their exit; and the outsiders, finding that Mr. Spurgeon had gone, gradually dispersed. The net proceeds of the day's services amounted to £140.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

IWERNE MINSTER, DORSSET.—The anniversary services were held here on Friday and Sunday, Sept. 6th and 8th. On Friday 130 persons sat down to tea; after which interesting addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Davidge, A. Bisenti, Messrs. Greathead, Jameson, Hobbs, and Diffev. On Sunday anniversary sermons were preached by the Revs. J. Dunn and G. Williams, when collections were made in aid of the building fund of Gillingham.

MISSIONARY FAREWELL MEETING.—On Tuesday evening, Sept. 10, the members of the Young Men's Missionary Association met in the library of the Mission House, Moorgate-street, to take leave of the Rev. J. C. Page and Mrs. Page, of Barisaul, about to return to India, accompanied by Mr. Rouse, of Regent's-park College; and the Rev. E. Hewitt, returning to Jamaica with the Rev. J. Kingdon and Mrs. Kingdon. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Dr. Angus, and the meeting was of a very solemn and interesting description.

TRINITY-ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL, HALIFAX.—On Thursday evening, Sept. 5, the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, preached in this place of worship, the object being in furtherance of a final effort to rid the place of a debt of £400. The effort has been going on for years—since the chapel was erected; and because of a noble offer made to the trustees by John Crossley, Esq., the friends have worked very hard for the object, and have been helped in a spirited manner by the religious public of the town.

SHARNBROOK.—On Wednesday, Sept. 17, the harvest meeting was held at Bethlehem Chapel, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Leach, of Northampton. The attendance was large, and the services highly interesting. The collections, with the proceeds of a tea meeting, amounted to nearly £10, which completed the removal of a debt from the chapel. The congregation, consisting chiefly of working people, have the satisfaction of having bought and paid for their chapel, without seeking external assistance.

BLACKFIELD COMMON, FAWLEY, HAMPSHIRE.—Harvest thanksgiving services were held in the Baptist Chapel, at this place, on September 8th, 9th, and 10th. On Sunday, the 8th, three sermons were preached by the Rev. Dr. Perrey, of Shirley, to large congregations. On Monday evening the Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, of Southsea, preached; and on Tuesday afternoon, the 10th, the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, of Southampton, preached; after which a large company partook of tea refreshments. In the evening a public meeting was held, the Rev. W. W. Martin, pastor, in the chair. Prayer was offered by Mr. Lucas, and addresses delivered by the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon and J. H. Cooke. Liberal collections were made to assist in liquidating the debt on the chapel.

GOWER.—On the 14th of August a tea party was held at Knelstone, when many of the

friends expressed their liberality towards the cause of Christ in this place, all the trays being given by the members and friends of the neighbourhood. On the night previous a public service was held, when the Rev. H. Thomas, Briton Ferry, preached from Rev. xxii. 17, and the Rev. C. Griffiths, Merthyr, from Eccl. xii. 1. The next day about 165 partook of tea, and £9 was obtained towards liquidating the debt on the chapel. After the tea was over, Mr. C. Griffiths preached from Isaiah xi. 9, and the Rev. H. Thomas from the commission of Christ, Matt. xxviii. 18, 19, and Mark xvi. 15, 16. It is but right that the public should know that this is a mission station, under the auspices of the Baptist Home Mission of Glamorgan; and we are glad to state that the Baptist principles are extending in this country, where they have been very little known of late.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BEST MEANS OF INFUSING A MISSIONARY SPIRIT INTO THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.—The first three prize essays on this subject will shortly be published by Mr. Elliott Stock, under the title, "The Golden Opportunity, and How to Improve It."

PLUMSTEAD, KENT.—The Rev. J. Coutts (late of Chatham) has recently removed to Plumstead, with the intention of forming a new Baptist interest there. The town, which is rapidly increasing, contains 25,000 inhabitants, with one church, and chapel accommodation for less than 3,000. At present Mr. Coutts preaches every Lord's-day in the Temperance-hall, Woolwich. As soon as the sympathies of a few earnest Christian people have been awakened, steps will be immediately taken to secure an eligible site and collect the necessary funds for the erection of a commodious chapel and school-room. Mr. Coutt's address is—Croom-cottage, Plumstead.

AGED PILGRIMS' ASYLUM, CAMBERWELL.—On Monday, July 29, the inmates of this asylum, to the number of twenty-seven, started in three omnibuses for the hospitable mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Deacon, Grantham House, Putney Heath, to which they had been kindly invited by Mrs. Deacon, on her visiting the building. The pilgrims were introduced into the beautiful grounds, where they strolled with great enjoyment. After partaking of an excellent tea, they were gathered together beneath the cooling shade; and the hostess read several interesting letters. They then joined in the praises of God, and the Rev. Alfred Hewlett addressed them from Psalm xxxii. 1, 2. The aged congregation being again served with refreshments, were dismissed with a silver bounty, given to each by Mrs. Deacon, sen., and returned to their home joyful and grateful. Will any who are interested in this account take an opportunity to visit the peaceful home of these aged Christians, situate in Westmoreland-place, Southampton-street, Camberwell? The committee are most anxious to erect a second asylum in some other part of London, towards which nearly £2,000 have been subscribed. Communications on this subject will be gratefully acknowledged by Wm. Jackson, honorary secretary, Crescent, Peckham Rye.

BAPTISMS.

BALLYMENA, Ireland, Aug. 4—Two; Aug. 25, Four; Aug. 28, One; Sept. 1, One; Sept. 4, One; Sept. 9, Two; Sept. 15, Three.

BATH, Widcombe Chapel, Sept. 1—Fourteen in the River Avon, by Mr. J. Huntley. These,

- with six dismissed from other churches, were received into communion with us the same day. The first anniversary of the settlement of our esteemed pastor has been commemorated by a very pleasant tea meeting. We rejoice together at the Lord's goodness. Our prayer meetings are crowded.
- BATTLE**, Sussex, Aug. 29—Two by Mr. Caleb C. Brown. Formerly Wesleyans.
- BEDFORD**, Aug. 25—Five by Mr. Killon.
- BLACKWATER**, Aug. 11—Six by Mr. Sale, after a sermon by his son, Mr. J. Sale, from Calcutta.
- BRADFORD**, Tetley-street, Aug. 4—Twenty-one by Mr. B. Wood.
- BEENFORD**, Park Chapel, Aug. 25—Two by Mr. E. Hunt.
- COLERAINE**, Ireland, Aug. 25—One by Mr. T. W. Medhurst. Making a total of fifty-two baptized during Mr. Medhurst's first year's pastorate at Coleraine. To God be all the glory!
- GLASGOW**, North Frederick-street, Aug. 31—Five by Mr. Williams.
- GOLD HILL**, Bucks, Sept. 15—Four by Mr. E. Harris. [Mr. Harris's present address is 1a, Thornhill-crescent, Barnsbury. Mr. Harris is not now pastor of the church at Kensal Green, but of the Baptist Church at Gold Hill. Week night service on Thursday.]
- GREAT GRANDSEN**, Sept. 1—One by Mr. King.
- HANHAM**, Gloucester, June 23—Six by H. A. Medway; Sept. 15, Three, by Mr. T. Bowbeer.
- HATHERLEIGH**, Sept. 8—Two by Mr. Norman.
- HILLSLEY**, Gloucestershire, Aug. 25—Eight; Sept. 1, Two, by Mr. J. Wibley.
- IWERNE MINSTER**, Dorset, July 14—Four by Mr. T. King, for Mr. Jas. Davidge.
- KNIGHTON**, Radnorshire, Sept. 15—One by Mr. Jones, of Widcot.
- LANTWIT MAJOR**, Sept. 1—One by Mr. Jones.
- LONDON**, Mare-street Chapel, Hackney, Aug. 1—Six by Mr. W. G. Lewis, for the pastor, Mr. D. Katters. One of the candidates was a youth of sixteen, brought to a knowledge of Jesus under a sermon by Mr. Radcliffe, at the Standard Theatre.
- , Meard's-court, Aug. 28—Three by Mr. Bloomfield.
- , Metropolitan Tabernacle, Aug. 29—Twenty-one; Sept. 19, Sixteen, by Mr. Spurgeon.
- MAGEE**, Mounmouthshire, July 21—Two by Mr. Hoskins, of Carlton.
- MALTON**, Yorks, July 23—Two by Mr. B. Shakespeare.
- NEWTOWN**, July—Seven (one a boy of about thirteen years); Sept., Four (one an old man, and blind).
- NORTHAMPTON**, Abington-street, Aug. 4—Two by Mr. Leach.
- PENYDARREN**, Merthyr Tydvil, Elin, July 20—Two; Aug. 18, Three, by Mr. T. Owen. Two of the above were members of the Established Church.
- PRESTON**, Pole-street, Aug. 25—Eight by Mr. Webb.
- QUEEN'S ROAD**, Barking, Essex, Aug. 18—One by Mr. Woodard, Ilford.
- RICKFORD**, Somerset, May 26—Five; Aug. 25, Five, by Mr. T. Bowbeer.
- RIDDINGS**, Derbyshire, Aug. 11—Two by Mr. Bourne.
- RUSHDEN**, Succoth Baptist Chapel, Aug. 25—Twelve by Mr. C. Drawbridge.
- SOUTHAMPTON**, Carlton Rooms, July 4—Seven; Aug. 1, Six, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon.
- STUDLEY**, Warwickshire, Sept. 1—One by Mr. James.
- SUNDBERLAND**, Sans-street, Aug. 4—Two by Dr. Bannister.
- SWANSEA**, Welsh Baptist Chapel—Sept. 15, Fourteen by Mr. R. A. Jones. The address, from Acts ii. 47, was listened to with marked attention by the large audience gathered together.
- SWANWICK**, Derbyshire, Aug. 4—Five; Aug. 23, Three, by Mr. T. W. Handford.
- TREDEGAR**, English Church, July 21—Four; Aug. 25, Five, by Mr. J. Lewis.
- ULEY**, Gloucestershire, Sept. 15—Six by Mr. A. Ashworth.
- WALSALL**, Stafford-street, Sept. 1—Seven by Mr. F. P. Hubbard.
- WELSHPOOL**, Montgomeryshire, Aug. 20—Four; Aug. 25, Ten, by Mr. J. W. Thorne.
- WHITTLESEA**, Cambs, Aug. 4—Two by Mr. D. Ashby.

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PRAYER—ITS DISCOURAGEMENTS AND ENCOURAGEMENTS.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"But he answered her not a word."—Matt. xv. 23.

WITH Christian men it is not a matter of question as to whether God hears prayer or not. There is no fact in mathematics which has been more fully demonstrated than this fact in experience—that God heareth prayer. About some other things in Christianity young believers may have a question, but about the Lord's answering prayer even *they* cannot entertain a doubt; while to the old and advanced believer, who has tried the power of the mercy-seat and proved it thousands of times, it is a matter about which he never allows a question, for he knows that as surely as he exists himself and God exists in heaven, the prayers of puny, but believing, man have power to move the generous and almighty arm of God. Probably in the course of the last week some of us have met with as many as a dozen special answers to prayer. Sceptics spend their sneers in vain on us. Facts are blessed, as well as stubborn, things. Men may say that it is not possible that the cries and petitions of man can move God. They may question it; they may raise grave doubts, but doubts never enter our souls; they never touch our inner consciousness, for we know this to be a fact; and until we can doubt that we are men, until we can doubt that we breathe the air or live on food; till we can doubt that which we see with our eyes and touch with our hands, we cannot doubt but that "God is," and that "he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Of course, our confidence is not an argument to another man. He who has not tried it, cannot, of course, have proved it. But to those who have tried prayer, and have proven it, we insist upon it that it amounts to a demonstration as clear as logic itself can make it, when, having tried and called upon God—not merely once or twice, but thousands of times throughout their lives, they have invariably met with the same result, namely, a gracious answer from him who really does and will hear prayer. And yet there is sometimes a strange thing which puzzles the earnest believer. There are times when it does seem as if his prayer were not heard, for certainly it is not answered, or at least not answered as he expected. There are times when at the mercy-seat we groan, and yet bring our wants away; we spread our petition, but the request does not seem to be complied with there and then. To those who know that this is no strange thing, it is not a matter which staggers their faith, for they can say, with Ralph Erskine, that—

"They're heard when answered soon or late;
Yea, heard when they no answer get—
Are kindly answered when refused,
And treated well when harshly used."

They understand that God's delays are not denials, and that his denials to particular requests are only intended because he would give us something richer and something better. If he doth not pay thy prayers in silver he will pay them thee in gold; and if thy prayers be long in coming back, they shall be like a rich ship which is the longer on its way because it is doubly laden, and when it cometh home the richness of the cargo shall make thee good amends for the delay upon the voyage, and thou shalt ever bless God that the answer did not come just when thou hadst looked for it. Yet, again, we must return to this confession, that to some, especially to young seekers, it is a staggering fact when, after having cried long, Jesus "answers them not a word;" when having prayed they have got no smile from his benignant face, no word of comfort from those lips of his, which drop like honey-combs to others but seem to be as dry wells to them. I propose to take up this matter to-night, and discuss it as God the Holy Ghost may enable us; and, oh! may he make it comfortable to every distracted spirit here, and may some

to-night come out of their prison-house, and be fetched up out of the deep darkness, to rejoice in the liberty wherewith Christ makes men free.

I shall speak of the text, first, in reference to those who have been praying for themselves; and then, secondly, in regard to those who have been praying for others.

I. First, then, I would describe the case of some who have been praying for themselves, but as yet Christ has "answered them not a word."

I can describe this experimentally, for I have felt the same. As some of you know, there were five years of agony which crossed my young spirit and crushed me almost to despair. During those five years if ever a child prayed I prayed, and if ever a lad groaned out of a longing spirit to Jehovah in heaven I did. You may remember John Bunyan's "Grace Abounding"—that part of it where he speaks of the exercises of his soul, and especially of his terror, because his prayers seemed to be reverberated from a brazen heaven, and were not heard, and did not pierce the skies. Such, too, was my experience. I am sure sincerity I had, and groanings that could not be uttered; but yet, answers there were none. I can speak, therefore, I trust, with more power because I can speak sympathetically—of something which I have known and felt. And so, poor soul, you have been praying these last few months, and your complaint is that you have not had one precious promise applied to your soul. Let me remind you that this woman had not one, but that so far from having a promise she had a rebuff. Instead of a sweet invitation to come, she had as good as a command to go. "I am not sent," said the Saviour, "but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Yours, then, is not a strange case. You must not sit down in despair because no promise has come home to your soul. Still continue to cry; still abide constant in prayer. He will, he must, hear by-and-by, and your soul shall have its desire.

"Yes," say you, "but not only have I not had a promise, but I have not had any comforting sign whatever. The more I pray the worse I feel, and the more I groan the more I may groan. If my prayers be arrows they are arrows pointed downwards, and they go into my soul instead of flying up to God's ear. I must pray; I cannot help it; my soul will come out in bursting words, but yet it does me little or no good. I rise from my knees more distressed than ever, and I come out of my closet, not as a man comes out of a dungeon, but as a man who steps from one dungeon to another. He hath shut out my prayer; he hath forgotten to be gracious; in anger he hath shut up the bowels of his compassion." And perhaps you even go farther than this. You say—"I feel as if my prayer never would be heard. Something within seems to tell me that I may pray, but yet I shall perish; that for all the world there may be hope, but not for me. I may lift the knocker of mercy's gate, and the sound shall but be as the hammer upon my coffin—dull and dead; but there shall be no music of hope as it resounds upon the golden gate. I know that God heareth prayer, but not the prayer of the wicked; it is an abomination unto the Lord. Such, I fear, is my prayer, and he will not hear me." Oh! poor soul, there is nothing more deluding than feelings. Christians cannot live by feelings—how can you? These feelings, let me tell you, are of Satan; they are not right feelings. What right have you to set your feelings against the Word of God? The Word of God expressly says—"He that asketh, receiveth; he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." It is not a question as to whether a man shall be saved who prays. He is saved, though he may not know it. He has the germs of salvation in his prayer. "Behold he prayeth!"—explain that sentence; and it means "Behold he lives; behold he is accepted; behold Heaven opens its gates for him." He prays; Jehovah hears; mercy answers; the man is blessed. I pray thee, then, let not thy feelings fly in the teeth of God's promises, but weep on and hope yet; for though thy case be very sad, it is not a strange one, and there is hope for thee.

Having thus described your case, let me now warn you of a danger. There is a danger to which all those are exposed who have prayed for any length of time without receiving a conscious answer from God, and that is either to get despairing thoughts of themselves or else hard thoughts of Christ. She was a brave woman—that poor Canaanite. She came of an accursed race, but certainly there was a special blessing resting upon her. If you or I had been there when Christ spake to her so harshly, I wonder whether we should have taken the matter so well! Do you remember when Christ was silent? Can you think what her feelings must have been? Why, some of you who have a quick temper would have said—"Is this the man of whom I have heard so much, and who is said to be so ready to relieve the distressed? Here have I been crying in a note that seems piercing enough to make a heart of adamant feel for me, but he has not deigned to listen! The man seems to be stone deaf; he will not hear me! Is this the kind and tender spirit?" And when he spake at last and said—"It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs"—some would have said—"Indeed, if he does not grant me my request, at least he need not have used insulting epithets to me. A dog indeed! And what means he by that? He means that I do not belong to the favoured race of Israel; and a fine thing surely if I did! Are they not oppressed under the Roman yoke, and cast off like withered branches? There would not be much to boast of if I were an Israelite. Why calls he me a dog? A dog indeed! Am I not a woman, and an honest woman too, and one who does not deserve such a title? I wish I had never asked for mercy at his hands. To get insults, and to have doggish names thrown in my face—this is much too bad; I will not endure it." "Now," you say, "this is a strange way of putting it." So it may be, but you and I have put it the same. Have you not thought because Christ has not heard you that there was a mistake perhaps about his graciousness—that he was not the Christ that some said he was—that he was not willing to receive the vilest of sinners—that he did not mean his exhortation when he said—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest"—that he desired to tantalize poor souls, making them pray and cry to him while he meant to be deaf to their requests? Have you not had hard thoughts of Christ like that? Oh! I pray you put them away from you; fall not into this snare of Satan. He is a good Christ still. If he seem to be stony-hearted he is not; he is always tender, he always hath bowels of compassion. Slander him not then; be of good courage and cry unto him still.

Or perhaps Satan tells you, "Ay, but your prayer is not of the right sort, and therefore you never will be heard." Yes, but that woman's prayer was of the right sort, and yet he answered her not a word; albeit she did get the blessing ere long. Notice her prayer—"Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." She gave him the right name. She might have said—"Thou Son of Abraham." That would have signified that he was the man in whom the nations of the earth were to be blessed, for that was the promise given to Abraham, and the covenant made with him. But no, she said, "Thou Son of David." Now the covenant made with David was a covenant of a kingdom, not only a blessing and an increase, but a kingdom. This woman seems to put it thus—"Thou King—Man of Sorrows though thou art—thou art of royal blood; thy visage is more marred than that of any man, and thou wearest not a diadem, yet art thou King"—and she did, as it were, pay him the homage which Pilate unwittingly paid him, when he nailed to the tree the inscription—"This is Jesus the King of the Jews." "Thou Son of David!" She knew how to address him by the right title. And then see how she puts it—she appeals to his mercy, not to his justice, and to his tender heart—"Have mercy on me." Why, you know this was the prayer of the publican—that very prayer which justified him—"God be merciful to me a sinner." There was nothing wrong in that prayer, but everything commendable, and yet he answered her not a word.

So then, poor troubled heart, thy prayers are good prayers. Though they are not answered, faint not; persevere and continue still. The Lord will yet reply; he will open the windows of heaven and shower down his mercy on thee, and thou shalt yet receive it with a gladsome heart.

And now to comfort and cheer you. Having reminded you of your danger, let me now call to your recollection the grounds of your comfort. What had this woman to comfort her? Well, she had not much, but she had one or two things. First, I think she had Jesus Christ's face. Christ said—"It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs." Now my own idea of the Saviour is that he could not say that hard sentence without somehow or other letting her see in his very face that there was a something kept back, that there was love yet in store. You know you may say what you like to children, but they soon detect your meaning, for they can read your face as well as your words. And so can poor beggars, and so especially could this poor woman begging so hard for her child. "Ay," she seemed to say, "thy lips may speak hard words, but thy languid eyes flash not the fire that should go with those thundering sentences. Thy lips may be heavy, but I see a tear lifting up thine eye-lids even now. I do not believe thy words; I believe thy face. Thy marred face—marred with sympathy for others' sorrows—with burdens not thine, and which have bowed thee down—that, I say, will not let me believe that thou art harsh." Sinner, for thy comfort I beseech thee look into the face of Jesus Christ to-night. Dost thou believe that he—the Son of Mary—the Man of Sorrows—grief's acquaintance—can reject thee? O Christ, when I picture thee before my eyes, especially when I see thy face bedewed with bloody sweat, and when I listen to thy groanings, in Gethsemane, I cannot, and I will not, believe that thou canst ever reject a suppliant who cries, "Be merciful to me." Or, if that content thee not, remember that this poor woman had another thing—she had heard the story of Christ's good deeds. She had been told even in thyre what he had done in Capernaum, and she had heard far away what he did in Chorazin, and so she believed that he who did such good deeds to others could not be hard to her. Sinner, let me tell thee the good deeds Christ has done to others—"This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him;" and there be hundreds in this place who have cried too, and God has heard them. Speak with your eyes, my brethren; bear witness to the fact which I now testify before this assembled multitude—has not God heard your prayers—sinners as vile as these—as lost by nature, and as hopeless by depravity? Did he not bring us up out of the miry clay and out of the horrible pit, set our feet upon a rock, and establish our goings?" Sinner, he that did this for us will and must do the like for you if you be pleading for mercy through his precious blood. But you have to-night one comfort which this poor woman had not—she had never seen Christ die for her. Sinner, thou that art seeking Christ, say not that he is hard and will not hear thee. Come thou with me and see him on his cross. Canst thou behold him there—the thorn-crown with its lancets still piercing his brow—the tears trickling down his cheeks, which are already crimsoned with his bloody sweat? Canst thou see his hands as, pierced by the nail, they become fountains of gore? Dost thou behold his feet? He hangs there naked, ashamed, despised, and rejected of men! This is all to save men; and canst thou, wilt thou dare to think so wickedly of him as to suppose that he who once died, now that he lives again, has flinty bowels or an adamantine heart? No, by those wounds trust him. By that bloody sweat continue in thy supplications. By that rent side wrestle with him yet again, and he will hear thee, and his mercy shall come, and thou shalt rejoice in it.

Give me your ears, then, while I give you a word of counsel as to what you ought to do. It is the Spirit of God which has brought you to pray. God's Spirit has made you feel your need of a Saviour. It is that blessed Spirit who compels you to go upon your knees and groan for mercy. Now

remember that it is your duty, as well as your privilege, to obey the voice of the Holy Spirit. And what is that voice? It is this—"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." That is to say—to-night, though your prayer be not answered; in the face and in the teeth of every hard thought and of every dark word; trust Christ with your soul just as you are, and you are saved there and then. The way of salvation is not "Pray and be saved," but "Believe and be saved." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." Remember, your business is not with answers to prayers, but with answers to God's calls to you; and his call to you to-night, poor, awakened, conscious sinner, is—"Come unto me and I will give thee rest." Come, then, to Christ as you are, and you shall find that answer to your prayers which has been so long delayed. But still, if this you cannot do, let me beg and beseech you still to wrestle with God in prayer. Jericho's walls did not fall down the first day the hosts of Israel went round them, but they compassed the city seven days, and the seventh day the walls fell flat to the ground. Elijah, on the top of Carmel, did not bring the rain the first time he prayed, but he said to his servant—"Go again seven times." These are instances in which God delayed the blessing, but gave it at the last.

Yet the more to stimulate your industry I will give you two pictures taken from God's Word. It is night; the stars are shining silently in heaven, and the moon in her brightness looks down upon a family which is sleeping upon the top of an Eastern house. The husband, and wife, and children are there resting together after a long day of toil. They are sound asleep. Suddenly there is heard on the door below a tremendous knock. They awake; they are startled. But the father does not rise. There comes another knock, and yet another, and another. This time the father calls aloud and asks—"Who is there?" and a voice from below says—"I am your neighbour; a friend of mine who is on a journey has called upon me, and he is faint and weary, and I have nothing to set before him; I pray thee arise and give me three loaves." But the man does not like to go out from his warm bed into the cold night air, and he cries—"My wife and children are with me; I cannot arise and give thee." He closes his eyes, and thinks the turmoil will now cease. There is another knock at the door, and a loud call, "Awake; arise." He turns round on his pillow and shuts his eyes again. There is another knock, and another, and another, until the very house seems to shake. Then there is another cry—"I cannot go; my friend is starving; arise and give me bread." The man turns to his wife, and says—"I will not rise though; I will not be plagued in this way. Why should I rise and give it him at this time of night?" The man is unreasonable. Let the fellows go to bed; they can have their bread in the morning. They will not hurt if they do sleep for once fasting. I will not rise, though he be my friend." Another knock, and yet another, and now the very panels of the door seem as if they must come in. "It is of no use," says the man at last, "I may as well get up soon as late. I shall only be obliged to lie here all night wide awake, for I can see that man means to have the loaves, so I will even rise." He goes down, opens the door, and says—"There, take as many as ever you like; I mind not how many you want, take as many as you need." "So then, I say unto you, though he will not give them to him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will arise and give him as many as he needeth." And so, though it seem to be the dead of night with your soul, and God seemeth as though he were asleep, and would not rise, yet knock, knock, knock again, and he will arise, and give you, not three loaves, but as many as you need. Another picture. Here is a grand magistrate, sitting upon his exalted seat; the halberdiers are standing around him, and the Roman lictors, with their rods and axes, make fine pomp and state. He is a cruel wretch, and he is unjust. He has got in his hand

now a fee which he has just taken that he might give an unjust judgment. He sits down upon his seat, and there is a woman before him. Evidently by her robes and by her method of dress she is a widow, and apparently very poor. She says, "My lord, I pray thee avenge me of mine adversary; my husband died and left me a small estate; and one who is very rapacious, has taken it all away; I pray thee, for the sake of him who sleeps beneath the sod, help a poor widow; remember the widow's God, and defend the widow and the fatherless." The judge looks at her. Who is he that he should take notice of a poor widow? There is evidently no fee to be had from her, and he bids her go about her business, for she has no right there. She goes, but the next time the court sits she appears again with the same tale. The Judge says—"I do not want to hear anything at all about it; I heard your story the other day." "But, my lord—" "No buts." "But, my lord, I—" "My good woman, I told you to go before." "But, my lord, I must be heard." "Put her out of court; I'll not hear her." She is taken away, but the very next time the door is opened she is there again; in fact, she has been waiting outside, and before my lord gets out of his carriage he sees her there. "Why," he says, "there was never a case like this. There is that woman again. Why she is here every time. How many times has she been here, Mr. Clerk?" "I do not know, sir, but as certain as ever the doors are opened there is that woman there; she is a great nuisance." "Can we not keep her out?" "No, sir." "Have you not given strict orders?" "I have, but it is no use; she will get in somehow or other." "I neither fear God," said the judge, "nor regard man, but this woman will weary me; come, let me hear your story—quick now, I have no time to spare; let me hear it." She tells him the story at once; and he set the thing right, not because he cares for the right, but because he cares for himself, and does not want to be wearied outright." Now, you remember how the Saviour said—"Hear what the unjust judge saith. And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry unto him day and night, though he bear long with them? I tell you he will avenge them speedily." This parable was told to the end that men ought always to pray and not to faint. Continue, then, in prayer; he like the importunate widow, and you shall certainly prevail. I have thus preached as God has enabled me to poor seeking souls. Oh! Spirit of God, apply the word, and bring the sinner to Christ, that he may find mercy in his wounds.

II. I shall now keep you but a few minutes while I turn the subject to Christians, and address those believers who have long been praying for their children, and as yet without any good result.

There is a father here who is pleading with God for his daughter, and though years have passed away she is unconverted and as hardened as ever. There is a mother here who has laid her children upon her bosom in prayer as once she did for nourishment when they were but babes, and yet, though she cries day and night for them, they are not saved. My dear brothers and sisters, I beseech you never give up praying for your children or your relatives, because, though God may not answer you for awhile, you shall certainly yet have the desire of your heart. Let me just give you one or two instances in which the power of prayer has been distinctly proved.

There was a young man who, from his love to sin, and his wish to be easy in it, became an infidel. As I have often said, infidelity is a matter of the heart and not of the head. I am persuaded that men think there is no God because they wish there were none. They find it hard to believe in God, and to go on in sin, and they therefore deny him that they may have an easy conscience. Well, this young man was not only an infidel, but a very earnest one too, and he used to distribute certain newspapers brought out by the infidel press. His employer was just as earnest a Christian as the young man was an infidel, and he used constantly to burn these papers whenever he could get hold of them; but the young man, just

as perseveringly procured others, and tried to lend them about among the apprentices and journeymen that he might advance his own views. He was always a bold blasphemer, and a desperate sinner. He cared little what others thought of him, and he was honest in his iniquities. One day, in a joke, he said to one of his companions, "I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll show you there is nothing in any of this Methodist cant and hypocrisy; the very first time there is a prayer-meeting at such-and-such a chapel I'll go and offer myself to the minister to be prayed for, and I shall enjoy the fun of hearing them." He went; and with all the impudence and coolness possible told the minister that he was a poor troubled soul who wished to find peace, and that he should be very glad if the brethren would pray for him! He did not know what he did. Certainly he could not have been aware what he was at, for whether it was that the very deed awoke his conscience, or whether the Spirit of God was pleased to show the sovereignty of his grace at that moment, I cannot tell; but as soon as one or two humble individuals had prayed, with tears in their eyes, for this young man, he was down on his knees, with tears in his own eyes, praying for himself. Nay, not only did he pray then, but he never ceased to pray, for he prays now, and could not even live without it. He found it no fun after all—no very great matter of pleasure to go there, as he thought to tempt God and vex his people; but, as it were, in that very sin he was arrested and converted. Do you think, then, if prayer only asked for in sport prevailed with God, that he will not hear your earnest cries for the offspring of your own bowels? Oh! Christians, up and be doing, and God will surely hear you, and your children shall be saved.

Let me give you another instance:—There lived in the village of Berwick St. John, in Wiltshire, a woman who was cursed with an ungodly husband. He not only hated good things, but he hated her for her goodness, for he turned her out on a Sabbath night for having gone to the meeting-house. She, like a prudent woman, never told her neighbours, but walked the fields alone that she might not be noticed by others, and that her husband's shame might not be discovered. She was driven sometimes to the greatest straits, and to a sadness which seemed as if it would bring her to a premature grave. She resolved to pray for her husband one hour a day for a year. She did, and at the end of the year he was as bad, if not worse, than before. Then she thought she would try another six months; her faith was weak, and she was going to give it up if *then* she was not heard. This was wrong, for we must not tempt the Lord, nor limit the Holy One of Israel. But so it happened that ere the six months were over her husband came home once in the middle of the day, looking dejected and downcast. Like a tender wife, she asked what was the matter with him, but he could not tell her. He went up stairs. The meal for the middle of the day was neglected, nor did he return to his work that afternoon, for God was at work with him. When his wife got him to speak, he said—"Oh! my wife, I cannot pray." "You do not want to pray, do you?" said she. "Oh! I must pray," said he; "I do not know how it was, but about twelve o'clock to-day such a strange feeling came over me, and I feel I am a lost man, for I cannot pray; will you pray for me?" She had not time to say "Yes," before he said—"Will you pray for me now?" Oh! you may guess her feelings when she was asked by that obdurate wretch to pray for him! She did pray; they prayed together; their mutual prayers were answered; the next Sabbath saw them in God's house, and a few more Sabbaths saw them side by side at the Lord's table. The woman's prayers were heard at last, and God proved that he would not say to the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye my face in vain."

Yet another instance:—There was a captain, whose name I will not give in full just now; I will call him Mitchell, for that will suffice. This captain was a godly man, and he once went to sea, leaving his wife at home expecting soon to give birth to their first-born child. While he was at sea one day, a time of deep solemnity came

over him, and he penned a prayer. This prayer was for his wife and for his yet unborn child. He put the prayer into the oak-chest where he kept his papers. He never came home again, for he died at sea. His chest was brought home to his wife; she did not open it to look at the papers, but she thought they might be of value to her son when he should grow up. The son grew up, and at the age of sixteen he joined a regiment at Boston. In that regiment he became exceedingly debauched; he went from sin to profanity, and from profanity to blasphemy. At the age of fifty-four, when he was living in constant wickedness with an evil woman, a thought struck him that he would like to look over the old chest which his father had left. He opened it and looked it over, and at the bottom of it he found, tied up with red tape, a paper, on the outside of which was written—"The prayer of Mitchell K.—for his wife and child." He opened it, and read it; it was a most fervent plea with God that this man's wife and child might belong to Christ; written fifty-four years ago, and before the child had been born. He shut it up; he would not look in that "cursed old chest" again, he said. But it did not matter; that prayer got into his heart, and he could not lock his heart up in that chest. He became miserable. The wretched woman with whom he lived asked him what could be the matter with him. He told her he had read this prayer; she told him she hoped he would not become a hypocrite. All the jokes and frivolities of his companions could not take out the dart which God had sent into his heart; and, ere long, by true repentance and by living faith, that man was in Christ a saved soul, married honourably to the woman with whom he had lived in sin, and walking in uprightness, serving his father's God, as the result of a prayer which had lain in an old chest for fifty-four years, but which God's eye had seen, and which he, at last, had answered when the time had come.

Oh! be of good courage, ye that are pleading for your children, and God will hear you yet. As one of the old divines says, "Prayer is the rope which hangs down on earth, and there is a bell in heaven which it rings, and which God hears." Pull that bell again to-night, praying mother and praying father! Make the great bell of heaven sound out its peal, and let the notes be, "Save my children; save my husband; save my wife; save my brother; let my sister live before thee." Your prayers shall be heard, and God shall yet answer you your requests. The instances I have given you are authenticated, and I could give you more which have come under my own notice, but time fails, and I have said enough. I shall, therefore, only close by the words of the Apostle, who says—"Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgivings."

THE GREAT EXHIBITION; OR, THINGS UPON WHICH THE HEART SHOULD BE SET.

BY THE REV. W. P. BALFERN, AUTHOR OF "LESSONS FROM JESUS."

"And set thy heart upon all that I shall show thee."—Ezekiel:xl. 4.

THIS world is a kind of Vanity Fair, through which all true Christians are passing towards their heavenly home; and so many and so various are the objects presented that, unless the mind is kept very watchful, it is liable to have its attention so absorbed by the things which are presented, that those which God exhibits, and which ought to engage our supreme attention, are liable to be overlooked; and that which increases the danger is, that those who have the least spiritually to exhibit are most noisy and pretentious, and frequently claim for themselves, exclusively, a Divine right to display their glittering wares. The religion of the world, like an unscrupulous tradesman, seeks to hide the poverty of its creed in great swelling words of vanity; while yet she protests that she has pre-eminently everything which God has to bestow. The Church of Rome, too, that ancient petrification of super-

stitions and awful egotism, arrayed in costly attire, from the midst of floating incense and melodious sounds, calls to the passing multitudes to stay and to observe how perfectly she has monopolized all the wealth of heaven. "Wouldst thou be rich?" with noise and songs, she says; "then look at me." She speaks as God, but does not imitate his working in nature or in grace. The light he throws upon this world comes with no boastful words; silently it passes through the eye, but what bright scenes it paints upon the soul! The outward kingdom of the world God quietly brings, and, by *light*, makes ours; and the inward kingdom of the Spirit, by truth, he breathes upon the heart almost before we are aware: "it cometh not with observation." No proud, material, sensuous, vaunting spirit heralds its approach. Let us take heed, therefore, of noise and pretension; and, while false religion and the world present so many things to our view, let us listen to him who says, "And set thy heart upon all that I shall show thee." There are certain things, then, which God exhibits. And what are these things? Things which make for our present and everlasting peace. And where does he exhibit them? In Christ, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. And how does he exhibit these things to us so as to make them ours?

By making us willing to perceive them. "He that doeth evil hateth the light, neither will he come to it, lest his deeds should be reprov'd." Reader, art thou willing to let God speak to thee? Art thou willing to have thy prejudice dispell'd—willing to understand his words—willing to receive his truth? If not, take heed! Thou art willing and hast received Satan's lies.

By giving faith to perceive them. What the natural eye is to the body faith is to the mind. Of what avail would it be that the sun shone, and nature displayed all her glories to view, if we had no organ by which to perceive them, or closed our eyes against them? To us they would be as though they did not exist. And so in the world of truth: however glorious the doctrines which God exhibits, however full of wisdom, mercy, and love, and adapted to our condition, they are not seen nor appreciated until faith is possessed. This faith, however, does not exclude our *thinking*; and God makes the precious things of his kingdom ours—

By leading us to think and to exercise our reason upon them. "Come now," he says, "and let us reason together." "Hearken, O daughter, consider and incline thine ear." God enriches us through our own thoughts, those thoughts being prayerfully exercised upon his own words. It is by such thinking that we light up the fire of love, which makes the golden oil of Divine truth so to flow that we rise above the mists of human prejudice, and gaze upon the things of God in their purity and beauty. Reader, if thou art too slothful to think, too busy to meditate, the secret treasures of God's kingdom will ever lie before thee for ever buried beneath the corruption of thine own inertness and moral death.

By leading us to pray. Truth opens itself like a fragrant flower to the humble and contrite in spirit, but closes itself with the strength of Omnipotence against the proud. We must not only think, but pray. The teaching of the Divine Spirit must be earnestly sought, and that perpetually. "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

By leading us to appropriate what we perceive. If we would examine a thing so as to know it we must bring it near enough to be clearly seen: and hence there are many things which we must take into our hands and examine if we would not be deceived respecting them. And so with the things of God: in order to our knowing them, faith must appropriate them. It is not by simply looking at bread that we become acquainted with its nature: we must eat it. And so with the truth as it is in Jesus: "Except ye eat my flesh, and drink my blood, ye have no life in you."

By conforming ourselves to what is shown. "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Those who reduce not the words

which they believe to practice never know the meaning of the words which they think they believe. He who will not do the will of Christ can never understand his will. It is this distinguishes the words of Jesus from all other words. They are not dead words, but living words, and perpetually filling up and out their own meaning in our experience in proportion as we reduce them to use. They are not like the fanciful theories of men, which perpetually break down when applied to the varied exigencies of life; but the more we make use of them the more clearly and fully we reach the hidden treasure of their wisdom, strength, and self-adapting power.

But in relation to the things thus exhibited and made ours we have a duty: we are to "set our hearts upon them"—that is to say, we are not simply to gaze upon them, we are to grasp them with the invincible pertinacity of LOVE; they are to occupy the supreme place in our sanctified affections: and, mark, *all* that God so exhibits is to be so received; "Set thy heart upon ALL that I shall show thee." The right of selection is not ours: we are not to take some things and leave others. Apply this now, believer, to all that Christ has shown *thee* in reference to doctrine and duty. Remember you have not only to do with a Saviour, but a King. And that thou mayest thus set thy heart upon all the things which God thus exhibits, we bring before thee some few considerations. Remember—

That what God exhibits is *real*. And there is really nothing else in this world that is real. Whatever thou mayest fix thy eyes upon, or seek to grasp, must ultimately pass away; but the things which Christ exhibits abide for ever.

Great. They must be so, because God exhibits them. He ~~can~~ and does not, exhibit little things.

Precious. Unspeakably so. They reveal a precious Saviour, and are instrumental in the salvation of a precious soul. "Get wisdom, and, with all thy getting, get understanding; for the merchandize of it is better than silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

Declarative of great love. The love of God. O! what condescension on the part of God to exhibit the precious and costly treasures of his infinite mind to thee, a poor ignorant worm, full of sin, pride, and prejudice, and to ask love for them of thee! to bring them all into one ever-shining sun of brightness and beauty—Christ—that they might attract thine eye and charm thy heart!

Exalted interest. Remember, reader, if thou dost *love* and embrace the things which God exhibits thou hast, by thy love, a declared interest in his love who exhibits them.

Hard to be retained. If we seek to be possessed of the treasures which God presents to us, Satan will strive to rob us on the road; and hence, by love, we must firmly grasp them. What we do not love the memory will not willingly retain; and what we do not retain cannot influence us: hence, "take fast hold of instruction; keep her, for she is thy life."

Of the greatest use. By the things which Christ exhibits he will guide us, keep us, defend us, comfort us, and sanctify and meeten us for his kingdom and glory. How important, then, is it that we should conform ourselves to this prescription of Divine mercy!

In conclusion, with these words before us, we perceive that none need mourn on through life, complaining that they have no object worthy of, or equal to, their love, for God brings many before us both worthy of, and commensurate with, the dignity and glory of the immortal nature he has given us. "Set thy heart upon *all* that I shall show thee."

We may, also, learn how it is that even Christian people are often so divided from each other. It is because some are content to set their hearts upon *some* things God has revealed; while others, in conformity with his words, are seeking to embrace *all*.

We are instructed, too, as to how it is that many who appear to seek the truth find it not. They too frequently begin with what man exhibits, and not God; or they go simply to the *words* of Christ, and not to *Christ himself*. "Set thy heart upon all that I shall show thee." We want a living present Teacher with the Word, as well as the Word. "Open THOU mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

We may discern how we must seek the truth if we are to find it. It is not by a general faith in general statements. There must be the realization of our own personal wants, and truth from Christ himself received in relation to those wants. "Set *thy heart* upon all that I shall show thee."

Reader, if thou wouldest be made wise to salvation, then, go to Christ, and ask him to show thee the things which belong to himself—which belong to thee—which belong to thy everlasting peace; and he will enable thee rightly to conform thyself to his words—"And set thy heart upon all that I shall show thee."

THE GREAT ASSIZE; OR, THE SOUL OF MAN AT THE BAR OF GOD: A WORD TO THE UNPREPARED.

BY THE REV. E. HALDANE CARSON, TUBBERMORE, IRELAND.

FELLOW-SINNERS,—Your dissolution draweth nigh: every day, every hour, every moment speeds its approach. At most it can be but a question of years; it may be but one of days. And then—O what then? YOUR SOULS SHALL STAND BEFORE THE BAR OF GOD! Awful truth! Have you at all considered it? or, if so, have you realized its import? Beyond the grave you shall appear in the presence of the Great Eternal. The all-wise, holy, and just God will be your Judge; his pure and righteous law your rule of judgment; and heaven or hell your final destiny. None of all your thoughts, words, or actions will escape the eye of Omniscience. (Psalm xxxiv. 21, 22; cxxxix. 1-5, 11, 12.) He who gave being to the mind knows all its secret springs of inward action; and he who formed the body is acquainted with every expression and act of the external man. This Omniscient Being is infinitely pure. From the smallest taint of sin he turns with abhorrence. Nay, such is the holiness of his nature, that compared with it the very heavens are reckoned impure. (Job xv. 15.)

But the Judge before whom you must appear is also just. (Job viii. 3; Gen. xviii. 25.) In all things he will do right. He will neither condemn the innocent nor clear the guilty, nor will he award to any ought but their due. His judgment, which will thus proceed on principles of the strictest justice, will be according to the standard of his perfect law. Whoever, being tried by this, is found conformed to it, he will acquit; while all wanting such conformity shall be condemned.

The claims of the law are universal. The law requires perfect obedience—perfect in relation to the number of its parts, and perfect in relation to its spirit and meaning. Nothing short of the observance of *all* its precepts *in their fullest extent* will satisfy its demands. Not only must subjection not be withheld from the least of these, but it must be rendered to all in the entire extent of their spirituality. We are bound both to obey every Divine command, and to obey it in all the length and breadth of its meaning. The law of God claims obedience to each particular precept it contains, and to each with regard to all the objects to which it refers. To withhold subjection from one is to withhold subjection from all, since all are but one united law (James ii. 10); and not to obey each in its spiritual import, is to do nothing towards the attainment of its righteousness (Matt. v. 28; John i. 15.) If we would invest ourselves with the righteousness of the law, we must obey the latter in the strict sense of all its requirements. All

those innumerable sentiments and feelings of the mind, of which, during our entire lives, we are conscious, and all those countless expressions and actions of the external man, attributable to us from early youth to the close of life—these all must accord exactly with the rule of law. And nothing less than this will do at the bar of God. The possession of a perfect righteousness alone will secure our justification there, while the want of it will certainly issue in our condemnation. Jehovah will then “lay judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet,” pronouncing innocent those who present a perfect obedience, and guilty those who have none to offer.

But the final issue of this solemn assize is still more important—life or death, heaven or hell! With one or other of these the whole matter, with respect to us, must terminate. If we are acquitted of guilt, we shall enter on a state of inconceivable glory and unending enjoyment; if convicted of transgression, on one of the utmost degradation and of unceasing misery. Should the former be our happy lot, we shall enjoy the eternal favour and fellowship of God, and the society of all the blessed in the abodes of glory; but should the latter be our fearful doom, we shall sink into the pit of woe, to become the associates of all the miserable throughout eternity.

All this, fellow-sinners, is the truth of God. If the Bible be the Word of Jehovah, these statements are strictly correct. To modify or alter them would be, on my part, the worst of crimes, since it would be to peril your eternal all. I cannot change aught that the Lord has revealed respecting this awful subject. I must act faithfully in warning you what you are to expect in that unknown state into which you must soon be ushered. Are you prepared to meet the great God at his dread tribunal? Are you ready to be judged by the all-wise, pure, and righteous Jehovah? Can you stand the test of his just and holy law? and are you awaiting in peace its final issue? To these questions you may, perhaps, reply in the affirmative. May I ask, then, on what you rest? Whence originates that confidence by which you are emboldened to stand before “the Judge of all the earth?” Whence that hope which sustains you in the prospect of death and judgment? In yourself, do you say? Alas! if this be your trust, you will be awfully mistaken. Have you a *perfect* righteousness to present to the Judge? Can you plead *entire* conformity to the rule of judgment? Have you, from the first moment of consciousness, “continued in all things written in the book of the law to do them?” (Gal. iii. 10.) Has no vain or foolish thought ever passed through your mind—no idle word at any time escaped your lips—no sinful action ever marked your life? All this you must be able to say if you would stand in your own righteousness; but none of it all can you say. Bring the matter to the bar of your own convictions, try it by your own consciousness, and the verdict will be “guilty.” Bring it to the unerring standard of truth—the Book of Inspiration. Examine it by the light of that sacred volume, and the same verdict will be invariably returned. “Who can say, I have made my heart clean—I am pure from my sins?” (Prov. xx. 9.)

Ah! no, fellow-sinners; we are all children of Adam, and hence, “children of wrath even as others.” In heart corrupt (Jer. xvii. 9), in language vain (Rom. iii. 13; 14), in action sinful (Rom. iii. 12), we are all “as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags” (Isa. lxiv. 6). Not in a single item will our conduct comport with the perfect rule of law. So far from meeting even the least of the Divine requirements, we have uniformly and heartily violated them all. Even those actions in themselves right, are sinful in the motives and sources whence they spring. (Prov. xxi. 4.) We are guilty—all guilty—altogether guilty.

What then, are we to do? It is manifest we are not fit in ourselves to appear at the bar of Divine judgment. Nothing is more evident than that if we appear there as we are, sentence of condemnation will be passed upon us. (Job. ix. 2, 3; Psa. xiv. 3, 2.) And yet there we must appear. Guilty or not guilty, prepared or unprepared, at the tribunal of God we must stand, and by his holy law we must be

judged. Are we to perish, then? For us is there, henceforth, no hope? Ah! fellow-sinners; it is here the Gospel speaks, and speaks to purpose. Perish! no, no! Perish we need not, perish we shall not, if found in Jesus. Mark the blessed words—"By him all that believe are justified from all things." (Acts xiii. 39.) The great Redeemer became incarnate, was "made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that are under the law." Thus constituted, he took the place of his people, and engaged in their name to satisfy the demands of justice. Being absolutely perfect in his human nature, he could meet the law in its claim of obedience; and being infinite in his Divine nature, he could meet it in its claim of suffering. The former he did by a life in all things conformed to the standard of duty (Matt. iii. 15); the latter by a death involving the entire penalty of transgression. (Isa. liii. 7, 8, 10; Matt. xxvi. 38, xxvii. 26-35; Luke xxii. 44.) Thus he wrought out a perfect righteousness,—one in which even the eye of Omniscience can discover no incompleteness. It is the righteousness, not of man, nor of any mere creature, but of God himself. (Rom. iii. 21, 22.) This he imputes, and makes over, to all believers. (Rom. iv. 6-8, v. 18, x. 4; Phil. iii. 9.) It becomes theirs, just as their sin became his. (2 Cor. v. 21.) By it they become righteous (Rom. v. 19); and may, therefore, challenge the universe to lay ought to their charge. Rom. viii. 34.) Not more righteous are the angels before the throne; not more pure are the abodes of glory. Nay, the righteousness of believers exceeds that of those perfect spirits—their purity that of paradise; for they are the righteousness and purity, not of the creature, but of the Creator—of Emmanuel.

Here, now, fellow-sinners, is a righteousness such as you need—a righteousness that cannot but triumphantly acquit you at the bar of God. Such is its glorious perfection, that it fears not even the tribunal of Jehovah. Where angels bow and veil, it appears with confidence. And well it may. Not in one iota has it failed of its mighty object. The law it has fulfilled in its utmost demands; justice it has satisfied in its widest claim; truth it has honoured in its sternest announcement. Why, then, should it be abashed before the Majesty of Heaven? Clothed in this perfect righteousness, the vilest of the vile may await in peace the judgment of the great day. Not even Saul of Tarsus, stained with the blood of martyrs, and reckoned the chief of sinners, need fear in that righteousness to take his stand at the bar of God. Fellow-sinners, resting on the work of Jesus, you cannot be condemned. While nothing else will stand you before the throne of judgment, that will. The same strict justice that will then demand the destruction of the ungodly will, with equal right, claim your acquittal. If in Jesus you are found, in Jesus you *must* be justified. In him you are without sin—yea, though the chief of sinners; and you the Judge can no more condemn, than he can condemn the Saviour. O what a ground of hope for the soul otherwise lost and hopeless! Firm as the pillars of heaven, it can never be moved. It is the very basis of the throne and character of God. Here, fellow-sinners, rest your souls, and rest them now. Give to the winds every refuge of lies, and come without delay to this stronghold of the guilty. You know not the moment you may be called to judgment. As the lightning flash the summons may come, that will place you in the great assize. At your peril, then, the peril of your eternal all, defer not even for an instant this great matter. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

"IS THINE HEART RIGHT?"

BY THE REV. CORNELIUS ELVEN, BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

An eminent writer remarks concerning Sir Walter Raleigh, who was beheaded in the reign of James I., October 29, 1618: "This day, one of England's greatest men, and

noblest spirits, closed an illustrious career on the scaffold of an ungrateful country. As he laid his head upon the block, he was asked by the executioner whether

it lay right. Whereupon, with the calmness of a hero, and the faith of a Christian, he returned an answer, the power of which all of us shall feel, when our head is tossing on death's uneasy pillow—"It matters little, my friend, how the head lies, provided the heart is right!"

This short, but affecting, narrative may be suggestive of some profitable reflections to the readers of the BAPTIST MESSENGER, if they will permit us to urge the question upon them personally, "Is thine heart right?" *Certainly not by nature!* The Scripture testimony is most unequivocal, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." How pre-eminently deceitful!—"above all things." How superlatively depraved!—"desperately wicked." Well has it been said,

"The Omniscient God saves all besides himself, That hideous sight, a naked human heart."

Let no one mistake an amiable disposition for a good heart; nor suppose that any mere mental or moral training, however it may render it pleasing in the estimation of men, can make it right in the sight of God. Our moral nature will not bear to be anatomized. We have seen an exterior of exquisite beauty and symmetry, with its dimpled cheek, its sparkling eye, and agile step, which concealed the worm at the root, the tuberculated lung, the incipient consumption within. So, beneath the fairest and loveliest forms of unrenewed nature, there lies concealed the latent "enmity against God."

Hence we would urge upon you the necessity of a *new heart*. Many serious injuries admit of repair, but the damage done to the human heart by the fall is so irreparable that, like the vessel marred in the hands of the potter (Ezekiel xviii. 4), it could not be mended, but was made "another vessel." In a dilapidated house there may be some sound old timbers that may be worked up again; but here the rubbish must all be cleared away, and from the foundation to the summit all must be new. Pride, unbelief, enmity, impurity, must all, stick and stone, be taken away; and humility, faith, love, and holiness be put in their stead. The most that nature can do, with her boasted education and moral training, is to put a fair outside of cement over the rotten timbers, but the heart that is *right* must be of God's building from first to last.

Another pre-requisite to a "right heart," is that it must be an *undivided one*. "I will give them one heart;" not two, one for the world, and one for God. The ancient Pagans would have given the image of Christ a niche in the Pantheon, if his worshippers would have been content that he should thus have shared the honour with all the rabble of deities that were worshipped in that famous temple; but the heralds of the cross demanded the demolition of all for Christ. It is recorded of Redwald, king of the East Saxons, the first prince of this nation who received Christian baptism, that in the same church he had different apartments, in which there was one altar for the disciples of Jesus, and another for the heathens. And it is to be feared there are too many in the present day, who divide the rooms of their hearts between Christ and the world, though they assign the best parlour to the world, and but a very mean and limited apartment for the Saviour. But let not such be deceived—the King of kings will not be their guest upon such terms as these.

"You know—nor of the terms complain—
Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign,
To reign with universal sway;
E'en thoughts must die, that disobey."

O reader! dost thou desire this new heart? Adore the grace that implanted that desire, for it is not of nature's growth; take, then, the prayer of the Psalmist, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Prayer is the appointed channel in which God deigns to impart the riches of his grace, and Christ is the mystic ladder on which the petitions ascend, and the answers descend to the waiting soul. Such a blessing as a new heart, the work of the Holy Ghost, is surely worth praying and waiting for; it is the true philosopher's stone, which turns all things into gold.

To the new heart, the *Bible* is a new book; however often it may have been read before, it was but a dead letter, but now "a glory gilds the sacred page." Its doctrines how sublime! Its promises how precious! Its invitations how sweet! Its precepts how pleasant! Its Saviour, how "altogether lovely!"

The *saints*, once regarded as the refuse of all things, are now esteemed "the excellent of the earth, in whom is all your delight." The house, the worship, the ordinances of God, how attractive! Once you needed to be dragged to the house of God, now you

feel sweetly drawn; and waking on a Sabbath morning, with the first moments of consciousness, you exclaim, as you anticipate the assembling of the saints, and the songs of the sanctuary, "Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadib." Even all material objects are beautified. The sun is more effulgent, the air is more balmy, the flowers are more fragrant, all common mercies have the aroma of covenant love, and the whole world is a spice-grove, since the Saviour trod its hills and valleys, and left a rich perfume on them all. It was a simple but very significant reply which a young convert gave to an inquiry as to the evidences of her conversion:—"Well, all I can say is this, there is a great change *somewhere*; either all other things are changed or I am." The secret was this, the Holy Spirit had taken away the old, dead, hard, cold heart of stone, and given her a new living, loving, tender heart of flesh, and so all things to her had become new.

Bear with us a moment longer, while we would remind you that if your heart is thus made right by Divine grace, it must be KEPT RIGHT.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence," is a Divine directory to the believer. Even the new heart, like a musical instrument, requires constant and skilful attention to keep it in tune. And when it is remembered that all backsliding from God originates in departure of heart, we may see the need of that injunction, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." If you are remiss in keeping watch over your own hearts, you will be an easy prey to Satan in the hour of temptation, and, like a watchman who should leave open the gates of the city entrusted to his keeping, you will prove traitors to your Lord. Take care Satan does not catch you napping. The lion seeks his prey at night, when his victims are asleep. It was when, as Bunyan shows us, that Christian and Hopeful were asleep in By-path Meadow that Giant Despair caught them on his grounds, and gave them such cause for bitter repentance ere they

got into the right road again. If, then, we would avoid Doubting Castle, let us seek to keep the heart right by diligent watchfulness, fervent prayer, and entire dependence on the Holy Spirit, who first made it right, to keep it so.

Be sure, moreover, that you guard against *presumption*. Don't say, "Well, I have maintained an honourable profession so many years, it is not likely I shall fall now." Stay, friend, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." We have seen the gnarled oak that had withstood the stormy blasts of a century, spreading its giant arms as if defiant of the tempest, shivered by the forked lightning and uprooted by the hurricane, while the frail and bending willow, bowing to the storm, has been unharmed. The like we have seen in the Church of God. The self-confident have fallen, while the weak and trembling Christian has endured unto the end. Peter has denied his Lord, and John remained steadfast. Hear, therefore, again, the admonition, "Keep thy heart with all diligence."

But before we part, let us suggest a very obvious truth. IF THE HEART BE RIGHT THE LIFE WILL BE ALSO. If the mainspring of the watch be right, the index will be right also, and point the true time of day; so, if the love of Christ be shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, the likeness of Christ will be seen in the life by a consistent walk and conversation, nor will the right-hearted believer regard the commandments of the Bible as a heavy chain upon his legs, but as a string of precious pearls about his neck. He will not seek to keep his life right in obedience to the Saviour's precepts, either on the one hand because he fears hell, or, on the other, because he hopes to merit heaven—but can say with one of old, "Quench hell and burn heaven, yet will I love and follow my Lord." May the same mind be in us, and then come health or sickness, prosperity or adversity, life or death—we are Christ's and he is ours; what can we want beside?

THE FRIENDSHIP OF JESUS.

BY THE REV. J. TRALL, OF WOOLWICH.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. xviii. 24.

MAN is formed for society. Every individual feels a degree of pleasure in mingling

with those who are around him—in communicating to others some account of the

joys or sorrows that may be connected with his present condition. The feeling now referred to is a very ancient one. It was first experienced in Paradise, whilst to prepare for its enjoyment Jehovah said, "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make a help meet for him." From that period to the present hour men have found a gratification in forming connections; and certain it is that he who finds a *friend indeed* secures something that is well worthy of respect and esteem. If, however, we notice the events of time, or take a review of our own experience, we shall soon be painfully reminded that some whom we were wont to consider our friends, have deceived us. The attachment they once manifested is either entirely lost, or else has become cold and formal. Now, say reader will perceive that the passage at the head of this paper speaks of friendship: Yes, and while it reminds us of the facility and uncertainty of all earthly connections, it, at the same time, assures us that there is *One Friend* who knows nothing of the changes to which others are liable, but, on the other hand, is ever the same in his attachment and regard. "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Scarcely need I say these words may, with strict propriety, be applied to the Son of God. They may be considered as an apt description of the kindness of our adorable Redeemer; hence to notice some characteristics of Jesus as "a Friend" may be interesting as well as profitable to the readers of the MESSENGER.

First, then, our Jesus is a *tried Friend*.

Yes, when we speak of him as bearing this title we are not using the language of doubt or of uncertainty. No, rather we feel that we are standing on a firm, a solid foundation. He is a *tried Friend*. Now, by whom has he been *proved* to be worthy of this character? In reply we say, by all that illustrious array of redeemed and glorified spirits who are now before the throne. Once they were strangers and pilgrims in this vale of tears. Once they were exposed to all the contingencies of this lower state. To them, as to the believer now, the world was an enemy. They were compelled to look *beyond* its limited boundaries for One to console and comfort their afflicted minds. Well, they heard of Jesus as "a Friend." They were told that in him they would find sincerity, attachment, and all they might need beside. They tried him, ay, and to the end they found that their confidence

had not been misplaced. Yes, and now, surrounded as they are by all the glories of the "house not made with hands,"

"I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death."

But others, beside these, have tested the friendship of the Saviour. Pilgrims who at present are on the way to heaven are doing this. On him they lean, as upon a certain and a safe support, and this is all they require to make them happy. Moreover, this trying has not been of short duration. No, hundreds of long years will bear their testimony to the truth now under review, while no single instance of treachery or deceit can, on the part of the Son of God, be possibly detected. From everlasting has the Church been resting upon him as its foundation, and it has never moved; it never will, for that foundation is a "tried stone."

Secondly. Our Jesus is a *constant Friend*.

This is, evidently, the doctrine of the passage, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Now constancy is an invaluable essential in friendship; but, alas! how frequently do we perceive exactly the reverse of this displayed! Friendship for a season, but not real, genuine, constant. The circumstances into which persons may be brought may produce a serious alteration in this respect. A man may be in affluence; surrounded by riches, ease, comfort; and while such is his position in society he has many friends. But, ah! all these things are uncertain! Their possessor is overtaken by changes in business. His speculations have been all against him. The tide has turned, and, from affluence, he sinks to poverty. Brethren, where are now his friends? Ah! gone with his riches! Painfully correct is the statement of Holy Writ, "The rich hath many friends; but the poor is hated even of his own neighbour." Gaily fit the swallows about us during the beauty and sunshine of summer; carefully do they avoid our society when the wintry blasts bowl around our dwelling. Ah! ye migratory visitors, apt representatives ye of much so-called earthly friendship! Reader, to all this our Jesus is an entire stranger. Let the circumstances of his people be what they may, he is constant in his professions of regard. Yes, brother, art thou in trial, thy Saviour will befriend thee then; befriend thee just as readily as when thy circumstances are prosperous and desirable. The

experience of all believers will attest this. Let Paul speak, "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me. . . . Notwithstanding, the Lord stood with me and strengthened me, that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear; and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion." Surely, there was constant friendship there. But, let earthly friendship endure as long as it possibly can; after all, it can extend itself only to the entrance of "the valley of the shadow of death." Oh, yes, when with trembling step we enter into those regions, then, the dearest friend on earth can do no more than shake the hand and say, "Adieu." But Jesus will be copatent then. He will not leave us at the borders. No, he will go with us all through the valley. He will there administer to our necessities; and will be to us all we need. So felt Isaiah, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." So felt David, "Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

Thirdly. Our Jesus is a *rich* and a *beneficent* Friend. He is well able to supply all the wants that his servants experience. Many of our dear friends may be willing to render us assistance, but may not have it in their power. But Jesus is as full of supplies for his Church as the sea is full of water, which is intended to refresh and beautify the face of surrounding nature. Moreover, all this fulness is in him to be given away.

He is both *rich* and *beneficent*. Where is the applicant who, stricken with poverty and distress, went empty away? No, where. We come *empty*, we depart *full*. He who has had mercy enough to give himself, must be willing to give all beside. "Of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace."

Then, again, our Jesus is a Friend who is always *near* at hand to render us the needed assistance. Some friends may be rich and beneficent too, but, when we most require their aid, they may be farthest away from

our reach. How much writing! What anxiety as to the answers that may be returned to our appeal! But Jesus is always near. "He is not far from any one of us." How near was he to Paul, when, to his repeated prayers, the answer came, "My grace is sufficient for thee." How near was he to Daniel? "Whiles I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation." How near have we found him—

"When most we need his helping hand,
That hand is always near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer."

Fifthly, our Jesus is a *kind* and sympathetic Friend. He is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." He knows precisely how to feel for us under certain and peculiar circumstances. And sympathy is invaluable in a friend. Greatly have our sorrows been relieved when we have met with those who have been able to enter into our feelings. This Jesus can do. "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

One remark more shall close this paper. Our Jesus will be an *eternal* Friend. When all other friends *must* fail, he will be with us even then. Yes, heaven and eternity only can reveal fully what the friendship of Jesus will really include. Death now severs the dearest and the nearest relationships; but its icy hand will never touch this connection—will never dissolve this tie. He it is who says, "Because I live ye shall live also." "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Oh, what a Friend have we in the Saviour!

"He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthroned with him above the skies;
O what a friend is Christ to me!"

Reader, is this Jesus thy Friend? Hast thou the assurance of this? If so, love him sincerely, trust him confidently, serve him faithfully, and, then, believe his promise, "Where I am, there shall also my servant be."

THE APPEAL OF THE SINCERE HEART.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX, AUTHOR OF "OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST."

"The desire of our soul is to thy name."—Isa. xxvi. 9.

How important is it that our desires should be such as God will assuredly fulfil! In order for this to be the case, they must go forth after the proper objects and be of sufficient strength. Many persons have fervent desires after wrong things; they throw away their souls' energies on trifles, and thus spend their money for that which is not bread. They cannot say with David, "*One thing have I desired of the Lord.*" A thousand vanities distract their attention, not one of which can they honestly ask God to bestow. Some ask for the right thing, but not with sufficient fervour. They see what is good, but do not "follow hard after it." There are right desires after the right thing; to such desires the exceeding great and precious promises belong, and they shall assuredly be fulfilled.

Such desires answer to the Scriptural figures of hungering, thirsting, panting, longing; and the object sought is worthy of such solicitude. To behold God's beauty, to see his glory, to bear his image, and to do his will; to have fellowship with him, to be his instrument of blessing and the mirrors of his character, are the things desired by those who are under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Can we in sincerity appeal to God that such are the tendencies of our souls, and that we desire above all things to please him ourselves, and to see him glorified by others? Can we say,—

"I thirst for the streams of thy grace,
I gasp for the spirit of love,
I long for a glimpse of thy face,
And then to behold it above?"

MARY BUNYAN, THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD, AUTHOR OF "GRACE TRUMAN."

CHAPTER XII.

FAITH TRIUMPHS.

THE grief-stricken wife passed the bridge and gained the field. Her heart was almost breaking. Scalding tears rolled down her cheeks. All hope was gone. The world seemed to her shrouded in gloom. There was no more light nor pity for her; nothing before her but darkness and despair. Oh, that she knew what to do! No earthly adviser, and forsaken by God!

She sat down by the hedge-row, for she could proceed no farther. It was a fearful hour to the anguished bosom of the disconsolate woman. Those who have been sorely tried can sympathize with her in her anguish. She tried to pray. Bewildered, she could not. Her head was reeling with the intensity of her emotion—her heart was faint from its burden of anguish. She arose and proceeded on her way. The winds fanned her parched cheek and dried up her scalding tears. Her frame trembled as onward she went—onward—onward—towards her forsaken home and her fatherless children crying for bread.

As she was passing Neighbour Harrow's the good old woman espied her, and, calling unto her, bade her come in and rest awhile. But she heeded her not.

"Go, David, and overtake Sister Bunyan, and tell her to come in a little while. Run, child, or you won't catch her."

"Mother says come back," said the boy as he breathlessly gained her side. "She wants you to come in and rest, and tell her about Mr. Bunyan."

The poor woman had no will to resist, although she knew the hour was late, and her children were all alone. She turned round and went towards the house. Goody Harrow met her at the door, and in kindly tones asked her for her husband.

"There is no hope," was all she could reply.

"Oh, I have been bearing a mighty burden here on this poor old heart, Sister Bunyan, for these two or three days. I have felt that things were mighty perilous. But we must trust in God, Sister Bunyan. That's all we can do. I have been down upon my knees praying for you and Brother

Bunyan 'most all this morning. My heart has been sore pressed. I can't tell what will come of it all. I have been thinking it all over, and I can't make much out of it, but I know God is in it. His hand is there if we can't see it, and in his own good time won't he work it all out so pretty and so clear? I tell you he will. We needn't fear God, Sister Bunyan. He is faithful to the end. I have tried him and I know it. When my poor daughter died I thought it would have killed me. It seemed to me I could never be comforted. I prayed, and I cried, and I went to preaching, I did everything I could to get rid of my grief. But I couldn't do it. Then I began to feel rebellious against God. I thought he ought to give me his Holy Spirit to comfort me, and I got to be quite disconsolate and murmuring. And so I went on day by day, and found no peace. It appeared to me my heart would break, there was such a weight upon it. I could not tell what to do or what to say, and I thought nobody had trouble like to me. Oh, I tell you, it was a dark way and a heavy burden that I bore here on this heart, and I believed I should never in this world get over my sorrows. But after awhile, in his own good time, Jesus did speak peace and joy to my poor old troubled soul. He took from me my dear old mother; and just before she died, she opened her eyes and looked upon us, and told us she saw my poor dear Martha in heaven with Jesus and the angels. She told us she was going up to meet them there, and we mustn't grieve after her. And she died. It gave me such joy to hear her talk as she did, that I could not shed a tear, but kept a-praising Jesus for his love and goodness. And I have been praising him ever since, to think of his wonderful love to me.

"I sometimes long to go to heaven, but I must wait patiently till my dear Saviour comes. He'll send for me when he gets ready. My mansion is not yet prepared for me. When he gets it done, he'll send his messenger for me. A few more days of toil and tears, and then I shall enter into everlasting joy. Blessed Jesus, what hast thou done for this poor old heart! My lips will continually praise thee;" and the dear old woman, as was her wont, placed her hand on her breast and looked reverently up to heaven.

"Can't you trust God, Sister Bunyan? he has never forsaken his children. Look at his people of old, how he led them and fed them. Whenever they wanted anything,

it just came down from heaven. He let them have every good thing, and in his own good time he brought them into the promised land. And so he will do with you, Sister Bunyan? Now, can't you trust him?"

"I ought to trust him, Sister Harrow, but the way before me is so dark, and I can't expect God to work any miracles for me."

"Well, trust him, any how, Sister Bunyan. I tell you he won't fail you. This thing will all come right after awhile. You'll live to see it, I expect, and if you die, you'll know all about it in heaven. God has something for your husband to do, and Brother Bunyan will have to do it. He can't run round it, and he can't jump over it. It has to be done, and the more willingly you submit to his will the better it will be for you."

"I know what you say is all true, Sister Harrow, and I wish I could feel as you do about this thing. But I can't. I can't see through it at all. I am blind, blind!"

"The more need you have to rest on Jesus, Sister Bunyan. He is our light in darkness, our strength in weakness, and our comfort in affliction. He is not going to give you a greater burden than you can bear. It may be very heavy; it may weigh you almost to the very ground. You may stagger, and stumble, and get almost down. But he won't let you fall. Why, what does he say, Sister Bunyan? 'He will give his angels charge concerning thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone, and fall.' You must not give out by the way. His children must endure to the end. They must fight like good soldiers. Jesus is the Captain of our salvation, and he will bring us off conquerors over death, hell, and the grave. Love him, Sister Bunyan. Trust him, Sister Bunyan. We please our blessed Master when we believe what he has commanded us to do. Bear up under your burden; look to Jesus, and he will support and comfort you under all your trials."

The precious words of the dear old woman fell soothingly on the ear of the despairing wife and mother. But she could not be entirely consoled.

"It is all true that you have said, Sister Harrow, and I pray that God will enable me to bear up under all my troubles, and to praise his holy name for all his loving kindness and tender mercy towards me. But I am sorely grieved. I do not know what is before me. And if"—

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," Sister Bunyan. "You can't make things any better by grieving. They will have to come just as God has planned them."

"My children will starve for bread if they keep my husband in that horrid prison. We have nothing much to eat now, and the neighbours are tired of being troubled with us."

"You do wrong to talk so, Sister Bunyan. It was only the day before yesterday I heard Brother Laman say that he intended to send you a good store of things soon. And he said, too, he was glad God had put it in his power to do something for you. And old Sister Westerby said the same thing at meeting last week; and so did Deacon Drury, and many others spoke in the same way about you. They said it was a shame for them to keep your husband in prison, and let you and your little ones starve; but they would see you did not suffer for anything to eat as long as they had a mouthful for themselves. Don't you see now that God is raising up friends for you everywhere? You and your little ones will not be left to want."

"God is good, indeed, Sister Harrow, and I'll try to trust him, and never again to complain. I am a poor unthankful creature, always forgetting all the mercies God has favoured me with. I must go home now, and when my soul is bowed down within me, try to feed on these sure promises."

"Don't forget, Sister Bunyan," said the good old woman, as she walked by the side of the afflicted wife, "don't forget that 'God giveth liberally, and upbraideth not.' 'Ask and ye shall receive.' Ah! precious promises, my soul would feed for ever upon them. Brother Bunyan will be set free if it is the will of God; but if it is not, you must learn to submit, knowing that our Father doeth all things well. I hope he will comfort you in your troubles, and give you his Holy Spirit to bear you up under all your trials. I will run over to see you to-morrow. I hope you'll be better by then."

The weeping woman pressed her hand in grateful acknowledgment. "Pray for me, Sister Harrow," was all she could say.

"Yes, that I will, Sister Bunyan, and my old man will pray for you, and Brother Bunyan, and the children too; we will not forget you when we go to the throne of sovereign grace."

In silence the troubled woman pursued her way. She reviewed as well as she could

the whole ground. She turned upon the past, she dwelt upon the present, looked into the future—endeavoured to fathom the mysteries which seemed thickening around her path. She was endeavouring to understand why it was God was dealing so heavily with her; why his afflicting hand was laid upon her rather than others? She revolved the matter in her own mind, and scanned it in all its phases. It was an inscrutable Providence. She would have murmured, but she dared not.

"Fear not; stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." This command of the Leader of all hosts fell upon her ear—"Stand still." She was convinced that she had erred in attempting to work out what was not in accordance with the purposes of Jehovah. Her business was to "stand still," not to move to the right nor the left; neither look back, nor yet to try to proceed! "Stand still!" and see the salvation of the Lord. She prayed for grace to acquiesce.

The little ones met her in the close, and asked many questions about their father. The blind child awaited her at the door with a sweet, sad look.

The scanty meal was ready, and the widow and fatherless ones gathered around the humble board.

As they sat there, they appeared forsaken of God and neglected of man. A few Irish potatoes, some oat-meal cakes, and a bowl of broth was all they had for five hungry mouths. The mother asked a blessing on their scanty fare, and then the two youngest, Joseph and Sarah, commenced to ask questions about their poor father, shut up in the "big old gaol."

The evening passed on, and night came. The widow's mite was gone. "He will be a Father to the fatherless, and the widow's stay," repeated Mrs. Bunyan to herself as she looked at the low fire, and thought of the empty cupboard, and remembered the coming morrow.

She gathered her children around her, and Mary repeated, in a sweet, low, solemn voice, the ninetyeth Psalm. How replete with consolation fell the first lines upon the wounded spirit: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God."

The last words of the sweet psalm had died away from the ears of the charmed

listeners. The mother bowed with her forsaken ones to supplicate the blessing of the Most High God upon them and her, and upon him who, for the Gospel's sake, lay languishing in a dungeon. Her simple, fervent prayer was borne by the angel of the covenant to the throne of God. The Father, well pleased, heard the humble petition. "For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy, I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."

Oh, it was a sublime sight to behold—the lone woman with her fatherless children bowing before the throne of the Lord Jehovah, to beseech his blessing upon them! What of earth is comparable to it! Angels waited on outspread wings to bear the re-

quests up to the King of Kings, and he who is ever touched with a feeling of our infirmities, even the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lamb slain for us from before the foundation of the world, bent a pitying ear to the heart-felt prayer of his trusting child. "Father, forgive and bless," pleaded the Mediator. The Father heard, for his own Son's sake, and the Holy Spirit bore the messages of love and mercy to the bleeding, trusting bosom.

The little family arose from their knees. The good-night kisses were given; and there reposed on humble cots weary limbs and stilled hearts, while angels kept watch over the abode of God's chosen ones.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS.

The Christian Baptism, and its Consequences, of the Rev. D. Henry, A.M., Minister of the Free Church, New Barnack, compared with the Christian Baptism of the New Testament. By W. J. MONTROSE. G. Watker.

THIS is a Scriptural review of a Free Church of Scotland defence of infant sprinkling. The author not being identified with the Baptist denomination, gives his testimony entirely on the convictions of his mind, arising from the perusal of the Word of God. As such, it is doubly valuable; and it is written in a good spirit.

A Slight Sketch of the Short Life and Early Death of Robt. Freeman and his Two Sisters. By the VICAR of West Ham. To which is added a Sermon. London: Wertheim and Co., 24, Paternoster-row.

BEAUTIFULLY adapted to the family circle, and for Sabbath-school libraries. The spirit of the narrative is most sweet, and the sermon eminently calculated to do good.

The Temperance Dictionary. By the Rev. DAWSON BURNS. Nos. 5, 6. Caudwell, 335, Strand.

THIS useful penny serial is progressing favourably; variety and utility, and, what is more, reliability, stamp every number.

Tracts for Priests and People. By VARIOUS WRITERS. Macmillan and Co.

THE first series is now completed, with index, preface, &c. Churchmen should read them to learn what their ecclesiastical ark contains; and Nonconformists, to judge of the theological signs of the times.

Tracts for the Thoughtful. I. The Strife of Sects. Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS is the first of a designed series of well-printed tracts on matters pertaining to our visible Christianity. The writer forcibly exhibits the evils of sectarianism, and urges most cogently the importance of Christian forbearance, brotherly love, and catholicity of spirit. No doubt many objections may be started against the structure he would try to erect; but he deserves to be read; and, however debatable his logic, his emotions command our respect and esteem. Happy day that must eventually dawn when the visible Church of Christ shall be one, as the Father and the Son are one.

The Ancient of Days. Addressed to the Rev. Dr. Cumming. By the AUTHOR of the "Times of the Gentiles," &c. London: Treadler.

THOSE of our readers who are interested in the mystical symbols, and numbers, and dates of Daniel and the Revelation, will find in this pamphlet plenty of material for curious reflection. And as the author has put forth a great part of his work in the form of interrogations, they may say "yes" or "no" to them at their leisure.

The Quorn. No. II. Office, 243, Strand. A NEW Weekly Illustrated Sixpenny Newspaper; well printed, profusely illustrated by good wood engravings; full of varied and excellent articles. With this number is given a *beautifully bordered lawn handkerchief*, with an elegant centre-piece. Is not this something new under the sun? We heartily wish the enterprising success.

P O E T R Y.

THE CROSS.

The cross! ah, what transporting sounds
Arrest my soul in that sweet word!
There leve in streaming blood abounds,
To cleanse and pardon, from the Lord.

The cross! ah, let me ever boast
The grace of him who died for me;
Count every moment all but lost
That leads not heart and soul to thee.

The cross! what vict'ries thou hast won
O'er hearts of stone and men of spite!
'Twas thou that conquered me alone,
Subdued my sin, and set me right.

The cross! of thee I'll make my boast,
Thy wondrous charms on dying men;
For Jesus bled to save the lost,
He finished our salvation then.

The bleeding cross shall be my song
While life remains, with faith and love;
In glory we'll that theme prolong
With all th' angelic choir above.
Windsor, S. LILLYCROP.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

'Tis well sometimes to turn aside,
Upon the dead to gaze—
What sharp rebukes to human pride
A shrouded corpse conveys!
But, oh! we mourn when loved ones sleep
In icy death's embrace,
And sadly watch corruption creep
Across a well-known face.

How soon the features that we loved
Grow painful to behold!
Quickly our friends must be removed
To perish 'neath the mould.
Solemn and humbling is the thought
That we, who live to-day,
To their condition must be brought,
And turn to putrid clay.

Death tolls throughout this spacious earth,
Unceasing day and night,
Nor youth nor beauty, wealth nor birth,
Avail against his might.
Sometimes his victims he will seize
In sudden, ruthless grasp,
While others, worn by long disease,
Yield slowly to his clasp.

Death does his work 'midst strife and blood,
Upon the battle field,
The plague, the fire, the raging flood,
To him their thousands yield.
But oftener far the spoiler comes
Without parade or noise;
Softly he steps within our homes,
And robs us of our joys.

Death visits some in terrors drest—
In vain they shrink and start
When his cold hand is on the breast,
His arrow in the heart.
But others cry—"Oh, welcome death!
Soon thou wilt set me free;
Gladly to thee I yield my breath
Since Jesus died for me."

Yes, Jesus died—oh, wondrous thought!
Thus he prepared the way
Whereby his people should be brought
To realms of endless day.
For them the monster's sting is sheathed;
His threatenings are in vain:
And round the tomb hope's flowers are wreathed,
Since Jesus rose again!

THEODORA.

A CRY FOR HELP.

When the cold hand of death I feel,
Dark mists o'er all my senses steal;
When earth is fading from my sight,
Obscured and lost in death's dark night,
Theu, oh, dear Jesus, then be nigh,
And smooth my pillow when I die.

Should doubts and fears my heart distress,
Or thy just law my soul oppress,
Help me by faith to cling to thee,
Remembering all thy agony;
Still by thy suffering servant stay,
And turn his darkness into day.

And when I leave this frail abode
And climb the steep, the unknown road,
Oh, bear my ransomed soul above
To realms of everlasting love;
From sin, and fear, and death set free,
To find my all in all in thee.

C. H. HOSKEN.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

CHALBURY, OXFORDSHIRE.—The Rev. S. Hodges, late of Norton, Glamorganshire, has removed to the above place.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—The Rev. H. Bayley, of Regent's-park College, London, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church worshipping at the above place.

LONDON.—The Rev. Philip Gast, of Appledore, North Devon, has received and accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at Spencer-place Chapel, Goswell-road.

TOWCESTER, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—The Rev. H. Hardin, late of Regent's-park College, has

accepted the cordial invitation of the Baptist church, and has entered upon his labours there.

WALLINGFORD.—The Rev. James Bullock, M.A., has given notice to the Baptist church that it is his intention to resign the pastorate at Christmas next.

NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.—The Rev. J. W. Lance, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church at the above place, and intends entering on his duties there the first week in November.

PRESHORE.—The members of the Baptist church meeting for worship at the Broad-street chapel, in this town, having been without a

stated minister, a few weeks since invited the Rev. T. G. Rose, of Kettering, Northampton, to supply the pulpit on probation. The result has been that Mr. Rose has received that unanimous invitation of the church and congregation to become their pastor, and has accepted the invitation.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

ALDBOROUGH, SUFFOLK.—On Tuesday, the 24th of September, the Rev. T. M. Roberts, B.A., was ordained as pastor of the church assembling in Union Chapel, Aldborough. The Revs. R. P. Jones, of Saxmundham (Independent), J. P. Lewis, of Diss, and James Webb, of Ipswich, conducted the services. At half-past five, about 140 persons sat down to tea. At seven, a public meeting, which was numerously attended, was held under the presidency of the newly-ordained pastor. The Rev. W. Butcher, of Leiston (Independent), read and prayed, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Bentley, of Sudbury; G. Hinde, of Rendham; J. M. Morris, of Ipswich; and W. E. Beal, Esq., of Walworth.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

HARLOW, ESSEX.—On Oct. 10, an interesting meeting was held in the Baptist chapel, Harlow, for the purpose of offering to the deacons of the church a token of respect and gratitude. After the proceedings had been opened by singing and prayer, the Rev. J. R. Stevenson delivered an address on the origin, nature, and qualifications of the diaconal office. On behalf of the church and congregation, he then presented testimonials to Messrs. Pink and Whitaker, the deacons, for the efficient and faithful discharge of their duties. Feeling responses were then made by the recipients of the presents, and suitable speeches made by Messrs. Young, Wyatt, and Choppin.

SHAENBROOK.—Services of an interesting kind were held in this village on Wednesday, Oct. 9th, one at the High Baptist chapel, and the other at the Lower Meeting. The event took place in consequence of Mr. Corby's congregation having cleared their chapel from debt, and the proceeds of it were to be appropriated to his own use, in consideration of his services. A considerable number of people from various places came together, and in the afternoon the Rev. J. Cox, of Woodford, and Rev. J. Trimming, of Irthlingborough, conducted the devotional services, and the Rev. J. Bloomfield, of London, preached. After tea a service was held at the Lower Meeting. The Rev. W. Wilson, of Bireley, gave out the hymns, the Rev. E. Silvertown, of Carlton, read the Scriptures and prayed, and the Rev. J. Bloomfield preached. The collections, with the proceeds of the tea-meeting, were presented to Mr. Corby, as an expression of public regard for his personal character and services.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE. — TESTIMONIAL OF ESTEEM.—A pleasing mark of respect and esteem has been shown to Mr. and Mrs. Pasfield, of 33, Great Carter-lane, City, by the Sunday-school teachers and some of the members of Mr. Spurgeon's church. A few evenings ago, at a church meeting, an elegantly chased tea-pot, coffee-pot, sugar-basin, milk-jug, and salver, with suitable inscription, were presented by Mr. Spurgeon, in the name of the church, to testify their appreciation of the zeal and labour bestowed by Mr. and Mrs. Pasfield on all occasions in superintending gratuitously the tea-meetings connected with the church. Mr. Spurgeon remarked that it was with pleasure he discharged the duty

assigned him, and passed a warm eulogium on the worthy recipients of the testimonial. Mr. Pasfield said that, in thanking the church for the good feeling shown towards him and his wife, he took the opportunity of saying that whatever they had done they had performed only as a work and labour of love. He also wished it to be understood that he accepted with pleasure their handsome gift as a mark of brotherly love, but at the same time trusted he could say that whatever he had done was not in the hope of an earthly reward, but with a single eye to the glory of God.

BLANDFORD-STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL.—On Wednesday, September 25, a social meeting was held in the above chapel, for the purpose of bidding farewell to Mr. W. S. Barringer, who has resigned the pastorate, after two years' labour, and is about to remove to Kilburn, to seek to establish a Baptist cause, there being none in that locality. During the progress of the meeting a purse of sovereigns was presented to Mr. Barringer, in the name of the church and congregation, as a trifling expression of the regard and love of those for whom he had laboured; after which he was commended (in prayer) to the guidance, keeping, and blessing of our Father in heaven. On the following evening, a meeting of the male and female Bible classes was held, when some interesting works were presented to Mr. Barringer, as a memento of the affection and regard of the young people for himself.

LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

DRIFFIELD, YORKSHIRE.—On Tuesday, Oct. 1, the foundation stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid by Rev. Dr. Evans, of Scarborough. A large concourse of people assembled to witness the ceremony. The proceedings were commenced by the Revs. J. W. Morgan, of Bridlington, and J. Hithersay, of Malton, after which the stone was laid by Dr. Evans, who delivered a powerful address. In the evening a public meeting was held in the old Baptist chapel, when addresses were given by the Revs. J. Hithersay; Osborne, of Kitham; Mitchell and Monk, of Driffield; Upton, of Beverley; and O'Dell, of Hull. The collections amounted to nearly £30. The edifice is intended to accommodate upwards of 600 people.

OPENING SERVICES.

LLANELLY.—Gronfield English chapel was reopened with new galleries on Friday, Oct. 11, when sermons were preached by the Right Hon. Lord Teynham to large congregations, and the collections amounted to the handsome sum of over £368. On the following Sunday two sermons were preached by the excellent and able minister of the place, the Rev. D. M. Evans. At the close of the service four persons were baptized.

SHADWELL.—Re-opening services in connection with the Baptist cause in this place, after enlargement of the chapel, were held on Oct. 3, a prayer-meeting was held in the morning, conducted by the pastor, when several ministers and friends prayed. At 2.30 p.m. a sermon was preached by John King, Esq. At 5 p.m., 380 friends sat down to tea. In the evening a sermon was delivered by the Rev. John Parker, of Lockerley; the chapel was densely crowded. After this service many who had been obliged to remain outside were admitted, when Mr. Parker preached a second discourse. The proceeds of the day amounted to nearly £30.

PITNEY.—The new chapel erected by the Union Church recently formed at this place has been opened for public worship. The afternoon sermon was preached by the Rev. J. C. Harrison, of Camden-Town; the Rev. W. Brock, of Bloomsbury Chapel, preached in the evening. The devotional parts of the services were conducted by the Rev. J. K. Stallybrass minister of the chapel, the Rev. E. Mannering, and the Rev. I. M. Soule. The attendances were large, and the collections liberal. The chapel is a neat, substantial, and commodious building, surrounded by an increasing suburban population.

BRWOOD.—On Monday and Tuesday, the 7th and 8th of October, services were held in the Baptist chapel in connection with its re-opening, having undergone some greatly-needed repairs. The following ministers took part in the services:—Monday evening, six sermons were preached by the Revs. D. V. Phillips, Bultin, and B. Watkins, Maesbyrellan. Tuesday morning, seven, Revs. F. Evans, Lauzyddir, M. Morgans, Newtown, and D. B. Edwards, Brecon, preached. At two p.m. sermons were preached by Revs. F. Wyles, Hay, and B. Watkins, Maesbyrellan. At six, Revs. D. V. Phillips, Bultin, M. Morgans, Newtown, and D. B. Edwards, Brecon, again preached. The congregations throughout were exceedingly good, and the sermons delivered with earnestness and power.

MILNERSHALL, SUDBURY.—On Thursday, Oct. 3rd, 1861, the Baptist chapel in this place, after considerable enlargement, was re-opened, when the Rev. W. Landale, of Regent's-park Chapel, preached two able sermons in the afternoon, from Matthew xxii. 1-10, and in the evening from Luke xiii. 3. During the interval between the services, about two hundred and fifty friends sat down to tea in the spacious school-room adjoining the chapel. The collections realized proved sufficient (in connection with a legacy lately bequeathed by a generous supporter of the cause) to discharge all obligations. The Revs. G. Hester (Wesleyan), D. L. Matheson, B.A. (Independent), W. W. Cantlow, and Thos. Mee, took part in the services, and warmly congratulated the Rev. J. Richardson and friends on the completion of their commodious and beautiful sanctuary.

SHIPTON, OXFORDSHIRE.—On Tuesday, Oct. 1st, a very neat and commodious Baptist chapel was opened in the village of Shipton. In the afternoon, after the reading of the Scriptures and prayer by the Rev. T. Brooks, of Bourton-on-the-water, the Rev. D. Martin, of Oxford, preached from Isaiah xxxiii. 16, 17. At the close of the service, a large party took tea in Mr. Maddox's barn. In the evening, the chapel was crowded, and after prayer had been offered by the Rev. W. Cherry, of Milton, Mr. J. F. Maddox was called to the chair, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Irvine, Martin, Brooks, Green, of Chipping Norton; Cornish, of Hook Norton; and Mills. The chairman, who originated this movement, stated that the entire cost of purchase and erection was something over £300, and that the whole was paid. He purposed giving one half the entire sum himself, and had no doubt his friends would contribute the other. Should they not do so he should realize the larger blessing. The collections amounted to £20, and promises given in addition amounted to £50.

KETTERING.—The Baptist chapel in this improving town, being in a dilapidated state and in

several respects incommodious, was taken down in the spring of 1860 and a larger one erected, which is named after its former venerated pastor, the celebrated Andrew Fuller. The building will seat about 850 persons. Behind the chapel is a minister's and deacons' vestry, wherein is preserved as an interesting relic the oaken pulpit from which, in by-gone days, Fuller, Carey, Pierce, Robert Hall, Toller, Knibb, and other departed worthies, whose family is in all the churches, frequently and occasionally, in fervent and eloquent strains, preached. The first discourse delivered within its walls was on the morning of Tuesday, Sept. 24, by the Rev. W. Robinson, of Cambridge, late the pastor of the church and congregation. The other ministers who took a part in this opening service were the Revs. J. Mursell, the present pastor, T. Toller (Independent), and W. Baxter (Wesleyan). After the service there was a dinner at the Corn Exchange, and a tea festival, which was thronged. In the evening, the Rev. Andrew G. Fuller, of London, read the lesson and prayed, after which the Rev. J. P. Mursell, of Leicester (successor to Robert Hall), preached. At the evening service there were probably 1,200 persons present, and numbers crowded the entrance, unable to get even standing room. The entire outlay is about £4,000, towards which some £2,000 have been subscribed by the congregation, and £900 have been raised from other sources, leaving a deficit of £1,100. Towards the clearance of this debt, £50 7s. were collected at the morning service and £35 in the evening. The tea festival yielded another £30, and there were some special donations, the total amount raised during the day being about £120. On Sunday and Monday, the Rev. J. T. Brown (of Northampton) and the Rev. Arthur Mursell (of Manchester) preached.

RE-OPENING OF PITNEY CHAPEL.—The Baptist chapel in the Pitney has been re-opened for divine worship. The Rev. E. Probert had been the pastor of the church and congregation there for many years, and it flourished to such an extent that the building became too strait for the worshippers who assembled within its walls. The rev. gentleman, thereupon, with the assistance of his friends, procured a suitable site in Steke's Craft, on which has been erected a spacious and magnificent building, which was opened a few weeks since by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London. But the Pitney Chapel was not to be utterly abandoned, owing to the dense neighbourhood in which it is situated. The Baptists therefore resolved that no time should be lost in altering and improving the sanctuary, for the continuance of the services which had hitherto been so successful. The Rev. J. Davis was accordingly appointed pastor, and it is hoped that his efforts will be successful. The opening service was to have been conducted by the Rev. Dr. Winslow, of Bath, but as the rev. gentleman was unable to be present, through indisposition, the Rev. M. Dickie generously and kindly undertook the service. He selected as his text the 6th and 7th verses of the 9th chapter of St. John. The rev. gentleman proceeded to expound his text, and to edify the numerous congregation assembled, in a very able and lucid manner. At five o'clock there was a tea meeting (at which more than 600 attended) held in the chapel, which was followed by a public meeting. The latter was presided over by the Rev. J. Davis, who was supported by several other ministers. The chairman

delivered an able and encouraging speech. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. H. Craik, G. Wood, B.A., R. Morris, E. Probert, J. Penny, M. Dickie, and Mr. Pease. We understand that £500 remain to be raised to complete the cost of purchase and repairs of the chapel.

BROCKENHURST.—On Wednesday, October 16, the Baptist Chapel at Brockenhurst, which has been considerably enlarged, was re-opened. Two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, of Southampton. The congregations were good at both the services, and a lively interest appeared to have been produced in the assembled worshippers. The kind aid of friends in the neighbourhood will enable the church and congregation to liquidate the portion of debt now remaining within a short period.

SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

SONG CHAPEL, 406, OXFORD-STREET.—The third annual meeting commemorative of Mr. Pell's settlement as pastor will be held (B.V.) on Tuesday, November 5th. Tea at five o'clock, 6d. each. A public meeting at half past six o'clock. Brethren Bloomfield, Foreman, Milner, Wyard, and Wells have promised to address the meeting. Other ministers are expected to be present.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—At a recent meeting of the committee, Mr. A. W. Monod, son of M. Adolphe Monod, of Paris, was accepted for missionary work in his native country, and appointed to labour in connection with Mr. Jenkins, of Morlaix.

STON CHAPEL, BRADFORD.—At the church meeting lately held in this chapel, it was resolved to proceed as soon as possible with the erection of a new edifice—the present one being far too small for the accommodation of the gradually increasing congregation. Since the Rev. J. P. Ohorn undertook the pastoral oversight, the church has very much increased in numbers. The cost of the new chapel is to be not less than £5,000.

BALLYMENA, IRELAND.—The Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Coleraine, preached in the new Baptist Chapel, on Wednesday evening, October 2nd. The Rev. J. G. M. Vicker has been much blessed at Ballymena, and now that his new chapel is erected, will be able to labour more efficiently. Christians, help our brother to pay off the remaining £200, and thus aid him in his self-denying efforts. Baptists in Ireland need the sympathy of their brethren in England.

BOVEY TRACKY, DEVON.—Harvest thanksgiving services were held in the Baptist Chapel, on Friday, Sept. 20th. At three o'clock in the afternoon, a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Pearce, of Newton Abbot. At five o'clock a social tea was provided in the large room at the Union Hotel, when a large number of friends were present. A public meeting was subsequently held in the chapel, the chair being occupied by Mr. J. Branscombe. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. W. Doake, of Chudleigh; Rev. J. Pearce, Rev. Z. Turner, Mr. Stephens, and Rev. J. Keller, the pastor of the church.

COLERAINE.—The first anniversary of the Rev. T. W. Medhurst's settlement was held on Monday evening, Sept. 23rd. A large number of friends partook of tea at six o'clock. This was the first meeting held in the chapel. J. C. L. Carson, Esq., M.D., (son of Dr. Carson, late of Tubbermore), presided. E. Gribbon, Esq., senior deacon, gave an interesting account of the rise and pro-

gress of the Baptist interest in Coleraine; he was followed by the Rev. J. G. M. Vicker, of Ballymena. Mr. Medhurst gave a record of his month's labours in Glasgow, where he had been preaching with great success.

REGENT'S-PARK COLLEGE.—The session of this college of 1861-62 was opened on Tuesday evening, October 8th. There was a large attendance of the friends and supporters of the institution at the soiree, after which Dr. Wood was called upon to preside. The Rev. Dr. Angus read the report, from which it appeared that during the past year forty-two students have been connected with the college, twenty-nine as ministerial students, and twelve as lay students. Four of the former have recently left the institution, and have accepted pastoral charges. Two students have also left for foreign labour in India and Australia. Seven lay students left at the close of last session, one of whom has returned as a student for the ministry. To supply the eleven vacancies, the committee have selected nine students for the ministry, and three lay students have been admitted. Three have also been admitted as non-residents to attend the classes; so that there are forty-five students now connected with the college. The progress during the past session was shown from the fact that a number of the students had taken degrees at the London University; others of them having obtained scholarships and other honours in connection with the college. The reports of the examiners were also read, and were, without exception, highly satisfactory. With regard to finances, the total ordinary receipts from all sources were £2,254, and there is now a balance of debt as against the institution to the amount of £63. The number of students is larger than ever it has been, and the committee feel that this debt ought at once to be liquidated. Twenty previous subscribers have died during the year, and thirty new ones have been obtained, of whom eight are students who have left the institution during the last two years. Among the extra donations was a gift of £1,000, to found a Carey scholarship. £500 has also been promised towards a similar sum, in memory of Andrew Fuller; the remaining £250 for the accomplishment of this object it is hoped will be forthcoming during the ensuing year.

EASTBOURNE, SUSSEX.—PROPOSED NEW CHAPEL.—We hear it is in contemplation to obtain funds for the erection of a Baptist chapel, adapted for the rapidly-increasing population of this attractive watering-place. Several handsome donations are already promised. Any Christian friends taking an interest in this cause should communicate with the Rev. W. Jeffery, secretary *pro tem.*, Torrington, Devon.

EARL SOHAM.—Anniversary services were held at the Baptist Chapel on October 2. The Rev. Mr. Hill, of Stoke Ash, read the Scriptures and prayed, and the Rev. J. Bloomfield preached. In the evening Mr. Talbot, of Debenham, read and prayed; after which Mr. Bloomfield again delivered an excellent discourse to a crowded congregation. The following ministerial brethren were present:—Messrs. Cooper, Woodgate, Hill, Cobb, Talbot, Catt, Frith, Taylor, Hoddy, and Runnacle. On the following day, the school children, consisting of about ninety, had their tea-treat. In the evening Mr. Taylor preached an able discourse.

Any Baptist church destitute of a pastor may hear of a minister willing to supply them, with

a view to the pastorate, on application to the Rev. B. Davies, 20, Brand-street, Greenwich, London.

BAPTISMS.

ABERDARE, Bethel, September 8—Three by Mr. T. Price.

—, Calvary, August 25—Nine; August 29, Two, by Mr. T. Price.

BANBRIDGE, Ireland, August 25—Four; Aug. 29, Seven; making a total of 100 in the church baptized by Mr. Eccles.

BARDWELL, Suffolk, July 7—Three; September 8, Three, by Mr. Barrett. In the above number were a teacher and a scholar from the Sabbath-school.

BARSTAPLE, Boutport-street, Oct. 2—Sixteen by Mr. T. Winter.

BATH, Widcombe Chapel, October 6—Six in the River Avon, by Mr. J. Huntley. An impressive address was delivered by the Rev. J. Wilkins, of Brighton.

BISHOPS STORTFORD, October 3—Two by Mr. B. Hodgkins. The candidates were husband and wife, and were from the Wesleyan connection.

CARDIFF, Hope Chapel, Canton, August 14—Eight by Mr. Tilly.

—, Bethany Chapel, October 1—Six by Mr. Tilly. These friends have joined the newly-formed church at Tredegarville.

CHEBHAM, Lower Baptist Chapel, July 23—Two; August 30, Four, by Mr. Payne, of Regent's-park College, for the pastor.

CLYDACH, Glamorganshire, September 22—Two by Mr. Davies. Sermon by Mr. J. G. Griffiths.

COLERAINE, Ireland, September 29—One by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

DUBLIN, Abbey-street, July—Two; September, Six; October 10, Two, by Mr. W. L. Giles.

EYENJOBE, Radnorshire, August 25—Two by Mr. G. Phillips.

FORTROSE, Scotland, October 18—One (an aged believer of 75) by Mr. F. Duun.

FRAMSDEN, Suffolk, October 6—Seven by Mr. G. Cobb. Two of these were husband and wife; other two were led to decision by observing the administration of the ordinance in June last. One of the two had been a persecutor to his wife—who was then baptized—and an abandoned character for years. We are enjoying a season of prosperity here, for which we give God the glory.

GLASGOW, North Frederick-street, September 29—Five by Mr. Williams.

HARLINGDEN, Pleasant-street, October 6—Six by Mr. Prout.

HENYOCK, Devon, September 1—Three by Mr. Blackmore, for the pastor, Mr. Tucker. One of them had been a Wesleyan for several years.

HONEYBOROUGH, Pembrokeshire, September 29—Five by Mr. D. Davies, of Pembroke.

HULL, Salthouse-lane Chapel, October 13—Four by Mr. E. Bailey.

KENSINGTON, Hornton-street Chapel, June 30—Three by Mr. Bird—one an aged disciple of 63 years.

LEICESTER, Carley-street, August 23—Six by Mr. J. James.

LONDON, Metropolitan Tabernacle, October 3—Nineteen by Mr. Spurgeon.

—, Romney-street, Westminster, Sept. 29—Five by Mr. Warren. We are thankful to see pleasing indications of a revival in this place, which has for some time past been in a languishing condition.

—, East-street, Walworth, August 23—Seven by Mr. Alderson. The Lord is smiling upon the labours of the new pastor here; and after a long season of drought, there is a sound of abundance of rain.

LYDNEY, Gloucestershire, September 1—Two; October 5, Three, by Mr. S. Ridley. Among them were a son and daughter of the senior deacon.

LYONSHALL, Herefordshire, September 22—Three by Mr. G. Phillips, of Evenjobb—one of the candidates 70 years old.

MACHEN, Monmouthshire, September 1—Two by Mr. Richards.

MERTHYR TYDVIL, Enon, September 29—Nine by Mr. B. Lewis. Thirty-nine have been added during the period of twelve months.

MORRISTON, near Swansea, October 13—Two by Mr. J. Morgan, of Pontypool College. We are glad to intimate that others are waiting for the same privilege.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Berwick-street—Added by baptism, 23; from other churches, 6; making a total of 34 during the past three months, the period of Mr. Walters's pastorate.

NORTHAMPTON, College-street, October 3—Nine by Mr. J. T. Brown: three from the Sabbath-school.

PEMBROKE, September 26—One; October 13, One, by Mr. D. Davies.

PRESTIGEIN, Radnorshire, August 25—One by Mr. T. L. Davies, from Bristol College.

PRINCES RISBOROUGH, September 27—Ten by Mr. D. B. Owen. The chapel is crowded, and many are seeking admission.

QUORNDON, Leicestershire, August 4—Five by Mr. J. Staddon.

SOHAM, Cambs, October 11—Nine in the River, by Mr. H. B. Robinson. One of the above from the Church of England. Twenty-nine have been added within the past twelve months.

SOUTHAMPTON, East-street, October 6—Eight by Mr. R. Cavin, B.A. Five were from the Sabbath-school; one from the Wesleyans.

STOURBRIDGE, Hanbury-hill, September 30—Four by Mr. B. Bird. Two of the above (a man and wife) were from the Catholic Church; one from the Church of England.

WHITTLESEA, October 6—Two by Mr. D. Ashby.

[Will our friends kindly forward reports of baptisms when they take place, and not wait until October before they send accounts of June baptisms?—ED.]

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THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do show the Lord's death until he come."—1 Cor. xi. 26.

WHILE this solemn ordinance hath been instituted and perpetuated to commemorate the *death* of our Lord Jesus Christ, there is no ordinance to commemorate his life. One reason for this is because his death implies his life; when you commemorate his death you testify that he lived. Another reason is, that the Christian's life, better than any ordinance, is the proof that Christ lived, and the testimony to the world how he lived. The Christian man should so act and behave himself that the worldly man may be constrained to ask, "By what power and by what energy is he actuated to live in a style so superior to his fellows?" The answer he should always be prepared to give is something like this—"I live thus because Christ so lived, for it is no more I that live, but Christ that liveth in me. The love of Christ constraineth me. I am sweetly and blessedly compelled to live, not unto myself, but unto him that loved me and gave himself for me." The proof that Christ came into the world should be that his followers are holy. Let their character be blameless and harmless, their conduct so devoted and so full of self-sacrifice that it shall contain a constant memorial of that Redeemer whose name they profess. If the mind of Christ be in his people it will make them so far superior to other men that it must be inferred some superior energy is in them, and that superior energy is none other than the love of Christ. They should also so live that if any ask them how Christ lived they may be able to say—not in words, for that were pride, but in effect—"He lived as I live." It is well said that ungodly men do not read the Bible in the pure original, but they read it in that translation which is put forth in the lives of Christians. The actions of professors are to the world their means of judging what religion is. They do not sit down to read our creeds; but they do trade with us in the common business of life; and if we trade dishonestly they judge that our creed is wrong, and a perversion of truth. They do not wade through our bodies of Divinity to balance our arguments, and test their value by the rules of logic; they have a shorter and more practical test than that. If our religion makes us upright in our conduct towards others, and constrains us to fear God in all that we do, then they pronounce our religion to be good; but if, on the contrary, we profess that we believe in Christ, and yet can habituate ourselves to foul and degenerate behaviour, they at once conclude that our religion is a thing of naught. Brethren, we repeat it, Christ did not institute a memorial of his life, because he would have you be living memorials of himself. He has not brought forth a sacrament in which his acts, his thoughts, his words should be set forth to the eyes of men in visible signs; he has done better: he has made you his sacraments; he has made you his ordinances. And if the Spirit of God be in you, "ye are my witnesses," saith the Lord. Ye are the testifiers to the world of the holiness and the purity of the character of your Lord. But the text tells us that the Lord's Supper is instituted to be a memorial of his death. We shall speak a few words upon one or two points. We shall talk awhile upon that of which the supper is a memorial—Christ's death; then briefly hint how the ordinance itself shows forth his death until he comes; and then, somewhat more at length, point out how we, in that ordinance, rather than the ordinance itself—we in the ordinance do show Christ's death until he come.

Allow me to observe, however, that the *retrospect* gives us only one aspect of this ordinance. It holds out very distinctly a blessed *prospect*. We are taught as often as we celebrate it to look for the promise of our Lord's coming. Our text contains

a very strong proof and a very lively anticipation of the second advent of Christ, and that of his personal advent, too. Many persons say that certainly Christ is coming, but he is coming spiritually. I demur to this way of putting the matter as a subterfuge. A man cannot be expected to come who is here already. And it is certain that Christ is present with his people, spiritually, now. "Where two or three are met together in my name, there am I." He never was absent, spiritually, from his Church, for he ever walketh among the golden candlesticks: he is, spiritually, always here. I cannot see, therefore, how it would be consistent with the use of language to say that he is to come spiritually. But the text is a better argument than that. My brother, you believe that Christ is to come spiritually. What will be the effect of that? Why, the effect will be that the Gospel will be better preached, more will be converted, and may I not add for you—and I think you will not object—that the ordinances of Christ will be better observed? Do you think that if Christ should come spiritually into this world we should for that reason reject the Lord's supper? Do you think that in the happy day for which you are looking the Lord's supper will be taken away because Christ has come spiritually? "No," I think I hear you say—"certainly not. If Christ shall come spiritually, believers will be more attentive to Christ's commands than ever they were; they will take heed unto his faintest sayings to do them, and become yet more strictly obedient to their Lord and to his will." Just so: but my text says they will not. Because they are to show his death *till* he come. There seems to me to be a fair inference that when he doth come the supper will cease. Why need we, then, observe a memorial of his flesh when his flesh will be here? Why need we, in symbolic acts, remember his blood, when he himself, looking like a lamb that has been slain, and wearing his priesthood still, shall stand in the midst of his brethren? When he is here—here in person—I can see adequate reasons why the memorial of his first advent should be dispensed with. But I repeat it—if his second advent be what is called spiritual, a mere allegory, and not an absolute reality—if that be all the sure word of prophecy means, I can see neither Scriptural nor logical reasons why the Lord's supper should then cease to be observed.

It is well for us to be looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. Watts well sings—some hardly think Dr. Watts believed the doctrine—but he has expressed it most triumphantly in his paraphrases of the Scripture, thus—

"It doth not yet appear
How great we shall be made;
But when we see our Saviour here
We shall be like our Head.

"A hope so much Divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure."

Look for him, believer, and patiently wait. Yea, rejoice in that day as though you saw it, for Abraham saw Christ's day, and so may you, and, like him, be glad in the prospect of it.

I. Well, now, for the first point I proposed. What is it that the Lord's supper sets forth? It sets forth our Lord's death. You have no ordinance to set forth his birth. The Romish Church invented a feast-day, which they called Christ-mass, and other churches have borrowed the usage; but there is no ordinance delivered unto us by the Lord Jesus, or by his apostles, to commemorate his nativity. It may be a goodly custom; upon that I do not pronounce an opinion just now. Certainly, there is no record upon Scripture which commandeth us to observe any such institution. I do not find any ordinance, either, which commemorates his circumcision—commemorates his first preaching—commemorates his riding in triumph into Jerusalem; nor even, mark you, any ordinance which commemo-

rates his ascension into glory. Perhaps I might make an exception to the resurrection, for we generally regard the keeping of the first day of the week as being commemorative of him who on that day burst the bonds of death, rose again for our justification, and appeared on this earth to his disciples, showing them his hands and his feet, and his pierced side. But even that, I think, I might fairly exempt, because it is scarcely a ceremonial or an ordinance. Concerning the day itself, I am not sure that we have any Scriptural warrant. It may be well and good to observe the first day of the week, as we, as Christians, certainly do; but I am utterly at a loss myself to find any precept in Scripture for the change from the seventh day. I propound it to Sabbatarians that they cannot find in Scripture, from the first of Genesis to the last of Revelation, anything, except it be by an inference, which can justify them in believing that this is the right day—the day which the Jews kept holy. We keep it, as Christians, from a higher law than the old law of the ten commands. We reverence and love this day from a greater and a higher motive. They do but go back to beggarly elements, and put themselves again under the old bondage from which Christ has delivered us, who know no better reason for the sanctity of the first day of the week than that which they find in writing—"first" instead of "seventh"—in the command which God gave of old. But I say of all things that Christ did, there is nothing, either of ceremony or ordinance, enjoined upon us to keep anything in mind except his death. Now, why is this? It is, first, because it is for his death that Christ was most of all despised; therefore, for his death, let him be most of all honoured. It is the cross of Christ that was his shame. It is to the Greeks foolishness, to the Jews a stumbling-block. Here it is the enemies of Christ always begin their attacks. They deny his Divinity because he died. Thus they mistrust his power to save on the very ground for which we are able to trust it—because he died. Generally when the battle rages against the Church of Christ it rages most fiercely around the cross. At this very day, when in the Established Church of this country itself men who profess to be ministers of Christ are writing infidel "Essays and Reviews," the main object of attack is the great atonement of Christ. They all seem to say, as led by the great master-spirit of evil—"Fight neither small nor great, save only that doctrine of the atonement, for this is the King of the hosts of Israel. To the rally!" say they, "to the rally! and let the cross be the meeting-point of all our hosts." Those unhallowed soldiers who lead the accursed crusade against Christ take for their watch-word—"Against his cross! Against his cross! Against his cross!" And therefore it is, most blessed Master, that thou hast provided this to be, as it were, a shield to thine own cross, to be the guard against the place of attack; so that if every minister should cease to preach thine atoning death, the silent bread and the voiceless wine should, louder than a thousand thunders, tell the world that Jesus died, and that through his broken body and his poured-out blood sinners alone must have life.

His death, too, is chosen for special celebration, because his death is the most important of all that he did. We would neither depreciate his life nor his baptism, nor especially his burial or his resurrection. Yet his death is the centre of all. All the doctrines of the Gospel revolve around Christ's death as the planets travel around the sun. Take away the sun from the solar system, and you have dislocated all. Remove it, and you have taken away the main motive-power; every one of the stupendous wheels must cease to act. Remove thy cross, O Christ, and the key stone of the splendid arch of truth has been taken away. Take away thy death, O Jesu, and it is death to all that thou has taught, for all that thou teachest derives life from the fact that thou hast died. Oh, my dear brethren! whatever errors may creep into the Church, they will all of them be important only as they tend to mar the lustre of the cross. I think it is the bounden duty of every Christian to be ready even to die for the truth. You know that our forefathers readily shed their blood for the defence of Believer's baptism. I will not say hundreds, or thousands, but millions of Baptists

have perished because they bore testimony against a degenerate Church, and testified that believers only had a right to the things of the kingdom of God. Still, my brethren, I say it without depreciating baptism, if it be worth while for one to die for baptism, it is better worth while that tens of thousands in one tremendous hecatomb should die for the defence of the fact that Jesus died. As this is the point of the enemy's attack, so must we ever regard it as the most important bastion of defence. Hither, Christian, turn thine eyes the most frequently; here let thy thoughts dwell the most intensely; here spring thy hopes; here thou shalt find the well-spring of thy joys. Think it not unimportant, then, that Christ has given to his death so solemn and yet so simple a memorial.

Once more: methinks the Master appointed this memorial of his death, because his death is, after all, the most comforting thing in all the system of his Gospel. Whither dost thou go, thou of the weeping eye, when thy heart is breaking—whither dost thou go for comfort but to the place where comfort was not—namely, to the cross of the dying Saviour? Whither dost thou go, poor breaking heart, when the woes of this life swell and gather till thy soul is full to bursting—whither dost thou go but to that spot where misery found its centre, and where woe reached its climax—about the brow of the Redeemer? Strange that the master-piece of misery is also the master-piece of comfort! The darkest spot is yet the mother of all our light. The dying of the Saviour gives us life. His wounds heal us. His agonies give us peace. His tortures give us ease. The good Shepherd knew that if his sheep desired to have green pastures they would find them at the cross, so he ordained this supper to bring them there. Well he understood that if they would lie down beside the still waters they must come to that place where his blood was flowing, so he brings them there. You have said, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth." He does it in this supper. When his flesh and blood, after a spiritual sort, mingle with yours, then, indeed, he kisses you with his mouth, while you receive him with yours. You have sometimes asked him to "bring you into his banquetting-house, that his banner over you might be love." That banner of love never floated on any mast but the cross, so he brings you here. Sitting beneath his cross, you sit under the banner of his love. You have asked that you may sit under his shadow with great delight, and that his fruit may be sweet to your taste. This is his fruit—his flesh and his blood—so he brings you here. You have said, "I will go up to the palm-tree, to take hold of the branches thereof." He knows you cannot do that except you view his cross as being that palm-tree springing up in a desert land, laden with delightful fruits; he, therefore, brings his cross before you in the bread and wine. Ye will need no further arguments, brethren, to see that the wisdom and tenderness of Christ, conjoined, to bequeath us this most comfortable institution, that so his death might be had in perpetual remembrance.

II. And now I turn to my second point, which is this: How do the bread and wine set forth the death of Christ?

You can hardly fail to notice how the ordinance is adapted *universally* to keep in memory the fact it commemorates. Brethren, there was once a woman who looked back when she came out of Sodom. God would have us remember her—"Remember Lot's wife"—so he turned her into a pillar of salt; but that pillar of salt—though, indeed, it be a memorial of her—is only to be seen by those who pass by that particular district. Now, suppose that the Master had said, "Erect, O my disciples! erect for me a brazen column; let it be in the form of a cross, and write upon it that Jesus, the Son of God, was born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried," it would not have appealed to our observation anything like so forcibly as this, for this is not restricted to any time or any place. This has been seen in the darkness of the catacombs of Rome, when only some tiny taper yielded light to the timorous assembly. This has been seen among the shaggy

heaths of Scotland's hills, when only the lightning-flash lent its friendly beam to the minister as he read the sacred Word. This is seen to-day in the far-off islands of the South Seas. From north to south, from east to west, this—this bread and this wine—is the standing memorial of him that died. Better than storied urn, or animated bust, or marbles rare, or metals precious, or jewels that may be unrivalled for their worth, is this blessed memorial; because seen everywhere, in every land.

This is an admirable memorial also, seeing it is one which is *perpetual and everlasting*. Monuments of brass wear out. The tooth of Time devours the rugged granite itself. Though you build for a king a monument, like yonder pyramids that stand in Egypt, yet shall his name be forgotten; and Pharaoh-hoprah may fail of a wise man to decipher his inscription, or recount the story of his mighty acts. Beneath a mass of masonry his bones are buried, and the device to immortalize his fame provokes but a pitiful reflection in the traveller's mind. Not so this blessed ordinance. It can never wear away; it is ever new. I may say of it, Oh, sacred Eucharist! thou hast the dew of thy youth! This memorial is as fresh eighteen hundred years after its institution as it was when, in the upper room, the disciples first celebrated their Master's approaching death. And so when centuries shall have followed centuries, and Time, grey-headed though he be, shall have become bald; when his scythe shall have lost its edge; when you sun shall have grown dim with years, and the moon shall be pale with fretful weakness, even then shall this supper be as fresh and as new as ever; perpetual because the commandment of our King cannot be repealed; and everlasting because the name of the Lord is ever written on its charter. It is never to be put aside till the need of testimony shall have passed away; till Christ shall come himself to reign among men.

And, oh, what a *simple* memorial this is! Priest of Rome! go thou to thy sacristy, and put on thy millinery; hie thee back, put on thy red, thy blue, thy silver, thy scarlet, and thy fair white linen; play the harlot—for such thou art—before the eyes of men, in all thy wanton fineries; prove thyself to be the true descendant of her of Babylon by the gaudiness of thine apparel. But know, base man, we need not thine enchantments to solemnize our Lord's supper. Ye can come here, ye sons of toil, with your garments still covered with the dust of your labour. What need we to fulfil to the letter our dear Master's own injunctions? What but a piece of bread—a cup of wine? Oh! how have men mimicked this sacrament! How they have invented new fancies, mangle-mangles, and strange devices, to make that appear wonderful which was wonderful enough; because, like everything sublime, 'twas simple, and majestic in its own simplicity! Oh! brethren, this simple emblem has sometimes made me smile at the artifice of the foes—smile to think how the Master has given us a memorial so simple that we can preserve it even when his enemies are most hot against us. I have broken the holy bread, and have sipped of the memorial wine in Venice, beneath the Austrian sway, where to have held a Protestant service would have been imprisonment. How could they have stopped us? There were four of us in our own inn, and might we not do as we pleased? None knew why we wanted a small piece of bread and a cup of wine; and we four sat around the table, and I avow it was as much the Lord's supper as it will be here to-night, when thousands congregate. And if we were in Rome itself, in some one room of the Vatican, though the Pope were in the next room we might hold this blessed supper, and he would never know it unless we chose to tell him. How could he deny us bread? That were barren hospitality indeed! How could he deny us wine? And having bread and wine, we want no altar, and we need no priest. Wherever two or three Christians are met together they may celebrate the supper of their Lord. It is as valid without the minister as with him, and just as true a supper, though there be no ordained presbyter, no learned doctor, to preside, or though there be but two or

three gathered together to partake. Blessed memorial of the death of Jesus! Ah! they cannot put an end to this. We can laugh to scorn the soldiers of Rome. If we had built a pillar they might have pulled it down. The sons of Moab might have stopped our wells, they might have cast down our towers, but this—who can prevail against it? Persecution would no more avail to put an end to the Lord's supper than would the swords of Pharaoh's soldiers avail to put an end to the plague of flies. The skill of man can never put an end to the simple memorial of the bread and wine. All that his craft can do is but to parody or pervert it.

One more remark here. I think this is a very *blessed* memorial. The broken bread sets forth the broken body; the wine, being separate from the bread, and not mixed with it, shows how his blood flowed from his body. Well, the sign itself most touchingly sets forth the refreshing qualities of the blood which flowed from his side. This is the point I want to bring out. Christ has instituted a memorial of his death, which requires, to carry it out, Christian hearts, and, therefore, hearts that are full of love to him and faith in himself. What better memorial than that? If you would have your name remembered you need not say, "I will ordain that men shall keep my birth-day." So they may; and in a hundred years' time, when the birth-day shall be kept, the recollection of your being born will have dwindled down to a fable. How many singular institutions we have in our time, the origin of which we do not know! But suppose it possible for you to have an institution which is only to be kept up by those that love you, and supposing, in addition, that you had power always to preserve in the world some hearts that would love you, what a blessed memorial it would be! We come not here to-night as a company of men who have no regard for Christ, no constraining love to kindle our passions to a flame. Why, his very name makes our hearts leap with joy.

"Sweeter sound than music knaws
Mingles in our Saviour's name."

His death is to us the most delightful topic of meditation. We come not here to the supper like the slaves of Pharaoh, flogged to build the pyramids, but we come here cheerfully, joyfully, delighted to remember him—feeling it to be less a duty than a privilege, and far more a pleasure than a service. Now, this is to have a blessed memorial indeed. This supper is virtually the outward sign of a thousand, nay, ten thousand times ten thousand broken hearts that have been bound up, tearful eyes that have been made to flash with cheerful joy, aching consciences that have been eased, and hearts that could sooner cease to beat than cease to love. It is a blessed and choice memorial. Never, never can his death be forgotten.

III. Now I come to my last point, and that perhaps is the most practical—How you and I are to show the Redeemer's death in this supper. Some people are very particular about the way in which the Lord's Supper is administered, but, so long as everything is done decently and in order, I think that should be enough for us. I was staying once with a gentleman, a Dissenter, who had become more than a little formal. He was telling me that he had done a great deal of good in his parish, and, among other good things, he recounted one with an air of enthusiasm which made me laugh fairly, though that was exceedingly rude:—"When I came here first," he said, "these people used to bring the wine for the Sacrament in a black bottle; and, as I am sure I could not celebrate the Lord's Supper if the wine came from a black bottle, I have provided something better." I thought it would have been a great deal better if he had asked the people whether they had brought black hearts, for a black bottle does not signify much, but a heart that is not right in the sight of God is the thing that needs to be taken away. If you and I have our hearts right, we need not mind however humble the utensils may be, or however simple the mode in which the ordinance is administered. But, now, what are you and I to do? We are to show the Lord's death.

Then, if we are to show it, we must show it to somebody. To whom? Why, first to *ourselves*. My soul! be not thou content unless in that bread thou dost discern the Lord's body for thyself. Do not eat and drink "unworthily"—as the Apostle says—"not discerning the Lord's body." Take heed, O my soul, that thou be not satisfied with eating the bread, unless by faith thou canst feel that the flesh of Christ was offered up for thee; unless thy faith can so participate in the merit of that sacrifice that the eating of that bread becomes to thee a lively picture of thy partaking in the results of his death. Mind, too, that the wine sets forth his blood to you. Brethren, these symbols are but as the veil; you must get through the symbols to that which is within the veil; or else of what use are the signs to you? The bread is nothing; the wine is nothing. That which the bread sets forth is everything—feed thou on it. That which the wine pourtrays is all—see to it that thou get into unison with that. What multitudes of professors we have who are quite content if they get the outward sign! I fear the Lord's Supper has been a great deceiver to very many. See how they send for the clergyman when they lie a-dying. Men that scarce ever entered a church in their lives—men that fear not God, nor heed the Saviour's death—want to have this bread in their mouths at the last. Let them know that, dying impenitent, that bread shall be as a swift witness against them to condemn them. Not being born of God, and having no right whatever to the ordinance, they did eat and drink unworthily, and did eat and drink damnation to themselves. So saith the Apostle. Brethren, if you look at this supper as though it could save your souls, you had better correct your judgment at once. It may destroy them; it cannot save them. You must get away from that to Christ. I am more and more persuaded that a great many people make no distinction between Christ and the Lord's Supper. Even in this congregation I meet sometimes with a few new-comers, who will say to me—"Well, I thought I would join the Church, for the hymn says:—

'If you tarry till you are better
You will never come at all;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.'"

Now, that has nothing to do with membership of a Christian church. Some of you *had better* tarry till you are better before you draw near to the table of the Lord. It is not as sinners, but as saints, as disciples, as saved ones, that you are to partake of this feast. You must come to Christ first. To him you are to come as a sinner, "just as you are." This is a distinct matter. I have read, or heard, one or two sermons lately in which the ministers were manifestly cloudy about which was Christ—whether it was the bread on the table, or Christ upon the cross. There is a sermon upon this text—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest;" and the minister invites his hearers to come to the Lord's supper. That is the very worst place they could come to. They must first come to Christ, and then, after they have found acceptance in him, they may come to the supper. But they must not be invited to the supper till they have first come to the Lord Jesus. It will harm them; it cannot bless them. It will be a curse to them; it cannot be of any service to them. Bear this in mind; and let none of us think of coming to feed upon Christ in the sign until we have Christ in reality in our hearts.

We are to show Christ's death. Whom are we to show it to? We are to show it to *others*. Some of you will be spectators to-night. As we shall in one great host break the bread, we shall say to you—"We do each of us believe that Jesus died; we put our confidence in his death as making reconciliation for us before God; we personally avow our own vital faith in him; and we declare before you, whatever your judgment may be of him, that he is to us all our salvation and all our desire." The poorest member of this church will be, to-night, a preacher. When

you shall take the bread and the wine you will preach a sermon. I believe that the very word here used has in it, in the Greek, the idea of preaching. You will preach to men by saying—"I believe in Christ, in his broken body, and in his poured-out blood." And then it will be an appeal, I hope, to your consciences. (O you that shall look on here!) asking you whether you believe in Christ. And though the appeal be a silent one, I pray you answer "Yes," or "No;" and, as you see us partake of the bread, think you hear a voice coming up from the table, saying—"Soul, soul, when wilt thou, too, believe in Jesus? when wilt thou cast thyself on him? when shall he be thine all in all?"

Nor do we set forth Christ's death only to ourselves and to others, but to *God himself*. We do, as it were, plead Christ's body and blood. We bring before God, not a sacrifice as though the one offering needed to be repeated again, but a memorial of the sacrifice, which is finished, and which has been, once for all, offered. Brethren, it is a solemn thing to think that to-night we bring before the Eternal Father the memorial of the death of his only begotten Son. We bring it too *before the angels*, hovering, as they undoubtedly are, over every Christian assembly. We say to each of them, "He who was seen of angels is our hope; tell it, sound it through all the golden streets, that Christ is still remembered in this lower world; speed with your wings to heaven, and let it be known in your dwelling-places that there are men saved by his precious blood!" And brethren, we show Christ's death *to devils*. There is nothing which they fear so much. The breaking of that bread to-night is as the fluttering of a triumphant banner in the face of the beaten foe; it is the flashing of the sword that smote him in the days of old, and it will make him tremble now. Earth and heaven and hell are gathered round this table, and we poor puny men make a spectacle unto the three worlds, and if we be said to be men wondered at, how much more wonderful is that which is shown and set visibly forth—the passion and the death of Christ! Oh, my brethren in the Lord Jesus, I pray you see to it that now you show Christ's death to your conscience. Does it accuse you? Show it the wounds of Christ, and it shall be well with you. Does the law condemn you? Show it your bleeding Master, and it will absolve you. Show Christ's death to-night to your unbelief, and surely it will vanish away, and you will believe. Show Christ's death to your heart to-night, and sure it must bleed, and the stony heart must begin to melt. Show Christ's death to-night to your mind that is flagging and getting weary in well-doing, and it will renew its strength and mount up as on the wings of eagles. Show Christ's death to-night to the weeping eyes of your repentance, and the tears shall be wiped away, and they shall see pardon bought with blood. Show Christ's death to-night to the weak, leer-like eyes of your faith, and it shall strengthen her eyes till they shall see even the hidden mystery, and discern the substance of things which to mortal vision are not seen. Show Christ's death to your wretched and miserable spirit that has been troubled with the cares of this world, and it must leap for joy and cast all its burdens away. Show, I pray you, the death of Christ to-night to your old sins that have been coming back to you to-day, and it will drive them away. Show Christ's death, in fact, to all the eyes of your heart, to all the eyes of your emotions, of your powers, of your body, and of your soul; and thus you shall be like him who said, "I shall see him," though you shall not need to add "but not now;" you shall say, "I shall behold him," though you shall not need to spoil it by the addition of "but not nigh," for he shall bring you into his banqueting-house and show you his love. Sinner, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, for "he that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved." Saint, feed on Christ's love; blessed is he that believeth, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told him from the Lord.

THE EXCELLENCY OF GOD'S LOVING-KINDNESS.

BY THE REV. JOHN BLOOMFIELD, OF SALEM CHAPEL, NEARD'S-COURT, DEAN-STREET, SOHO.

"How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings."—Psalm xxxvi. 7.

WHAT subject so interesting and so important to our interests, as accountable and immortal beings, as the *love* of our Triune and Covenant God? The love of God, manifested in mercy, is an act of *sovereignty*, and is a *love of benevolence*. It is sovereign benignity; or the love of God is also complacent love, or a *love of delight*. Now, God can never delight in an object that is contrary, in moral qualities, to himself; hence the Church is love, with a love of delight in Christ. It is as the Church stands in union to Christ—as she is *sanctified* by the Spirit of Christ—as she is clothed in the righteousness of Christ, and as she is conformed to the image of Christ, that God *loves* her with a *love of delight*. The love of God is the ocean out of which come all the *pearls* of gracious relations, blessings, and immunities. The love of God for its *immensity* is a fathomless ocean. It is so for its *eternal* riches—for its perfect independence of man in its fixation—and for its everlasting *fulness*. The love of God is the source of *salvation*, with all its incalculable blessings. It is the source of all sovereign relations, of all holy enjoyments, and of all really cheering prospects of future glory and happiness. The *love* of God to his people grows out of the infinite love he hath to himself; and it harmonizes with all the essential perfections of his infinite nature. It is the fountain of every blessing, and the heart of the everlasting Gospel. The *love* of God is the fountain; and mercy, or loving-kindness, is a stream flowing from it to objects of misery and wretchedness. The love of God is the *tree*; and mercy or loving-kindness is the fruit which it abundantly bears. Loving-kindness is a *word* big with meaning. It is a term frequently employed by the sacred writers in the Psalms, and in other parts of the inspired Scriptures. If we take the estimate of the Psalmist as to its immense value we shall see that it is better than life. If we look at its more than magnetic *power* we shall see that it is by loving-kindness souls are drawn to God. And if we look at its *worth*, *greatness*, *manifestations*, and *everlastingness* we shall readily exclaim, How *excellent* and how eternally precious is God's loving-kindness! Loving-kindness is love going out in ardent actings; it is love making suitable manifestations to the condition of its objects; it is love disclosing its infinite resources in ways and forms most adapted to promote the interests and happiness of its objects. It is a word full of music to gladden spirits cast down; it is a word the Eternal Spirit employs to win souls to God's service, presence, and glory; it is a word and a subject which we may study, under the anointings of God's Spirit, with inestimable advantages. In speaking a little concerning God's loving-kindness, observe:—

I. *Its Manifestation.*II. *Its Excellency.*III. *Its Influence.*

I. *Its Manifestation.* The Lord hath *revealed* his love in his own way. He only knows really the infinite love of his heart; and he could only originate the best methods of showing that *love* to sinners. The methods of God's *love* are the expressions of his loftiest wisdom, and are in perfect harmony with all the essential perfections of his nature, and the rights of his moral government. The loving-kindness of God is manifested to us in a variety of *ways* and *forms*. We shall attempt to show some of the forms of its manifestations. It is manifested—

1. *In the mediation of Jesus Christ.* The mediatorial work of the Son of God is a sublime *manifestation* of that love which was veiled deep in the infinite depths of the Godhead from everlasting. The mediation of Christ takes in the complete work of Christ in securing the salvation of a great multitude which no man can number. The *works* of Christ, as well as the names and offices of Christ, are the outflowings of infinite love. They are the expressions of love, and through them we see the ardent

actings of eternal love. In the mediation of Christ love comes out in deeds of tenderest compassion, in deeds of richest mercy, and in its sublimest revelations. The mediation of the Saviour discloses the riches of sovereign grace, the treasures of eternal love, and the plans of infinite wisdom. Love is the root of the Saviour's mediation. All the offices of Christ are so many mediums by which the loving-kindness of God is seen. The *headship* of Christ is the thought, the work, and the result of the Divine love, and all the actings of Christ as the head of his body, the Church, are the kindnesses of love. Are you interested in his headship? Are you members of his body—the Church? If so, I am sure you have *seen* and *felt* the ardent pulsations and actings of Divine love. Look at the priesthood of Christ. It originated in love, and is one of the grandest forms of its manifestation. The priesthood of Christ occupies a prominent part in the economy of covenant love. And what could we do without it? The *loving-kindness* of God was shown to the Israelites by providing for them priests and *sacrifices*. But they were only types of the Great High Priest of the Church of God; and their *sacrifices* were only glimmerings of the necessity of the sacrifice of Christ, which is the only sacrifice which could take away *sin*. Christ appeared as God's gift of *love*; and his *whole* official life, and all his illustrious *deeds*, were the *expressions* of love in deeds of God-like *kindness*. Is it not loving-kindness that a Priest should be provided for *us*; and one whose *heart* is full of *kindness* and sympathy? Is it not loving-kindness which was shown in providing and accepting a *sacrifice* for *sin*? Is it not loving-kindness which is manifested in working out a princely robe of everlasting righteousness for the justification before God of all who believe in Christ? Does not God's loving-kindness appear in every work of the Saviour? Does not God's loving-kindness appear in making known in the Gospel the priceless blessings which result from the Saviour's work? The Saviour *did* not do this work to make God *love us*; but it is in the work of Christ the love of God is made known. From the Saviour's going into covenant with the Father, to the exaltation of Christ on the mediatorial throne, I see nothing but love going out in *deeds* of kindness. Surely these *deeds* of *kindness*, making up as they do the matter of the everlasting Gospel, will be immortalized in the *songs* of all who *know* the Gospel to be the power of God to salvation to every one that *believeth*. The constitution of the complex person of the Mediator is the most sublime and the most lofty manifestation of infinite love. The offices of Christ in the economy of redemption are mediums of *love's* most glorious manifestations. The *deeds* of Christ were the ardent actings and the grandest expositions of love. The *propitiatory sacrifice* of Christ was the manifestation of love. The righteousness of Christ is a garment woven by infinite but incarnate *love* for *all* its objects. The *words* of Christ were *words* of *love*; and the *deeds* of Christ, both in this *world* and in the *hearts* of his people, are the triumphs of *love*. The Scriptures *abound* in texts which will amply *prove* the imperishable truth of these observations of God's *love*, and his love showing its *intensity* and *resources* in ardent actings of grace and mercy.

2. *In the gracious operations of the Spirit of God.* The work of the Holy Spirit of God on sinners' hearts exhibits the loving-kindness of God. It is the fruit and effect of Divine love. The Spirit's work on the heart is of equal importance to the work of Christ on the cross. They are two forms of manifesting the same *love*. The forms of manifestation are many, but the heart of eternal *love* is *one*. The Spirit's work is as essential to the salvation of sinners as the sacrificial work of the Son of God. Who enlightens the sinner's mind that he should see his need of the Saviour? Who regenerates the sinner, and makes him a new creature in Christ Jesus? Who breaks the rocky heart, and makes it big with *penitent* feelings? Is it not *the Spirit* of God? If this be so, how can we forget the Spirit as we do? O! how little the *people* of God think of the indispensable *necessity* of the Spirit! O! how feeble are our *prayers* for the influences and gracious operations of the

Spirit! O ye saints of God! no wonder your hearts are cold when ye can forget the *Spirit* by whose influences God's people in by-gone times went forth as burning and shining lights! O ye ministers of Christ! no marvel that ye are so cold and feeble in your ministrations while ye forget the *Spirit* by whose influences and power men in apostolic days went forth with hearts of fire and tongues of holy flame! O *Spirit* of God! breathe upon the dry bones, that they may live; arouse the *slumbering* amongst the followers of Jesus, that the Church of God may stand forth in the might of eternal truth, and exclaim, with a heart full of thanksgiving and praise, "How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God!" Are the churches to be spiritual, laborious, united, and happy? Then there must be the doings of the *Spirit* of God amongst them; and in these glorious *triumphs* of the *Spirit* we shall see the loving-kindness of our God. Are the ministrations of Gospel ministers to be characterized by life, *freshness*, savour, and *power*? Then we *must* seek the down-coming *power* and influences of the *Spirit* of God; and in all the *Spirit's* *gracious* influences we shall see the *expressions* of God's *loving-kindness*. Are sinners to be regenerated and brought to Christ as *doves* to their *windows*? Then must we *have* the *regenerating* power and *grace* of the Holy *Spirit*; and in all the *regenerating* doings and *grace* of God the Holy Ghost we shall see love going forth in deeds of invincible *loving-kindness*. What *should* we do in our religious exercises but for the *gracious* influences of the *Spirit*? How barren our hearts would be in prayer—how faint the song of praise from our lips—how formal all our services, without the *operations*, *gracious* anointings, and sweet refreshings of the *eternal Spirit*. The work of the *Spirit* is as much the work of sovereign *loving-kindness* as the work of the Son of God himself. Every sinner saved is saved by the purpose of the Father, by the purchase of the Son, and by the power of the Holy *Spirit*. And in each of these God has shown something of the *immensity* and *intensity* of his great and excellent loving-kindness. *Love* is the golden chain; and these three things—purpose, purchase, and power—are its golden links, by which sinners are saved with an everlasting salvation in the Lord.

3. *In the drawings of the Father.* Sinners are not driven to Christ, excepting by a deep consciousness of necessity, for they are drawn by the *cords* of love and by the *bands* of man. The *Spirit* opens the eyes of the understanding, so that the sinner sees his *danger* and terrible necessities, and then exhibits the excellencies and suitability of Christ as a Saviour; and so the *sinner's* heart is *won*. The love of God in Christ is stronger than any magnet in its attractive powers on the hearts of *awakened sinners*, drawing them to the only *Saviour* of men's *deathless souls*. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." They are drawn from an awful distance from God. They are drawn into the holiest fellowships, and into the *sweetest enjoyments*. Through the temptations of Satan, the flesh, and the world, men are drawn from God; but through the *attractions* of God's *love* they are *drawn* into the *likeness*, into the *service*, and into the glory of God. Christ said, when on earth, "No man cometh to me except the Father which sent me draw him." The people of God have been drawn from the meshes of *error* into the holy freedom of the *truth*. They have been drawn from *refuges* of lies to find *refuge* in God. They have been drawn from the *formalities* of religion into the *glorious* vitality and fellowship of true *godliness*. They know formality is not spirituality, any more than moral virtues are religious *graces*. They know religion is not a *garment*, but a *Divine life*. How *invincible*, how *sovereign*, and how refreshing are the *drawings* of the Father's *love*! Are not these *drawings* the *outflowings* and *ardent* actings of God's love? Are they not the *loving-kindnesses* of God? Are they not the sweet, *endearing* revelations of God's love?

4. Again, its manifested in the *interpositions* of God in times of *affliction* and *trouble*. How wonderful are the *gracious* dealings of God with his people in

affliction! and how sweet at such times to lay passive in his hands! The Lord in his loving-kindness overrules the afflictions of his people for their spiritual good. Seneca said to Polybius, "Never complain of thy hard fortune so long as Cæsar is thy friend." Shall God's people complain in affliction so long as Christ is their Friend? Oh! I know what it has been to be severely afflicted; and I know the tranquilizing influences of God's loving-kindness in *affliction*. How tender are God's compassions; and how ardent the actings of his *love* in succouring his people in afflictions, and in delivering them from tribulation! Afflictions are the medicines which the Heavenly Physician giveth us to promote our spiritual health and vigour; they are not poisons to kill us, but medicines to do us good. Spices smell sweetest when pounded, and so the godly when they have been *bruised* by afflictions. What *help* has been afforded us in trouble! What consolations have been granted us! What communion with God has sometimes been enjoyed! And what tokens of God's love have been *vouchsafed* in times of *trial*! Sharp winters are followed by sunny summers, as cloudy mornings are often succeeded by bright and beautiful evenings; so the family of God may expect that at eventide it shall be light. Old Puritan Brooks, one of the race of theological giants, says—"Oh, the love tokens, the love letters, the bracelets, the jewels that the saints are able to produce since they have been in affliction!" The interpositions of God on behalf of his people in affliction and trouble, and the succour he affords his people in them, are so many ardent actings of his own infinite *love*. Dark and afflictive dispensations of God are but the chastenings and indications of his *loving-kindness*. How *beautifully* and *impressively* this is illustrated in the *travels* of the children of *Israel*!

II. *Its Excellency*. How excellent is thy loving-kindness! How precious, how *valuable*, and how strong is thy loving-kindness, O God! Its excellency appears—

In the magnitude of its blessings. All the sure mercies of David, or the *blessings* of God's everlasting covenant, are *rich* blessings of God's loving-kindness. The love of God enriches its objects with priceless and eternal treasures. It adorns them with matchless jewels, and it has provided for them a glorious inheritance. The *blessings* we have in Christ, through Divine loving-kindness, are more numberless than the stars of heaven or the sands on the ocean shore. They are more in value than all the spices, rubies, and gold of the universe. Are these blessings yours? Are you living in the enjoyment of them? Do they influence your heart to more consecration to God? What are the honours of this world *worth* in the light of a proper *estimate* of the *blessings* of salvation through faith in Christ?

In the immortality of its honours. The *honours* of this world are uncertain, and doomed to *perish*. They are often worse than the worthless drapery in which men conceal their wickedness. The honours which God in his loving-kindness confers upon his people are such as no wealth can *purchase*, and such as no worldly power and influence can *secure*. They are honours conferred in the sight and under the mediatorial *claims* of the great Mediator of the new covenant—the covenant of life and peace. What are the honours of this world when seen in the light of the immortal honours of a new covenant relationship to God? Are we the sons of God? We are the sons of God for ever. Are we clothed in the righteousness of Christ? We are covered in it for ever. Are we to dwell in God's presence and glory? We are to dwell there for ever.

In the perpetuity of its supplies. The loving-kindness of God is seen in *making* such *provision* in Christ that, though millions have been *supplied*, there is *bread* and to *spare*, and *water* in the *rock* for *all* the pilgrims bound to the land of rest and immortal delight. No hungry sinner needs fear being *welcome* here. The *father* of the prodigal *welcomed* his penitent *son* with every token of loving-kindness; and so, poor *sinner*, the *God of love* will *welcome* thee with every *token* of his favour in which there is life.

In the everlastingness of its nature. The *loving-kindness* of God is *everlasting*.

It is not *evanescent*, like the *frothy* and *heartless* talk of some professors. The *love* of God is eternal; and all the relations that love hath *established* are immutable and eternal too.

III. *Its Influence.* "Therefore the children of men put their trust in the shadow of thy *wings*." What, hath the God of Israel wings? No; but this is a figure borrowed, perhaps, from the dwelling-place of God in the tabernacle, between the cherubims over the mercy-seat; or from *nature*—the hen *protecting* its young by its *wings*. The loving-kindness of God, when known, produces confidence in God. "They that know thy name will put their trust in *thee*:" 1, for security; 2, for supplies; 3, for guidance; 4, for an abundant entrance into glory at last. The encouragements to trusting in God are *numerous*, and everywhere in the Scriptures to be seen; and the *advantages* of trusting in God *really, humbly, and at all* times, eternity can only disclose. Are we trusting in God? Do we cease to trust in arms of flesh? If so, we are greatly blessed.

AN AWAKENING ANTICIPATION.

A MEDITATION FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX, AUTHOR OF "OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST."

DEATH is always a serious, yea, an awful theme, and our minds should be filled with solemnity as we reflect upon, speak of, or write about it. We may say of every dying chamber, what Jacob once said of Bethel, yet adding to his words a few other very fearful ones—"How dreadful is this place! this is none other than the gate of heaven," or "the gate of hell." For any one seriously to contemplate his own death is very solemnizing. Yet, surely it is wise often to do so, and to endeavour to enter feelingly into the poet's words—

"And must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?"

Such an anticipation was expressed, and we may suppose felt, in some degree, by him from whose lips the solemn words once fell, "WHEN I AM DEAD," 1 Kings xiii. 21. On these solemn words we would now meditate. Let us first notice the *speaker*, and survey the *circumstances* under which these words were uttered; both are well calculated to awaken and reward our attention.

They are the words of "the old prophet of Bethel," who had decoyed the "man of God," sent from Judah against Jeroboam's altar at Bethel into an act of disobedience against God. The too easily deceived messenger of God fell a victim to his own thoughtlessness and credulity. After departing from his treacherous entertainer, "a lion met him in the way and slew him."

The old prophet having buried him, and uttered, in connection with others who attended his obsequies, the sorrowful lamentation, "Alas! my brother," over his

premature grave, then expresses his own wish in the following language:—"When I am dead, then bury me in the sepulchre wherein the man of God is buried, and lay my bones beside his bones." We will not linger round the scenes and circumstances before us, nor attempt to penetrate into the motive of the tempter, or the condition of the tempted; let us rather try to apply the subject to ourselves. The words are suggestive, and especially suitable at the close of another year.

"When I am dead." These few words bring before us the subjects of *time* and *death*, and call us to view both in connection with man—immortal man. They also imply time's swift flight towards death. Onward, onward, our time flies with rapid and unwearied wing, until it reaches death as its goal. It must come to this with regard to every one of us, unless the Lord Jesus come first. He may do so, "for in such an hour as men think not the Son of Man cometh." Unless, therefore, our mortal eyes gaze upon "the glorious appearing of the Saviour," very shortly they must be closed in death. This is a personal affair; each one must transact this great business for himself. No one can die for me or for you. "A man may live," says one, "in a crowd; but he must die alone." How does this thought of the certainty of each *one* soon dying come home to every man's bosom! For *me* to die, is a very different thing than for me to see others die. The writer or the reader, it may be, has seen father, mother, child, and many relations die; has bid farewell to their loved forms, and returned again to

life's cares, joys, and sorrows. We were unable to follow them beyond the grave. Let us each one think, My turn also must soon come; when others will hear my last sigh, and take the last tearful gaze at my coffin as it lies quiet in the cold grave.

This solemn fact is suited to awaken and humble us. Nothing is so uncertain to us as life, nothing so certain as death. We are mere tenants at will. We have no certain lease—no, not even for an hour. How little does this make a man feel when he rightly considers it! When I am dead things will go on about as usual. The world will not stand still because I am gone. How touchingly does the youthful poet, Henry Kirke White, allude to this humbling consideration!—

“Yon brook will glide as softly as before,
Yon landscape smile, yon golden harvest grow,
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar,
When Henry's name is heard no more below.”

It was well that he was taught to add:—

“God of the just, thou gavest the bitter cup,
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.”

Another poet writes a responsive strain while musing among the dead:—

“Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield,
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.”

Still harvest after harvest waves on the earth, and other hands gather it in. The forest tree attains its maturity, and other woodmen fell it, it may be to furnish wood for their own coffins. Whoever dies, neither time nor society stands still on that account. There is a shock felt for a time, either in a greater or lesser circle, but the clock of time keeps up its ceaseless motion; we hear its solemn “tick-tick” moment after moment; society keeps up its constant whirl, almost heedless how one after another drops away; for others join the movement to keep up the noise and motion.

But amidst this vast multitude who help to make this great din how few consider their latter end—how few breathe out the prayers, “So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom,” Ps. xc. 12. “Lord, make me to know mine end and the measure of my days, that I may know how frail I am,” Ps. xxxix. 4.

Some persons will speak of death with composure whose lives are not such as to warrant the confidence which they express, or the ease they assume. This seems to have been the case with the old prophet before us, and alas! there are many who certainly act and speak thus. All this proceeds from ignorance and thoughtlessness, from pride, self-righteousness, and delusive hopes.

Worldly, Christless, prayerless man, you alas! are dead already. Have ye not read that “whoso liveth in pleasure is dead while he liveth?” You are spiritually dead, unless you love God, and delight in his word, and his service. If Christ is not your life, the sole ground of your hope for eternity, and the spring of your joy in time, you are dead indeed, and then there is another death awaiting you besides that which sometimes makes you turn pale amidst all your possessions and pleasures, and to tremble in spite of your false refuges and delusive opiates.

Remember, unconverted soul, that “there is the second death,” after natural death. Oh, do look steadily at that sacred page you have slighted for earthly things. What is it that burns yonder in such lurid characters? It is “the lake of fire,” as God describes it. He speaks to you about it in order to prevent your plunging into it. Your path, if you are travelling to eternity without Christ, leads to its central horrors; for “the wages of sin is death.” If you neglect God's salvation, what is there for you when you die but this fearful doom? Ah, it “is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.” Fall, then, at his feet, seeking for mercy in the name of Jesus, and all shall be well. He is ready to forgive, and will forgive you. Then you will be able to adopt the apostle's motto as your own—“For me to live is Christ,” and then “to die will be gain.” Then you may speak calmly of your approaching departure.

Some persons manifest much concern about the interment of their bodies, and the disposal of their property after death, who through life neglected their souls, and overlooked eternal realities. To desire to have all things done decently and in order, as regards committing dust to dust, is right and proper; but the anxiety which some manifest is irrational and inconsistent, especially when the interests of the soul are passed by. The prophet of Bethel speaks only concerning his body. What a terrible contrast do many present! There is a magnificent funeral for the breathless dust, while the spirit that lived without God is entering on its eternity of woe. A grave, in some lovely spot, entwined with flowers, is the resting place of the perishing body, while the lost soul is wandering restlessly through regions of utter woe. Man, with an immortal soul, pause, O pause in thy too ardent pursuit of this world, and ask, “What will be my estimate of all earth's treasures and pleasures, one short hour after I have passed from time into eternity?” How solemn to think of a being who has run a breathless race for fifty years after this world's possessions, desiring no better por-

tion : entering the world of spirits, and fully meeting the eye of the Holy One, only to be banished from his presence ! Next contrast that bankrupt spirit and his sad, sad reflections, with a group of worldly relatives, scrambling for the treasures which he has been so anxious to accumulate. Think of Dives, crying out for "one drop of water," and his brethren dividing his substance. "Put all you have upon your dying bed, put all upon your coffin, and then weigh it." "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Some persons endeavour to perpetuate folly and misery after they are gone from the stage of time. So far from being ashamed of what they have done while here, they wish their actions to be remembered and repeated. One would have thought that the old prophet would have taken no steps to perpetuate the remembrance of the cheat which he had practised. But he did, and many in all ages have acted as foolishly. What strange directions do some people charge their executors to carry out ! How do some endeavour to exert an influence on earth even after they are dead ! They wish their names still to be remembered ; and this is sometimes done to the injury of others. How often, in consequence of some vain or foolish arrangement, has the great gulf of law swallowed up what would have gladdened the heart of many poor relatives ! Some have so acted as to make their own prejudices and unforgiving spirit live and act after they are dead. When you are dead, dear reader, what wish will you leave behind for others to fulfil ? Warriors and statesmen, when dying, have laid their parting injunctions upon others, and in some instances they have been faithfully carried out ; let our dying wishes be such that the godly may present to heaven in prayer ; something which relates to the glory of God, and the good of souls, and God himself will see to their fulfilment.

But while many trifle over a subject so serious as death, there are some who rightly improve it. Let us listen to the Christian's soliloquy—

1. *When I am dead, I shall have done with earth.* The relationships of time will be all severed. The cares of business will be all over. The means of grace will be withdrawn, and all opportunities of usefulness in this world for ever gone by. Then let me seek to be kind and loving to my friends and relations, and not grieve nor stumble them by evil tempers and unkind behaviour. Let me be earnest to realize communion with God, in my daily walk and in all the means of grace, that so I may be prepared for his presence. Let me be industrious and honest ; also liberal according

to my opportunities and means, knowing that "there is no work, nor device, in the grave;" and knowing also that labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

2. *When I am dead, I shall still live on.* The question has long since been settled. "If a man die shall he live again?" How interesting and important are the points respecting *how* and *where* I shall live when I put off this my tabernacle ? God's Word casts blessed light on these. Death is a separation only, it is not annihilation. It destroys nothing. It only casts down the tabernacle that God might raise it up a glorious body. But, till the resurrection morning, how will the unimprisoned spirit exist, and where will be its home ? Little is said in the Scripture on this subject to gratify curiosity, but quite enough to tranquilize the mind, and encourage our hopes. The Lord Jesus will "receive the departing spirit." The separate state is not the completeness of glory, but it is a step in advance of our present position. "To die is gain," though not the greatest gain. Do any still ask—

"In that sudden strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall I grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence?"

We can only answer, wait awhile, abide in Christ. Live and die clinging to his cross, trusting his righteousness—then will

"Angels guard the young immortal,
Through the wonder teaming space ;
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting-place."

And that resting-place, we are told, is "to be with Christ," 2 Cor. v. It may be that one point of the Lord's intercessory prayer has special reference to this separate state : "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me," John xvii. 24. In the resurrection state, the whole perfected Church will share his glory, and be joint heirs with Christ. And will the Lord Jesus (says the Christian, anticipating all this with holy delight)—will he say even to such a guilty worm as I am—

"Come in, thou blessed, sit by me ;
With my own blood I ransomed thee ;
Come taste my perfect favour :
Come in, thou happy spirit, come ;
Thou now must dwell with me at home ;
Ye heavenly hosts, prepare him room,
For he must stay for ever."

Yes, he will, for his word is past, and "he is able to save to the uttermost."

3. *When I am dead, what will men think of me ?* Not, what will they say ? but what they will really think. There are some who are always ready to think well of any one

when dead, however he may have lived here. Those who know not God's character, nor the holiness of heaven, are ready to send everybody there when they die. But it is a solemn thought, that while man is often very forgiving over the grave, God then may begin to be inflexibly unforgiving. If he has followed a man all his life with the proclamation, "I am ready to forgive; seek me now; seek me earnestly;" and that man, through pride, or worldiness, or love of sin, has refused to seek him by faith in Jesus, then, however men may overlook his faults, God will take the attitude of stern justice, and the ear of mercy shall be closed for ever to his agonizing cry.

But the Christian asks, "What will those say and think of me who are in fellowship with God, and whose opinion is worth having?" While he must not make honour from man the point at which he aims, it is not wrong for him to say, "I do not wish to be forgotten; I wish to be enshrined in the bosom of affection; I wish to live after I am dead, by my influence and example, even when my very name is forgotten." Then let me act now with a view to bring this about. Let each honestly ask, what do I think of myself when alone with God? Am I a stumbling-stone to others; or am I a witness for God? Awake, O my soul, for now is thy salvation nearer than when thou didst first believe!

"Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow,
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amarantine flowers,
And yield thee fruits Divine in heaven's immortal
bowers."

4. *When I am dead, what will God say of me? He will be sure to say what he thinks; and what is altogether true and just. He will read out what we have written. I will remember, when left an orphan, at the early age of ten years, with what awe I looked upon a letter, found in my father's desk the morning after his death, giving directions for his funeral, and other things, and bearing this inscription, "When I am dead, open this, and not before." Ah, I have since often thought, thus will it be with the letter of our lives, which is now writing. Death will soon put his black seal upon the filled up and folded sheet; God's own hand will open it; and how many, it is to be feared, will then hear read what they have written, with trembling amazement and utter horror. Records long since forgotten will be vividly remembered then. Spirit of eternal truth, guide thou my hand; help me to write, every day, my simple and entire confidence in the merits of the dear*

Redeemer. Let no day pass without its being written afresh, though with a trembling hand. Saviour of sinners, I take thee for my righteousness, strength, wisdom, sanctification, and redemption. Guide my hand also to write anew my consecration to his service, who hath so loved me; and let my heart ever accompany the act. When the letter of my life is opened, let thine omniscient eye, most holy Father, read much that thine own Spirit hath written, and all the glory shall be given to thy grace.

5. *When I am dead how will my past life appear to me, as viewed from the shores of eternity! Then, as one says, "men will be all conscience, and conscience all light." Then self-deception will no more blind, and Satan will no more deceive. Then time and eternity will appear in their true colours, and proper proportions. Will my life then be a great failure, a fatal experiment of seeking happiness in sin and a portion in this present evil world? Or will it appear as a battle-field, in which, through grace, I have fought and conquered—a sphere of duty, in which, through God's strength, I have loved and laboured—a school in which he has taught me to hate sin, trust the Saviour, and long for God's glory? How overwhelmingly important are such questions! Let them influence me now to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, and stir me up to be faithful unto death.*

6. *When I am dead truth will live on. The Church of God will continue, because Jesus ever lives, and it is written, "A seed shall serve him." "His name shall endure for ever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in him, and all nations shall call him blessed." "All flesh is grass, and the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth and the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever." How humbling this consideration! how hopeful this conclusion! In yonder graveyard reposes the dust of a man who planted those stately oaks in the dell hard by. They are just arrived at maturity, but his last bone mouldered to dust fifty years ago. Near him lies the dust of another who introduced the Gospel into the village, and helped to establish a church of God there; that church still exists, and from generation to generation has been a fold for the sheep of Christ. Not far from his lowly grave, lies one whose hand wrote a book which still lives, and by which God is still speaking to the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints. Dying but immortal man, learn to be more anxious to spread truth than to build houses, rear mansions, or acquire broad acres on which your name shall be called.*

Again we shout over the grave, "THE WORD OF THE LORD ENDURETH FOR EVER." Here is something lasting as eternity. Identify thyself with it, O dying man, and thou shalt be blessed through eternity. To all such Jesus saith, "Because I live ye shall live also."

There is one other reflection most cheering of all to the believer—*When I am dead I shall render sinless and adoring service to God for ever.* In all we do now for God there is a mixture of evil, yea, perhaps many of us have done harm while attempting to do good. It will be the glory of the better state that we shall serve the Lord without any weakness or imperfection through everlasting ages. "His servants shall serve him, and they shall see his face." What a high honour has been conferred upon prophets and apostles to do good by their inspired writings and teachings, which contain truth without any mixture of error! Who can tell but that in the ages to come those who enter into the joy of their Lord

and have dominion over the cities assigned them, may be also the instruments of conveying God's mind, and executing his sublime purposes! Then there will be worship without distraction, love without coldness, and service without weariness. Nothing will be felt or said, over which it will be needful to drop the tear of repentance; and yet over the garment of praise, and the robe of holiness, there will be thrown and for ever gracefully worn that with which God is ever well pleased, even the most profound humility. Through eternity the rapturous song will resound—"Salvation to him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb." Then "there shall be *no more death*, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." Come, Lord Jesus! "Swallow up death in victory." "Change these vile bodies, and fashioned them like unto thy glorious body, according to that mighty working whereby thou art able to subdue all things unto thyself."

MARY BUNYAN, THE DREAMER'S BLIND DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

BY SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD, AUTHOR OF "GRACE TRUMAN."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TWO PILGRIMS — JOURNEY TO BEDFORD.

"MRS. GAUNT, do you think they would admit me to the gaol in Bedford?"

"I can't say, William! But why, my boy, do you ask me this question?"

"Because I want to go up to see my poor old father. Mother told me when I left home that I must go to see him as soon as I could, and send her word how he was doing and whether she could see him if she were to go there. And I must go. Maybe I may not get in, but I'll go anyhow and try."

The speaker was a tall, noble-looking youth of eighteen. His handsome, manly countenance spoke forth the high and honourable feelings of his heart, while the fiery expression of his clear blue eye told plainly the enthusiasm of his nature. His was a face to be admired—so full of generosity and noble daring. His dark, auburn hair, parted in the middle, formed a wavy outline to his high jutting forehead, and fell, after the fashion of those days, in rich luxuriance over his broad shoulders. Habitually his mouth wore a pleasing smile, but whenever his mind was set to do a thing, the smile gave way to a compression of the lips, expressive of a firmness of purpose not likely to yield before anything but

impossibility; and then his eye assumed a steady look indicative of settled determination.

Thus he now appeared as he stood leaning against the fireplace gazing earnestly at the female seated in front of him. She cast her eyes upward from the Bible that rested on her lap to the face of the speaker. It wore that expression of decision which so peculiarly characterized it. She had known him but a few months, yet she had long ago learned to read the thoughts of his mind and the feelings of his soul in his speaking countenance. She saw now that his determination was fixed, and she felt that any effort on her part to dissuade him from the accomplishment of his purpose, even were she disposed to do so, would be useless entirely. But she had no desire to do so. She was gratified at the expression of filial love in her young friend.

"Yes, that I will go," he resumed, his lips compressing more tightly, and the steady expression of his eye deepening. "I will go to see my poor dear old father. God knows it is a shameful thing for him to lie wearing away in that hateful dungeon; the poor old man that never in his life harmed a living creature. It is a wretched thing, Mrs. Gaunt;" and a tear ran down his flushed cheek as he thought of the wrong his father had endured at the hands of those who professed to

be zealous for the honour of the Most High God.

"He doeth all things after the counsel of his own will, William, and as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about his people. Do you think that your father suffers in vain? No, no. His trials, and those of all God's afflicted children here on earth, will redound to the honour and glory of the cause of our blessed Lord. He maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and the vile persecutors of his children are working out his own eternal immutable purposes; and his poor, down-trodden Zion, which is now the prey of the wolves and the devourer, will awake, and put on her strength, and her beautiful garments, and the waste places shall break forth into singing, and all the nations of the earth shall see it. They that rule over the Lord's heritage do make his people to howl now. But it will not always be so. They that afflict the righteous shall be blown like chaff before the wind of destruction. They shall be utterly consumed from off the face of the earth, for he shall cut off the spirit of princes. He is terrible to the kings of the earth."

The woman spoke with enthusiasm—like one ready to seal her testimony with blood. And in after years, she proved that she counted not her life dear, for she finished her course with joy amid the flames kindled by the hands of the children of the "Mother of Harlots," attesting to the last her belief of the doctrines of the Scriptures, and her love for their great and glorious Author.

The youth sighed and shook his head, doubtfully.

"What you say may be so, Mrs. Gaunt, but I cannot believe it. I cannot see that what you tell me can ever come to pass. There is no hope for the poor, unhappy; blood-stained country. The heel of the oppressor will trample her into the dust, and she will be abased never to rise again."

"Say not so, William. God hath spoken by the mouth of his holy prophet, 'that from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me.' 'They shall sit, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, and none shall make them afraid. The mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath spoken it, and he cannot lie.'"

"Oh, that that time had come, Mrs. Gaunt! Would that this oppression and tyranny throughout the land might cease!"

"In God's own good time it shall, William. Be content in that thought."

"It will be a long time first, Mrs. Gaunt, I tell you. Iniquity abounds everywhere, everywhere. Oh, it is dreadful—the

sufferings which the poor prisoners endure in the horrid gaols and dungeons! I cannot bear to think of it. Oh, that I could but avenge their wrongs—"

"That is a wicked desire, William. 'They that take the sword shall perish by the sword,' said Jesus. You must learn to bear patiently. God will avenge his elect when he seeth fit. Leave it to him. Wait and see his glory."

"How can I wait, Mrs. Gaunt, when my father is rotting in prison, placed there by the cruelty of deceitful men? How can I wait when my mother's heart is breaking? No, no. The blood leaps in my veins when I think of it. I am driven to fury, and if there was any hope, I would raise a war-cry which should echo and re-echo throughout this land. I would down with the vile wretches who persecute the poor, and put them to reproach. They ought to be hung on gibbets and left to sadden in the sun, and then their miserable carcasses ought to be given to ravening wolves. Oh, that I could—"

"Hush, hush, William, God will hold you accountable for such words. You sin against him. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' saith he. Leave the matter in his hands, and trust him. He will not deceive. He will not lie. His words are sure and stedfast, and he will bring it all to pass when he seeth the time has come."

"Well, I am going to Bedford to see father, and I will get him out of that hole if I can. He ought to promise to quit preaching, if they will not release him on any other condition. What is the use of his threatening to preach, if it only keeps him in gaol? He can't preach there, and he had better regain his liberty than lie there wasting away."

"The curse of God will rest upon you, William, if you undertake such a course. His children can preach louder by their sufferings and trials, if they bear them with patience, than they can in words. Be content to wait for the manifestations of the power of God. He could bring your father out of prison as he did Paul and Silas, if he saw proper, but it is his own good pleasure that he should stay there for a season. Could the enemy triumph unless the Lord Jehovah permitted it? No! I tell you the horse and the rider should be slain, and the persecutors should flee away like chaff before the strong wind, if the Lord of Israel saw fit to smite them with the breath of his power."

The young man stood silent. The sublime truths of God's Word impressed his heart. He had heard them oftentimes from the lips of his father, as he sat around his fireside, telling of the dealings of God with him, or expounded the sacred oracles to the

villagers assembled in their hidden meetings; but now they fell with double weight. The Holy Spirit was sending home with power to his heart the doctrines of the Gospel of Christ.

"I will go with you to see your father, William," the woman said, after a pause of a few moments. "It is a year since I have seen the faithful old man who, through the grace of God, was the means of bringing me to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, my Lord. Ah, that was a blessed time, a time of praise and rejoicing," she said, as if speaking to herself—"when the Lord took my feet out of an horrible pit, and placed them on a rock, even Christ Jesus, and put a new song in my mouth, even praises to the Lamb. 'What shall I render unto God for all his mercies shown? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord; yea, I will praise him continually, for he hath blotted out my transgressions, and washed me from my iniquity, and cleansed me from my sin.'

"Yes, William, I will go with you. I hear that Bedford gaol is filled with witnesses for the truth. You know that man of God, John Bunyan, is there. It will do my soul good to listen to the words of heavenly wisdom from the mouth of such a man. I will go with you, and we will start to-morrow."

"I am glad you are going with me, Mrs. Gaunt," the youth answered enthusiastically, "for maybe you can help me to hit upon some plan for my father's escape, and——"

"I can do nothing, William, but what will be right before God and honourable in the sight of men."

The young man sighed deeply. The impetuosity of his nature could not bear any opposition to his cherished hope. The thoughts of his poor old father's imprisonment had so preyed upon him night and day, but he had never yet seen any feasibility in any plan that had suggested itself to his mind. His hope now was in Mrs. Gaunt's superior wisdom and her influence, which, although but little, for she was but an obscure woman, would yet be something if brought to bear in his favour.

"It will be a long tiresome walk for you," said William, as he seated himself on the settee by the side of the kind woman.

"It is only thirty miles, William, and maybe we can get into a waggon and ride part of the way. I don't fear the weariness of the journey; I am stout, and you are young and strong. I must go now to the gaol, and try to comfort the poor, distressed disciples of my Master, who lie therein languishing for the truth. You make ready for your journey, for we will, God willing, set out early on the morrow."

"Be careful, Mrs. Gaunt, and do not show yourself too much in your visits of charity. The spies of the Church are abroad, and they scent the righteous, even from afar."

"My ways and times are in the hands of the Lord, William. Why need I fear what man can do unto me?"

The good old woman put on her hat, and taking up a basket of provisions set out on her daily mission of charity. She visited the sick, and those that were in prison. She clothed the naked and fed the hungry, and to the thirsty she gave drink.

Long before the sun gilded the turrets and spires of the sin-cursed city, the two travellers were on their way. It was a cold crisp morning in November. The sun, rising from a bed of clouds, threw his mellowed beams over the sere autumnal landscape. The ploughman was in the field, turning over the fallow ground; and fieldfares and starlings followed on his steady steps, and gathered the food sent them by the all-bountiful One: while from the hedgerows by the way-side the blackbird and song-thrush warbled forth sweet praises to the Maker of the glorious heavens and the glad earth.

The travellers journeyed on, discoursing on the beauties of the day which were springing up before them. And with thankfulness did the woman speak of the goodness of God, whose love is ever over his people, and whose hand is open to supply their wants. High noon came, and they sat themselves down by the roadside and partook of the provisions prepared by the careful hand of Mrs. Gaunt, and then refreshing themselves from a spring by the way, which sent a little rivulet to dance and sparkle through the copsewood, they resumed their journey.

They were on a noble mission—sublimely far that of ambassadors and princes, who look only to the things that are seen. Yet the world heeded them not. The passer-by saw in them only two plain pedestrians, weary with the toil of the way; but the eye of God rested on the scene approvingly, and "Well done" was the seal set by the hand omnipotent to that humble, unpretending mission.

Wonderful power of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God that invests the barefoot journey of the faithful disciple of Jesus with an interest and grandeur far exceeding the pomp and show of earth's most illustrious calvacades. Stupendous love and condescension, which looks down from the throne of the universe to support and cheer the fainting heart of the weary and worn pilgrim!

The travellers had passed more than half their journey. The woman's pace was languid and slow.

"William," she said, "I must stop and rest."

"I see a waggon," said he, "coming on our steps. I will get the driver to let us ride."

The waggon was going several miles in the direction of Bedford. The driver, a staid yeoman, with a big heart and a kind face, was glad to help them on their journey.

As they drove on, the woman spoke to him of religion. She soon learned that he was a child of God; and as they rode along they held sweet converse. He too belonged to the persecuted flock of the despised ones; but the hand of persecution had not yet fallen on their little band.

The shades of night came on. They yet wanted five miles of Bedford. Because of the woman's fatigue, they decided to stop at a farm-house by the way-side. William was eager to proceed. He felt no weariness in the pursuit of his father. "But if I should get there to-night," he said to himself, "the gaol would be shut, and I could not get in; so I will content myself to rest here."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE REPULSE.

"No, I tell you, you can't go in!"

"And why not?"

"The prisoners haven't had their breakfast, and nobody can get in so soon."

The answers were given in a rough, harsh voice, and the turnkey bent a look of scowling severity upon the applicants. He grasped tightly the ponderous keys which depended from his leathern girdle, and raising his great, coarse hand, motioned them away.

"When can we get in, tell us?" asked the youth impatiently, aroused by the insulting manner of the assistant gaoler. The blood was in his cheek, the flash in his eye, but judgment told him to be still.

"I don't know, some time to-day."

"We will go away, Will," spoke the woman soothingly. She saw that he was excited, and might say something that would end seriously. "Come, we will go now, and come some other time," and suiting the action to the word, she turned from the door, and walked towards the end of the bridge. The youth hesitated a moment, keeping his eyes fixed steadily on the turnkey, who wavered beneath their gaze. Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he wheeled, and followed the woman.

"We will go to the inn, William, and rest awhile. They may let us in when we come again. God incline their hearts to grant us this favour."

"The wretch!" exclaimed the aroused

youth, "how dare he refuse to let me see my father! It's tyranny, tyranny, wherever you turn. Oh, it is too hard to bear. When will these things end! I will be revenged!"

He spoke with the energy of a man bent on some desperate purpose. His frame trembled with the intensity of his emotion, and the blood mounted higher and higher on his cheek, until it suffused his vein-marked temples. The lips were fearfully compressed.

"William, William," said the woman reprovingly, "how can you do this! Don't you fear to sin against God? He worketh, and none can hinder. See his hand in all this, and be still. Shall not the man of great wrath suffer punishment? Calm yourself and sin not."

A deep groan was the only reply he made, while the right hand involuntarily clenched. The young man felt that it was foolishness to fight against the words of wisdom; but the enmity of the heart was not overcome, only the lips were bridled.

THE VISIT TO THE GAOL.

The mother mused as she pursued, with heavy, flagging step, her way across the meadow. Her soul was burdened with a heavy weight. Her heart was filled with fear. Unfathomable were the dealings of God with her. When would he reveal himself a God of love? Surely, his hand was laid upon her in anger, and deliverance would never come. Each day that dawned but added new cares to her already overwhelming burden, and she felt to strive against her destiny was but a foolish mockery. Each day increased the certainty of her husband's doom; each day brought more and more domestic trouble, for the children were crying for bread, and their tattered garments and bare feet, now pinched by the chill November, spoke in mute appeal to the bleeding tenderness of her stricken heart. She was in a deep, dark valley; mountains of trouble and difficulty reared themselves all around, so that the beaming of hope was for ever shut out. No flickering ray of light betokened the coming day. All was night, incessant night, wherever she looked.

Poor, desolate, tried woman! She was indeed passing through "deep waters," and was ready to perish.

Such nights of deep, dark trial, who can bear? Oh, God! thou callest thy children to pass through fiery ordeals, when all they can utter is the heart's deep, piercing cry—"Lord, have mercy! Lord, have mercy! I perish, oh save!"

She pondered her condition as she walked slowly along, while tears streamed down her wasted cheeks. Little Joseph was by her

side with his basket. There had been but a scant breakfast that morning in the forsaken household. The father must have something from home, and there was none to spare, save the offerings—up of self-denial, prompted by love.

"I must bear up and try to be cheerful for his sake," said the poor afflicted woman to herself, as the dark muddy walls of the old gaol burst upon her view. "Yea, for his sake I would do anything, bear anything. He is my all on earth. O my God, deliver him out of the power of the tormentor; bid the prisoner go free. Save him! save him from the hands of cruel men, and from them that seek after him for his hurt." And her tears fell rapidly.

"Is any little baby dead, mother?" said Joseph, timidly, as he walked by his mother's side.

"No, my little boy; what made you ask me that question?"

He paused for a moment, as if unwilling to give his reason. Then, looking up in his mother's face, his large blue eyes full of innocence, he replied,—

"Because you cry so, mother, just like you and Mary did when our little baby died."

The fountain of a mother's love was stirred, and the tears fell more bitterly. Her heavenly Father's chastenings were more than she could bear. She clasped her hands in agony. Her soul was rent with sorrow. There was no consolation, no hope! Surely she was sinking in the deep mire where there was no standing. She had come into deep waters, where the floods overwhelmed her.

But she looked to the Lord from the midst of her troubles, and in the words of the afflicted king of Israel, she cried, "Give ear unto my prayer, O Lord, and hide not thyself from my supplication. Attend unto me, and hear me. I murmur in my complaint and make a great noise. Because of the voice of the enemy, because of the oppression of the wicked; for they cast iniquity upon me, and in wrath they hate me. My heart is sore pained within me, and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me. Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest. Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me. My soul is among lions. For his sake, dearer unto me than life, I must be calm," she repeated to herself, as the little window, at which she thought he might be writing, became visible. She quickened her dragging steps, stilled the fountain of her grief, wiped away the tears

from her face, and tried (ah, how vainly), to look cheerful.

"We will soon see father, won't we, mother?" ventured little Joseph, as he saw his mother's changed appearance.

"Yes, my boy, we will soon see your poor father once more. It may be for the last time."

"Why, what are they going to do with father, mother? They won't kill him, will they?" and the child's face assumed a look sad to see.

"Ah, I don't know, Joseph, what they will do with him. I can't tell."

The women eyed each other closely as they met at the door of the prison. It was evident to each that they were on a similar mission. The turnkey seemed fretted by their application for admission, and with dark, vengeful countenance, he stood fumbling over his keys, as if undecided whether to grant them entrance.

Mrs. Gaunt said to the other, "You come to see a prisoner?"

"My husband," was the reply.

"Does he suffer for the sake of the Master?" asked the first speaker.

"Even so. For preaching the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ."

She understood instantly, and replied with increased animation.—

"John Bunyan, of Elstow, a glorious martyr for the truth as it is in Christ Jesus?"

"The same," and Mrs. Bunyan gazed on her with surprise.

The heavy grating door flew open. The applicants were admitted into the narrow court. The prisoners, some of them, were out for morning exercise, if the walking about in a miserable court-yard, fourteen feet wide, and but little more than that in length, could be called exercise.

William looked cagerly round on the faces nearest him, but he saw not his father. "I may be mistaken," he said to himself. "My father may be so changed." He viewed their faces a second time more minutely. Shaking his head, he stepped on a little farther. His attention was arrested by a noise as of a woman weeping in the farther end of the court. He paused and looked. It was the woman he had met at the outer door, leaning on the bosom of one of the prisoners. A man was standing near them, an old, grey-headed man. He looked again. It was his father. A moment more and they were locked in each other's arms. Tears of joy streamed down the pallid cheek of the old man, and sobs burst from the heaving breast of the son.

"My son, my son, my William! Thank God, I see you once more, my boy!" and the old man strained him to his heart. "And your mother, William, and my dear

Nancy — when did you last hear from them?"

"Well, father," was all the son could say. "Thank God! thank God!" exclaimed the old man, gazing on the son with delight. "Do you know me, Father Dormer?"

The old man wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand, and gazed upon the new speaker. After a long look, he shook his head slowly.

"No, my good woman, I never saw you before."

"God made you the means of turning me from my sins. You baptized me."

The old man's face brightened. "One seal to my ministry," whispered the old man to himself.

"You know me now!" the woman exclaimed, as she saw the old man's face light up.

The man smiled faintly.

"I am old now, my daughter," he said, "and my eyes are dim, and my mind is frail. The names and faces of my youth have passed from me, and I cannot bring them back."

"Elizabeth Shirley, Father Dormer, you remember her?"

"My cousin Henry's child?"

"Yes."

"I know you now, my child," he said, and he threw his arms around her and wept afresh.

"The Lord is merciful to me in sending you and my boy to see me. I had never hoped to see again on earth the faces of those I have known and loved. My race is almost run, my daughter; a few days, and my Master will send for me to go up, *up*," he exclaimed, turning his eyes heavenward, "to the mansion he is preparing for me. No prisoners there; no weeping there; no suffering there. Friends will never more be parted. The husband shall not be torn from the wife, nor the father from the children. The hand of the violent man shall no longer oppress, and the persecutor shall not destroy. And I will soon be there, my child. My sinning will be done, my weeping will be done. I shall be for ever at rest. Oh, that we may all meet there at last—our troubles all ended."

The old man sank to the ground. The little party gathered around him.

"This is our brother in the Lord, John Bunyan, and his wife," said the old man. "We are all children of the Most High God, and we are journeying on amid our trials and besetments towards the celestial city, whose builder and maker is God. How is it with thee, my son? Has God begun a new work in your poor heart, my dear William? Have you laid down your arms of rebellion against the King of kings, and become submissive to the peaceful

reign of Prince Immanuel? My poor child, have you turned to God?"

The young man shook his head.

"May the Lord quicken you by his Holy Spirit, and create within you a clean heart, my boy."

"Amen! Amen! Amen!" repeated the little company.

And shall not the prayer of faith be answered?

"We pass through tribulation and sorrow in this world, sister," said Bunyan, turning to Mrs. Gaunt.

"Yes, brother Bunyan; but the grace of God will bring his children off conquerors over the flesh, the world, and the devil," she answered.

"His grace is all-sufficient, my sister, and we should ever be ready to say with the apostle Paul, 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them, also, that love his appearing.' These are perilous times, and we cannot tell what a day may bring forth. The hand of the Lord is stretched abroad over the earth, and his anger is kindled against the sons of men. He hath laid the vine waste, and barked the fig-tree; he hath made it clean bare, and cast it away. The branches thereof are made white."

"But he will cause the waste cities to be built up, Brother Bunyan. He will plant again the vineyard, and the fig-tree shall blossom. For yet a little while and his anger shall be overpast, and the Lord will come again to visit Zion, and to execute judgment on her persecutors."

"Her persecutors are as ravening wolves, my sister, as howling beasts of prey; they tear and rend her in pieces; they scourge and devour her."

"Zion mourneth, I know, my brother, because of her enemies. But they shall lick the dust like a serpent; they shall move out of their hills like worms of the earth; they shall lay their hand upon their mouth; their ears shall be deaf. Neither their silver nor their gold shall be able to deliver them in the day of the Lord's wrath; but the whole land shall be devoured by the fire of his jealousy; for he shall make even a speedy riddance of all them that dwell in the land. For God is a jealous God, and the Lord avengeth, and is furious. The Lord will take vengeance on his adversaries, and he reserveth wrath for his enemies."

"The words of Elizabeth are true, Brother Bunyan," added the old man. "What doth the prophet Habakkuk say?—'Art

thou not from everlasting, O Lord my God, my Holy One? We shall not die. O Lord, thou hast ordained them for judgment; and O mighty God, thou hast established them for correction. Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity; and the cry shall go forth, 'Howl, ye inhabitants of Maktesh, for all the merchant people are cut down; all they they bear silver are cut off;' and then shall his people hear the glad shout, 'Sing, O daughter of Zion, shout, O Israel! be glad, and rejoice with all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem! for the Lord hath taken away thy judgments; he hath cast out thine enemy. The King of Israel, even the Lord, is in the midst of thee; thou shalt not see evil any more. For the Lord thy God in the midst of thee, is mighty. He will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love; he will rejoice over thee with singing. Behold at that time I will undo all that afflict thee; and I will save her that halteth, and gather her that was driven out. And I will get them praise and fame in every land where they have been put to shame. For I will make you a name and a praise among all people of the earth when I turn back your captivity before your eyes, saith the Lord.' The Lord God hath spoken this through his Holy Spirit, my brother, and his word shall stand fast."

"Yes, and for ever," replied Bunyan. "May God give us strength to bear our afflictions, and patience to await his coming."

Bunyan and his wife arose and repaired to his cell. She had something to say to him which she wished no stranger to hear. Little Joseph followed with his basket of provisions. The old man, William, and Mrs. Gaunt were left alone.

"When William talked of coming to see you, Father Dormer, I felt that I must come too. I have nothing to do but go about and attend to the children of my Master."

"Are you not married, child?"

"I was married, soon after I went down to London to work, to John Gaunt, a godly man, and I lived with him three of the happiest years I shall ever see in this life; but God took him to himself and left me alone in this world, childless and friendless, and since his death I have given my time, and much of my little store, to clothe the naked, and feed the hungry of my Father's children."

"A blessed work, my daughter," replied the old man, as he sat gazing upon the changed features of one who had often gathered with his children, now in heaven, around the frugal board, and sported with them through the meadows. "Whosoever

shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward." These, my child, are the words of our blessed Lord and Master, who shall reward us at the last day according to the deeds done in the body.

"How did you fall in with my poor William, Elizabeth?" he added, looking with a fond father's love upon his son, who sat listening intently to every word.

"I met William in the street one day, as I was going from one of the gaols to my humble home. He asked me if I could tell him of any one that could give him work. His manner and voice seemed so like something I had known long years gone by, I asked him who he was.

"'I am the son of David Dormer,' he answered.

"'David Dormer, the old Baptist preacher that used to live in Lancashire?' I said in haste. 'That's my father,' he answered. Then I asked where you were. He told me in Bedford gaol. I made him understand who I was, and took him home with me, where he has been living ever since. And he shall stay with me as long as he wants to."

"The Lord of heaven and earth be praised for directing the feet of my poor wandering boy to your door. Be a mother to him, Elizabeth, and may he reward you with a son's love and obedience. Here, William, I give you to this woman. She will be to you a mother; you be to her a son, my boy; and may God make you a help to each other."

"Now tell me, Elizabeth, how the poor saints come on in London. I hear they are persecuted there as well as here. It seems that Satan is loosed on the earth, and is set to destroy the saints of the Most High."

"The times are very fearful there. Ah! they are fearful throughout the land, Father Dormer. The hand of vengeance is upon the children of God; and their cries go up from every dungeon in the kingdom into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. And he will come to avenge his people speedily. He delayeth his coming that his people may feel their dependence upon his almighty arm. But when he doth come, then will he make inquisition for blood, and all the earth shall know that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

"These things are very wonderful, my child. The great God is moving in a mysterious way. He is performing his purposes through marvellous means, but I know it is all right, though it is so hard to understand. I will trust the God of Jacob though he slay me. But oh, my child, what must be the terrible recompense that he will visit on the heads of his enemies!

It will be a consuming fire from heaven, which shall burn up all that despise him. They shall be consumed in wrath, they shall be slain with the sword. They shall all utterly perish. For God will avenge and succour his people when the time of his visitation has come. Thou wilt not cast us off, O God of Israel, thou wilt not cast us off for ever, but in loving kindness and tender mercy thou wilt visit us, and our strength shall be renewed, so that one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight."

"It is true, it is true, Father Dormer. The Lord our God will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in time of trouble. The cause of his people he will maintain. He sitteth on the throne of the heavens judging right, and the needy shall not always be forgotten; the expectations of the poor shall not perish for ever. For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness. The Lord is in his holy temple. The Lord's throne is in heaven; his eyes behold, his eyelids try the children of men."

Thus these two faithful children of God sat strengthening each other with the glorious truths of the Gospel, until the keeper warned them that it was time for the visitors to depart. Mrs. Bunyan came forth from her husband's cell with a more cheerful countenance. The faith and confidence of her husband had inspired her heart with a faint hope. It is good for the children of God to wait on him in faith. Their strength shall be renewed thereby.

Mrs. Bunyan invited the young woman and the young man home with her to stay through the night. Her husband had told her to do so. And she did so to comply with his wish, but her heart misgave her, for she remembered there was nothing to eat, and there was no money to buy food. She had told her husband this as she had parted with him in the cell, but he answered—

"My Elizabeth, will not the Lord provide? I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. 'Trust in the Lord and do good, and thou shalt dwell in the land, and surely thou shalt be fed.' Is not this promise enough to calm your fears, and to stay your heart, my wife?"

She saw that this ought to be sufficient, but she scarcely felt that it was.

"In this world ye shall have tribulation." Could we, under every dispensation of providence, exercise that degree of faith in the promises of God which it is our privilege to do, there would be but little sorrow to the child of God. He would then realize feelingly that all things are working together for his good. Sin has robbed us

of the ability. The spirit is willing, but alas! the flesh is weak.

Like a true woman, Mrs. Bunyan hid her uneasiness from her new friends. "I can do something," she said to herself, "and maybe God will provide for me. He has never yet left me to starve, though he has suffered me to be driven to my wit's ends to get a morsel for my famishing children."

As Mrs. Bunyan and her friends approached the door, little Sarah, overjoyed, ran out to meet her mother.

"Oh, mother, mother, something to eat, in a great big basket!" she exclaimed, as she got within speaking distance of her mother, entirely regardless of the presence of the strangers.

"Let us be thankful for it, my child," was the mother's answer, her heart melting with grateful emotions, while, at the same time, her conscience reproached her for her unbelief. "It is our heavenly Father who has sent it to us."

"No, mother, Goody Harrow told Thomas that the neighbours sent it to us."

The mother smiled at the child's reply, and told her how God must have put it into the minds of the neighbours to do it, or they would not have thought of it. She then turned to the woman and the young man, and explained to them her circumstances.

Mary stood at the door to meet her mother on her return. The house was as tidy as neatness and care could make it. The blood rushed to her soft, delicate cheek at the mention of the strangers' names; but with unaffected modesty she extended her hand to welcome them, smiling, and bidding them enter in a voice so sweet and flute-like, that Mrs. Gaunt, who observed such things but little, stopped to take a second look at the placid, sightless face.

And the child of thirteen years was a picture of more than earthly loveliness, as she stood there, with an angelic smile lighting up her delicate features and pale cheek. Her dark hair was combed from her transparent forehead, and lay behind her ears in child-like simplicity. Her neck, graceful as the swan's, as it glides gently down the smooth, unruffled bosom of some summer lake, was covered with a plain white handkerchief, crossed over her breast, and tied behind. Her plain, blue stuff dress hung scantily, it is true, around her beautifully moulded form, but it was clean; and her shoes and stockings, though of the coarsest kind, were as immaculate as her dress and handkerchief. Her parted lips displayed her pearly teeth, and her manner was as gentle and easy as though she had been reared in the court of the Plantagenets.

Thus she appeared to William Dormer, as he gazed on her with pity and admiration; and as she moved quietly and meekly

around the household, assisting her mother in every preparation with so much readiness, and at the same time, so much grace, he felt his interest in the blind girl constantly increasing. Her sweet voice charmed him, and whenever she spoke to him, with her soft clear tones, he felt his heart throb faster, and an unusual feeling of delight thrilled his bosom. They were the opposite in appearance and character. He, brave and fiery in disposition, excitable, and somewhat resentful: she, timid and gentle, full of fortitude and forgiveness. Yet they were both possessed of a high tone of moral principle, which rose above everything low and ignominious.

This was the first meeting of the youth and the blind girl. They met often in after years; sometimes under pleasant circumstances, at others under scenes the most trying. Thus it is in life—alternate pleasure and pain. Well would it be for us if we could be grateful for the one, and patient for the other.

Almost two hundred years ago!

A group is gathered around the fireside of a poor, despised man, imprisoned by the laws of his land. They are the offscouring of the earth, unnoticed by the rich, the

great. They have nothing to attract the attention of the proud or noble. Who shall ever know them beyond the circle of their own little village? Surely no one. Shall not their names perish with them, as those of their fathers before them have done? Ah,—no,—no. They were called upon by the Master to suffer for righteousness' sake, and their sufferings have made them immortal. They have passed from earth to their reward above—one from the midst of the burning faggot; but they have left a name on earth which can never perish.

[We beg to apprise our readers that we now part company with "Mary Bunyan." The narrative having been published in a cheap form since we commenced the tale, it will not be continued in our pages. Our friends may, however, confidently rely on the space being occupied with matter quite as interesting to our youthful readers, arrangements having been made for the publication of a series of TALES AND SKETCHES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CHRISTIAN LIFE, the first of which will appear in our Number for January, 1862.]

P O E T R Y .

THE LORD'S DAY.

Founded on an Occurrence related in *Old Jonathan*, for January, 1861.

A wicked vessel-owner,
God's precepts to deride,
Had named one ship "The Sabbath,"
In bold, blaspheming pride:
Then on God's day he launched her,
But fearful was the coast,
For lightning struck the vessel,
And all on board were lost!

Another hardened scorner
Then scoffed at those who spoke
Of a Hand Divine directing
The fatal lightning-stroke.
God's righteous interference
Most strongly he denied,
And swore, with impious boldness,
The question to decide.

So then for the fulfilment
Of his unholy vow,
He dared upon the Lord's-day
A certain field to plough.
The corn was sown, and flourished,
And at last was borne away,
And stored up in the garner
Upon Jehovah's day.

The scoffer gazed in triumph,
And almost failed to mark
That in the heavens above him
A cloud was gathering dark:

Ere long from out the blackness
The electric fluid came,
And granary and treasure
Were wrapt in lurid flame!

Soon only ashes smouldered
Where barn and wheat had been,
And the owner's reason tottered
As he beheld the scene:
In drivelling insanity
Some weary years he past,
And without a ray of reason
The scorner died at last.

THEODORA.

THE LAST SLEEP.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A DEAR RELATIVE.

Hush thy weeping,
He is sleeping!
Oh, how calm his sweet repose!
Life's rough day
Has passed away,
And its toil no more he knows.

He was weary
Of earth's dreary,
Rugged pilgrimage; but now,
Like a dream,
Past sorrows seem;
Not a care sits on his brow!

Pain and weakness—
Borne with meekness—
Are forgotten as he sleeps:
Wouldst thou call
Him back to all
The ills that life in sadness steeps?

No! though lonely;
 Though he only
 Gave thy brightness to thy lot;
 Yet 'tis best
 That he should rest;
 And we, therefore, murmur not.

Though earth's treasures,
 Though earth's pleasures
 Seem, without him, dull and dim—
 Hush thy weeping,
 He is sleeping!
 And we soon shall rest with him.—ANNIE.

DENOMINATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

KINGTON, HEREFORDSHIRE.—The Rev. C. Wilson Smith, from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Metropolitan Institute, having received a very hearty and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Kington, Herefordshire, commenced his ministry on the second Sabbath in October last with very gratifying prospects of success.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

WOOLWICH.—On Tuesday, Nov. 12, meetings were held in Queen-street Chapel to recognize the settlement of the Rev. J. Teall, late of Hatch, as pastor. At six o'clock the spacious school-rooms attached to the chapel were thrown open for tea, when about 400 friends sat down to the social repast. At seven o'clock a large congregation assembled in the chapel to hold a public meeting; the Rev. John Cox, now of Ipswich, but who, for a quarter of a century, occupied the pulpit of Queen-street Chapel, presided on the occasion. Mr. Cox was supported by the Rev. R. Serjeant, superintendent of the Wesleyan circuit; the Rev. W. Gill, Independent minister; the Rev. E. H. Isaacs, Independent minister; the Rev. E. Davis, the Rev. S. Pearce, the Rev. C. Box, minister of Enon Chapel; W. E. Beal, Esq., and other friends. A hymn having been sung, Mr. Champion offered prayer. An address was then delivered by the chairman, after which Mr. Whiteman gave a comprehensive detail of the steps which, in the order of Providence, had led to Mr. Teall's settlement; which was followed by an appropriate address from the pastor. The Rev. W. Gill next asked for the Divine blessing upon the union, after which several gentlemen addressed the assembly, the ministers of the town especially giving to Mr. Teall a cordial and fraternal welcome. Mr. Teall enters upon his sphere of labour with every prospect of usefulness.

PRESENTATION SERVICES.

BIRMINGHAM.—On Tuesday evening, Oct. 22, a tea meeting was held in the lecture room of Henage-street Baptist Chapel for the purpose of enabling the friends to take farewell of their late pastor, the Rev. W. Hanson, whose failing health had compelled him to resign his charge. Upwards of 150 persons sat down to an excellent repast. The meeting then adjourned to the chapel, E. Pearson, Esq., being called to the chair. Able and suitable addresses were delivered by the Rev. W. Varley, Rev. T. Aston, Mr. W. Jones, and Mr. D. Jones, expressive of their sympathy and affection. Mr. Withers was then called upon to present a testimonial, which consisted of a handsome purse, containing twenty guineas, voluntarily subscribed by the friends. Mr. J. Buttress was then called upon to present another testimonial—a handsome pair of pictures, a gift from the children of the Band of Hope connected with the above place of worship. Mr. Hanson replied in a feeling and elo-

quent address, thanking the friends for their kindness on this and former occasions, at the same time offering some excellent remarks on church government and the duties of church membership. The meeting was attended by a numerous and respectable audience, and every one retired highly delighted with the evening's proceedings.

ASSOCIATION SERVICES.

MONMOUTHSHIRE ENGLISH BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The half-yearly meetings of this association were held in Lion-street Chapel, Aber-gavenny, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 5th and 6th Nov. On Tuesday evening, the service was introduced by the Rev. S. Annear, sometime missionary in Western Africa; and Revs. T. L. Davies, of Maudea, and G. Cosens, of Usk, preached. On Wednesday morning, Rev. E. Edwards, Llanfihangel, read and prayed, and Rev. W. J. Gordon preached. The brethren then assembled in conference, which was fully attended. The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. The gentlemen appointed at the last association to confer with some Baptist friends at Rhymny, with the view to the organization of an English Church there, stated that English preaching was commenced soon after their visit, and that a sufficient number had expressed their readiness to be formed into a church. A church therefore will soon be constituted. The church at Llanfihangel-ystryn-lewern was admitted a member of the body. The church at Llanfihangel Crucorney to be recommended to the Home Missionary Society for a grant in aid. After a very interesting discussion, it was agreed that it would be desirable to hold revival services in the churches. These services to consist of prayer-meetings, at which addresses shall be delivered. At three o'clock the service was commenced by Rev. Joseph Lewis, Tredegar, and Revs. S. Price, Abersychan, and S. Annear, preached. At seven, Rev. G. Cosens read and prayed, and sermons were delivered by Revs. T. Thomas, D.D., President of the College, Pontypool; and Thos. Jones, Chepstow. The Rev. H. J. Bunn (Independent) offered the concluding prayer. The services throughout were well attended. Friends belonging to other churches in the town most willingly accommodated ministers and others from a distance—a kindness which was gratefully acknowledged by Rev. S. R. Young, on behalf of the church, Lion-street. Indeed, more accommodation was available than was required. A most happy and sacred influence seemed to pervade all the meetings. The annual meetings will be held at Abersychan in April next.

FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

TAMWORTH.—NEW BAPTIST CAUSE.—We commenced operations here June 23rd, 1861, and have prospered beyond our expectations, for which we desire to thank God and take courage. After meeting together for prayer and consultation, it was thought desirable to have

the church formed. On the 7th of October, 1861, this was done after a social tea-meeting, when Messrs. Varley, Witt, Brown, Miles, and other gentlemen engaged in suitable addresses for the very solemn occasion. We have more candidates waiting—the Lord is graciously visiting us with seasons of refreshing.—W. B.

OPENING SERVICES.

LONDONDEERY, IRELAND—The old Independent chapel, Bridge-street, has been renovated and re-opened as a Baptist place of worship. On Lord's-day, October 20, the Rev. Ebenezer Hands, from near Newport, Monmouthshire, preached two sermons and supplied the pulpit for the three following Lord's-days.—On Monday night, October 21, the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Coleraine, preached. The efforts of the Baptist Irish Society are meeting with signal success in the north of Ireland at the present time.

EDRNEZER, LLANTAMAM, MONMOUTHSHIRE.—The above place of worship was opened for Divine service on the 3rd and 4th of November; the following brethren officiating on the occasion—Rogers, Henlllys; Williams, Cwmbran; Williams, Newport; Thomas, Bassalek; Davies, Greenwich; Dr. Thomas, Pontypool; Jones, Mount Pleasant; Johns, Llanwenarth; Morgans, Abersychan; Griffiths, Ponthir; and Thomas, Newport. The chapel was crowded to excess. The collections were £25 15s. The expenses incurred in the erection were £700; including the stones given, the collections made in the neighbourhood and elsewhere, and at our opening, we have paid little more than £100; the present debt is almost £600. We have reason to believe that God is blessing us. Five candidates have joined the little flock since the opening.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EAST DERHAM, NORFOLK—On Tuesday, the 12th November, a public tea in commemoration of the third year of the esteemed pastor's (the Rev. J. L. Whitley's) labours was held in the school-room of the Baptist chapel, High-street. About 150 friends sat down to tea. During tea, the Rev. M. Mitchel, missionary to the fugitive slaves in Canada, delivered a short address. After tea a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by the Rev. S. B. Gooch, of Fakenham. The Rev. Mr. Griffiths, of Biggleswade, offered prayer; the chairman then addressed the meeting, followed by the Revs. J. T. Wigner, of Lynn; W. F. Gooch, W. Woods, of Swaffham; R. G. Williams, East Dereham; (Independent); Griffiths, Biggleswade, and the pastor, J. L. Whitley.

KNIGHTON, RADNORSHIRE (SOUTH WALES).—The members and friends of the Baptist cause of this town held a tea-meeting on Tuesday, 12th November, in the large assembly room, Knighton, when upwards of 300 partook of an excellent tea. A public meeting was afterwards held, presided over by Mr. Isaac Rutter. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. G. Phillips (Evening), C. W. Smith (Kington), T. Brothwood (Wesleyan, Knighton), J. Jones (Kington), B. T. Davies (Prestcynon), and J. Jones (Maesyrhelem). The speakers expressed a hope that there might soon be a Baptist chapel built here, by the help of kind friends (with the church's own exertions), which we trust may be realised, as it is much needed.

SOUTHSEA.—The annual tea-meeting of St. Paul's Baptist chapel, was held on the evening of the 23rd Oct. in the new school and lecture

room. The minister of the place, Rev. J. Hunt Cooke, presided. Very able and stirring addresses were delivered by some of the leading Nonconformist ministers of different denominations in the neighbourhood. The speakers were Revs. J. Davies, G. Arnott, and T. Tollerfield, Baptists; Revs. H. Cullis and T. Davey, Independents; Rev. J. Smith, Wesleyan, and Rev. J. Luke, Bible Christian. The reports of the growing harmony and prosperity of the church were encouraging.

RICKMANSWORTH.—On Tuesday, Nov. 12th, public services were held at the Baptist chapel, to celebrate the erection of new school-rooms adjoining the above place of worship, which were opened free, from debt. The Rev. J. Harcourt, of London, preached in the afternoon; tea was provided in the school-room; after which a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by the Rev. T. D. Jones, of Cirencester (formerly pastor of the church). After a statement read by Mr. Tracy, addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Warn, of Sarraf; C. Baihache, of Watford; J. Harcourt, F. D. Waldoek, of Regent's Park College; and an eloquent speech by Gerald Massey, Esq., the well-known poet. The total cost of the erection was £204, £169 of which had been collected; the balance of £35 was obtained during the services of the day. The services were of an extremely interesting character, and well attended.

BAPTISMS.

- ALDWINKLE, Northamptonshire, October 16**—Four. We are thankful to hear that this little cause is evidently progressing after a long season of depression.
- BALLYMENA, Ireland, September 18**—Three; October 2—One; October 6—One; November 10—Ten, by Mr. John G. M'Vicker.
- BANGOR, North Wales, November 2**—Three by Mr. J. Jones, Llanberis.
- BILSTON, October 27**—Four by Mr. Jackson. Thirty-three have been added since last January.
- BILSTON, September 29**—Five by Mr. Lodge. This is the first baptism in Bethesda Chapel.
- BRIDGEND, Glamorganshire, Hope Chapel, Nov. 3**—One by Mr. Cole.
- BRIXHAM, Devon, November 2**—Six by Mr. Lasky.
- COLCHESTER, Eld Lane Chapel, Nov. 10**—Six by Mr. Langford. Two were from the Independents.
- COLERAINE, Ireland, October 18**—Two; October 24, Two; November 3, One, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst. Mr. Medhurst was preaching in Glasgow from November 19th to the 29th, under the auspices of the Protestant Laymen's Association.
- CRADLEY, Worcestershire, October 6**—Two; Nov. 3, Four, by Mr. Jeavons.
- FORTROSE, Scotland, Oct. 27**—One, in the sea, baptized by her son-in-law, Mr. Ferdinand Dunn.
- HANHAM, Gloucestershire, Nov. 10**—After an address by Thos. Bowber from Rev. xxii. 14, Twelve by Mr. H. A. Medway.
- KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, Providence Chapel, Nov. 12**—Two by Mr. Pells, of Soho, one of whom had been blest under his ministry in London. The other was for the little church at Esher.
- LANDOVEKY, Carmarthenshire, Sept. 15**—Three; Oct. 13, Two, by Mr. D. O. Edwards.
- LAKFIELD, Suffolk, Nov. 7**—Three by Mr. R. E. Sears.

LIVERPOOL, Athol-street, Welsh, Sept. 29—One; Oct. 27, Three, all by our newly-settled pastor, Rev. Joseph Williams.

LLANGYNIDR, August 25—Two; Sept. 22, Two, by Mr. F. Evans. There are others awaiting the same privilege.

LONDON, Arthur-street, Gray's-Inn-road, Oct. 30—Seven by the pastor, Rev. Samuel Wills, D.D. This is the first baptism in this new chapel, which has been built for the church lately meeting at Vernon Chapel.

Metropolitan Tabernacle, Oct. 31—Nineteen by Mr. Spurgeon.

Salem Chapel, Meard's-court, Oct. 31—Seven by Mr. J. Bloomfield.

Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, Oct. 27—Six by Mr. Pells, making 103 baptisms during his three years' pastorate. Mr. Pells commenced his fourth year's pastorate on Sunday morning, November 10th, by preaching from Psalm cxxvi. 3, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

MORRISTON, near Swansea, Nov. 10—One, by Mr. John Morgan, of Pontypool College.

NEWARK, Sept. 8—Five by Mr. Bagley.

NEWTON ABBOTT, Oct. 6—Four by Mr. F. Pearce.

NEWPORT, Monmouthshire, Second English Baptist Church, Oct. 3—Eleven; November 3, Fifteen, by Mr. G. P. Evans, of Swansea, who has accepted the pastorate for twelve months. The hand of the Lord is visibly among the people.

PLIGARNLNY, Newport, Monmouthshire, Nov. 12—Six by Mr. Edwards.

PRESTON, Pole-street, Oct. 27—Seven by Mr. Webb.

PRINCES RISBOROUGH, Oct. 31—Two; Nov. 6, Four; making a total of 26 during the short period our respected pastor, Mr. J. B. Blackmore, has been with us. We are thankful to intimate that many others are waiting for admission.

PUNCHURSTON, Pembrokeshire, Sept. 29—Six by Mr. W. E. Watkins, of Haverfordwest College, in the presence of an immense audience.

RISLEY, Beds, Aug. 4—One; Oct. 27, Three, by Mr. Wilson; one of the above the son of a deacon, who is gone to his rest. He is the child of many prayers; truly a brand plucked from the fire.

RUSHDEN, Northamptonshire, Succoth Baptist Chapel, Oct. 27—Seven by Mr. C. Drawbridge.

SREE-GREEN, Bucks, Oct. 27—Six by Mr. Spraley; four of the above were from the Sabbath-school—two teachers and two scholars; one a youth of thirteen.

SHEEPSHEAD, Leicestershire, Nov. 6—Four by Mr. J. Bromwich, two being mother and son.

General Baptist, Oct. 21—Six by one of the deacons, Mr. T. Swain. The address was given by Mr. Mantle, of Hove.

SNAILBEACH, Oct. 6—Four by Mr. Evans.

TAMWORTH, New Baptist Chapel, August 18—Three were added to this infant cause, making a total of twenty-seven.

WEST BROMWICH, Bethel Chapel, Nov. 10—Four by Mr. J. Hemson. The sermon, from Psalm cxix. 69, 69, was listened to with marked attention by a large audience.

WINCHESTER, Silver-hill, Sept. 29—One; Oct. 27, Two, by Mr. W. Chappell.

WOOLWICH, Queen-street, Nov. 24—Sixteen by Mr. Teall.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many communications are necessarily deferred till our next number, owing to an unusual pressure upon our space.

ERRATA.

We much regret that the following errors have occurred in the BAPTIST YEAR BOOK, published with our last number:

Omitted.—Wandsworth, second church, J. W. Genders, pastor; Norland Chapel, Notting-hill, J. Stent, pastor.

Corrections.—Commercial-rd. Chapel: should be T. Goadby, pastor, not G. Pegg, who has entered into his rest. The address of Rev. W. Landels is 153, Albany-street, Regent's-park; that of Rev. W. P. Balforn, Spring Vale, Hammersmith; Rev. J. Whitteridge, Ware-street, Kingsland-road; Rev. W. Teall, Upper Mayron-road, Charlton. Mr. Teall's week-night service at Woolwich is Tuesday, not Wednesday.

The "Baptist Manual" is discontinued, and in its place is published the "Baptist Handbook," price 6d.; Heaton and Co., Warwick-lane.

The printer has inadvertently represented the year 1862 as being a leap year; our friends will at once perceive that this is an error.

THE BAPTIST MESSENGER CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS.

THIS beautiful Steel Engraving, containing accurate Portraits of the following Seventy-six Baptist Ministers now living will be published with the January Number of the BAPTIST MESSENGER:—

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	Rev. J. Leachman, D.D.	Rev. J. W. Gotch, L.L.D.	Rev. T. Thomas, D.D.
" S. Brawn	" J. Cooper	" Hon. B. Noel, M.A.	" C. Stanford
" R. H. Carson	" C. H. Hoskins	" T. Price	" H. J. Belts
" J. A. Spurgeon	" F. Tucker	" S. Murch	" W. Landels
" R. Grace	" B. C. Etheridge	" E. Probert	" J. Hobson
" B. Evans	" B. Evans, D.D.	" D. Katerns	" W. Fishbourne
" J. H. Millard	" J. Wilkins	" G. Isaacs	" A. Mursell
" C. Stovel	" C. J. Middleditch	" J. Pells	" D. Davies
" T. Jones	" C. Winter	" S. Wills, D.D.	" E. A. Jones
" W. P. Balforn	" J. G. Owen	" J. Williams	" H. S. Brown
" W. Upton	" C. Vince	" C. Woolacott	" J. Smith
" J. Edwards	" J. Jenkinson	" G. Wyard	" J. Ackworth, D.D.
" O. Dickerson	" J. Cubitt	" C. Birrell	" H. G. Guianess
" P. Winslow, D.D.	" J. Williams	" J. H. Blake	" W. Miall
" J. Burns, D.D.	" B. Preece	" W. H. Bonner	" J. P. Mursell
" J. E. Bloomfield	" J. Webb	" W. A. Blake	" J. P. Chown
" G. Wright	" W. Barker	" W. Brock	" T. Trestrail
" G. Marrell	" F. Wills	" J. Cox	" J. Hoby, D.D.
" S. Collins	" S. M. Aitchison	" C. Elven	" J. H. Hinton

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THE
BAPTIST YEAR BOOK

AND
ALMANACK for 1861 :

CONSISTING OF
SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND MEDITATIONS

For Every Day in the Year.

A METROPOLITAN CHAPEL DIRECTORY, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF DECEASED MINISTERS, AND OTHER DENOMINATIONAL
INTELLIGENCE.

TOGETHER WITH
THE USUAL ALMANACK INFORMATION.

London :
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JANUARY! Darkness and light reign equally. Snow is on the ground. Cold is in the air. The winter is blossoming in frost flowers. Why is the ground hidden? Why is the earth white! God hath covered the old soil, that lives on, from year to year, with this new and snowy soil, emblem of meanness and purity. Like an unprinted book, the year waits for its record. The past is hidden, the future unrevealed, the present fresh and unstained!

1. Tu. Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, Ps. xxiii. 6.

Through all my life how graciously
 Hast thou, my Saviour, dealt with me;
 How often kept my feet from falling,
 And heard me e'en before my calling!

2. W. Grace did much more abound, Rom. v. 20.

Grace all human thought transcending,
 Who can e'er forget it?
 How he died to save us,
 How he pitied and forgave us.

3. Th. Thy comforts delight my soul, Ps. xciv. 19.

The word of thy salvation
 Speaks comfort to my breast,
 In midst of tribulation,
 I find in thee the true rest.

4. F. It is God that justifieth, Rom. viii. 33.

Who can them now condemn
 Whom he hath forgiven and made heirs of heaven?

5. S. Not my will, but thine be done, Luke xxii. 42.

I am not bent on mine own will,
 But rather wish devout and still,
 To make thy blessed will and pleasure
 The rule by which mine own I measure.

6. Sun. The waters were made sweet, Exod. xv. 25.

The Saviour's precious love,
 In this world's wilderness,
 Changes and renders sweet
 The cup of bitterness.

7. M. Weep for yourselves, Luke xxiii. 28.

Wherefore weep we over Jesus,
 O'er his death and bitter smart?
 Weep we rather that he sees us
 Unconvinced and hard of heart.

8. Tu. They have chosen their own ways, Isa. lxvi. 3.

I have a thousand times outwitted,
 Deceived, betrayed myself, and cheated;
 Nor have I ever found a blessing
 In ways self-chosen and self-pleasing.

9. W. They shall never perish, John x. 28.

My confidence unshaken stands
 Upon his blessed promise,
 That none shall pluck us from his hands,
 Nor any foe overcome us.

10. Th. I will joy in the God of my salvation, Hab. iii. 18.

When things are at the worst I will
 Still joy in his protection
 Who loves to bring out good from ill,
 And grieves in my affliction.

11. F. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven, Matt. v. 16.

Remember, oh remember, thou wast set
 For men to see the great Creator by,
 Thy fame is not thine own; it is a debt
 Thou owe'st thy Master. And wilt thou deny
 To pay the interest of thy light,
 And skulk in corners, and play least in sight.

12. S. Glorify me, Ps. l. 15.

May my sole aim in all things be
 To do, dear Lord, what pleases thee.

13. Sun. What saith the Scripture? Rom. iv. 3.

Oh that I made thy Word a light,
 My standard and my last appeal,
 To show me what is wrong or right,
 What hurtful, what for my true weal.

14. M. Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust, Ps. xl. 4.

He must be blest
 Who loves him best,
 And on his word doth firmly rest.

15. Tu. As many as I love I rebuke and chasten, Rev. iii. 19.

His trials sent are all well meant,
 His blows a Father's chastisement,
 And tokens of affection.

16. W. I have chosen thee, Hag. ii. 23.

Nor should I e'er have chosen thee,
 Hadst thou not, Lord, first chosen me.

17. Th. Thou hast known my soul in adversities, Ps. cxxi. 7.

The Lord knows when to bless,
 As well as to correct,
 And oft relieves distress
 When we the least expect.

18. F. Thine expectation shall not be cut off, Prov. xxiii. 18.

Suffer, trust, and hope on still;
 End right well it must and will.

19. S. I am thine, Ps. cxix. 94.

Lord of my life, methinks I hear
 Thee say, that thee alone to fear,
 And thee alone to love,
 Is to bestow mine heart on thee;
 That other giving none can be
 Whereof thou wilt approve.

20. Sun. Strangers and pilgrims on the earth, Heb. xi. 13.

Here I am a sojourner and stranger,
 Worn with hardships and exposed to danger,
 Like a pilgrim with my staff in hand.

21. M. If I wait, the grave is mine house, Job xvii. 13.

With staff in hand we journey
 Like pilgrims to the grave;
 The monarch's golden sceptre
 Is but a pilgrim's stave.

22. Tu. We have peace with God, Rom. v. 1.

But now, since thou art mine, I think,
 I may have peace in dying;
 Thy holy merit is made mine,
 From all things justifying.

23. W. I will send a famine of hearing the words of the Lord, Amos viii. 11.

Let us, with deep prostration,
 Implore God's grace, that thus
 The word of his salvation
 Be not withdrawn from us.

24. Th. Grow in grace, 2 Peter iii. 18.

Lord, endue us with thy blessing,
 That, though babes we be in grace,
 Faith, and love, and zeal possessing,
 For thy house and holy place.

25. F. Awake thou that sleepest, Eph. v. 14.

While the time as yet allows thee,
 Hear, the gracious Saviour cries,
 Sleeper, from thy slough arouse thee;
 To new life at once arise.

26. S. I will come to you, John xiv.

Draw, Holy Spirit, nearer,
 And in my heart abide.
 Oh make my judgment clearer,
 My mind inform and guide.

27. Sun. Cleanse thou me from secret faults, Ps. xix. 12.

Oh cleanse thou me, that I may all my days
 Bring forth good fruit to thy eternal praise.

28. M. Thou hidest thy face, we are troubled, Ps. civ. 20.

When God awhile his face
 Thus hides from us, we learn
 To prize the more his grace,
 And long for its return.

29. Tu. Are they not all ministering spirits? Heb. i. 14.

A gentle angel wandeth throughout this world of woe,
 Whom God in mercy sends to comfort us below;
 Her looks a peace abiding and holy love proclaim.
 Oh follow then her guiding; Sweet Patience is her name

30. W. Charity envieth not, 1 Cor. xiii. 4.

Let it be our chief endeavour
 That we may the Lord obey;
 Then shall envy cease for ever,
 And all hate be done away.

31. Th. Blessed are they that mourn, Matt. v. 4.

If we mourn with true repentance
 We shall hear the Saviour say,
 Fear not, I have borne your sentence;
 Wipe your bitter tears away.

FEBRUARY! The day gains upon the night. The strife of heat and cold is scarce begun. The winds that come from the desolate north, wander through forests of frost-cracking boughs, and shout in the air the weird cries of the northern bergs and ice-reounding oceans. Yet, as the month wears on, the silent work begins, though storms rage. The earth is hidden yet, but not dead. The sun is drawing near. The storms cry out. But the sun is not heard in all the heavens. Yet thy whispered words are entering the ears of sleeping things that lie beneath the snow. The day opens, the night shuts the earth. They strive together, but the Darkness and the Cold are growing weaker. On some nights they forget to work.

1. **F.** I will be as the dew unto Israel, Hos. xiv. 5.
 When we bow down and humbly call
 On God to heal our bitter smart,
 We feel his Spirit gently fall,
 Like dew, upon the weary heart.
2. **S.** I have set the Lord always before me, Ps. xvi. 8.
 How blest to have the Lord before our eyes,
 To speak with him and listen to his voice,
 With him in all our troubles to advise,
 To feed upon his holy mysteries.
3. **Sun.** His ears are open unto thy cry, Ps. xxxiv.
15. Think not that aught is in God's eyes so small
 That he will not the needful succour lend;
 His ear is ever open to thy call,
 To give thee strength, to bless and prosper all,
 And bring thy labours to a happy end.
4. **M.** There shall be a fountain opened for sin, Zech. xiii. 1.
 Out of thy wounded Husband's, Saviour's, side,
 Espoused soul, there flows with a full tide,
 A fountain for uncleanness, wash thee there,
 Wash there thine heart, and then thou need'st not fear.
5. **Tu.** God maketh my heart soft, Job xxiii. 16.
 Mine heart is like a marble ice,
 Both cold and hard; but thou canst in a trice
 Melt it like wax, great God, if from above
 Thou kindle in it once the fire of love.
6. **W.** My soul followeth hard after thee, Ps. lxxiii. 8.
 Oh! could I lay aside this flesh,
 And follow after thee, with thee
 And free desires my disentangled soul,
 Ravish'd with admiration, should roll
 Itself and all its thoughts on thee.
7. **Th.** In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence, Prov. xiv. 26.
 The heart that cares and fears is kept by me,
 I watch thee whilst thy foes are watched by thee.
8. **F.** Take no thought for the morrow, Matt. vi. 34.
 Lay aside all needless terrors
 For thy Father's loving heart
 Offers pardon for thy errors,
 Balsam for thy keenest smart.
9. **S.** He hath not dealt with us after our sins, Ps. ciii. 10.
 The least of all thy sins against thy God
 Deserves a thunderbolt should be thy rod.
10. **Sun.** Without were fightings, within were fears, Cor. vii. 5.
 There is no place that's free from sin,
 Without the heart, or yet within.
11. **M.** We love him because he first loved us, 1 John 19.
 There's room enough; oh let thy Spirit dwell
 For ever there; that so thou mayest love me,
 And, being loved, I may again love thee.
12. **Tu.** Ye are complete in him, Col. ii. 10.
 If I be complete in him,
 And in him all fulness dwelleth,
 I am sure aloft to swim,
 Whilst the ocean overswelleth.
13. **W.** Having nothing, and yet possessing all things, 2 Cor. vi. 10.
 Having Him that's all in all,
 I am content I shall
 Nothing want for which I call.
14. **Th.** While I was musing the fire burned, Ps. xxxix. 3.
 Lord, let thy fire of love inflame
 My cold heart so thoroughly
 That the heat may never die,
 But continue still the same.
15. **F.** Present your bodies a living sacrifice, Rom. xii. 1.
 Lord, be my altar; sanctify
 Mine heart the sacrifice, and let thy Spirit
 Kindle the fire of love, that I,
 Burning with zeal to magnify thy merit,
 May both consume my sins and raise
 Eternal trophies to thy praise.
16. **S.** When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee. Isaiah xliii. 2.
 When the flood is rising higher,
 Till it overflows the brink,
 Then the Comforter draws nigher—
 Ah! much nigher than we think.
17. **Sun.** The Lord is high unto all them that call upon him, Ps. cxlv. 18.
 The thought that thou art ever nigh
 Inspires us with delight;
 We seem to see thee with the eye,
 And live as in thy sight.
18. **M.** Christ put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, Heb. ix. 26.
 A sacrifice for sin indeed,
 Lord, thou didst make thyself, and once for all,
 So that there never will be need,
 Of any more sin-offerings, great or small;
 The life-blood thou hast shed for me,
 Hath set my soul for ever free.
19. **Tu.** Show me a token for good, Ps. lxxxvi. 17.
 Dost thou, heart, demand some token
 That the Lord will give thee rest?
 Trust the word which he hath spoken;
 His own time must be the best.
20. **W.** My son, give me thine heart, Prov. xxiii. 26.
 Give thee mine heart, Lord, so I will
 If thou wilt first impart the skill
 Of bringing me to thee;
 But, should I trust myself to give
 Mine heart, as sure as I do live
 I should deceived be.
21. **Th.** In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore, Ps. xvi. 11.
 Should I withhold mine heart from thee,
 The fountain of folly,
 Before whose presence is
 Fulness of joy, at whose right hand
 All pleasures in perfection stand,
 And everlasting bliss?
22. **F.** My sheep hear my voice and follow me, John x. 27.
 I hear my Shepherd calling,
 And instantly obey,
 And climb, though sometimes falling,
 The steep and rugged way.
23. **S.** Follow me, Matt. iv. 19.
 Oh that my soul might never lack
 The guidance of thy gentle hand,
 But follow in the easy track
 Of thy sweet will and wise command.
24. **Sun.** My soul hath them still in remembrance, Lam. iii. 20.
 Old sins oft leave behind them
 Deep scars which wound me still;
 Thou knowest how to bind them
 And heal them with deep skill.
25. **M.** I have gone astray; seek thy servant, Ps. cxix. 170.
 My gracious Guide and Master
 Thy wandering sheep oh seek,
 Pain would I follow faster,
 But am, alas! too weak.
26. **Tu.** My grace is sufficient for thee, 2 Cor. xii. 9.
 Sometimes my courage fails me;
 My strength seems wellnigh gone;
 But still thy grace avails me;
 Thy strength still helps me on.
27. **W.** There is none upon earth that I desire beside thee, Ps. lxxiii. 25.
 What were earth if thou wert absent,
 But a vale by streams unfed?
 What were heaven without thy presence,
 But a hall untenanted?
28. **Th.** I will never leave thee, Heb. xiii. 5.
 Oh let us then, dear Lord, be blest
 With thy sweet presence every day;
 Be with us as our daily guest,
 And our companion on the way.

SUN'S RISING AND SETTING.
 1st d. 13th d. 25th d. }
 6.48 0.31 5.54 }
 1st d. 13th d. 25th d. }
 5.38 6.59 6.18 }

March.

MOON'S CHANGES.
 Last Q., 3rd day, 7.16 A. First Q., 19th day, 5.32 A.
 New M., 11th day, 1.38 A. Full M., 26th day, 2.16 A.

MARCH! The conflict is more turbulent, but the victory is gained. The world awakes. Then come voices from long-hidden birds. The smell of the soil is in the air. The gulfen ice has sunk to the north of every fence and rock. The knolls and banks that face the east or south sigh for release, and begin to lift up a thousand tiny palms.

1. **F.** He giveth power to the faint, Isaiah xl. 29.
 Often when our strength appears
 To forsake us quite,
 Comfort whispers in our ears,
 He will not fail right.
2. **S.** Abide in me, John xv. 4.
 Oh abide, abide in Jesus,
 Who himself for ever lives,
 Who from death eternal frees us
 Yea, who life eternal gives.
3. **Sun.** Patient in tribulation, Rom. xii. 12.
 With patience wait awhile
 The issue of thy woes,
 Soon shall the desert smile,
 And blossom as the rose.
4. **M.** Although all shall be offended, yet will not I, Mark xii. 29.
 Say, not I will in some great trial
 My constancy and truth maintain;
 Oh think of Peter's sad denial,
 And confidence which proved so vain.
5. **Tu.** Is there any secret thing with thee? Job xv. 11.
 Go, search this thing;
 Fumble thy breast, and turn thy book;
 If thou hast lost some trifling thing,
 Wouldst thou not look?
6. **W.** So he was their Saviour, Isaiah lxiii. 8.
 Lord, with this truth impress me,
 And write it on my heart,
 To comfort, cheer, and bless me,
 That thou my Saviour art.
7. **Th.** Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, Isaiah i. 18.
 Although the dye wherein I lie crimson or scarlet were,
 This blood I know will make as snow, or wool both clean and clear.
8. **F.** Follow me, John x. 27.
 Who goeth in the way which Christ is gone,
 Is much more sure to meet with Him than one
 That travelleth by-ways.
9. **S.** God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions. Eccles. vii. 29.
 What hath not man sought out and found
 But his dear God? who yet his glorious law
 Embosoms in us, mellowing the ground
 With showers and frosts, with love and awe
10. **Sun.** I go to prepare a place for you, John xiv. 2.
 He who to prepare a place
 Hath such pains bestowed,
 Will not let his chosen race
 Perish on the road.
11. **M.** To them that have no might he increaseth strength, Isaiah xl. 29.
 Patience under tribulation,
 Strength to suffer, love, and live,
 Joy in death and consolation,
 God himself alone can give.
12. **Tu.** The truth shall make you free, John viii. 32.
 Let us to the truth bare witness,
 Which alone can make us free;
 Nor leave off until its sweetness
 All shall taste and know through thee.
13. **W.** I hope in thy word, Ps. cxix. 81.
 Jesus never will forget us;
 On his word we stay,
 That he will not leave nor let us
 Perish on the way.
14. **Th.** My beloved is mine, and I am his, Sol. Song 16.
 Thine heart thou gavest that it might be mine;
 Take thou mine heart, then, that it may be thine.
15. **F.** We know that when he shall appear we shall like him, 1 John iii. 2.
 What shall we be when we ourselves shall see
 Bathed in the flood of everlasting light,
 And, from all guilt and sin entirely free,
 Stand pure and blameless in our Maker's sight?
16. **S.** Call upon me in the day of trouble, Ps. l. 15.
 Call on the Lord, whate'er thou dost, to bless,
 And he will crown thy efforts with success.
17. **Sun.** Return unto thy rest, O my soul, Ps. cxvii. 7.
 Return, my soul, to God, thine only rest:
 Then, and then only, art thou truly blest.
18. **M.** Look unto me, Isaiah xiv. 22.
 In vain thou seekest in thyself to find
 Light, life, and joy, or any lasting peace;
 Return to God, seek him with all thy mind,
 The one true source of life and happiness.
19. **Tu.** Leaning upon her beloved, Sol. Song viii. 5.
 O Lord, when I am anxious and deprest,
 And, dim with tears, mine eyes can hardly see,
 Oh let me lean upon thy faithful breast,
 Rejoicing that e'en I am loved by thee.
20. **W.** Make straight paths for your feet, Heb. xii. 13.
 Vouchsafe, O heavenly Father, to instruct me
 In the straight way wherein I ought to go.
 To life eternal and to heaven conduct me,
 Through health and sickness, and through weal and wo.
21. **Th.** Be strong in the Lord, Eph. vi. 10.
 Be thou the Captain still of my salvation,
 Through whom alone I can the victory gain.
22. **F.** Sin shall not have dominion over you, Rom. vi. 14.
 Thou who hast saved my soul from condemnation
 Redeem it also from the powers of sin.
23. **S.** Cleanse me from my sin, Psalm li. 2.
 Can there be help he had?
 Lord, thou art holy, thou art pure;
 Mine heart is not so bad,
 So foul, but thou canst cleanse it, sure.
24. **Sun.** The Lord is risen, Luke xxiv. 34.
 Say, my soul, what preparation
 Makest thou for this high day
 When the God of thy salvation
 Opened through the tomb a way?
25. **M. LADY DAY.** All things are yours, 1 Cor. iii. 21.
 For us the winds do blow,
 The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow:
 Nothing we see but means our good,
 As our delight or as our treasure
 The whole is either our cupboard of food,
 Or cabinet of pleasure.
26. **Tu.** I have loved thee with an everlasting love Jer. xxxi. 3.
 Oh, what is other love compared with thine,
 Of such high value, such eternal worth?
 What is man's love compared with love Divine,
 Which never changes in this changing earth?
27. **W.** I have blotted out thy transgressions, Isaiah xiv. 22.
 I am weak and ailing,
 Daily stumbling, hourly failing;
 But thy blood, Lamb of God,
 Which from all cleanses,
 Blots out my offences.
28. **Th.** Thy sins are forgiven, Luke vii. 48.
 While my life remaineth,
 Deepen my impression
 Of the guilt and great transgression
 Which thou hast forgiven.
29. **F. GOOD FRIDAY.** It is finished, John xix. 30.
 Ere we had comprehended
 Our sin, distress, and loss,
 The mighty work was ended
 Which saved us on the cross.
30. **S.** They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn, Zech. xii. 10.
 Should greater be my gladness
 That thou such love dost show,
 Or greater still my sadness,
 That I have grieved thee so?
31. **Sun.** The days of thy mourning shall be ended, Isaiah lx. 20.
 O happy hour of sadness,
 And pain not understood,
 Which endeth in such gladness
 And everlasting good!

APRIL! The singing month. Many voices of many birds call for resurrection over the graves of flowers, and they come forth. Go, see what they have lost. What have ice and snow, and storm, done unto them? Is it so fearful a thing to lie in the grave? In its wild career, shaking and scourged of storms, through its orbit, the earth has scattered away no treasures. The Hand that governs in April governed in January. You have not lost what God has only hidden. You lose nothing in struggle, in trial, in bitter distress. If called to shed thy joys as trees their leaves; if the affections be driven back into the heart, as the life of flowers to their roots, yet be patient. Thou shalt lift up thy leaf-covered boughs again. Thou shalt shoot forth from thy roots new flowers. Be patient. Wait. When it is February, April is not far off.

1. **M.** Yea, he loved the people, Deut. xxxiii. 3.
 He loveth us. That is enough
 To fill our hearts with gladness.
 He loveth us. That is enough
 To chase away all sadness.
2. **Tu.** For who hath despised the day of small things?
 Zech. iv. 10.
 For know, my soul, the Lord will not
 Hold thy least service in contempt;
 For little acts are most from spot
 Of vanity and pride exempt.
3. **W.** Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost,
 1 Cor. vi. 19.
 Direct, control, and sanctify each motion
 Within my soul, and make it thus to be
 Prayerful and still, and full of devotion,
 A holy temple, worthy, Lord, of thee.
4. **Th.** Live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this
 present world, Tit. ii. 12.
 True Christians should be glad of an occasion
 To use their temperance, seeking no evasion.
5. **F.** All things work together for good to them that
 love God, Rom. viii. 28.
 Even things which most distress thee,
 That which most thy patience tries,
 Are intended all to bless thee,
 Are but mercies in disguise.
6. **S.** Serve the Lord, Ps. ii. 11.
 In every work, and at all hours,
 My chief of aim, to love thee, Lord,
 With all my heart and mind and powers,
 In strict obedience to thy Word.
7. **Sun.** Into thy hands I commend my spirit, Luke
 xxiii. 46.
 I place myself in Jesu's hands,
 And there abide for ever,
 No griefs, no joys, shall loose these bands,
 Nor our sweet union sever.
8. **M.** I will praise thee, O Lord my God, Ps. lxxxvi. 12.
 Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
 Only to man thou hast made known thy ways,
 And put the pen alone into his hand,
 And made him secretary of thy praise.
9. **Th.** He giveth not account of any of his matters,
 Job xxxiii. 13.
 Therefore, my soul, abide thou still
 In God in every season,
 Who orders all things by his will,
 And not thy feeble reason.
10. **W.** All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth,
 Ps. xxv. 10.
 He is my Lord, his servant I;
 Do what he will, I ask not why;
 His ways are truth and mercy.
11. **Th.** Let him do what seemeth him good, 1 Sam.
 ii. 15.
 My soul in God abideth still,
 And ceaseth her complaining;
 Let him do with me as he will,
 While life is yet remaining.
12. **F.** Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker, Ps.
 xciv. 6.
 Who in heart not ever kneels,
 Neither sin nor Saviour feels.
13. **S.** How great is his beauty! Zech. ix. 17.
 Thou art my loveliness, my life, my light,
 Beauty alone to me,
 Thy bloody death, and undeserved, makes thee
 Pure red and white.
14. **Sun.** Be steadfast, 1 Cor. xv. 58.
 Sweetest Saviour, if my soul
 Were but worth the having,
 Quickly should I then control
 Any thought of wavering.
15. **M.** He led them on safely, so that they feared not,
 Ps. lxxviii. 53.
 And so let me, loving and confiding,
 Walk conducted by thy faithful hand,
 Or, beneath thy sheltering wings abiding,
 Shun the foe which I cannot withstand.

16. **Tu.** Joy cometh in the morning, Ps. xxx. 5.
 Weep no more, poor child of sorrow,
 O'er thy youth's untimely blight;
 Joy will come again to-morrow,
 Grief endureth but a night.
17. **W.** God giveth the increase, 1 Cor. iii. 7.
 What in the Lord thou dost most succeed,
 The glory his, the blessing shall be thine
 From him alike both will and act proceed.
 He sows and gives the increase to the seed,
 He prompts and perfects every good design.
18. **Th.** These are they that follow the Lamb whither-
 soever he goeth, Rev. xiv. 4.
 For he who is indeed the Lord's
 Follows him always, and will shun,
 In all his actions, thoughts, and words,
 All sin or an approach to one.
19. **F.** Be ye holy, for I am holy, Lev. xi. 45.
 We cannot reach our Saviour's purity;
 Yet are we bid "be holy even as he."
20. **S.** That God may be all in all, 1 Cor. xv. 28.
 Thou art in small things great, not small in any;
 Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall;
 Thou art in all things one, in each thing many;
 For thou art infinite in one and all.
21. **Sun.** Seek those things which are above, Col. iii. 1.
 Hard things are glorious, easy things good cheap;
 The common all men have; that which is rare
 Men therefore seek to have, and care to keep.
22. **M.** Thy people are as they that strive, Hos. iv. 4.
 Wreath, my soul, and strive and pray,
 Thyself to this true love to raise,
 That thus thou may'st from day to day
 Bring forth new fruit to his great praise.
23. **Tu.** Love worketh no ill, Rom. xiii. 10.
 Bees work for man, and yet they never bruise
 Their master's flower, but leave it, having done,
 As fair as ever, and as fit to use;
 So both the flower doth stay and honey run.
24. **W.** And they sung a new song before the throne,
 Rev. xiv. 3.
 When, O my soul, thou learnest
 That song of songs in earnest,
 Thy cares and troubles all shall pass away.
25. **Th.** He brought them out of darkness and the
 shadow of death, Ps. cvii. 14.
 Follow him, and he will lead you;
 Trust him in the darkest night;
 Jacob's star will still precede you;
 Jacob's star will give you light.
26. **F.** Do those things that are pleasing in his sight,
 1 John iii. 22.
 Study to please him, and be true,
 My soul, in great and small things both;
 For earnest diligence may do
 What is impossible to sloth.
27. **S.** Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good, Gen.
 xxxii. 12.
 Only seek, and you will find him;
 Never cease to seek the Lord;
 And, should he delay, remind him
 Boldly of his plighted word.
28. **Sun.** Set your affection on things above, not on
 things on the earth, Col. iii. 2.
 Earth can yield us no enduring pleasure,
 We must part from that which most we love;
 Wouldst thou seek an everlasting treasure,
 Raise thy thoughts to heaven and things above.
29. **M.** This I pray, that your love may abound, Phil. i. 9.
 Lord grant that we
 May also thee
 Love with a love unceasing;
 Yea, every day increasing.
30. **Tu.** Rich in mercy, Eph. ii. 4.
 O goodness past expression,
 Which brings not to our view
 The height of our transgression,
 Until it shows us too
 A mode of expiation
 Through Christ's atoning blood,
 A full and free salvation,
 And blissful rest with God.

MAY! Perfect the harvests of flowers! Be not nigardly. Search out the cold and resentful nooke that refused the sun and cast back its rays from disdainful ice, and plant flowers even there. There is goodness in the worst. There is warmth in the coldest. The silent, hopeful, unbreathing sun, that will not fret or despond, but carries a placid brow through the uncrinkled heavens, at length conquers the very rocks, and lichens grow and inconspicuously blossom. What shall not Time do, that carries in its bosom, Love?

1. **W.** I sought the Lord and he delivered me, Ps. xxiv. 4.
 When all human counsel fails,
 Then it is that God prevails.

2. **Th.** Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, Ps. xxiii. 6.
 Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
 Shall measure all my days;
 And as it never shall remove,
 So neither shall my praise.

3. **F.** Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, Ps. xxiii. 5.
 Yes, thou dost make me sit and dine
 Ev'n in my enemies' sight;
 My head with oil, my cup with wine,
 Runs over day and night.

4. **S.** A well of water springing up into everlasting life, John iv. 14.
 Thou boundless ocean of grace,
 Let thy free Spirit have a place
 Within mine heart; full rivers then, I know,
 Of living waters forth will flow,
 And all thy plants, thy fruits, thy flowers will grow.

5. **Sun.** Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord, Ps. cl. 6.
 He that to praise and laud thee doth refrain
 Doth not refrain unto himself alone,
 But robs a thousand who would praise thee fair,
 And doth commit a world of sin in one.

6. **M.** It is time to seek the Lord, Hos. x. 15,
 Seek the Lord without delay,
 As thou art, with all thy burden,
 Come, and he will grant thee pardon.

7. **Tu.** I was found of them that sought me not, Rom. x. 20.
 Thy love it was which sought me,
 Thyself unsought by me,
 And to the heaven brought me,
 Where I would gladly be.

8. **W.** His mercies are new every morning, Lam. iii. 23.
 From day to day thy goodness more amazes,
 And fills my heart with gratitude and praises.

9. **Th.** Is this thy kindness to thy friend? 2 Sam. xvi. 17.
 If any touch my friend, or his good name,
 It is my honour and my love to free
 From blasted fame
 From the least spot or thought of blame:
 I could not use a friend, as I use thee.

10. **F.** Take away the dross, Prov. xxv. 4.
 Affliction may refine, but cannot waste
 That heart, wherein my love is fixed fast.

11. **S.** Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, Eccles. ix. 10.
 For what thy hand hath done with all its might,
 The Lord will rightly to thy heart requite.

12. **Sun.** Be still, and know that I am God, Ps. xlvi. 10.
 Wait a while and hold thee still,
 He doth well who waits God's will.

13. **M.** Hear ye the rod, Mic. vi. 9.
 Then learn to comprehend the dealings of thy God,
 To mark their gracious end and meekly kiss the rod.

14. **Tu.** A fountain sealed, Sol. iv. 12.
 O then be pleased to unseal
 Thy fountain, blessed Saviour; deal
 Some drops at least, wherewith my drooping spirit
 May be revived; Lord, thy merits
 Yield more refreshing than the world inherits.

15. **W.** If we suffer with him we shall also reign with him, 2 Tim. ii. 12.
 To suffer with thy Saviour is the way
 To make thy present comforts last for aye.

16. **Th.** Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord, Ps. cv. 3.
 Then once more pray,
 Down with thy knees, up with thy voice,
 Seek pardon first, and God will say,
 Glad heart, rejoice.

17. **F.** The Lord shall guide thee continually, Isa. lviii. 11.
 Without thy love to guide me,
 I should be wildly lost;
 The floods would quickly hide me
 O'er life's wide ocean lost.

18. **S.** And grieve not the holy Spirit of God, Eph. iv. 30.
 Then weep, mine eyes; the God of love doth grieve;
 Weep foolish heart,
 And weeping live.

19. **Sun.** Be patient, 1 Thess. v. 14.
 Calm and patient under every ill,
 Suffer, hope, believe all things, and bless
 God alike in joy and in distress,
 Ready both to hear and do his will.

20. **M.** Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, 1 Tim. ii. 1.
 Plant in me a faith secure and stable,
 In the work which thou, O God, hast planned,
 That no sneers, nor my own doubts, be able
 To destroy the faith wherein I stand.

21. **Tu.** I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love, Hos. xi. 4.
 My sins made thee a cruel bondage prove;
 O, bind my heart to thee with cords of love.

22. **W.** Come ye near unto me, Isa. xlvi. 16.
 For as thy absence doth excel
 All distance known,
 So doth thy nearness bear the bell,
 Making two, one.

23. **Th.** Whom have I in heaven but thee? Ps. lxxiii. 25.
 Lord, thou shalt be mine all, I will not know
 A profit here below
 But what reflects on thee;
 Thou shalt be all the pleasure I will see.

24. **F.** Ye are not your own, 1 Cor. vi. 20.
 Had I many, had I any,
 For this heart is none,
 All were thine and none of mine,
 Surely thine alone.

25. **S.** Tossed with tempest and not comforted, Isa. liv. 11.
 Away, despair, my gracious Lord doth hear;
 Though winds and waves assail my keel,
 He doth preserve it, he doth steer,
 Ev'n when the boat seems most to reel.

26. **Sun.** I will sing and give praise, Ps. cviii. 1.
 I live to show his power, who once did bring
 My joys to weep, and now my griefs to sing.

27. **M.** Art they not all ministering spirits? Heb. i. 14.
 More servants wait on man
 Than he'll take notice of, in every path
 He treads down that which doth befriend him.

28. **Tu.** I will dwell in them, 2 Cor. vi. 16.
 Since then, my God, thou hast
 So brave a palace built, O dwell in it,
 That it may dwell with thee at last.

29. **W.** These are the wounds with which I was wounded in the house of my friends, Zec. xiii. 6.
 When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
 I quit my interest, and leave it free,
 But when thy grace
 Smes for my heart, I thee dispulse,
 Nor would I use a friend as I use thee.

30. **Th.** My heart is inditing a good matter, I speak of the things which I have made touching the King, Ps. xiv. 1.
 My joy, my life, my crown,
 My heart was meaning all the day,
 Somewhat it fain would say,
 And still it runneth, muttering up and down,
 With only this my joy, my life, my crown.

31. **F.** And sat upon them, Acts ii. 3.
 Listen, sweet dove, unto my song,
 And spread thy golden wings in me,
 Hatchling my tender heart so long

SUN'S RISING AND SETTINGS.
 1st d. 18th d. 25th d. 1st d. 18th d. 25th d. }
 3.51 8.45 3.40 8.4 8.15 8.13 }

June.

MOON'S CHANGES.
 New M., 8th day, 1.38 A. Full M., 22nd day, 2.33 A.
 First Q., 15th day, 10.10 A. Last Q., 30th day, 2.40 M.

JUNE! Rest! This is the year's bower. Sit down within it. Wipe from thy brow the toil. The elements are thy servants. The dews bring thee jewels. The wind brings perfume. The earth shows thee all her treasures. The forests sing to thee. The air is all sweetness, as if all the angels of God had gone through it, bearing spices homeward. The storms are but as flocks of mighty birds that spread their wings and sing in the high heaven! Speak to God, now, and say, "O Father, where art thou?" And out of every flower, and tree, and silver pool, and twined thicket, a voice will come, "God is in me." The earth cries to the heavens, "God is here." And the heavens cry to the earth, "God is here." The sea exclaims Him. The land claims him. O sunny joys of the sunny month, yet soft and temperate, how soon will the eager months, that come burning from the equator, scorch you!

1. **S.** Love not the world, 1 John ii. 15.
Oh think not then the Lord deserves
Either to be belov'd or fear'd by you;
Give heaven these affections as its due.
2. **Sun.** Is thine heart right? 2 Kings x. 15.
Take notice of thine heart;
Such as that is, the rest is or will be—
Better or worse, blame-worthy or fault-free.
3. **M.** O wretched man that I am, Rom. vii. 24.
I am weary of myself and long
Afar to see
From all the sins that, in deceitful guise,
Come tempting me.
4. **Tu.** He spake and there was a great calm, Mark
iv. 39.
The tempest of the soul is hushed,
When His sweet voice is heard,
His drooping saints rejoice.
5. **W.** One is your Master, even Christ, Matt. xxiii. 8.
How sweetly doth My Master sound—My Master!
As ambergris leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster,
So do these words a sweet content,
An Oriental fragrance, My Master!
6. **Th.** If any man lack wisdom let him ask it of God,
James i. 5.
Let us put up our requests to him
Whose will alone limits his power of teaching,
From whom none returns unlearned,
That hath once a will to be his scholar,
And improve his skill.
7. **F.** All thy works shall praise thee, Ps. cxlv. 10.
But who hath praise enough? nay, who hath any?
None can express thy works, but he that knows them;
And none can know thy works which are so many,
And so complete, but only he that owes them.
8. **S.** Gladness for the upright in heart, Ps. cxvii.
11.
Set thine heart upright, if thou would'st rejoice,
And please thyself in thine own heart's pleasing choice,
But then be sure thy plumb and level be
Rightly applied to that which pleaseth me.
9. **Sun.** They looked unto him and were lightened,
Ps. xxxiv. 5.
Thou Light of lights, O by thy presence bright,
Chase my heart's darkness, and impart thy light.
10. **M.** Only believe, Mark v. 36.
Believe that he whose gentle palms
Thy need-painted sins have unadorned,
Hath borne thy slavish load (of alms)
And made supply, where thou hast failed,
Did ever misery find so strange relief?
It is a love too strange for man's belief.
11. **Th.** I have learned, in whatsoever state I am,
therewith to be content, Phil. iv. 11.
Give me the pliant mind whose gentle measure
Complics and suits with all estates:
Which can let loose to a crown, and yet with pleasure
Take up within a cloister's gates.
12. **W.** My heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord, Ps.
cxii. 7.
My Christ my pillar is; on him rely,
Repose and rest myself, alone will I.
13. **Th.** Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of
Righteousness arise, with healing in his wings, Mal. iv. 2.
Shine in my soul, and light and joy impart,
O blessed Jesus, Sun of my dark heart.
14. **F.** Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day,
Prov. xxiii. 17.
Lord, in thy fear, O let me walk this day,
By thy love prompted, act, and speak, and pray.
15. **S.** Draw me, we will run after thee, Sol. i. 4.
Should the earth seek to draw my spirit down,
O let my heart continue still thine own,
And draw me upward from the earth to thee.
16. **Sun.** I will run the way of thy commandments,
when thou shalt enlarge my heart, Ps. cxix. 82.
The enlarged heart enters with greatest ease
The narrow ways, and runs the narrowest ways.
17. **M.** I the Lord do keep it, I will water it every
moment, Isa. xxvi. 3.
Thy tender plants can never thrive,
Whilst want of water doth deprive
Their roots of nourishment; which makes them call
And cry to thee, great All in All,
That seasonable showers of grace may fall.
18. **Tu.** Perfect love casteth out fear, 1 John iv. 13.
Though perfect love cast out all servile fear,
Because such fear hath torment, yet thy dear
Redeemer meant not so to set thee free,
That filial fear and thou should'st strangers be,
Though as a Son thou honour him thy Father,
Yet as a Master, thou may'st fear him rather.
19. **W.** The battle is not yours, but the Lord's,
2 Chron. xx. 15.
Take courage, Christian warrior, do not yield,
Though fierce the combat on life's battle-field;
O'er thy worst foes the conquest shall be given,
Thou for thy helper hast the God of Heaven.
20. **Th.** Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?
Rom. viii. 35.
I fear no tribulation:
Since, whatsoever it be,
It makes no separation,
Between my Lord and me.
21. **F.** Shouldst be according to thy mind, Job xxxiv. 33
Blessed Lord, if thou hadst led me
As I foolishly desired,
All the good I shunned forbid me,
Given all that I required,
Words would not, O God, express
What had been my wretchedness.
22. **S.** Thou hidest thy face and we are troubled, Ps.
civ. 29.
O what a dump and shade,
Duth me invade;
No stormy night
Can so afflict or so affright,
As thy eclipsed light.
23. **Sun.** While they are yet speaking I will hear, Isa.
lxxv. 22.
Of what an easy quick access,
My blessed Lord, art thou; how suddenly
May our requests thine ear invade,
To show that state dislikes not easiness:
If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made.
24. **M.** MID-TUMBER DAY. He healed the broken
in heart, and bindeth up their wounds, Ps. cxlvii. 3.
Bind up my wounds, assuage the aching smart
Left in my bosom from the day just past,
And let me, on a Father's loving heart,
Forget my griefs and find sweet rest at last.
25. **Tu.** No good thing will he withhold, Ps. lxxxv. 11.
From him comes every blessing,
To him they lead us back,
In him all things possessing,
No real good we lack.
26. **W.** To whom shall I go unto thee? John vi. 68.
Give me Peter's sorrow and contrition,
Let me witness also his confession;
Thou art Christ, to whom then shall I go?
27. **Th.** Also when I cry and shout he shutteth out my
prayer, Lam. iii. 8.
When my devotions could not pierce
Thy silent ears,
Then was my heart broken, as was my verse,
My breast was full of fears.
28. **F.** He hath not dealt with us after our sins, Ps
ciii. 10.
Do not use me
After my sins; look not on my desert,
But on thy glory; then thou wilt reform,
And not refuse me: for thou only art
The mighty God, but I a silly worm:
O do not bruisse me.
29. **S.** Make haste to help me, O Lord, Ps. xxxviii. 22
O cheer and tune my heartless breast,
Defer no time,
That so thy favours granting my request,
Thy and my mind may elume.
30. **Sun.** I will turn unto you and ye shall be tiller
and sown, Eze. xxxvi. 9.
Mine heart a field, thy cross a plough; be pleased,
Dear Lord, to till it, till the mould be raised,
Fit for the seeding of thy word, then sow,
And if thou shine upon it, it will grow.

SUN'S RISING AND SETTINGS.
 1st d. 13th d. 25 d. }
 3.40 4.0 4.14 8.17 8.11 7.50 }

July.

MOON'S CHANGES.
 New M., 8th day, 2.12 M. Full M., 21st day, 12.6 M.
 First Q., 15th day, 2.47 M. Last Q., 29th day, 7.51 A.

JULY! Rouse up! The temperate heats that filled the air are raging forward to glow and over-fill the earth with hotness. Must it be thus in everything, that June shall rush toward August? Or, is it not that there are deep and unreach'd places for whose sake the probing sun pierces down its glowing hands? There is a deeper work. The earth shall drink deeply of the heat, before she knows her nature or her strength. Then shall she bring forth to the uttermost the treasures of her bosom. The deep things of life are not known till the fire reveals them.

1. **M.** No man can serve two masters, Matt. vi. 24.
 Whilst thine heart's divid'd it is dead,
 Dead unto me unless it live
 To me alone.
2. **Tu.** The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, Ps. li.
 Myself then I must sacrifice
 And so I will, mine heart the only thing
 Thou dost above all others prize,
 As thine own part, the best I have to bring;
 A humble heart, a sacrifice,
 Which I know thou wilt not despise.
3. **W.** Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, Eccle. i. 2.
 What's earth, or in it,
 That longer than a minute
 Can lend a free delight that can endure,
 O who would toil or delve in such a soil,
 Where gain's uncertain, and the pain is sure.
4. **Th.** I am come into my garden, Sol. S. v. 1.
 Great gardener, thou sayest and I believe,
 What thou dost mean to gather thou wilt give.
5. **F.** The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath
 are the everlasting arms, Dent. xxxiii. 27.
 Betake thee to thy Christ, then, and repose
 Thyself, in all extremities, on those
 His everlasting arms,
 Wherewith he girds the heavens and upholds
 The pillars of the earth, and safely folds
 His faithful flock from harms.
6. **S.** Doubtless thou art our Father, Isa. lxiii. 15.
 Great All in All, thou art my rest, my home;
 My way is tedious and my steps are slow;
 Reach forth thy helpful hand, or hid me come;
 I am thy child, O teach thy child to go.
7. **Sun.** Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, Rom. viii. 37.
 Come life, come death, come devils, come what will,
 Yet fastened so, thou shalt stand steadfast still,
 And all the powers of hell
 Shall not prevail to shake thee with their shock,
 So long as thou art founded on that rock.
8. **M.** Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, Heb. xii.
 6.
 Fear not to feel that hand correcting thee,
 Which set thee free.
 Stripes as the token of his love he leaves,
 Who scourgeth every son whom he receives.
9. **Tu.** It is God which worketh in you both to will and
 to do of his good pleasure, Phil. ii. 13.
 Give me the power to will, the will to do;
 O raise me up and I will strive to go.
10. **W.** The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee,
 Obad. i. 3.
 Teach me to know my heart; thou, thou canst soften,
 Lighten, enliven, purify, restore,
 And make more fruitful than it was before.
11. **Th.** Consider the lilies how they grow, Luke xii. 27.
 Sweet lily of the field, by thee
 This lesson I am taught,
 "God cares for little flowers like me,
 Take then no anxious thought."
12. **F.** The Lord is my light, Ps. xxvii. 1.
 Great God, that art the flowing spring of light,
 Enrich mine eyes with thy resplendent ray;
 Thou art my path, direct my steps aright,
 I have no other light, no other way.
13. **S.** I kill, and I make alive, Dent. xxxii. 39.
 These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
 Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell,
 And up to heaven in an hour.
14. **Sun.** As the hart panteth after the water-brooks,
 so panteth my soul after thee, O God, Ps. xlii. 1.
 Just as the swift-foot hart doth wounded fly
 To the desired streams, e'en so do I
 Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find or die.
15. **M.** A new heart will I give thee, Ezek. xxxvi. 26.
 Leave then thine old, take the new heart I give thee;
16. **Tu.** Thou shalt make me to hear joy and gladness,
 that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice, Ps.
 li. 8.
 Lord, thou wilt sin and grief destroy,
 That so my broken bones may joy.
17. **W.** The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, Heb.
 xiii. 8.
 Lord, though we change, thou art the same—
 The same sweet God of love and light.
18. **Th.** I give unto my sheep eternal life, John x. 28
 The gift is thine; we strive, thou crown'st our strife,
 Thou giv'st us faith, and faith a crown of life.
19. **F.** How sweet are thy words unto my taste, Ps.
 cxix. 103.
 O book! infinite sweetness, let my heart
 Suck every letter, and a honey gain,
 Precious for any grief in any part,
 To clear the breast, to mollify all pain.
20. **S.** I will put my fear into their hearts, that they
 shall not depart from me, Jer. xxxii. 40.
 Thou that wast nailed to the cross for me,
 Lest I should slip and fall away from thee,
 Drive home thine holy fear into mine heart,
 And clinch it so, that it may ne'er depart.
21. **Sun.** There be many that say, Who will show
 us any good? Ps. iv. 6.
 The whole round world is not enough to fill
 The heart's three corners, but it craveth still;
 Only the Trinity that made it can
 Suffice the vast triangled heart of man.
22. **M.** Be ye also reedy, Matt. xxiv. 44.
 O Lord, instruct me so to die,
 That all these dyings may be life in death.
23. **Tu.** What fruit had ye in those things whereof ye
 are now ashamed, Rom. vi. 21.
 The dainties here are least what they appear,
 Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition sour.
24. **W.** See if there be any sorrow like unto my
 sorrow, Lam. i. 12.
 If all men's tears were let
 Into one common sewer, sea, and brine,
 What weye they all, compared to thine?
 Wherein if they were set
 They would discolour thy most bloody sweat.
25. **Th.** Charity never faileth, 1 Cor. xiii. 8.
 The sweet cement which in one sure hand
 Ties the whole frame is love and charity.
26. **F.** It is done as thou hast commanded, and yet
 there is room, Luke xiv. 22.
 Do not delay to come when he doth call,
 Nor fear to want where there's enough for all.
27. **S.** Now is the accepted time, 2 Cor. vi. 2.
 Chance waits on time, and time is wing'd with haste,
 Time present's but the ruin of time past.
28. **Sun.** Examine yourselves, 2 Cor. xiii. 5.
 Resume thy long-neglected liberty,
 Of self-examination bend thine eye
 Inward, consider where thy heart doth lie,
 How 'tis affected, how 'tis bused.
29. **M.** As for our iniquities we know them, Isa. lix. 12.
 The humble soul, composed of love and fear,
 Begins at home and lays the burden there.
30. **Tu.** On thee do I wait all the day, Ps. xxv. 5.
 Grateful tribute ever bringing,
 I will praise thee night and day,
 Songs of joy and triumph singing,
 As I climb the narrow way.
31. **W.** Which worketh in me mightily, Col. i. 29.
 Let thy good Spirit, by the word,
 Work mightily in me, O Lord,
 Our souls and bodies filling;
 O let the sun of grace shine bright,
 That there may be abundant life;

AUGUST! Reign, thou Fire Month! What canst thou do? Neither shalt thou destroy the earth, whom frosts and ice could not smother. The vines droop, the trees stagger, the broad-palmed leaves give thee their moisture, and hang down. But every night the dew plies them. Yet there are flowers that look blue in the eye, flower Sun, all day long, and wink not. This is the rejoicing month for joyful insects. If our unselfish eye would behold it, it is the happiest month. The herds plash in the sedge; fish seek the deeper pools; forest-fowl lead out their young; the air is resonant of insect orchestras, each one carrying his part in Nature's grand Harmony. August, thou art the ripeness of the year! Thou art the centre of the circle.

1. **Th.** When I awake I am still with thee, Ps. cxxxix. 8.
 Lord, may thy blessing, rich and free,
 Lead all my waking thoughts to thee.

2. **F.** I will heal thee of thy wounds, Jer. xxx. 17.
 Yes, even as the wound is given,
 There is a hand unseen
 Hastening to wipe away the tear,
 And hide where it has been.

3. **S.** Whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, Isa. xxviii. 1.
 Earth's joys like dew-drops fade away,
 Like clouds its visions vanish;
 Above, no night can chase the day,
 Those joys no change can banish.

4. **Sun.** When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, Isa. xliii. 2.
 Poor sorrow-stricken heart, oppressed with care,
 And filled with grief,
 When on the billows tossed thy Saviour's there,
 To give relief.

5. **M.** The Lord shall preserve thee, Ps. cxxi. 7.
 As through this evil world I go,
 Preserve me, Lord, from every foe;
 And in each dark distressing hour,
 Save me by thine almighty power.

6. **Tu.** What shall I do unto thee, O thou Preserver of men? Job vii. 20.
 Thou great Preserver of presumptuous man,
 What shall I do? what satisfaction can
 Poor dust and ashes make?

7. **W.** Cease ye from man, Isa. xx. 22.
 Cease thou from man, oh, what to thee
 Can thy poor fellow-mortals be?
 Are they not erring, finite, frail?
 What can their utmost aid avail?

8. **Th.** Put on the whole armour of God, Eph. vi. 13
 Lord, let thy people be
 Now taught in things divine,
 And, by the truth made free,
 In faith's bright armour shine.

9. **F.** I am the way, the truth, and the life, John xiv. 6.
 Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye,
 The dead man's life: on thee my hopes rely;
 If thou remove I err, I grope, I die.

10. **S.** Whose offereth praise glorifieth me, Ps. l. 23.
 Happy is he whose heart
 Hath found the art
 To turn his double pains to double praise.

11. **Sun.** The heart is deceitful above all things, Jer. xvii. 9
 Sorely if each one saw another's heart,
 There would be no commerce,
 No sale or bargain pass: all would disperse,
 And live apart.

12. **M.** Awake up, my glory, Ps. lviii. 8.
 Would that my soul, a harp with slackened wires,
 Attuned a strain,
 Might vibrate to the Spirit's touch, and thrill
 This frame of flesh.

13. **Tu.** Search me, O God, and try me, Ps. xxxix. 23.
 Poor heart, lament;
 For since thy God refuseth still,
 There is some sin, some discontent,
 Which cools his will.

14. **W.** What shall I render unto the Lord? Ps. cxvi. 12.
 O thou that hast given so much to me,
 Give one thing more, a grateful heart.

15. **Th.** Who is exalted above all praise, Neh. ix. 5.
 My God, man cannot praise thy name,
 Thou art all brightness, perfect purity.
 The sun holds down his head for shame,
 Dead with eclipses, when we speak of thee.

16. **F.** Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, Eccles. xii. 8.
 Lord, in my silence how do I despise
 What upon trust
 Is styled honour, riches, or fair eyes
 The straightest paths, and runs the narrow way.

17. **S.** He maketh me to lie down in green pastures' Ps. xxiii. 2.
 The pasture is thy word, the streams thy grace,
 Enriching all the place.

18. **Sun.** My hope is in thee, Ps. xxx. 7.
 Since of myself I can do nought but ill,
 In thee I trust;
 The strength is thine, and grace alone can save
 A child of dust.

19. **M.** Let the God of my salvation be exalted, Ps. xviii. 49.
 How know I if thou should'st me raise,
 That I should then raise thee?
 Perhaps great places and thy praise
 Do not so well agree.

20. **Tu.** Our Father, Matt. vi. 9.
 See not my frailties, Lord, but through my fear,
 And look on every trespass through a tear;
 Then calm thine anger, and appear more mild,
 Remember thou'rt a Father, I a child.

21. **W.** God be merciful to me a sinner, Luke xiii. 13.
 My words, my deeds, my daily thoughts and ways,
 Are far from right;
 Sinful I feel they are—what must they be
 In his pure sight?

22. **Th.** I wound and I heal, I kill and I make alive, Deut. xxxii. 39.
 Lord, thou didst make me, yet thou woundest me;
 Lord, thou dost wound me, yet thou dost relieve me;
 Lord, thou releevest, yet I die by thee,
 Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprove me.

23. **F.** I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness, Ps. xvii. 15.
 Get me a standing there, and place,
 Among the beams which crown the face
 Of him who died to part
 Sin and my heart.

24. **S.** O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, Rom. xi. 33.
 O groundless deeps, O love beyond degree
 Thy offended dies to set the offender free!

25. **Sun.** Thou wilt show me the path of life, Ps. xvi. 11.
 Thou art my life; if thou but turn away,
 My life's a thousand deaths; thou art my way;
 Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but stray.

26. **M.** The world languisheth away, Isa. xxiv. 4.
 False world, thou liest; thou canst not lend
 The least delight;
 Thy favours cannot gain a friend,
 They are so slight;
 Thy morning pleasures make an end
 To please at night.

27. **Tu.** Make haste to help me, O Lord, my salvation, Ps. xxxviii. 22.
 O thou whose strength-reviving arm did cherish
 Thy sinking Peter, at the point to perish,
 Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave;
 I'll come, I'll come; the voice that calls will save.

28. **W.** What I would that do I not; but what I hate that do I, Rom. viii. 15.
 I like, dislike, lament for what I could not;
 I do, undo, yet still do what I should not;
 And at the self-same instant will the thing I would not.

29. **Th.** Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting, Dan. v. 27.
 Lord, what a world is this, which day and night,
 Men seek with so much toil, with so much trouble;
 Which weighed in equal scales is found so light,
 So poorly overbalanced with a bubble!

30. **F.** Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance, Ps. iv. 6.
 Without thy light, what light remains in me?
 Thou art my life, my way, my light; in thee
 I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.

31. **S.** And the shepherds returned glorifying God, Luke ii. 20.
 The shepherds sing, and shall I silent be?
 My God, no hymn for thee?
 My soul's a shepherd's flock, a flock it feeds
 Of thoughts and words and deeds.

SEPTEMBER! There are thoughts in thy heart, of death. Thou art doing a secret work, and heaping up treasures for another year. The unborn infant-buds are more than all the living leaves. Thy robes are luxuriant, but worn with softened purple. More dear, less beautiful than June, thou art the heart's month. Not till the heats of summer are gone, while all its growths remain, do we know the fulness of life. Thy hands are stretched out, and clasp the glowing palm of August, and the faint-smelling hand of October. Thou dividest them asunder, and art thyself moulded of them both.

1. Sun. There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, Prov. xiv. 12.

The pleasing way is not the right;
 He that would conquer heaven must fight.

2. M. Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace, Job xxii. 21.

Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,
 And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad.

3. Tu. It is enough: stay now thine hand, 2 Sam. xxiv. 16.

The sooner thyself thou submittest to God,
 The sooner he ceaseth to scourge with his rod.

4. W. Abide with us, Luke xxiv. 29.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without thee I cannot live,
 Abide with me when night is high,
 For without thee I cannot die.

5. Th. Thou shalt see greater things than these, John i. 50.

The child-like faith that asks not sight,
 Waits not for wonder or for sign,
 Believes, because it loves aright,
 Shall see things greater, things divine.

6. F. As grass springing by clear shining after rain, 2 Sam. xxiii. 4.

As plants refreshed whose flowers to heaven disclose,
 So grateful we for good thine hand bestows.

7. S. Nor faint when thou art rebuked of him, Heb. xii. 5.

Wish not, my soul, thy pain away,
 But crave a wise and thankful heart,
 With God in all thy grief to stay,
 Nor from his loved correction start.

8. Sun. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, Ps. xvi. 2.

'Tis grace secures us an abode,
 Unshaken as the throne of God.

9. M. We are clay, thou our potter, Isa. lxiv. 8.

O let thy love my soul inflame,
 And to thy service sweetly bind;
 Transfuse it through my inmost frame
 And mould me wholly to thy mind.

10. Tu. The Lord is a sun, Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if thou be near;
 Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

11. W. I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine, Sol. S. vi. 2.

Enough to think that I am thine,
 Enough for sorrow's darkest hour;
 If I may call thee, claim thee mine,
 God of my life, I ask no more.

12. Th. Be not weary in well doing, 2 Thess. iii. 13.

Sow thy seed, be never weary,
 Nor let fears thy mind employ;
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
 Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy.

13. F. Godliness with contentment is great gain, 1 Tim. vi. 6.

Thy precious things, whatever they be
 That haunt and vex thee, heart and brain
 Look to the cross, and thou shalt see
 How thou may'st turn them all to gain.

14. S. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, Rev. civ. 13.

Oh, happy they who, safely housed,
 To Jesus' bosom fly,
 Before the storm of wrath is roused,
 Yes, happy they who die!

15. Sun. Having your loins girded, Luke xii. 35.

With loins begirt and staff in hand,
 A ready pilgrim I would stand,
 At God's command prepared to go,
 And part with all things here below.

16. M. I am the Lord, I change not, Mal. iii. 6.

Crosses and changes are our lot,
 Long as we sojourn here;
 But since our Saviour changes not,
 What have the saints to fear?

17. Tu. Why are ye so fearful? Mark iv. 40.

The saints should never be dismay'd,
 Nor sink in hopeless fear;
 For when they least expect his aid
 The Saviour will appear.

18. W. Though he slay me yet will I trust in him Job xiii. 15.

Sickness and death thy voice obey;
 Help me to trust thee though thou slay.

19. Th. Stand fast in the Lord, 1 Thess. iii. 8.

Soldiers of Christ, hold fast,
 The war will soon be past,
 When victory comes at last,
 We'll meet in glory.

20. F. Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness, Ps. xli. 3.

Siek is my heart; O Saviour, do thou please
 To make my bed soft in my sicknesses.

21. S. Who teacheth like him? Job xxxv. 22.

Saviour, none like thee can teach,
 Nor yet unfold thy word;
 None like thee the heart can reach,
 And heavenly light afford.

22. Sun. Who is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption, 1 Cor. i. 30.

I'll take HIM for my strength and righteousness
 I'll make HIM my strong refuge in distress,
 I'll love HIM above every earthly joy,
 And I will trust in every thing employ.

23. M. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, Heb. xiii. 5.

Though earthly friends unfaithful prove,
 With sure and certain hope of love,
 Lord, I would cling to thee.

24. Tu. All things come of thee, 1 Chron. xxix. 14.

Father, in all our comforts here,
 Thy gracious hand we see;
 Each blessing to our souls more dear,
 Because conferred by thee.

25. W. They are Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus, 2 Cor. i. 20.

He seal'd with his blood every promise he gave;
 The faithful, true witness will never deceive.

26. Th. We are unprofitable servants, Luke xvii. 10.

Yes, after all the duties I have done,
 I must in point of merit them disown,
 And trust for heaven through Jesus' blood alone.

27. F. Who comforteth us in all our tribulations, 2 Cor. i. 4.

'Tis sweet, though trials may not cease,
 Though pain afflict, though fears appal,
 To feel my comforts still increase,
 And say, My Father sends them all.

28. S. Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble, Job xiv. 1.

Thus man that's born of woman can remain
 But a short time. His days are full of sorrow,
 His life's a penance, and his death's a pain;
 Springs like a flower to-day, and fades to-morrow.

29. Sun. MICHAELMAS DAY. Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it, Ps. lxxxi. 10.

Take thou my heart in hand to fill 't,
 And it shall yield thee what thou wilt.

30. M. We all do fade as a leaf, Isa. lxiv. 6.

Oh the sad, the frail condition
 Of the pride of nature's glory;
 How inform his composition,
 And, at best, how transitory!

OCTOBER! Orchard of the year! Bend thy boughs to the earth, redolent of glowing fruit! Ripened seeds shake in their pods. Apples drop in the stillest hours. Leaves begin to let go when no wind is out. When the gales come through the trees, the yellow leaves trail, like sparks at night behind the flying engine. The woods are thinner, so that we may see the heavens plainer, lying on the yet warm moss by the singing spring. The days are calm. The nights are tranquil. The year's work is done. She walks in gorgeous apparel, looking upon her long labour, and her serene eye saith, "It is good."

1. **Tu.** Christ who is our life, Col. iv. 3.
 Life in me thy life produces,
 And gives vigour to my heart,
 As the vine doth living juices
 To the purple grape impart.
2. **W.** They which live should not henceforth live
 unto themselves, 2 Cor. v. 15.
 Make me, O God, not earthly-minded,
 But thine in Jesus Christ to be,
 That by the world no longer blinded,
 I may devote my heart to thee.
3. **Th.** I will put my laws into their hearts, Heb. x. 16.
 Oh, smooth my rugged heart, and there
 Engrave thy reverend law and fear:
 Or make a new one, since the old
 Is useless grown,
 And a much fitter stone
 To hide my dust than thee to hold.
4. **F.** So teach us to number our days that we may
 apply our hearts unto wisdom, Ps. xc. 12.
 Man count thy days; and if they fly too fast
 For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day the last.
5. **S.** Before I was afflicted I went astray, Ps. cxix. 47.
 There's foolishness bound up within thee fast,
 But yet the rod
 Of fatherly correction, at the last,
 If bless'd by God,
 Will drive it far away, and wisdom give.
6. **Sun.** Your heart shall live that seek God, Ps. lxxix.
 32.
 Word of Life, eternal fountain,
 Thon dost living strength impart,
 To the soul that truly seeks thee,
 To the faint and longing heart.
7. **M.** According to the good pleasure of his will,
 Eph. i. 5.
 O let thy sacred will
 All thy delight in me fulfil;
 Let me not think an action mine own way.
 But as thy love shall all my way,
 Resigning up the rudder to thy skill.
8. **Tu.** Delight thyself in the Lord, Ps. xxxvii. 4.
 O thou, my heart's desire, my soul's delight,
 Reflect upon my soul, and touch my heart;
 And then my heart shall prize no good above thee,
 And then my soul shall know thee; knowing, love thee.
9. **W.** Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul,
 sure and steadfast, Heb. vi. 19.
 Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall
 On thee, the chiefest good, no need to call
 For earth's inferior trash; thou, thou art All in All.
10. **Th.** God commendeth his love towards us, in that
 while we were yet sinners Christ died for us, Rom. v. 8.
 Of what unmeasurable love
 Art thou possessor, who, when thou couldst not die,
 Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
 And for our sakes in person sin reprove!
11. **F.** Beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord,
 2 Cor. iii. 18.
 Earth, and air, and boundless ocean,
 All are mirrors where we see,
 Now in stillness, now in motion,
 Love in its immensity.
12. **S.** I will uphold thee with the right hand of my
 righteousness, Ps. xli. 10.
 Suffer not my faith to fail me,
 But uphold me with thy hand,
 That whatever foes assail me,
 I may reach the promised land.
13. **Sun.** Break up your fallow ground, Hos. x. 12.
 Break up my fallow ground,
 That there may not a clod be found,
 To hide one root of sin.
14. **M.** We are unprofitable servants, Luke xvii. 10.
 What have I brought thee home
 For this thy love? Have I discharged the debt
 Which this day's favour did beget?
 I ran, but all I brought was foam.
15. **Tu.** I will run the way of thy commandments,
 when thou shalt enlarge my heart, Ps. cxix. 32.
 Enrich my heart, mouth, hands, in me,
 With faith, with hope, with charity,
 That I may run the way that leads to thee.
16. **W.** When thou with rebukes dost correct man for
 iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like
 a moth, Ps. xxxix. 11.
 When thou for sin rebukest man;
 Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan.
17. **Th.** Our days are like a shadow that declineth,
 Ps. cii. 11.
 We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast;
 Ere we can count our days, our days are past.
18. **F.** If I have done iniquity, I will do no more, Job
 xxxiv. 32.
 Purge all my sins done heretofore,
 For I confess my heavy score,
 And I will strive to sin no more.
19. **S.** God is love, 1 John iv. 8.
 My God, thou art all love;
 Not one poor minute 'scapes my breast,
 But brings a favour from above,
 And in this love, more than in bed, I rest.
20. **Sun.** I will be as the dew unto Israel, Hos. xiv. 5.
 O let thy love
 Distil in fruitful dews of grace,
 And then mine heart will be a fruitful place.
21. **M.** He will not break the bruised reed, Isa. xlii. 8.
 God sanctifies and blesses
 The trials which he sends;
 The burden lightly presses,
 It breaks not, though it bends.
22. **Tu.** Be patient, therefore, brethren, James v. 7.
 Thou who didst dwell and linger here below,
 Since the condition of this world is frail,
 Where, of all plants, affections soonest grow,
 If troubles overtake thee, do not wail.
23. **W.** My soul refused to be comforted, Ps. lxxvii. 2.
 Awake, awake,
 And with a thankful heart his comforts take;
 But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry,
 And feel his death, but not his victory.
24. **Th.** Where sin abounded, grace did much more
 abound, Rom. v. 20.
 Faith makes me anything, or all
 That I believe is in the sacred story;
 And where sin placed me in Adam's fall,
 Faith sets me higher in his glory.
25. **F.** All things are yours, for ye are Christ's, 1 Cor.
 iii. 22.
 If thou, my God and Teacher,
 Vouchsafe to be my own,
 Though poor, I shall be richer
 Than monarch on his throne.
26. **S.** The soldiers platted a crown of thorns and
 put it on his head, John xix. 2.
 Come thou, mine heart, take down—
 Thy Saviour's crown
 Of thorns, and see if thou canst make 't thine own.
27. **Sun.** Faith which worketh by love, Gal. v. 6.
 I believe, and, therefore, ever
 Will I love my God and guide;
 I believe, and therefore never
 Shall aught move me from his side.
28. **M.** How many are the days of thy servant? Ps.
 cxix. 84.
 Brief as a night of slumber,
 Our days glide swiftly on;
 Ere we can tell their number,
 Death comes, and we are gone.
29. **Tu.** By the fear of the Lord men depart from evil,
 Prov. xvi. 6.
 Fear's the soul's sentinel, and keeps the heart
 Wherein love lodges; so that all the art
 And industry of those
 That are its foes
 Cannot betray it to its former woes.
30. **W.** O when wilt thou come unto me? Ps. ci. 2.
 O come, for thou dost know the way;
 Or if to me thou wilt not move,
 Remove me where I need not say,
 Drop from above.
31. **Th.** By him all things consist, Col. i. 6.
 Of what supreme Almighty power
 Is thy great arm, which spans the east and west,
 And tacks the centre to the sphere!
 By it do all things live their measured hour.

NOVEMBER! Patient watcher, thou art asking to lay down thy tasks. Life is only now, to thee, a task accomplished. In the night-time, thou liest down, and the messengers of winter deck thee with hoar-frosts. The morning looks upon thy jewels, and they perish while it gazes. Wilt thou not come, O December?

1. **F.** Let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee, Ps. v. 11.
 How should I praise thee, Lord how should my rhymes Gladly engrave thy love in steel
 If what my soul doth feel sometimes My soul might ever feel!
2. **S.** Touched with the feeling of our infirmities, Heb. iv, 15.
 Not a grief but he can feel it,
 Not a wound but he can heal it;
 He hath balm for every sorrow,
 — Cleansing for the vilest sin;
3. **Sun.** Slow to anger and plenteous in mercy, Ps. ciii. 8.
 Drink in life with deep thanksgiving,
 Dwelling on this gracious theme:
 God is patient and forgiving,
 And Almighty to redeem.
4. **M.** With good will doing service, as to the Lord, Eph. vi. 7.
 Teach me, my God and King, in all things thee to see,
 And what I do in anything, to do it as for thee.
5. **Tu.** I drew them with bands of love, Hosea xi. 4.
 Love bade me welcome, yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of dust and sin;
 But quick-eyed love observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
 If I lacked anything.
6. **W.** I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness, Ps. xvii. 15.
 In thee I'll sleep secure, and when I wake,
 Thy glorious face shall satisfy
 The longing of my looking eye.
7. **Th.** Christ is all in all, Col. iii. 11.
 Thou, thou alone shalt be my whole desire,
 Fill nothing else requires
 But thee, or for thy sake.
8. **F.** Whosoever will, let him come, Rev. xxii. 17.
 Come from emptiness to fullness,
 Shadows to realities;
 Out of dimness into clearness,
 Out of darkness into nearness,
 Come away from sin and sorrow,
 Come to Christ without delay.
9. **S.** I will give thee rest, Matt. xi. 28.
 The God that made my heart is he alone,
 That of himself both can and will
 Give rest unto my thoughts, and fill
 Them full of all content and quietness.
10. **Sun.** God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross, Gal. vi. 14.
 The badge the Christian wears on earth
 Is his dear Saviour's cross;
 And he who understands its worth
 Regards all else as dross.
11. **M.** He thanked God and took courage, Acts xxviii. 15.
 Since in God I have confided,
 I have been securely guided;
 What I have experienced is
 My best pledge for future bliss.
12. **Tu.** He hath done all things well, Mark vii. 37.
 In all he wills I acquiesce
 Assured that it is best;
 At every time, in every place,
 With him we must be best.
13. **W.** For thy name's sake lead me and guide me, Ps. xxxi. 3.
 Lord, send forth thy light and truth to lead me
 In the way wherein thy saints precede me
 With the Holy Spirit for my guide.
 Let me choose the path of self-denial,
 Slunning no sharp cross or bitter trial
 Which my Saviour's steps have sanctified.
14. **Th.** He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him, Ps. cxiv. 9.
 Lord, I am sick, and thou art health, restore me;
 Lord, I am weak, and thou art strength, sustain me;
 Thou, Lord, art help, I unclean before thee;
 Lord, I am poor, and thou art rich, maintain me.
15. **F.** Deal with thy servant according unto thy mercy, Ps. cxix. 124.
 Throw away thy rod,
 Throw away thy wrath,
 O my God,
 Take the gentle path,

16. **S.** If I wait, the grave is mine house, Job xvii. 13.
 Death is still working like a mole,
 And digs my grave at each remove,
 Let grace work too, and on my soul
 Drop from above.
17. **Sun.** The simplicity that is in Christ, 2 Cor. xi. 3.
 Give me simplicity, that I may live,
 Solve and like that I may know thy ways—
 Know them and practise them, then shall I give,
 For this poor wreath give thee a crown of praise.
18. **M.** Much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life, Rom. v. 10.
 Look on him whom thou hast wounded,
 Yet whose love hath so abounded
 That he suffered to redeem thee;
 Turn, O turn again, nor fear
 That thy Lord will yet condemn thee,
 Who esteemed thy soul so dear.
19. **Tu.** The Lord blessed him, and the man waxed great, Gen. xxvi. 12.
 This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold,
 For that which God doth touch and own
 Cannot for less be told.
20. **W.** They shall return unto the Lord, and he shall be entreated of them, Isa. xix. 22.
 Return, backsliders! If thou wilt thou shalt;
 Although thou canst not of thyself, yet I,
 That call, can make thee able.
21. **Th.** If thou return to the Almighty thou shalt be built up, Job xxii. 23.
 Oft have I called thee, O return at last,
 Return unto thine heart, let the time past
 Suffice thy wanderings; know that to cherish
 Revolving still is a mere will to perish.
22. **F.** We will give ourselves continually to prayer, Acts vi. 4.
 Prayer, the Church's banquet, angel's age,
 God's breath in man returning to his birth,
 The soul in pilgrimage, heart in pilgrimage,
 The Christian's plummet sounding heaven and earth.
23. **S.** And will not remember thy sins, Isa. xliii. 25.
 Come ye hither all whom pain
 Doth arraign,
 Bringing all your sins to sight;
 Taste and fear not; God is here,
 In his cheer,
 And on sin doth cast the fright.
24. **Sun.** Return unto thy rest, O my soul, Ps. cxvi. 7.
 My busy, striving heart, that seeks the best,
 Can find no place on earth wherein to rest,
 For God alone the author of its bliss,
 Its only rest, its only centre, is.
25. **M.** I will strengthen them in the Lord, Zech. x. 12.
 Our daily task we enter on with willing hearts and hands,
 The Lord in us hath always done what he from us demands.
26. **Tu.** The light shall shine upon thy ways, Job xxii. 28.
 My God, my light is dark enough at lightest,
 Increase it, hither and give me strength to shine
 'Tis frail at best, 'tis dim enough at brightest,
 But 'tis its glory to be foiled by thine;
 Let others lurk, my light shall be
 Proposed to all men, and by them to thee.
27. **W.** I will triumph in the works of thy hand, Ps. xcii. 4.
 O how sweet it is in nature
 To look up to nature's God,
 To a merciful Creator,
 Who in all things seeks our good!
28. **Th.** It doth not yet appear what we shall be, 1 John iii. 2.
 What shall we be who have in Christ believed?
 What through his grace will be our sweet reward?
 Eye hath not seen, ear heard, or heart conceived
 What God for those who love him hath prepared.
29. **F.** There shall be showers of blessing, Ezek. xxiv. 26.
 O speak a word of blessing, gracious Lord;
 Thy blessing is clad with soothing power;
 O speak poor heart worn out with toil thy word
 Falls soft and gentle as the evening shower.
30. **S.** Abide with us, for it is toward evening, Luke xxiv. 29.
 Come then, O Lord, and deign to be my guest,
 After the day's confusion, toil, and dust;
 O come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
 To give salvation and to pardon sin.

DECEMBER! Silently the month advances. There is nothing to destroy, much to bury. Hark, then, thou snow, that slumberously fallest through the still air, the hedge-rows of leaves; muffle thy cold wool about the feet of shivering trees. Bury all that the year hath known, and let thy brilliant stars, that never shine as in thy frostiest nights, behold the work. But know, O month of destruction, that in thy constellation is set that star, whose rising is the sign, for evermore, that there is life in death. Thou art the month of resurrection. In thee, the Christ came. Every star that looks down upon thy labour and toil of our year; and the things shall come forth again. And every grave shall be to its sleeper, as was the Mountain of Transfiguration to the Redeemer.

1. **Sun.** Here we see through a glass darkly, Cor. xiii. 12.
 Draw, draw this fleshy curtain that denies
 The gracious presence of thy glorious eyes,
 Or give me faith; and by the eyes of grace
 I shall behold thee, though not face to face.
2. **M.** There is none abiding, 1 Chron. xxix. 15.
 All is fading, all is fleeting,
 Earthly flames must cease to glow,
 Earthly beings cease from being,
 Earthly blossoms cease to blow.
3. **Tu.** Learn of me, Matt. xi. 29.
 O make thy precepts sweet to me,
 By thy good Spirit's gentle sway;
 And let my feet be led by thee,
 In thine own true and perfect way.
4. **W.** What have I to do with thee? John ii. 4.
 O thou hast much to do with me,
 Thou sinner's Friend, and I with thee.
5. **Th.** Shall we receive good at the hand of God,
 and shall we not receive evil? Job ii. 10.
 I praise thee and bless thee, my King and my God,
 For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed.
6. **F.** Jehovah-jireh, Gen. xxii. 14.
 I know not what may soon betide,
 Or how my wants shall be supplied;
 But Jesus knows and will provide.
7. **S.** My help cometh from the Lord, Ps. cxxi. 2.
 Lord, be thy power, thy love displayed;
 Help me, for thou alone canst aid.
8. **Sun.** Behold, the bridegroom cometh, Luke xxv. 6.
 Sleep no more, the hour approacheth,
 Awake, arise, the bridegroom is at hand,
 Then go ye forth to meet him.
9. **M.** God is faithful, who hath called you, 1 Cor. i. 9.
 Whilst he biddeth, I believe;
 What he calls for he will give;
 To obey him is to live.
10. **Tu.** I do that which I would not, Rom. vii. 16.
 I am weak, Lord, and corruption strong;
 When I would fain do what I should,
 Then I cannot do what I would;
 Mine action's short when my intention's long.
11. **W.** Earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with
 our house, which is from heaven, 2 Cor. v. 2.
 Gladly would we be at home,
 Free from toil and dangers,
 And no longer homeless roam
 In a land of strangers.
12. **Th.** Having nothing, and yet possessing all things,
 2 Cor. vi. 10.
 In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
 Not having thee, what have my labours got?
 Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
 And having thee alone, what have I not?
13. **F.** Cleave unto the Lord your God, Josh. xxiii. 8.
 Cleave close to him by faith, and let the bands
 Of love tie thee in thy Redeemer's hands.
14. **S.** He that followeth me shall have the light of
 life, John ix. 5.
 Teach me thy love to know,
 That this new light which now I see
 May both the work and workman show;
 Then by a sunbeam I will climb to thee.
15. **Sun.** I will put my law in their inward parts, and
 write it in their hearts, Jer. xxxi. 33.
 When in men's hearts,
 And their most inward parts,
 I by my Spirit write my law of love;
 They then begin to move,
 Not by themselves, but me,
 And their obedience is their liberty.
16. **M.** In thy light shall we see light, Ps. cxxxvi. 9.
 Thou art the Sun of righteousness,
 There's healing in thy wings; thy light is life,
 My darkness death.
17. **Tu.** God is light, 1 John i. 5.
 Then unto thee,
 Great Lord of light, let I may see,
 Direct my prayer, that me I see.
18. **W.** As the early dew that passeth away, Hosea
 xiii. 3.
 Everything we love and cherish
 Hastens onward to the grave;
 Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
 And whatsoever the world e'er gave.
19. **Th.** His tender mercies are over all his works, Ps.
 cxlv. 9.
 There's not a flower so mean, nor blade that groweth,
 Whereon thy love no tender care bestoweth;
 How sweet to think, Lord, that on thee depend
 Germ, blossom, fruit, until my life shall end.
20. **F.** Where your treasure is there will your heart
 be, Matt. vi. 21.
 Can we have our hearts in heaven,
 And yet earthly-minded live?
 Can we who have been forgiven,
 Not forget and not forgive?
21. **S.** If ye love me, keep my commandments, John
 xiv. 15.
 Love hath taught me to obey
 All his precepts, and to say,
 Not to-morrow, but to-day.
22. **Sun.** Unspotted from the world, James i. 27.
 Keep me from the world unspotted,
 That I may not only be
 To thy service here devoted,
 But abide in heaven with thee.
23. **M.** The upright love their lives, Cant. i. 4.
 Above us lies an open heaven,
 Beneath us closed a dread abyss;
 We love because we are forgiven;
 We have true joy, true rest, and peace.
24. **Tu.** The world fadeth away, Isa. xxiv. 4.
 There cleaves to this world's fleeting pleasures
 The curse of insufficiency;
 She spends, but doth not gather treasures
 To last throughout eternity.
25. **W.** CHRISTMAS DAY. Let us go to Bethlehem,
 Luke ii. 15.
 The glorious light is dawning,
 And glads the brow;
 To Bethlehem, this morning,
 Rejoicing let us go.
26. **Th.** I will go in the strength of the Lord, Ps. lxxi. 16.
 His commandments grievous are not,
 Longer than men think them so;
 Though he send me forth, I care not,
 Whilst he gives me strength to go.
27. **F.** Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart,
 Matt. xi. 29.
 None, O Lord, who are unholly
 Shall thy perfect beauty see;
 Teach me to be meek and lowly,
 Teach me to resemble thee.
28. **S.** I will give thee a crown of life, Rev. ii. 10.
 Let us the steep ascent then boldly climb,
 Our toil and labour will be well repaid;
 Let us haste onward, till in God's good time
 We reap the fruit, a crown that doth not fade.
29. **Sun.** Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose
 mind is stayed on thee, Isa. xxvi. 3.
 Give me now the comfort of possessing
 What I value as the highest blessing—
 Perfect peace through steadfast faith in thee.
30. **M.** The hour of prayer, Acts iii. 1.
 Sweet is the hour of prayer; that hour is sweet,
 Which brings me, blessed Saviour, to thy feet.
31. **Tu.** My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle,
 Job vii. 6.
 My moments, as they onward flow,
 Cut short the thread of human we,
 And bring me nearer to the scenes
 Where sorrows end and heaven begins.

BAPTIST CHAPELS IN AND AROUND LONDON.

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE NAMES OF THEIR SEVERAL LOCALITIES, WITH THE NAMES AND RESIDENCES OF THE MINISTERS.

TIMES OF SERVICE—Lord's-day Morning at 11; Evenings at half-past 6; Week Evenings at 7.

* Service on Sabbath Afternoons at Three o'clock.

Aile-street, Little, Whitechapel. TH.
 " Great, Zoar Chapel. TH.
 Bagnidge Wells, Vernon Chapel. W.
 Battersea. w.
 Blackheath, Dacre-park. TH.
 Blandford-street, Manchester-square. W.
 Bethnal-green, Hart's-lane. TU.
 " Hope Chapel, Twig Folly. TH.
 " Squirries-street. w.
 Bloomsbury Chapel. TH. M. 11.
 BOROUGH—
 Borough-road. w.
 * Surrey Tabernacle. W.
 Trinity Chapel, Trinity-square. TH.
 Maze-pond, Thomas-street. TH.
 New Park-street. TH.
 Unicorn-yard, Tooley-street. TH.
 Earl-street, London-road.
 Bermondsey-road, London-road. TH.
 Bermondsey, New-road. TH.
 " Church-street. w.
 " Jamaica-row.
 Alfred-place, Old Kent-road. M.
 Church-street, Blackfriars. TH.
 Chapel-court, High-street. TH.
 Bow. TH.
 Brick-lane, St. Luke's.
 Brixton, New Park-road. TH.
 Brompton, Onslow Chapel. TH.
 Bunhill-row, Hope Chapel. M.
 Camberwell, Denmark-place. TH.
 Mansion-house Chapel.
 " Charles-street, New-road. TH.
 " Cottage-green. TH.
 Camden-road, Upper Holloway.
 Chadwell-st., St. John's-street-road. TH.
 Chelsea, Paradise-walk. TH.
 " Cook's-ground, King's-road. w.
 Clapham-common. w.
 " Eise, Cranmer-court. TU.
 " Rehoboth.
 " Garner Ch., Wirttemberg-place. w.
 " Courland-grove. TH.
 Commercial-road, Wellesley-street. TH.
 " Devonshire-place. TH.
 " Devonport-street.
 City-road, Nelson-place. w.
 Dalston, Queen's-road. TH.
 Deptford, Zion Chapel, Florence-place.
 " Midway, Lower-road. w.
 Devonshire-square, Bishopsgate-street.
 Eldon-street, Finsbury, Welsh. w.
 Greenwich, Lewisham-road. TU.
 " Royal Hall.
 " Providence, Bridge-street. TH.
 " Ebenezer, East-street. w.
 Goswell-street-road, Spencer-place. TU.
 Gower-street. TH.
 Hackney, Mare-street. TH.
 " Hampden Chapel.
 Hammersmith, West End. TH.
 Hampstead, Holly Bush-hill. TH.
 " Ebenezer, New End. w.
 Highgate, Southwood-lane. TH.
 Hill-street, Mount Zion, Dorset-square. w.
 Holborn, Kingsgate-street. w.

P. DICKERSON, Gloster-terr., New-road, Mile-end.
 VARIOUS.
 J. M. SOULR, Battersea-rise, Surrey.
 J. E. CRACKNELL, 2, Dryden-terrace, Lee, S.E.
 D. SMITHER, 44, Orange-street, Bethnal-green-road.
 T. B. PARKER, 5, White Horse-lane, Stepney.
 J. FLOEY, 22, Toubridge-street, Pancras New-road.
 W. BROCK, 12, Gower-street.*
 J. HARCOURT, 17, Trinity-square, Borough.
 J. WELLS, 6, St. George's-place, North Brixton.
 * [Mr. Wells preaches on Friday evenings at the
 Welsh Chapel, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn.]
 W. H. BONNER, Spring-cott., Up. Bland-st. Dover-rd.
 J. H. MILLARD, B.A., 4, Dover-place, New Kent-rd.
 C. H. SPURGEON, Nightingale-lane, Clapham.
 C. W. BANKS, 2, Eldon-street, Bermondsey.
 W. C. JONES.
 J. COOPER, 6, Upper Mint-street.
 T. CHIVERS, Old Kent-road.
 J. L. MEERES, 2, Brauford-terrace, Spa-road.
 VARIOUS.
 W. BARBER, Rockingham-row east, New Kent-road.
 T. GUNNER, 24, New Church-street, Bermondsey.
 W. P. BALFERN, 9, Masbro'-road, Hammersmith.
 J. A. JONES, 50, Murray-street, City-road.
 J. HIRONS, Streatham-place, Brixton-hill.
 J. BIGWOOD, 10, Tregunter-grove West, Brompton.
 E. MORRIS, Chapel-house, Blue Anchor-alley.
 (E. STANE, D.D., Champion-park, Camberwell.
 (C. STANFORD, Grove-lane, Camberwell.
 W. R. ROWE, Brixton-hill.
 T. ATTWOOD, 9, St. Ann's-road, Brixton-road.
 F. TUCKER, B.A., Camden-road-villas, Camden-road.
 J. HAZLETON, 87, Chapel-street, Pentonville.
 W. B. HOE, Park-terrace, Park-road, Clapham.
 E. S. HIRD, 17, Wurtemberg-street, Clapham.
 — ROWLANDS, Wright's-bigs, Acre-lane, Brixton.
 S. HALL, 38, Barnsbury-park, west.
 S. PONSFORD, Loughborough-road, Brixton.
 W. CHAMBERLAIN, 22, Smith-street, Mile-end.
 G. W. PEGG, 1, Grove-terrace, Hackney.
 J. BOWLER, 9, Wilkes-street, Spitafields.
 J. WHITTERRIDGE, Buckland-street, N. North-road.
 W. MIALL, 1, Brockham-vls., Richmond-rd., Dalston.
 G. WYARD, 19, Florence-road, Deptford.
 W. BENSON, 8, Yeoman-street, Rotherhithe.
 J. H. HINTON, A.M., Florence-vls., De Beauvoir-sq.
 J. RUSSELL, Blackheath-hill.
 B. DAVIES.
 — GWINNELL.
 W. CAUNT, 9, Newington-causeway.
 S. PEARCE, 12, Offord-road, Caledonian-road.
 VARIOUS.
 D. KATTERNS, 6, Parkfield-terrace, Hackney.
 R. R. FINCH, 8, Assembly-row, Mile-end.
 J. LEECHMAN, LL.D., 9, St. Peter's-sq., Hammersmith.
 J. RADBURN, 2, Church-street, Hampstead.
 W. COOPER, Windsor Cottage, Finchley.
 S. S. HATCH, 6, North-hill, Highgate.
 J. FOREMAN, 8, Paddington-green.
 F. WILLE, 2, Caroline-villas, Kentish-town.

Hoxton, High-street. TH.
 Henrietta-street, Bloomsbury-square. TH.
 Holloway, Upper John-street. TH.
 Homerton-tow. TH.
 Islington, Providence-place. W.
 " Cross-street. F.
 John-street, Bedford-row. TH.
 John's-row, St. Luke's. W.
 Kensall-green. TH.
 Kentish-town, Hawley-road.
 Kappel-street, Russell-square. TH.
 Lambeth, Regent-street. TH.
 Langham-place, Regent's-park. W.
 Lee, High-road.
 Little Wild-street. TH.
 Meard's-court, Dean-street, Soho. TH.
 Mile-end-road, Darling-place. W.
 New North-road, Wilton-street. TH.
 Norwood, Westow-hill. TH.
 Notting-hill, Johnson-street. TH.
 Pancras-road, Old Saint. W.
 Paddington, New Church-street. TH.
 " Tabernacle, Praed-street. W.
 Peckham Rye-lane. W.
 Peckham, Hill-street.
 Pimlico, Carmel, Westbourne-street. W.
 " Rehoboth, Princes-row. TH.
 Poplar, Cotton-street. TH.
 " Zoar, Folkestone-terrace. TH.
 " Bethel, High-street. TU.
 Regent's-park, late Diorama.
 Regent's-park, College Chapel.
 Rotherhithe, Lucas-street. W.
 Salter's-hall, Cannon-street.
 Shadwell, Victoria-street. W.
 Shacklwell, Stoke Newington. TH.
 Shepherd's Bush, Oaklands Chapel.
 Shoreditch, Providence, Austin-street. W.
 Shouldham-street, Bryanston-square. TH.
 Soho Chapel, Oxford-street. W.
 Stockwell, Chapel-street.
 Stratford-grove. TH.
 Sydenham.
 Tottenham, High-road. TH.
 Walworth, East-lane. TH.
 " Arthur-street, near Turupike. W.
 " Lion-street. TH.
 Wandsworth. TH.
 Westbourne-grove.
 White-street, Little Moorfields.
 Whitechapel, Commercial-street. TH.
 Wilderness-row, St. John-street. TU.
 Woolwich, Enon, High-street. W.
 " Bethlehem Chapel.
 " Queen-street Chapel. W.
 " Carmel, New-road. TU.
 " Nelson-street. TU.

S. GREEN.
 W. N. VINE, Elm-grove, Ealing.
 F. GREEN.
 W. PALMER, 11, Homerton-terrace.
 J. GLASKIN, 4, Retreat-cottage, Hackney.
 A. C. THOMAS, Compton-road, Canonbury.
 Hon. B. W. NOEL, A.M., 38, Westbourne-ter., Pad.
 J. S. ANDERSON, 8, Alma-street, Hoxton.
 E. HARRIS, 5, Cautionbury-square, Islington.
 E. WHITE, Torriano-terrace, Kentish-town.
 S. MILNER, 27, White Lion-street, Pentonville.
 R. B. LANKESTER, 3, Kennington-pl., U. p. Ken-lane.
 J. WIGMORE, 83, Stanhope-street, Hampstead-road.
 E. H. MARTEN, B.A., Rose-ctge., Blessington-rd., Lec.
 C. WOOLACOTT, 4, Compton-street, East.
 J. E. BLOOMFIELD, 15, College-place, Camden-town.

W. FLACK, 2, Ufton-road, Kingsland.
 J. W. TIPPLE, 2, Eliza-villas, Alma-road.
 F. W. WILLIAMSON, 14, Clarendon-road, N. H.
 J. NUNN, Colding-crescent, Old St. Pancras-road.
 J. BURNS, D.D., 17, Porteous-road, Paddington.*
 J. CLIFFORD.
 G. MOYLE, Blenheim-grove, Peckham.
 T. J. COLE, Grove-terrace, Peckham.
 H. WISE, 49, St. John's Wood-terrace.
 W. FREEMAN, 15, Wood-street, Chelsea.
 B. PREECE, Alpha-cottage, East India-road.
 R. BOWLES, at Chapel-house.
 T. DAVIS, 82, West Smithfield.
 W. LANDELS, 7, John's-terrace, Regent's-park.
 J. ANGUS, D.D., Collega, Regent's-park.
 — BUTTERFIELD, 2, Nelson-place, Old Kent-road.
 J. HOBSON, 48, Moorgate-street.
 T. FIELD, 34, St. Paul's-road, Camden-town.
 J. S. STANTON, London-road, Clapton-downs.
 C. SHAKESPEARE.
 J. RUSSELL, Andover-terrace, Queen's-road, Dalston.
 { W. A. BLAKE, 38, Southbank, Regent's-park.
 { J. J. OWEN, Stratheden-ter., New-rd., Hammersm.
 J. PELLE, 17, College-place, Camden-town.
 J. EVANS, Providence-cottage, Park-road, Clapham.
 G. W. FISHBOURNE, Stratford-grove.
 J. W. TODD, Perry Hill-house, Lower Sydenham.
 B. WALLACE, Chapel-house.

J. GEORGE, 15, Addington-place, S. Camberwell.
 W. HOWLSON, 2, John's-pl., Albany-rd., Cambwell.
 W. BALL, 45, College-place, Camden-town.
 W. G. LEWIS, 39, Westbourne-green, Bayswater.
 J. WEBB.
 C. STOVEL, 5, Stebon-terrace, Commercial-rd. East.
 J. SHORTER, 17, Manchester-terrace, Liverpool-road.
 C. BOX, 42, Brunswick-terrace, Woolwich.
 VARIOUS.

H. HANKS, 110, Crescent-road, Plumstead.
 H. CRASSWELLER, B.A., Russell-terrace, Plumstead.

* * In the event of change of residence, Ministers will oblige by forwarding an early notice.

NEW CHAPELS.

Anglesea, Llanddeusant, N—Berkshire, Newbury, N; Reading, Oxford-road, N—Brecknockshire, Strhow, Tabernacle, R—Cambridgeshire, Chittering, N; Earl Soham, N; Haddenham, E—Cheshire, Crewe, N—Denbighshire, Neoss, near Wrexham, N—Devonshire, Tiverton, E; Uptonery, N—Dorsetshire, Gillingham, N; Iwerue Minster, R—Glamorganshire, Aberdare, E; Maesteg, E—Gloucestershire, Cinderford, N—Hampshire, Fleetpond, N; Road, Isle of Wight, N; Gosport, N—Southampton, Portland Chapel, E—Hertfordshire, Pinner, N; Hitchin, Park-street, N—Lancashire, Accrington, Barnes-street, N; Rochdale, Harriet-street, N; Todmorden, N—Leicestershire, Friar's-lane, R; Hugglescote, N—Merionethshire, Bala, N—Metropolis, Camden-rd., E; Commercial-rd., Grosvenor-st., N; Islington, Cross-st., E; Notting-hill, N; Rotherhithe, N; Shouldham-street, E; Westbourne-grove, E—Northolt, Diss, N; East Dereham, N; Lynn, Union-chapel, N; Swaffham, N—Northamptonshire, Doddington, N; Northampton, Abington-street, N—Nottinghamshire, Daybrook, N; Hucknall, E; New Basford, E; Nottingham, Stoney-street, E—Oxfordshire, Coats, E—Pembrokeshire, Crossgoch, E; Pembroke, N—Shropshire, Wem, E—Suffolk, Bardwell, E; Clare, N; Glemsford, N; Horham, N—Warwickshire, Alcester, N—Wiltshire, Calne, E—Yorkshire, Halifax, Pellon-lane, E; Sheffield, Cemetery-road, N; Waingate, N.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

PLACE.	NAME.	WHERE FROM.	PLACE.	NAME.	WHERE FROM.
Aberdare, E.	Glamorgan, J. Owen,	Bristol Col.	Garth, Denbigh, W.	Williams,	Haverfordwest College
Amersham, Bucks,	J. Price,	Warmminster	Haddenham, Bucks,	A. Dyson,	Rotherham
Ashford, Kent,	T. Clark,	Sunderland	Haddenham, Cambs.	T. A. Williams,	Houghton
Bath (Widcombe ch.),	Somerset, J. Huntley		Hay, Brecknock,	F. Wiles	
Battle, Sussex, C. C.	Brown,	Rawdon College	Hereford, F. Leonard,	L. B. Ross	
Berwick-on-Tweed (2nd ch.),	Northumberland,		Hugglescote, Leicester,	J. Salisbury,	Barrowden
J. T. Bannister, D.D.,	Paisley		Hooknorton, Oxford,	W. H. Cornish,	Greenwich
Bilston, Stafford,	W. Jackson		Haves, Middlesex,	J. Griffith	
Birchcliffe, York,	W. Gray,	Ashby and Packington	Halifax, Trinity-lane,	York, J. Horne,	Rochdale
Birmingham, Heneage-st.,	W. Hanson,	Rawdon College	Hebden Bridge, York,	J. Green,	Upton-on-Severn
—, Aston-road,	W. Varley,	Stourbridge	Hilperton, Wilts,	J. Lindsey,	Woburn-green
Braintree, Essex,	J. Mostyn,	Haddenham	Kingstanley, Gloucester,	F. Overbury,	Pershore
Blackheath, Kent,	J. E. Cracknell		Longhope, Gloucester,	E. Davis,	Martham
Blackpool, Lancaster,	W. F. Burchell,	Rochdale	Llangerniv and Dawn,	Denbigh, J. Roberts,	
Bolton, Moor-lane,	Lancaster, G. Davies,	Wednesbury	Llanfyllin		
Burnley, Lancaster,	T. R. Stevenson,	Ilkeston	Llangollen, Denbigh,	J. Jones,	Llandudno
Bristol, Counterslip,	Somerset, G. Davies,	Wednesbury	Leicester, Friar-lane,	J. C. Pike	
Briton Ferry, Glamorgan,	H. Thomas,	Rhymney	Loughborough, Leicester,	T. Bumpus,	Stratford-on-Avon
Bridgnorth, Shropshire,	D. Jennings,	Newport, Isle of Wight	Llangefni, Anglesea,	J. D. Evans,	Pen-y-darren
Broseley (1st ch.),	Shropshire, E. Jones,	Newcastle-on-Tyne	Llanelli, Carmarthen,	E. Edwards,	Bryn-mawr
Bryn-mawr, Zion, Brecknock,	A. J. Parry,	Cefn-mawr	Llangendeyrn, Carmarthen,	T. John,	Haverfordwest College
Burford, Oxford,	A. T. Eden,	Bampton	Laxfield, Suffolk,	R. E. Sears	
Bloxham, Oxford,	C. J. Eden		Leeds, South-parade,	York, F. Edwards,	B.A., Harlow
Bradford, Titley-street,	York, B. Wood		London, Milton-street,	E. J. Farley	
Buckingham, Bucks,	H. H. Bowen		—, Commercial-road,	E., Grosvenor-street,	T. Freeman
Blaena, Berea, Monmouth,	D. E. Williams,	Bryn-mawr	—, Spencer-place,	S. Pearce,	Romford
Carlton, Beds,	E. J. Silverton,	London	Llandudno, Carnarvon,	J. Jones,	Llanwnchlyn
Clifton, Somerset,	J. Penny,	Coleford	Measham, Derby,	C. Barrows,	Walsall
Crowkerne, Somerset,	H. Owen,	Rawdon Col.	Maesyhelem, Radnor,	J. Jones,	Haverfordwest College
Colnbrook, Bucks,	J. Brunt		Moriah, Radnor,	T. T. Phillips	
Calne, Castle-street,	Wilts, J. Wall		Maesbrook, Shropshire,	T. Rees,	Haverfordwest College
Corsham, Wilts,	J. Preece,	Westbury	Merthyr, Zion, Glamorgan,	C. Griffiths,	Aber-avon
Coningsby, Lincoln,	W. Sharman		Newtown, Montgomery,	J. E. Jones,	Ebbw Vale
Croydon, Surrey,	— Thurston		Newcastle Emlyn,	Carmarthen, W. Jones,	Aber-bangad
Castle Donington, Leicester,	W. Taylor,	Nottingham College	Northampton, Princes'-st.,	J. Simmons,	Illinois
Coleraine, Derry,	T. W. Medhurst,	Kingston	Newcastle, Bewick-street,	Northumberland,	W. Walters,
Canton, Hope ch., Glamorgan,	J. Bailey,	Brettellane	Nevin, Carnarvon,	B. James,	Middlesborough
Cwntwrch, Glamorgan,	J. P. Williams,	Llandudno	Ogden, Lancaster,	L. Nuttal	
Cirencester, Gloucester,	A. M. Stalker,	Frome	Oldham, Springhead,	Lancashire, J. G. Short	
Coleford, Gloucester,	W. Best,	Ramsay	Plymouth, George-st.,	Devon, T. C. Page,	Madra
Chatham (Aeon), Kent,	J. Bennett		Preston (2nd ch.),	Lancaster, R. Webb,	Liverpool
Crayford, Kent,	E. T. Gibson,	Guildsborough	Pontypridd, Dinas,	Glamorgan, H. W. Hughes	Liverpool
Dublin, Abbey-st.,	W. L. Giles,	Regent's-pk. Col.	Parley, Hampshire,	J. Shick	
—, Rathmines,	J. E. Giles,	Sheffield	Portsea (Ebenezer),	Hampshire, J. B. Brasted	
Dover (Salem), Kent,	A. Ibberson,	Bosworth	—, Landport,	H. Kitching,	Sabden
Ebbw Vale, Nebo, Monmouth,	W. J. Godson,	Gladestry	Romsey, Hampshire,	W. Drew,	Bristol College
Edenbridge, Kent,	B. Dickens,	Regent's-park College	Ryde, Hampshire,	J. B. Little,	South Moulton
Erwood, Brecknock,	G. Llewelin,	Pontypool Col.	Ruthin, Denbigh,	J. Roberts,	Victoria
Farsley, York,	E. Parker,	Milnesbridge	Roads, Northampton,	J. Flecker,	Buckingham
Felinfoel, Carmarthen,	M. Roberts,	Holywell	Risely, Beds,	W. Wilson,	Kilham
Fishguard, Pembroke,	J. Rowe,	Risca	Rochdale, Lancaster,	J. Horne	
Gravesend (Zion), Kent,	E. Davis,	Southsea	Rhymney (Jerusalem),	Monmouth, T. Lewis,	Llanelli
Glemsford (1st ch.),	Suffolk, T. Avery,	Aston Clinton	Romford, Salem,	Essex, J. Gibbs,	Poplar
—, (2nd ch.),	J. More		Shrewsbury, St. John's-hill,	Shropshire, H. Hawkins,	Bradford
Gullsborough, Northampton,	B. P. Pratten,	Box Moor	Stow-on-the-Wold,	Gloucester, W. Omant,	Regent's-park College

Salford, Lancaster, S. B. Brown, Redruth
 Sudbury, Suffolk, C. T. Keen, Foulsham
 Saxmundham, Suffolk, W. Frith
 South Moulton, Devon, C. W. Vernon, Broughton
 Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, R. Hall, B.A.,
 Olney
 Sheffield, Beds, W. T. Whitmarsh
 St. Clear's, Carmarthen, B. Williams, London
 Talybont, Cardigan, H. C. Parry, Brymbo
 Tarporeley, Cheshire, J. B. Lookwood, Birchcliffe
 Treforest, Glamorgan, T. Phillips, Haverford-
 west College
 Witton-park, Durham, Z. H. Thomas

Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucester, W. Francis
 Wilden, Beds, G. Gunton
 Wootton, Beds, G. Allen, Crendon
 Wokingham, Berks, P. G. Scorey, Kingstanley
 Woodborough, Notts, W. Wallis, Boroughbridge
 Woodford, Northampton, J. Cox, Walgrave
 Walsall, Stafford, W. Lees, Berwick
 Wigan, Scarisbrook-street, Lancaster, C. Jones,
 Rawdon College
 West Row, Suffolk, P. B. Woodgate, Carlton
 Rode
 Wolston, Warwick, R. Low
 Westmancoote, Worcester, A. Powell, St. Peters'

NEW CHURCHES FORMED.

Buckinghamshire, Chapel Drayton—Glamorganshire, Briton Ferry; Cardiff, Butc Docks—Gloucestershire, Park End—Hants, Fleetpond—Kent, Erith—Lancashire, Accrington, Barnes-street—Metropolis, Camberwell, High-streets—Middlesex, Lower Edmonton—Norfolk, Thetford; Old Beckenham—Shropshire, Shrewsbury, St. John's—Staffordshire, Longton—Suffolk, Gleamsford, 2nd church; Lowestoft, 2nd church.

COLLEGES.

BRISTOL.—Founded 1770. Number of Students, 19. Tutor, Rev. T. S. Crisp. Presidents, Rev. F. W. Gotch, LL.D., Rev. F. Bosworth, M.A. Treasurer, R. Leonard, Esq. Secretary, G. C. Ashmead. Income, £1,049 0s. 6d. Expenditure, £1,254 15s.
RAWDON (near Leeds).—Founded at Bradford, 1804; removed to Rawdon, 1859. Students, 27. Theology, Rev. James Acworth, LL.D. Classical Tutor, Rev. S. G. Green, B.A. Treasurers, T. Aked, Esq., and W. Stead, Esq., Bradford. Income, £1,528 5s. 7d. Expenditure, £1,350 11s. 2d.
REGENT'S PARK.—Founded 1810. Students, 30. Theology, Rev. J. Angus, D.D. Classical and Oriental Languages, Rev. B. Davies, LL.D. Treasurer, J. Gurney, Esq. Income, £2,082 6s. 10d. Expenditure, £2,097 17s. 5d.
PONTYPOOL.—Founded 1807; removed to Pontypool, 1836. Students, 28. Theology, Rev. T. Thomas, D.D. Classics, Rev. G. Thomas, M.A. Treasurer, W. C. James, Esq. Annual income and expenditure, £822 6s. 9d.
HAVEFORDWEST.—Founded 1839. Students, 29. Classics and Mathematics, Rev. T. Burdett. President, Rev. T. Davies. Income, £667 4s. 0½d. Expenditure, £607 13s. 0½d.
NOTTINGHAM (General Baptist Academy).—Founded 1843. Students, 8. Classics and Mathematics, Rev. W. R. Stevenson, M.A. President, Rev. W. Underwood. Treasurer, G. Baldwin, Esq. Income, £554 6s. 11d. Expenditure, £607 13s. 0½d.
Note.—The number of students, as mentioned above, may not be the exact number the Institutions are capable of receiving, the number not being always filled up.
 The Colleges named are entitled to give Certificates, qualifying for matriculation at the University of London, and many of the Students have already taken degrees and honours there.

PUBLICATIONS.

WEEKLY.

THE FREEMAN. Fourpence. Stamped, Fivepence. J. Heaton and Son, 21, Warwick-lane.

ANNUAL.

BAPTIST MANUAL. One Shilling. Houlston and Stoneman.
 ——— **YEAR-BOOK AND ALMANACK.** Twopence. Paul, 1, Chapter House-court.
 ——— **ALMANACK.** Twopence. Partridge and Co.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

BAPTIST MAGAZINE. Sixpence. Pewtress and Co., and J. Heaton and Son.
 ——— **REPORTER.** Twopence. Simpkin and Co.
 ——— **MESSSENGER.** One Penny. James Paul.
THE CHURCH. One Penny. J. Heaton and Son.
GENERAL BAPTIST MAGAZINE. Fourpence. Simpkin & Co.
PRIMITIVE CHURCH MAGAZINE. Twopence. A. Hall and Co.
EARTHEN VESSEL. Twopence. Stevenson.
MISSIONARY HERALD. One Penny. Pewtress and Co., and J. Heaton and Son.
JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD. One Halfpenny. J. Heaton and Son.

RELIGIOUS AND BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Income of the year was £29,546 15s. 5d., and the Expenditure £27,031 9s. 10d. Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., is Treasurer; and Rev. F. Trestrail and E. B. Underhill, Esq., Secretaries. The Mission House is 33, Moorgate-street.

YOUNG MEN'S BAPTIST MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION is in aid of the Baptist Missionary Society, by forming Sunday-school and other Juvenile Auxiliaries. Treasurer, W. Dickes, Esq.; Secretaries, Mr. J. Tressider, Mr. H. Keen, and Mr. S. Crawley.

GENERAL BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY was formed in 1816 to carry on Missionary work on the principles of the New Connexion of General Baptists. Income, £3,216 3s. 6d. Expenditure, £3,323 10s. Treasurer, Robert Pegg, Esq., Derby; Secretary, Rev. J. C. Pike, Quorn, Leicestershire.

BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The Income for the year was £3,771 2s. 2d., and the Expenditure £3,329 16s. 4d. Treasurer, George Lowe, Esq., F.R.S., 39, Finsbury Circus. Secretary, Rev. S. J. Davis, 33, Moorgate-street.

BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY devotes itself chiefly to the employment of missionaries and readers, the establishment of schools, and the distribution of Bibles and Tracts. The Receipts were £2,137 11s. 1d.; the Expenditure £2,130 7s. 7d. Treasurer, T. Pawtress, Esq.; Secretary, Rev. C. J. Middleditch, 33, Moorgate-street.

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." Income for the year, £1,815 6s. 2d. Expenditure, £1,719 18s. 1d. Treasurer, Rev. Edward Steane, D.D., Camberwell. Secretary, Rev. W. W. Evans, 33, Moorgate-street.

BAPTIST TRACT SOCIETY was formed to "disseminate the truths of the Gospel by means of small treatises or tracts, in accordance with the subscribers' views, as Calvinists and Strict Communion Baptists." Income, £192 3s. 3d. Expenditure, £156 12s. 2d. Treasurer, J. Oliver, Esq. Secretary, Rev. C. Woollacott, 4, Compton-street, East, Brunswick-square. Depot, Mr. E. Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

BAPTIST UNION.—The objects of this body are stated 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 Baptist Churches and Institutions throughout the world; to prepare an Annual Report of its proceedings, and of the state of the Denomination. It fully recognizes that "every separate church has within itself the power and authority to exercise all ecclesiastical discipline, rule, and government, and to put in 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. Its Income for the past year was £121 10s. 3d. Expenditure, £125 0s. 5d. Treasurer, George Lowe, Esq., 34, Finsbury-circus. Secretaries, Rev. Dr. Steane, Camberwell, and Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., 2, Florence-villas, De Beauvoir-square.

BAPTIST BUILDING FUND assists by gifts or loans, without interest, in the building, enlargement, and repair of Particular or Calvinistic Baptist Chapels. Income, £2,049 10s. 10d. Treasurer, J. H. Allen, Esq., Aston Clinton, Bucks. Secretary, Rev. C. Woollacott, 4, Compton-street East, Brunswick-square.

BAPTIST MAGAZINE FUND is for the benefit of the Widows of Baptist Ministers, recommended by the contributors. Treasurer, Joseph Tritton, Esq., 54, Lombard-street. Secretary, Mr. Gilbert Blight, 33, Moorgate-street.

THE SELECTION HYMN-BOOK FUND is applied to the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Baptist Ministers and Missionaries. Treasurer and Secretary, W. L. Smith, Esq., St. Albans.

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, W. L. Smith, J. H. Allen, and R. Lush, Q.C., Esq. Secretary, Mr. B. Grace, 11, The Grove, Lyndhurst-road, Peckham. Income, £2,505 1s. 8d. Expenditure, £2,530 9s. 4d.

THE BATH SOCIETY is for the support of superannuated Baptist Ministers.

THE SOCIETY FOR AGED OR INFIRM BAPTIST MINISTERS is another institution for affording Ministerial relief, managed chiefly by residents in the provinces. Treasurer, R. B. Sherring, Esq., Ashley-place, Bristol. Secretary, Rev. F. W. Gotch, LL.D., Brunswick-square, Bristol. Income, £526 3s. 2d.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR AGED AND INFIRM BAPTIST MINISTERS AND THEIR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS. Secretary, Rev. B. C. Young, Coseley, near Bilston, Staffordshire.

ROBINSON'S RETREAT, Hackney, is occupied by twelve widows of Congregational and Baptist Ministers, having not less than £10, nor more than £40 a-year. Each widow receives £13 a-year.

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, Revs. E. Steane, D.D., Dr. Angus, W. L. Smith, Esq., Joseph Tritton, Esq., and Rev. I. M. Soule.

MEMOIRS OF BAPTIST MINISTERS DECEASED.

1. The Rev. ROBERT ABBOTT was born at Elm, near Wisbeach, in 1798, his father occupying Whitehall farm. At the age of 17 he knew the Lord, and at 18 he was baptized and received into the church at Wisbeach; and he shortly afterwards began to preach in the neighbouring villages. On the expiration of his apprenticeship (in 1819), he was sent to the academy for twelve months; and in the following year he became pastor of the Baptist church at Stalybridge, Lancashire. In 1825 Mr. Abbott removed to Beeston, Notts, where he held the pastoral office till 1834; thence he went to Manchester, where he remained till 1838. The next two years of his life were spent in occasional labours, sometimes at Liverpool, sometimes in Lincolnshire, and sometimes in Yorkshire. In 1840 Mr. Abbott settled over a church at Newport Pagnell, Bucks; in 1845 he went to Broseley, in Staffordshire; and on leaving Broseley (in 1848), he spent a twelvemonth in occasional services in and about Richmond, Surrey. In 1849 he was called to the pastorate at March, Cambridgeshire; in 1853 he removed to Over, in the same county; and in 1856 he went to Raunds, in Northamptonshire. In August, 1859, he left Raunds for Hastings, and after spending about seven days in that place he entered into rest.

2. The Rev. R. BOWDEN was born at Towersey, Bucks, August 26th, 1788. He was converted under the ministry of the Rev. T. Scott, rector of Aston Sanford; and he was baptized by the Rev. Peter Tyler, of Haddenham. During a period of more than forty years he preached the Gospel gratuitously in his native village, where he was greatly respected and beloved. After two days' illness, he died on the 26th August, 1859.

3. The Rev. CHARLES CAKEBREAD was born at or near Banbury, Oxon, in the year 1795. His father was pastor of the Baptist church at Kineton, in Warwickshire. At the age of 13 he was placed as an apprentice in a pious family at Blockley, Worcestershire, where he enjoyed the ministry and counsels of the venerable Elisha Smith. The death of his father, about this time, deeply impressed his mind, so that his conversion may be dated from this period. When about 16 years of age, the providence of God removed Mr. Cakebread to Portsea, where the ministry of the Rev. Daniel Miall was much blessed to him. At the age of 18, he was baptized, and added to the church in Meeting-House Alley. Possessing gifts for the ministry, he studied in an institution then existing at Portsea for the theological improvement of young men, of which Messrs. Neave, Arnot, and Mileham were tutors. Having laboured assiduously in the villages around Portsea, in 1828 Mr. Cakebread was set apart to the pastoral office over the church recently formed at Marylebone, Portsea. In a short time, however, this church was united with that at Landport, and Mr. Cakebread became, first, co-pastor with the Rev. John Clay, and, on his death, sole pastor of the united church. In 1853, his health failing, the church requested him to suspend his labours for three months. Near the close of this period, he visited the Rev. G. Hawson, at Staines, apparently much better, and he gave an address at the prayer-meeting, from the words, "Our Father." This was his last public testimony. He fell asleep in Jesus, December 2nd, 1858.

4. The Rev. DANIEL DAVIES was born at a farm-house called Kilhir, in the parish of Trelech, in the county of Carmarthen, in the year 1805. At the age of 18 he was baptized and added to the church at Cilfowyr, in Pembrokeshire. When 17 years of age he commenced preaching, having had no other advantages than two years at a country school. In 1830 he settled over the church at Lixwm in Flintshire; and after serving them for 17 years, he undertook the pastorate of the churches at Penyfron and Halkin, in the same neighbourhood. On the 30th of May, 1859, by the visitation of God in a thunderbolt, he was taken to his rest.

5. The Rev. GEORGE DAY was born at Wincanton, in the year 1788. By persevering industry he rose from his occupation of plasterer to that of master builder. Having located himself in London for purposes of trade, he became an attendant at Stepney chapel in the year 1809; and here the Gospel, proclaimed by the late Mr. Ford, appears to have been made effectual in his conversion to God. In 1811 he connected himself with the Independent church at Wincanton, where he remained fifteen years, during twelve of which he held the office of deacon. In 1826 a separation took place, Mr. Day being one of the seceding party; and in 1828 another separation took place, when Mr. Day commenced preaching to those who remained. At this time there was a church formed, but the hearers of Mr. Day were Independents. In the course of a few months a baby was brought to be sprinkled, a service which Mr. Day declined. This, however, led him to examine the subject of baptism, the result being that he publicly announced his acceptance of the Baptist views, and resigned the office he held. Instead, however, of the people accepting his resignation, they too considered the subject, and on Good Friday, 1829, eight persons were baptized by the late Mr. Chapman, of Yeovil, and formed into a church, who soon afterwards invited Mr. Day to become their pastor. In April, 1830, he was ordained. In 1832, Mr. Day, with some friends, built a new chapel, which was opened June 20th, 1833. To his honour be it said, he worked with his hands in the completion of this work, and when it was finished, so anxious was he that the church might not be fettered with debt, that he gave 16 years of his ministry gratuitously, besides about £200. His desire was realized in this respect, and when failing sight and declining health pressed upon him, he resigned the pastorate. His greatest desire then was to see the church suited with a new pastor after God's own heart; this, too, he was permitted to see; and shortly afterwards he surrendered his life peacefully to God who gave it. He died at Wincanton, March 10th, 1858, in his 71st year.

6. The Rev. JOHN DIXON was born in the year 1787. But little is known of his early life. He owed his conversion to the itinerant labours of the Wesleyan local preachers in the town of Brandon, Suffolk. Their services were held in a cottage, but being ashamed to enter it, he had the curiosity often to stand outside and listen, and thus heard truths which deeply affected him. He was observed by friends and prevailed upon to become a member of the class, and in his 20th year he was a local preacher in the Wesleyan body. He continued a local preacher for 35 years; but, having

removed to Halstead, in Essex, where there was no Wesleyan connexion, he still continued his itinerant labours, and was invited by a small congregation at White Colne, who had recently separated from the church under the pastoral care of the Rev. T. D. Reynolds, to become their pastor and labour among them, which he did for 17 years. He died in the faith and hope of the Gospel, in his 72nd year.

7. The Rev. THOMAS C. EDMUNDS, M.A., was born at Ravensthorp, in the county of Northampton, on the 30th of June, 1784. His father was pastor of the Baptist church at Guilsborough, in the same county, by whom he was baptized and added to the church when about seventeen years of age. He first studied at the Baptist College at Bristol, and, after completing his course there, went to Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he graduated in 1806. He was first settled as pastor at Clipstone, in Northamptonshire, afterwards at Exeter; and ultimately he removed to Cambridge, where he entered on the pastoral charge at St. Andrew's-street on the 7th of January, 1812. In October, 1831, Mr. Edmunds resigned the pastorate in consequence of blindness, with which he was afflicted for the remainder of his life; but until June, 1851, he preached once a day to his former people. He was an intimate friend of Robert Hall, and one of the finest readers of his day. He died at Cambridge on the 8th of July, 1860.

8. The Rev. EDWARD FALL was born at Southam, in Warwickshire; his father was a farmer and maltster. When he was about 14 years of age he removed to the village of Long Lawford, in the same county. He would often, when a boy, retire into the fields for meditation and prayer, having then never heard evangelical preaching. The Gospel in its purity he first heard from the lips of Sir Egerton Leigh, Bart., in the chapel which Sir Egerton built at Lawford, and, under his ministry, experienced a saving change. In the year 1803 the baronet built the Baptist chapel at Rugby, and on the last Sunday in June of that year, he administered the ordinance of baptism for the first time in the new chapel, Edward Fall being the first candidate. In 1805 he was called by the church to the ministry, and in the same year he entered the college at Bristol, where, during three years, he was kindly supported by Sir Egerton. While a student, he was encouraged by his ministry being blessed to the conversion of a poor blind man—Thomas Jones, afterwards so well known and so highly respected by the successive students at Bristol. In 1808 Mr. Fall returned to Rugby, assisting Sir Egerton Leigh in the ministry there; and on the 18th of July, 1811, he was ordained to the sole pastorate of the church there, Robert Hall giving him the charge. This post he held till 1848, when he resigned the pastorate, but continued to preach occasionally. He died April 12th, 1859, in the 80th year of his age.

9. The Rev. WILLIAM SHAW GRANT was born April 3rd, 1805, in a village upon the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk. When quite young, his mind was exercised with strong religious feelings, the warm utterance of which obtained for him, as a boy, the appellation of "The Methodist-Preacher." At the age of nineteen he became a travelling preacher among the Primitive Methodists, and laboured so for more than ten years. About this time he received an invitation to the pastorate of a small Independent church at North Elmham, in Norfolk, and here he settled in 1835, the chapel being enlarged under his ministry. By laborious efforts to collect a sum of £200 owing on the chapel, he brought on a long and dangerous illness; and in order that the chapel might not be lost, his noble-minded wife took up the case, and, travelling through several counties, collected the whole amount. Failing pecuniary support ultimately compelled Mr. Grant to leave Elmham, after which, for about ten years, he combined industrial labour with gratuitous preaching. His views on baptism having changed, he accepted, in the early part of 1859, an invitation from the Baptist church at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire. He literally fell asleep in Jesus, being found, without any previous illness, dead in bed, on the morning of July 6th, 1860.

10. The Rev. JOHN HAMILTON was a native of Hamilton, in Scotland, and was introduced into the Gospel ministry by the late Messrs. Haldane, being at that time a Pædobaptist. He was for many years connected with the Baptist Irish Society, but at length settled in Youghal, in the county of Cork, where he carried on business, chiefly in the sale of tracts and small religious publications. He continued, however, in part, his active ministerial employment, and took a lively interest in all the operations of the society. The sudden death of his daughter was a shock to Mr. Hamilton, from which he never recovered, and he closed his career at an advanced age on the 13th of September, 1859.

11. The Rev. WILLIAM THORP HASLOP was born in 1803, at Needingworth, Hunts, his father was a Baptist minister for some years at Fenstanton in the same county, and afterwards at Over, in Cambridgeshire. On being apprenticed at Cambridge, he attended the ministry of the Rev. Charles Simeon, by one of whose striking appeals he was awakened to a sense of his spiritual condition. He afterwards removed to London, where he settled under the ministry of the Rev. J. A. Jones, by whom he was baptized, and added to the church at Mitchell-street. In 1847 he was chosen to the office of deacon in that church; and, after some occasional exercises of his gifts as a preacher, he was, in 1856, chosen to the pastoral office over the church at Squirries-street. After a lengthened illness, he died on the 21st of February, 1860.

12. The Rev. JAMES JONES was born at Brownsom, in Warwickshire, in 1790. On the 8th of June, 1812, in company with two brothers and a sister, he followed the Saviour in baptism, and was added to the church at Rugby, under the care of the Rev. E. Fall. Two years afterwards he was called by the church to the ministry, and he spent a term of preparatory study at the Baptist College, Bristol. He entered on his public labours at Monks Kirby, not far from his native place, where he planted a church, and erected a chapel. He also erected a chapel at Pailton, a neighbouring village, where he preached once on the Sabbath. In the present year he had repeated attacks of paralysis, and under a severe seizure he died on the 11th of June, 1860.

13. REV. J. JONES, ROCK, RADNORSHIRE.—James Jones was born at Frondre, in the county of Radnor, in January 1785. When twenty-one years of age he was baptized. Soon afterwards he married, and took a farm in the neighbourhood, in which he lived for thirty years. His landlord

had been a clergyman, but his views changed, and he became a Baptist, and occasionally preached. This good man finding James Jones a person of good character and abilities, encouraged him to exercise his gifts, and he commenced to preach in 1814. He continued for fourteen years an acceptable assistant to the Rev. D. Evans, the beloved pastor of Dolan and Rock. At the death of this excellent man, he was invited to become the pastor of Rock and its branches. He accepted the invitation, and in February, 1820, he was publicly recognized as the minister of the church. Many openings were made by Mr. Evans, the predecessor of Mr. Jones in the lower parts of Radnorshire. Mr. Jones occupied those stations with zeal and fidelity; and in his time churches were formed and chapels built in the following places: 1. Frank's Bridge. 2. Gladestry. 3. Evenjobb. 4. Presteign. After a few days of great suffering Mr. Jones departed this life the 13th May, in sweet hope of immortal blessedness. The 27th of the same month his funeral sermon was preached to a crowded congregation by the Rev. D. Davies, Dolan, from Eph. iii. 8, the passage which the deceased had selected for the occasion.

14. The Rev. JAMES CHALMERS PARK was born in Ayr, Scotland, December 19th, 1824. His father was a retired military officer. Upon the death of his father, James, then twelve years of age, was sent to the Moravian institution at Fulneck. He served his apprenticeship in Bradford. Here he usually attended the ministry of the Rev. T. Pottenger, at Zion Chapel; but he was awakened to a sense of his spiritual condition under a sermon preached by the Rev. J. Sherman, of London, at Salem Chapel. He was baptized and added to the church at Zion Chapel, on the first Sabbath in the year 1843. After being for some time engaged in Sunday-school and other efforts, he gave himself wholly to the work of the ministry. Six months' preparatory study he pursued under the eye of the Rev. T. Wheeler, of Moulton, near Northampton, and in August, 1846, he entered Horton College. In 1850, on the completion of his college course, Mr. Park was settled over the Baptist church at Colne, in Lancashire; in 1853 he removed to Haggate, near Bromley; in 1854 he became pastor of the church at Wood-street, Bilston; and in 1858 he accepted a call from the church at Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire. On a visit to his friends at Bilston, in August, 1859, he was cut down by fever after one week's illness. He died on the 14th of September.

15. The Rev. W. PAYNE was born November 25th, 1775, at Kelvedon, Essex, where his father was an innkeeper. As he approached manhood, he removed with his parents to London. A Wesleyan minister was his spiritual father, and he first joined that body. Having commenced business in Colchester, he profited under the ministry, first of the Rev. Mr. Stevens, and afterwards of the Rev. George Pritchard and was there baptized and added to the church, and was encouraged to preach in the villages. His first pastorate was over the Baptist church at Coggeshall, in Essex, where he laboured for about ten years. He then removed to Diss, in Norfolk, and thence to Aldringham, in Suffolk. After some years he exchanged this sphere of labour for the pastorate at Little King's-hill, in the county of Bucks, where he had the privilege of being near his son, who was pastor of the Baptist church at Chesham. He died, after a few weeks' illness, on the 17th of March, 1859.

16. The Rev. JOHN RICHARDSON was born at Ticknall, in Derbyshire, in 1791, and was left fatherless when about six years old, and an uncle kindly took charge of him till he reached his 18th year. He became a disciple of Christ, and was baptized at Melbourne when only fourteen years of age. Devoted from the first to active efforts, at the age of seventeen he began to preach in the villages, and soon became the regular preacher of the General Baptist church at Wirksworth and Shottle. After being twenty-four years in fellowship with this church, sixteen as pastor and eight as deacon, his connection with it was dissolved by a change of residence. In 1844, he embraced an opportunity of settling in the immediate neighbourhood of Derby, and he passed the remainder of his life at Thornhill farm, as a member and a deacon of the church at St. Mary's-gate, in the town of Derby. He died after a short illness, February 17th, 1859.

17. THE REV. JOHN SAUNDERS.—Mr. Saunders was born in London, in the year 1807. At the early age of nineteen he set his mind on becoming a missionary, but, by the advice of his family and his religious friends, he was induced to adhere to the profession of the law, on which he had entered. Soon after, however, being led to conduct regular services for a congregation in London, he felt called upon to resign his profession altogether, and to give himself wholly to the ministry. Some friends of the Baptist Missionary Society, who approved of his intentions, recommended him to prepare for a missionary to India, and with this view to study under a private tutor, instead of entering one of the denominational colleges. This advice Mr. Saunders followed, and subsequently attended the winter session of the Edinburgh University in 1832-3. He was then encouraged to offer himself as a missionary to the Baptist Missionary Society; and shortly after the Rev. J. Dyer, the late secretary of that society, showed Mr. Saunders a letter from Sydney, desiring a minister to be sent out, and Mr. Saunders's health being much impaired by close application to study, and being doubtful whether he could withstand the influence of a tropical climate, determined on proceeding to Sydney, to remain if the indication of Providence appeared favourable, or otherwise to go on to India. He went accordingly, and remained for nearly fourteen years. But Mr. Saunders's labours in the colony were by no means confined to the pulpit or to the denomination with which he was identified. Arriving in the colony at a time when every form of immorality prevailed, by his benevolent Christian impulses, force of character, and singleness of purpose, he took at once a prominent and influential position. One feature of his character that will long endure his memory was, the generous and indefatigable exertion he would use on behalf of friendless strangers arriving in the colony. Mr. Saunders's kind services on these occasions are gratefully remembered by many in the colony of Sydney. Such is the testimony of those who knew him best; and to this may be added, that when Sir G. Gipps (the then governor) was leaving for England, and shaking hands with Mr. Saunders, he said, "I do not leave a better man behind me in the colony than Mr. Saunders." Mr. Saunders's death was in accordance with his life—a tranquil passing away from earth to heaven; not death, but transition—the birth of the spirit into immortality. And nearly his last words were, "Complete in *him*." He died on the 1st May, 1859, and has left a memory that will long be cherished by all that knew him.

18. The Rev. ANDREW SMITH was born at Warminster, Wilts, in 1778. He was brought up to the trade of a shoemaker. Being of a restless disposition, about the age of 18 he went up to London, and pursued a vicious course; but the preaching of Mr. Burnham, of Grafton-street, Soho, was blessed to his conversion, and in his 20th year he was baptized and added to the church. Soon afterwards he began preaching, and ultimately he became pastor of the Baptist church at Rye, in Sussex, where he laboured for thirty years. After leaving Rye, he spent four years in the service of the church at Cranbrook, in the same county; when age and infirmity compelled him to retire to his native town, where, on the 21st of May, 1859, he died.

19. REV. THOMAS THOMAS.—The Rev. Thomas Thomas was born in January, 1805, at Wernwine, in the parish of Llansbythter, Carmarthenshire. He descended from humble but respectable parents, who cultivated that small farm. He received his early education in the grammar-school at Neuadd Lwyd, at that time conducted by Dr. Phillips. In the sixteenth year of his age he was baptized, upon a profession of his faith in Christ, at Aberdnar, by the venerable and Rev. Timothy Thomas, the honoured and successful minister of that church. In a short time he was by the church called to the ministry, and at the age of twenty admitted into Bradford Academy, then under the presidency of Dr. Steadman. His first charge was at Milford. Afterwards he removed to Pembroke, thence he visited America, and upon his return became again the pastor of the church at Pembroke. The last sphere of his labours was at Honeyborough and Popehill. Preaching ever was to him a very laborious work, that, with a delicate constitution and declining health, prevented his being so prominent and conspicuous as he otherwise might have been. He died Nov. 9th, 1858, and was buried at Popehill on the Monday following. In the house, the Rev. E. Thomas, of Rose-market (Independent), read and prayed; at the chapel, H. J. Morgan, of Pembroke Dock, preached from Matt. xxv. 21; prayer was offered in the chapel and at the grave by the Rev. T. Burdett, of Haverfordwest. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace!"

20. REV. WILLIAM THOMAS.—Those of our readers who took an interest in the early operations of the Baptist Irish Society will remember William Thomas as one of its first, most zealous, and faithful agents. Though of Welsh descent, he was born in Ireland, and in consequence of the early death of his mother, he went to reside in London, where he was baptized by and joined the church under the pastoral care of the late Rev. Joseph Ivimey. Mr. Thomas was present in the vestry at Eagle-street when the society was formed, and soon after went to Bradford College with the intention of preparing himself for the work of an evangelist in the land of his birth. The best of his days were spent in and around the city of Limerick, where he resided for several years, and was greatly respected. One gentleman in that county frequently gave him the use of his ball-room to preach in, and two other persons left him legacies, one of which, for £100, he generously handed to the society. About eleven years ago he was removed from Limerick to Moate. Though a tall, robust-looking man, he had for years suffered from an internal disease, which at times caused him excruciating pain. This malady, combined with his former labours, cares, sorrows, and advancing age, led to his release from conflict and suffering on the 13th of February, 1859. During his final illness he was much engaged in prayer and devout contemplation. But we may mention his *zeal and steadfast attachment* to the principles held by the originators of the Irish mission. This characteristic showed itself in his declining the offer of a "living" in the Established Church, in his submitting to the insult and injury of being struck with a horsewhip by one of his priestly antagonists, and in his giving up £60 per annum when residing in the county Clare rather than desist from preaching to the Roman Catholics, who were willing to hear him. This sum had been paid to Mrs. Thomas by the O'Brien family for conducting some benevolent institution; but the Romish bishop of the diocese interfered, and threatened that unless Sir Lucius O'Brien compelled Mr. T. to refrain from instructing the people, he would prevent his return at the approaching election. Much to Lady O'Brien's regret, the threat led to the withdrawal of her husband's support from our late friend, and the loss of Mrs. T.'s valuable appointment. Four preachers, or city missionaries, now in other parts of the world, attribute their knowledge of the truth to his instrumentality.

21. The Rev. WILLIAM TURNER was born at Great Brickhill, in the county of Bucks, April 1st, 1755. He grew up as an attendant at the Established Church, to the forms of which he was much attached; he was religiously awakened, however, by reading "Burkitt on the New Testament," and he was ultimately baptized and added to the church at Leighton Buzzard, Beds, then under the pastorate of the Rev. T. Wake. Soon afterwards a cottage was purchased at Great Brickhill for a place of worship, and a small church was formed there, of which Mr. Turner was chosen deacon. He also began to preach in neighbouring villages. In 1823 a substantial chapel was erected in Brickhill, and he was shortly afterwards chosen pastor of the church, an office which he held to his death. After a long and painful illness, he died August 20th, 1859.

22. The Rev. PETER TYLER was the second son of Mr. John Tyler, farmer and wheelwright, of Haddenham, Bucks. He was born on the 20th of May, 1784. In his youthful days he was a constant hearer of the venerable Thomas Scott, then rector of Aston Sandford, near Haddenham; he was, however, called to the knowledge of the truth under the preaching of the Rev. J. Simmons, late of Wigan, in Lancashire. He was christened, in company with his father, in his eighth year; and in a paper which he read at a social meeting held on his 70th birthday, he said, "I felt a strong aversion to the ceremony, and I thought myself degraded in not being allowed to answer for myself. * * * * On June 23rd, 1804, I was really baptized, by Mr. Dawson, of Risborough." In this year (1804) Mr. Tyler, who had succeeded to the occupation of his father as farmer and wheelwright, formed a Sunday-school at Haddenham, an effort in which he was kindly assisted by the Rev. Thomas Scott, and in which he met with great success; then followed his first efforts in public speaking, and in 1807 the building of the chapel was commenced. On the 9th of November, 1809, the chapel was opened; and on the 14th of November, 1810, was formed a Baptist church holding open communion, Mr. Tyler being ordained its pastor. The church then consisted of eleven members; it now numbers about two hundred. In the winter of 1856, Mr. Tyler suffered a slight paralytic attack, and the infirmities of age grew upon him till the commencement of the year 1859. He died in January, aged 75.

23. The Rev. D. WALLACE was born in Edinburgh in 1824. He was brought up in the Session Church; but being early left an orphan, he joined the Established Church. By private intercourse with a Baptist friend, he became connected with that body, being baptized by Mr. Gardener, in 1842, in Largo, Fifeshire. Though young, he began to exercise his gifts in useful labours, especially in Galashiels, where, on the death of the pastor, he was honoured by being requested to assist the leaders of the church. Mr. Johnston encouraged him to devote himself to the ministry, for which purpose he entered, in August, 1847, the Theological Institute of the Baptists in Scotland. He settled as pastor in Paisley, in April, 1851, over the church in Storie-street. During the nine years of his earnest and affectionate labours there, the church had added to its communion sixty-five souls, the fruits of his labours. As a preacher, he was correct, simple, and earnest; as a friend, faithful and affectionate, and eminently useful to the sick and the dying. He died on February 3, 1860, in the 36th year of his age, beloved and lamented by all who knew him.

24. The Rev. JONATHAN WHITTEMORE was born of pious parents, April 6th, 1802, at Sandy, in Bedfordshire. At an early age he became impressed with the necessity of seeking the Saviour. His ardent desires also to be employed as a labourer in the vineyard of the Lord commenced at a very early period of his life. At the age of fifteen he came to London, and was placed under the care of his relative, the late Mr. B. Baynes, of Paternoster-row, where he had great opportunities of gratifying his peculiar taste for acquiring knowledge. At the age of eighteen he united with the Baptist church in Spencer-place, Goswell-road, under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. Peacock; and during his stay with the people there became distinguished for his active labours in the school and church. In 1824 he removed to Brighton, where he engaged in the bookselling business on his own account. He very soon became deeply interested in the destitute state of the fishing population of that place, his benevolent mind soon devising means for their relief. A large loft was taken and fitted up for regular worship, schools were established, and the writer of this well remembers the intense interest this movement excited in the hearts of those he sought to benefit. A very large school was quickly formed, pecuniary help as it was required being obtained through the efforts made by him of whom we now write; subsequently his heart's desire was accomplished by the erection of a commodious chapel and school-room for this numerous but neglected class, many of whom have to bless God to this day for their erection. After labouring in this department of usefulness in connection with his business for seven years, he returned to London; and, receiving an invitation to preach at the Baptist chapel, Rushden, Northamptonshire (the scene of his esteemed pastor's early labours), he acceded to the unanimous request of the people, and became their pastor, which connection lasted for a period of twenty years. Circumstances, however, induced him, at the expiration of this term, to relinquish his charge. He left the people loving and being beloved. He immediately accepted an invitation to take the charge of the Baptist church at Eynsford, Kent, where he remained until he was summoned to his rest by a severe stroke of paralysis, which took place October 26th, 1860. The scene of suffering was terminated October 31st, a more lengthened account of which appears in the BAPTIST MESSENGER for December last. All that was mortal of the departed was interred on Monday, November 5th, in Abney-park Cemetery, in the presence of a numerous company of mourners, including several ministerial brethren of different denominations. The Rev. W. Blake, of Shouldham-street Chapel, conducted the service. On the following Lord's-day his death was improved by Mr. Blake, at the chapel where he had laboured, from Psalm xlii. 10—words selected by his sorrowing widow.

25. The Rev. THOMAS YATES was the youngest son of the Rev. John Yates, Baptist minister, at Hugglescote, Leicestershire. He was born in April, 1774. He became a decided Christian when about seventeen or eighteen years old, and soon after that began to preach the Gospel among the General Baptists. At first he was usually engaged at Caldwell, Packington, Melbourne, and neighbouring places. He afterwards became a stated minister at Birmingham; then at Hinckley, in conjunction with the late Mr. Joseph Freestone; and then, for about thirty years, he was pastor of the General Baptist church at Thurlaston, Leicestershire. During the last four years of his life his ministry was chiefly exercised at Rothley, Sileby, and other places round Leicester. Mr. Yates was a very laborious servant of Christ. Until he was nearly seventy years old, he frequently walked nearly twenty miles on the Lord's-day, and preached thrice. After a protracted affliction of nine months' duration, he entered into rest, May 24th, 1860, aged 86 years.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

QUEEN ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA, born 24th May, 1819, succeeded to the throne 20th June, 1837; married 10th February, 1840, to Francis Albert (Prince Consort), Duke of Saxe, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, born Aug. 26th, 1819. *Issue:* 1. Princess Victoria Adelaide (Princess Frederick William of Prussia), born Nov. 21st, 1840.—2. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born Nov. 9th, 1841.—3. Princess Alice Maude Mary, born April 25th, 1843.—4. Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, born Aug. 6th, 1844.—5. Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25th, 1846.—6. Princess Louisa Caroline Alberta, born March 18th, 1848.—7. Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, born May 1st, 1850.—8. Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert, born April 7th, 1853.—9. Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore, born April 14th, 1857.

The Queen Mother.—Victoria Maria Louisa, Duchess of Kent, born 17th August, 1736; married 29th May, 1816, to the late Edward Duke of Kent, George, Duke of Cumberland (King of Hanover), born 27th May, 1819.
George William Frederick Charles, Duke of Cambridge, born 26th March, 1819.
Princess Augusta, sister of the Duke of Cambridge, born 19th July, 1822.
Princess Mary, sister of the Duke of Cambridge, born 27th November, 1833.

PUBLIC BUSINESS.

JANUARY.

2. Quarter Sessions commence in this week.
6. Dividends on East India Stock payable. East India House, 10 till 3.
9. Dividends on various species of Stock payable about this date from 9 till 3.
9. Fire Insurances must be paid to-day.

MARCH.

1. Assessors and Auditors of boroughs to be elected.
26. Overseers, poor-law guardians, and surveyors of highways, to be appointed on this day, or within fourteen days thereof.

APRIL.

2. Dividends on India Bonds payable, from 10 till 3.
- Quarter Sessions commence in this week. The Act, 4 & 5 Wm. IV. cap. 47, empowers justices of the peace to alter the Spring Quarter Sessions: so as not to be earlier than the 7th of March nor later than April 22nd.
4. The returns for making the assessment of direct taxes are delivered soon after this date. If a person wishes to give up keeping any servant or other matter assessed, he should do so on the 4th of April.
5. Dividends on several species of stock become due. Payable on the 9th (Bank Stock payable on the 7th).
9. Fire Insurances must be paid to-day.

MAY.

The election of Vestrymen and Auditors, under the "Metropolis Local Management Act," takes place during this month, at a time appointed by the Vestry; twenty-one days' notice being given by the churchwardens of the parish.

JUNE.

2. Members of District Boards to be elected.
20. Overseers to publish notices to persons qualified to vote for counties to make claims. Persons on the register need not make new claims unless they have changed their qualification or place of abode.
27. Quarter Sessions generally commence this week.

JULY.

5. Annual Licenses to be taken out by Pawnbrokers and Appraisers, who are not Auctioneers.
6. Dividends on East India Stock payable.
9. Dividends on various species of Stock payable.
20. Assessed Taxes and Poor-rates, due on Jan. 5th, must be paid on or before this day by all electors of cities or boroughs. Last day for sending in claims for voting in counties.
28. Overseers to make out list of voters.

AUGUST.

1. Annual License to be taken out by hawkers and pedlars.
- 5 and 12. Borough and County Lists to be affixed to church and chapel doors.
25. Last day to claim as borough electors; and also to leave with overseers objections to county and borough electors, and for service of objections on electors in counties or their tenants.
29. Overseers to send lists of electors and of objections to the clerk of the peace for the county or to the town clerk in cities and boroughs.
31. All taxes due on March 1st, must be paid on or before this day by persons claiming to be enrolled as burgesses.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Overseers of parishes and boroughs to make out Burgess Lists under Municipal Reform Act, to be delivered to the Town-Clerk this day.
- 2 to 9. Lists of objections to county electors, also claims and objections respecting Borough Lists, to be affixed to church and chapel doors.
15. Claims of persons omitted in Burgess Lists, and objections to persons improperly inserted, to be given to the Town-Clerk in writing on or before this day; notice to be also given to the person objected to.
24. Lists of claimants, and of persons objected to, to be fixed in some public place of each borough from this day till Oct. 1.

OCTOBER.

1. Mayor and assessors to hold an open court to revise the Burgess Lists some time between the 1st and 15th of October.
1. Dividends on India Bonds payable from 10 till 3.
10. Annual licence to be taken out by bankers, or others issuing promissory notes for money payable on demand, and allowed to be re-issued.
11. Dividends on Bank Stock payable.
13. Dividends on various kinds of Stock payable.
15. Quarter Sessions commence this week.

NOVEMBER.

1. Borough Councillors to be elected.
9. Mayor and Aldermen of boroughs to be elected.
15. Attorneys, proctors, notary publics, &c., to take out certificates.

POSTAL DIRECTORY.

The Mails are made up for the *United States* every Saturday evening and on the Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning of alternate weeks; every 4th Tuesday morning. *Australia, New South Wales, New Zealand, Tasmania, and Mauritius*, via Southampton, 30th, M., 26th via Marseilles, E. *British North America*, alternate Friday E. (via United States, Friday, E., letters 6d.) *Canada*, Wednesday, E. (and Saturday, E., letters via United States, 8d.) *Cape Coast Castle, Sierra Leone*, 23rd, E. *Cape of Good Hope*, 5th, E. *Ceylon, China*, via Marseilles, 10th and 26th, E.; via Southampton, 4th and 20th, M. *Egypt, India, and Malta*, via Marseilles, 3rd, 10th, 18th, 26th, E.; (no Mails for Bombay or the North-West Provinces are forwarded on the 10th and 26th, or 4th and 20th;) via Southampton, 4th, 12th, 20th, 27th, M. *Gibraltar*, 4th, 12th, 20th, 27th, M. *Newfoundland*, via Liverpool, every second Saturday, E., via Galway, every fourth Friday, E. *Vancouver's Island*, every Saturday. *West Indies, British and Foreign*, 2nd and 17th, M.

France and the Continent of Europe, via France, twice daily. *Belgium and Continent of Europe*, via Belgium, daily.

The Postage to the British Colonies and possessions (except via Marseilles, 9d.) is 6d. under the ½ oz. France and Belgium, 4d. under ½ oz., Sardinia, Spain, Majorca, Minorca, or Canary Islands, 6d. under ½ oz. The postage in most cases must be prepaid. To United States, prepayment voluntary. Letters for Canada, Cape of Good Hope, Sierra Leone, Suez, and Mauritius must be prepaid, or 6d. extra is charged on delivery. Cuba, 1s. 6d. Vancouver's Island, 1s. 2½d. In some instances an additional charge is made in the countries where the letters are delivered. NEWS-PAPERS to the Colonies, etc., 1d., which must be prepaid by a postage stamp; to India, under 4 oz., 2d., via Southampton (3d. via Marseilles).

London District.—Letters and Newspapers going from one part of Town to another must be posted at the *Town Receiving Houses* and (letters only) *Pillar Boxes* at 9.11 A.M., 12 noon, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.30, 6, 9 P.M.; at *District Offices*, 5, 9.15, 11.15 A.M., 12.15, 1.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 6.45 P.M.; *Chief Office*, 6.45, 9, 11.30 A.M., 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45 P.M.

The *District Offices* are—*Chief Office*, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and Lombard-street Branch, E.C.; 124, High Holborn, and Charing Cross Branch, West-Strand, W.C.; Lower-street, Islington, N.; 73, Church-street, Bethnal-green, N.E. (temporary); Nassau-place, Commercial-road East, E.; 170, High-street, Southwark, S.E.; Westminster-road, Lambeth, S.; Little Charlotte-street, Buckingham-gate, S.W.; 19, Old Cavendish-street, W.; Eversholt-street, Camden Town, N.W.

Rates of Postage (Inland). Letters not above ½ oz., 1d.; not above 1 oz., 2d.; and so on, 2d. for every oz. or fraction thereof. Registered newspapers, etc., free for fourteen days.

THE BOOK POST.—Packets containing any number of separate books or other publications, manuscripts, prints, maps, paper, etc. (including printed or lithographed letters), may be sent by the post as follows:—To any place in GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, not exceeding four ounces in weight, 1d.; not exceeding eight ounces, 2d.; and so on, 2d. being charged for every half-pound or fraction thereof.

THE BRITISH COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.—To India, Ceylon, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania (Van Diemen's Land), South and Western Australia, New Zealand, Mauritius, and Hong-Kong, not exceeding four ounces, 4d., via Southampton (or 6d. via Marseilles); and so on, two rates being charged for every half-pound or fraction thereof. No packet weighing more than three pounds can be sent to the East Indies or New South Wales.

To every other British Colony, to the Argentine Republic, Hayti, Liberia, and other parts of the East Coast of Africa: not exceeding four ounces, 3d.; half pound, 6d.; and so on, 6d. for every half pound or fraction thereof. No book can be sent to any other part of the Cape Colony than Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and Mossel Bay.

Registration.—Letters and book packets can be registered to all parts of the United Kingdom, Colonial, and (letters to) most foreign parts, on payment of 6d. in money, from 10 until half-past 5 o'clock. Receiving houses, 5 P.M. For the morning mails, between 5.30 and 7.30 P.M. To France no charge is 4d.

Money Orders.—Orders are issued and paid in London, and within the three-mile circle, and in Dublin and Edinburgh, between the hours of 10 and 4; in most other places, between 9 A.M. and 6 P.M. Provincial money-order offices are kept open till 8 o'clock on Saturday night, for the convenience of the labouring-classes. Charge 3d. for any sum not exceeding £2; 6d. above £2. £5 is the highest order.

ECLIPSES IN 1861.

There will be three Eclipses of the Sun and one of the Moon, and a Transit of Mercury over the Sun's disc.

JANUARY 11.—Annular Eclipse of the Sun. Visible from the Southern Ocean, east of Africa, and south of Asia.

JULY 7.—Annular Eclipse of the Sun, in the evening. Visible in the Pacific and Southern Ocean.

DECEMBER 17.—Partial Eclipse of the Moon. Partly visible at Greenwich. Begins 27 minutes past 7 in the morning; ends at 9 minutes after 9 A.M.

DECEMBER 31.—Total Eclipse of the Sun. Visible, as a partial one, at Greenwich. Begins at 15 minutes past 11 in the morning; central Eclipse begins at 19 minutes after noon; and ends 19 minutes after 3 in the afternoon. The Eclipse ends at 23 minutes after 4 in the afternoon.

A Transit of Mercury over the Sun's disc occurs on the morning of NOVEMBER 12. It will be partly visible at Greenwich.

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In the winter of 1857, Mr. Smith, of Bury, applied to me for advice and medicine. He was then in an advanced stage of Consumption (which had been very fatal in his family). Every means had failed to arrest its progress, and as a last resort he came to me; with what result the following extract from a letter just received will briefly explain:—

"5, Union-terrace, Bury St. Edmunds, October 14th, 1860.
"Mr. Smith, who applied to you in 1857, was then, to all appearance, about very soon to be removed from us by consumption. His physician had given but faint hope of recovery. Indeed, I felt I could not hope, having recently witnessed the death of his brother from the same fearful disease; but after continuing your medicines for several months, he was restored to perfect health. It is now nearly three years since. He is quite well, and has had neither cough or other symptom since. May the blessing of God accompany your treatment to many, many more is the earnest desire of, Yours respectfully,
M. A. SMITH."

"In April last you will remember sending me a large bottle of medicine and letter, for which I now sincerely thank you. My own lungs were then in a very delicate state, but your invaluable medicines soon restored me to my usual state of health."

NOTICE.—Mr. CONGREVE will be at home for consultation, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY mornings ONLY, until twelve o'clock. Advice free to patients taking the larger sizes of the medicine.—Coombe Lodge, Peckham, December, 1860.

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