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BAPTIST MESSENGER:

AN

Evangelical Treasury

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FOR THE YEAR 1863.

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LONDON:

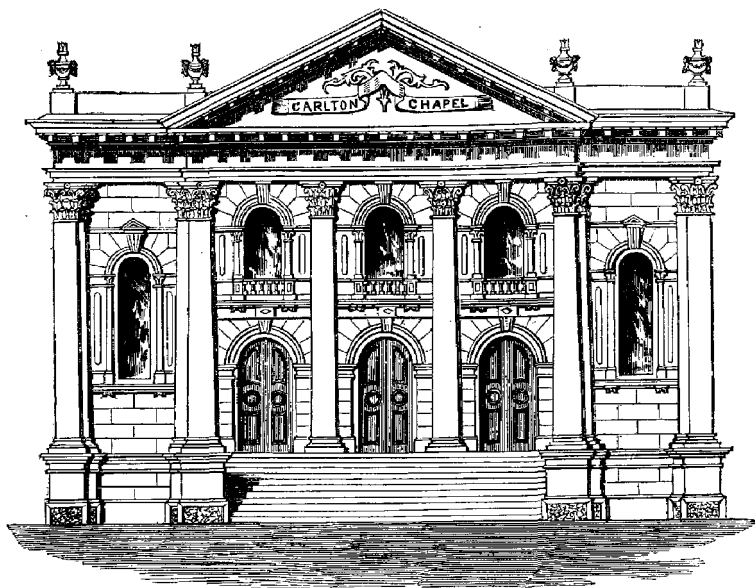
J. PAUL, 1, CHAPTER-HOUSE  
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## APPEAL ON BEHALF OF REV. J. A. SPURGEON'S PROPOSED NEW CHAPEL.

THE above sketch is the proposed elevation of a new chapel, to be erected for the congregation of the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, now worshipping in a hired Music-hall in Southampton. It is the intention of the friends of the cause not to open the chapel till they can do so free of debt. The population of the town of Southampton is now considerably over 40,000, and the whole amount of accommodation in all our churches and chapels would not provide for more than half that number of persons. The proposed site lies in one of the most spiritually-destitute parts of the town, and in a neighbourhood rapidly increasing, and likely to be the largest and most respectable quarter for personal residence. The piece of land is on the London road—the main thoroughfare of the town—and is in every way most advantageous.

The sum required for the purchase of the land and erection of the chapel will be about £4,000. The present congregation is mostly composed of persons quite unable to contribute large sums, though anxious to do all that lies in their power.

If once the chapel can be erected, there is a prospect of raising one of the largest Baptist interests in the South of England.

Our readers will be doing a good service to the denomination by assisting in this praiseworthy effort.

The pastor—the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon—will thankfully receive any contributions to the building fund, or articles for the bazaar which is to be held for its benefit in the course of the year; and by Rev. W. A. Blake, 38, South Bank, Regent's Park, London, N. W.

THE  
**BAPTIST MESSENGER,**  
AND  
**CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.**

G R E A T   C H A N G E S .

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE.

"And, behold, there are last which shall be first, and there are first which shall be last."—  
Luke xiii. 30.

IN some of the books printed in the olden times the authors were wont to put a hand in the margin, as if to point out some passage to which they would have particular attention directed. Now, wherever we see in Holy Scripture the word "behold," it answers the same end. It is intended to show us that there is either something new, something impressive, something which is speedily to transpire, and, therefore, needs immediate attention; or else there is usually something contrary to what men expect, and, therefore, their consideration is the more earnestly directed. Seeing this "behold" in the margin, a sign-post as it were, a directory for us to stop and pause and learn, let us do so to-night; and may the Spirit of God be our instructor, that we may listen to profit.

"There are last which shall be first, and there are first which shall be last." This same passage occurs in Matthew and Mark as well as Luke. In Matthew the connection in which it stands shows that there Christ intended it to relate to temporal circumstances. Peter had told him that he had left, together with his fellow-apostles, all that he had, to follow Christ; and his Master informs him that he should be no loser by it, but that the rather he should greatly profit through having left house and lands, and children and wife, for Christ's name's sake and the Gospel; "For," saith Christ, "there be last which shall be first, and there be first which shall be last." Brethren, let us hear then and understand this, that circumstances shall very soon be altered. The high and mighty shall not always be so elevated; the base and mean shall not always occupy such a humiliating position. Throughout the whole history of the world sin has been striding in high places, with shoes of iron and brass; while godliness has walked bare-foot through the valley. Multitudes of the most ungodly men have worn the tiara and have thrown the purple about their shoulders; while a far more than equal number of the virtuous have been slaves to tug the galley oar, or have been condemned to long imprisonments, or have "wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, destitute, afflicted, tormented." Still Dives wears the scarlet and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day; while Lazarus lies at his gate full of sores, and the dogs give him the charity of their tongues. Still Nero is on the throne, and Paul rots in the Mamertine dungeon. Still a Charles II. shall have the crown, while the Puritan shall be found "despised and rejected of men." You can scarce turn to any page of history in which you do not see the wicked in great power, spreading himself like a green bay-tree; while the righteous is plagued all the day long, and chastened every morning. Well, the time is coming when all this shall be changed. One wave of thy hand, O Death! and where is the

dignity of sin? One blast of thy breath, O God! and where are the glories of the mighty? Where is the pomp and the power of the ungodly man who vexed thy saints? See there, Dives has gone down to the nethermost pit, and Lazarus is lifted to the throne. See there, Nero rots and is corrupt, and Paul, on angels' wings, is borne to the right hand of the Majesty on high. Poverty-stricken, having hardly a place where he can lay his head, the humble tent-maker took rank with the very lowest; but, though last, he now stands first, nearest the eternal throne—

“Midst the bright ones, doubly bright.”

Proud, having all the earth at his beck, Rome's legions at his call, Nero reigned and thought himself a god; but now the meanest slave is greater than he, and they mock and jeer him, even they, the princes who lost their thrones by him and the men whom he trampled in the dust; in Hades they greet him, “Art thou become like one of us?” and marvel greatly because the mighty are fallen and the proud are stained in the mire. Patience then, patience! ye who are the sons of poverty and yet the sons of God. Hush your boasting, ye that are the heirs of wrath and yet the heirs of fortune; the tables shall soon turn, eternity shall undo the present incongruities of of life. Time! thine inequalities shall all be forgotten, justice shall right every wrong, “the first shall be last, and the last shall be first.”

So, brethren, to pass on, there is no doubt that this is equally true with regard to the world's esteem. For many a long year the precious sons of God, comparable to fine gold, have been esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter. For the first three centuries there was no villainy too vile to be laid at the door of the Christians. They were baser than the greatest miscreants. The world hooted them from the streets. No terms were thought bad enough for them. “It is not fit that they should live,” was the world's verdict upon the followers of the Crucified. And even to-day a godly man is held in no reputation. There are no racks, 'tis true, no prisons, no fines; but there is the jeer and the mockery, the shuffling of the shoulder, the reviling, the shame, and the spitting—these have not ceased even now. Genius, intellect, science, taste, poetry, and literature have their golden shrines. Godliness is just tolerated in its own conventicle. I may be addressing some Christian men, some young converts especially, who feel it very hard to have the cold shoulder in society, to be neglected by their friends, to be threatened by their parents, to be forsaken by all who once counted them to be good. Ay, patience, patience, patience! You that are the last for Christ shall be the first with Christ by-and-by. Those that are first to-day in honour, and think themselves great and famous because *they* will never yield to fanaticism, because *they* will never be enthusiastic after Christ—they shall be among the last. The day cometh when “they shall arise to shame and everlasting contempt.” The organs of public sentiment can change their tone. The world that honoured the ungodly shall see their shame. The eyes that once looked slightly on saints shall be made to honour them as the noblest of the noble, and they that hate Christ shall be lightly esteemed. Let these two thoughts be rivetted upon our memories; but I chose to dwell rather upon two other thoughts. The first part of my text seems to me to teach wonders of grace, and the next part of it seems to me to teach wonders of sin.

Here surely is a wonder of grace. There are last that shall be first. Here is sovereignty—choosing the last to make them first. Here is grace—for-forgiving the greatest sin to make the brightest saint. Here is power changing the most degraded, turning the current of the most strong-minded sinner, and making his soul “willing in the day of God's power.” What means it by those that are last? I take it, if I understand the sense aright, it means this. There are some that are last in pedigree, born of impious parents in some low hovel, in some dingy room, an attic or a cellar, in some court, where the first sound that reached their ear was blasphemy, and the first sight that greeted their eye was drunkenness. How many

we have of such in London, who are indeed last if we consider their birth! Poor things, they are born not simply to poverty, but they seem to be the nurslings of vice. One's eyes might weep tears of blood when we think how unhappily some children are placed in the very first moment of their advent into society. Glory be to God, however, there are some of these that shall be first. God shall find his jewels in the dens, and alleys and slums of London, and take up to his eternal throne those that were the sons of harlots, and the children of the thief, that they may sing for ever of his amazing grace. Last, too, they are in education. Turned out in the street to pick up from every boy the vice he has acquired, to learn from evil men villainy of which their young hearts would not have dreamed. If you should go into our Ragged schools, especially some in the very lowest neighbourhoods, or if you would hear Mr. Gregory, the missionary in St. Giles's, tell his tale of all the sin he sees, and of the education that our young men of St. Giles's get, O gentlemen of St. James's! it might well make you blush—blush with shame that you are not doing something for them—shame for yourselves, that you let your neighbours live like this. Your neighbours still they are, though they are hidden behind the tall houses of your gorgeous streets and crescents, your squares and terraces. Well, these are last for education; but, glory be to God, some who were trained for the gallows, and tutored for the convict-settlement, shall, nevertheless, be taught of the Lord and inducted into the fellowship of the saints. Irresistible grace shall come and pluck them out of the furnace, hating the garment spotted with the flesh, yet esteeming them that they also may be jewels in the Redeemer's crown. Then, again, they are last in morals. At eventide see her as she goes out to hunt for souls. See him too as at eventide he reels from gin palace to gin palace, to drink, to swear, to curse. Ah! we are not without those who are last in morals in this huge den of vice, this city of iniquity. Could Sodom find sinners that would match with the sinners of London? What think ye! Could Tyre and Sidon outvie the iniquities that are near our own doors, and may be seen in our own streets? I trow not. You need not, to-night, go many steps when once the sun is down before you will see under every gaslight some that are last. Blessed be God, some of them shall be first. Praise the Lord, ye angels, there are some of them here to-night, some of them saved, some of them snatched from the fire, and they will sing in heaven, and they do sing on earth right sweetly, to the praise of the love that has made the last to be the first. What though some of these appear, besides their moral debasement, to have the last disposition that could ever be susceptible of grace? You know the men I mean; men that, when you look into their faces, you feel you would not like to meet them on a dark night. There are such men, whose very natural countenance betrays a stolidity and hardness that is not altogether common to men. Do you remember what the Scotchman said of Rowland Hill, when he looked long into his face? and Rowland said, "What are you looking there for?" "I was looking at the lines on your face," said he. "And what do you think of me?" said Rowland. "Why," said the man, "I was thinking that if it hadn't been for the grace of God you would have been one of the biggest scoundrels living;" and Rowland said 'twas even so. He felt that himself. And I think we have all felt so; we have all felt, "There goes John Bradford, if it were not for the grace of God." To the ale-house, to the prison, to the gallows, each of us might have come if sovereign grace had not prevented. There are men who seem naturally more coarse, more rough, more wild, more outrageous than others; they have a foaming passion; they have a fiendish temper. What other word could I use? They have a temper that seems to make them like very maniacs for a little provocation. They know not what to do, but stamp, and rave, and say they know not what. These are the last men you would think could be saved. Ay, but there are many of them that have been made first. Strange is it that God picks out the very men whom we would throw away; the most worthless, the most

hopeless, hapless, and helpless. Sovereign grace had fixed its eye upon them, and said, "I will have that man." That man's will stood out stoutly, and resisted to the uttermost the soothing voice of salvation. But grace would have him. O, that strong will of his, how useful it is now in the cause of Christ! That hard heart of his, now softened, seems to give a holy courage, and a dauntless and a fearless manner which would be unknown to men of a different mould. "There are last that shall be first."

What inferences do we draw from all this? We draw these lessons. There is an encouragement for some of you, who think you are last. I bless God there are always some of the last ones come into the Tabernacle. God deliver us from having an exclusively respectable congregation. I like to see men of all classes. I do like to see the poor come in; and I like to see the base and vile come in, and I know they do. I feel like Rowland Hill, when it was said to him, "It is only the tag rag and bobtail that go to Surrey Chapel." "Ah then," said he, "welcome tag, and welcome rag, and welcome bobtail—these are just the sort we want to see come into the chapel." "Ah," some I hear say with a sigh, "that means me, that means me; I am one of those men; I am one of the last." Then there is encouragement for you. Mercy's gates stand wide open, and Christ invites you. Trust him at this very hour, for "there are last that shall be first."

And, brethren, what cause for humiliation to us who are saved! Were not we the last? I am sure, when I look at that headstrong boy, when I think of that hard, stubborn boy, that never did, and would not yield, when I think of that child who could bear any measure of chastisement, but never would brook to make apology for anything, and then think of myself saved by grace, I marvel. How is it that God should choose such an one as I am? And I think you can all say, "Why, me Lord? why me?" And you can put it down to this, "There are last that shall be first."

And what a reason why you and I should serve Christ too! What, did he look on me when I was last, and will I not work for him? Stand out of the way, ye groups of cold-hearted men, stand out of the way, ye careless professors, that cannot serve your Master, I must and will do God service, for I owe him more than you. Ye Marys, I implore you by the gentleness of your spirit, stand back, stand back; *I must break my alabaster-box over that blessed head, for I have much forgiven, and therefore I love much. I must do much for him. Give me great sinners to make great saints. O, they are glorious raw material for grace to work upon; and when you do get them saved, O, they will shake the very gates of hell. The ringleaders in Satan's camp make such noble sergeants in the camps of Christ! The bravest of the brave are they. God send us many such, and we will sweep before us yet the hosts of evil, and drive iniquity into the depths of the sea. "There are last that shall be first." O, dear friends, I wish the net would catch some of the last now. I know that young man over there thinks that Christ will never save him. "There are last that shall be first." I know that young woman has written it down in her conscience that she is an odd person; she is sure to be passed over—one of the last, I see. Ah, and you shall be among the first. Only believe Christ, trust him, trust him. He is God; he *can* save you: he is man; he is *willing* to save you. Trust him; his promise is given, he will save you, he will wash you from every sin, and bring you with joy before his face at the last.*

But now I must take the second part of the text as briefly as possible. "There are first that shall be last." First in ancestry, hushed to thy slumber with a holy lullaby, dandled on the knee of piety, hanging at the breast of tenderness and love, from thy mother's arms thou shalt go to the frightful grasp of the destroyer, and from a father's rejected counsel to the sinner's direst doom! "There are first that shall be last:" first in training; taught in the Sunday-school, prayed over, wept over. "There are first that shall be last:" first in privileges, sitting under a faithful ministry, warned, exhorted, entreated, pleaded with. "There are first that shall be last:" having much light

and knowledge, having an awakened conscience, but quenching it, having the warnings of the Spirit, but stifling them. "There are first that shall be last:" always in the house of God, well-read in Scripture, well-trained in doctrine, understanding the way of God, but not running in it, knowing thy duty but doing it not. "There are first that shall be last." O, my hearers, I speak to thousands of you that are among the first to-night. When I said there were last ones here, I glanced at the few; but O, how many of you belong to the tribes and families of men who are of the first! You are not Sabbath-breakers, the most of you—you go to a place of worship; you are not heathens—you have got a Bible, you do read it sometimes; you know what faith in Christ means, if you have it not in your hearts. O, London! London! London! thou fair metropolis of merchandize and wealth! how art thou exalted to heaven by thy privileges! Christ is preached in the corner of every street now, in your parks, in your fields; Christ is preached in your theatres, he is preached where every man can hear of him if he will. First and foremost as ye stand, O inhabitants of London, the envy of many nations, and the refuge of the oppressed of all nations, how many of you shall be later than the savages of Africa or the cannibals of New Zealand! "There are first that shall be last."

O, I cannot preach on this text to-night; I have not the strength, I have not the power of thought to point out this solemn thing as I would, and to thrust it on your consciences. I can only thus make it ring and sound in your ears, by saying again, "There are first that shall be last."

Remember, if it be so with you—and this is the conclusion of the whole matter—you being last will involve awful responsibilities because you were first. You cannot perish, as others do. If you do reject Christ, how shall ye escape who neglect so great salvation? Sirs, I tell you it were more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah, than for you, in the day of judgment. Besides this, how shall you escape from the remorse of your conscience, when conscience, wide awake, shall cry, "Ye knew your duty but ye did it not?" The caverns of Hades shall say, with dull and dreary echoes, "Ye knew your duty but ye did it not." Every revolution of eternity, as it brings some fresh crisis of your pain, shall say to you, "Ye knew your duty but ye did it not." Banished from Heaven to Tophet, from the Temple of the Lord to Gehenna, from the voice of the minister to weeping and gnashing of teeth, from the song of the sanctuary to the howlings of the pit, this shall be the edge of the sword, this the tooth of the devouring worm, "Ye knew your duty but ye did it not." O, ye first ones, God help you! If you ever should be last, how terrible your doom! Let us then engage in great searchings of heart to-night. I search my own soul now—what if I, standing first in Gospel privileges, the teacher of this people, what if I be among the last! My brethren, you the elders and deacons of this church, the first in our Israel—what if you be among the last! You young men and women of our catechumen classes, of our Bible classes; you young men of our college, first, most hopeful of all—what if you be found among the last! You Sunday-school teachers and superintendents, you who teach young children heaven—what if you learn not heaven yourselves! What if you, the first, should be the last! You, the beloved of my soul, whom these hands have baptized into the Lord Jesus Christ; you with whom we have had sweet communion at the blessed feast of the Lord's table—what if you, the first, should be among the last! I can but reiterate the cry, I can but stand here like Jonah and cry aloud with one unvarying note of warning, Take heed, ye first, that ye be not among the last! And what shall we all say, rolling the two sentences into one? O grace, make me among the first; let me not be among the last at the last! O God, help me now to escape from hell and fly to heaven! I do accept Christ as my Saviour—

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

Say that in your souls after me, you that feel it—

“Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one foul blot,  
To him whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
To thee, O Son of God, I come.”

Trust the Master now, my hearers. O, say in your spirits, “Yes, we are guilty and vile; save us or we perish.” Let the cry of your repentance and the utterance of your faith go up to heaven in one sound, and God commissions us to say to you from his Word that he absolves you of your every sin when you have believed. “He that believeth hath everlasting life, and shall never perish.” He shall never come into condemnation, but the love of God shall rest on him in time and in eternity. God grant it to us all for his name's sake. Amen.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### NEW THINGS TO BE THOUGHT OF IN THE NEW YEAR.

BY REV. C. ELVEN.

THE inspired record concerning the ancient Athenians is that they “spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing.” Without, however, imitating their idle gossiping, we may surely spend a portion of our time on this new year's day in meditating on some of the *new things* of which mention is made in that storehouse of all good things—the Bible; for, blessed be God, neither Essayists nor Reviewers, though reinforced by a Bishop, have been able to demolish it, or to despoil it of any of its treasures. We want no new Bible; may we with the new year but have a new unction from the Holy One—daily to understand and practically to illustrate its sacred truths, and then, come what may—joy or sorrow, prosperity or adversity, health or sickness, life or death—the era upon which we are entered will be a **HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

In pursuance therefore of our purpose, let us first meditate briefly on the *New Covenant*. For “in that he saith, A new covenant, he hath made the first old,” Heb. viii. 13. Christ also is called “the Mediator of the new covenant,” and although much has been said and written about the covenants, and disputants have thereby raised dust sufficient to blind the eyes of the unlearned, for all practical and pious purposes it will suffice simply to recognize only two covenants: the one with Adam, and which was broken and hopelessly demolished by his disobedience; the second, or new covenant made with

Christ on behalf of all the chosen seed—a covenant which never can be broken, being “ordered in all things and sure.” We congratulate our Christian readers, therefore, in being under this *new covenant*—not new in order of time, but in order of development; and surely we do err, as believers in Christ, if we ever turn a wishful eye to the Paradise lost, seeing that under the New Covenant we have more than a Paradise regained, because,

“In Christ the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.”

It is true, that when at first sight we look back upon the bowers of Eden, with its fadeless flowers and everlasting spring, the feeling will probably be one of unmingled regret; nevertheless, we have no sympathy with it. One old Divine called the fall “*felix culpa*,” the happy fall, and truly it was so, as making way for the revelation of the new covenant. And here let us remark on what we deem a fallacy cherished by many; namely, that if our first parents had passed successfully through their ordeal of obedience, all their descendants, through all future generations, would have also retained their innocence and been confirmed in their original purity. But why should it have been so? There would still have been the forbidden fruit. There would still have been the old serpent; and as Adam could not have transmitted a stronger moral nature than he possessed, although not one of all Adam's race to the present moment had plucked the forbidden fruit, either you or I, gentle reader, might have listened to the tempter as Eve did, and have broken the covenant of works.

But if in union with Christ, we have a standing more secure than it was before we fell. We have, moreover, a better righteousness. It is true we have lost our innocence in Adam, but we have in Christ a "wedding garment"—"the best robe"—the righteousness divine in which we hope to walk in white before the throne of God. And surely there can be no doubt of our final blessedness being immensely enhanced under the new covenant as compared with what it could have been under the old, seeing that now we are come to "Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the general assembly and church 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."

Let us next reflect on one of the great blessings of the covenant of grace—*A new heart*. "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh," Ezekiel xxxvi. 26.

Many serious injuries admit of repair; an old house, an old watch, or an old coat may be mended; but the damage done to the human heart by the fall is irreparable. Many have been the devices of men to remedy this ruin, but all in vain; it is like the vessel marred in the hands of the potter (Jer. xviii. 4), it must be made over again, all the rubbish of the fall must be taken away and all things must become new. *Baptismal regeneration* has been much commended as a restorative, and had men been only stunned by the fall, the application of cold water might have revived him; but as "in Adam all died," it is only in Christ that "all can be made alive." *Education* has been tried with confident hopes of training the child to holiness, but it has never succeeded apart from the effectual working of the Spirit of God; for no horticultural training can educe "grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles." Then when priests and teachers have failed, men have tried by their own unaided efforts to make themselves Christians; but till the Ethiopian can change his skin or the leopard his spots, "all outward reformations, all creature resolves have proved utter failures." Right joyfully, therefore, we fall back on

the new covenant promise, "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." Reflect then for a moment; the natural heart is stone, hard, cold, and dead, and if we have the "new heart," it will be opposite to all this. Softened by Divine grace, the block of ice is broken, and melted into contrition, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Warned by the love of Christ, it will glow with devout affection, and like Mary love to sit at the Master's feet, "having chosen that good thing which shall never be taken away." Quickened by the Spirit of God, though once dead in sin, "it is now alive unto righteousness." O, say then, is Christ thus formed in your heart the hope of glory? It is a very suitable inquiry for the new year's day. For alas! the only place religion has in the hearts of many professors is a burial place—such have a name to live, but they are dead. O, for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit to convert the unconverted members of our churches! without it how many will appear at last, notwithstanding the lamp of profession, to be but foolish virgins who will find too late "the door is shut," and the only answer to their agonizing cry, "Lord, Lord, open unto us," will be, "Verily I say unto you, I know you not." How reasonable, then, the solemn exhortation in entering on a new year, "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

As an invariable accompaniment of the new covenant and the new heart, there must also be the "*new man*"—the new life, for thus saith the Scripture, "Put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts; and be renewed in the spirit of your minds; and that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness," Ephes. iv. 21-24. And is the whole bias of the mind so changed that the sin which was once the sweet morsel is that which your soul hates? See then that you yield not to it: you had better touch fire than sin, resist unto blood than succumb to evil; and in all this the "new man" will have need for more than human might, for the old man is ever young, a very Samson that will snap asunder



in a moment all the new cords and green withs of the flesh. Flee then at once to Jesus as Paul did, when ready to faint in the conflict with the messenger of Satan, and the "thorns in the flesh;" and to you as to him is the same precious promise given, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

With the new year it may not be unprofitable also to remember the "*new commandment*." For even thus did our Lord speak to his disciples—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye also love another," John xiii. 34. It would seem as if the Lord intended this to be henceforth the badge of their discipleship—the heraldry of their order—the banner of their army. By this were all men to know they were Christ's disciples, because they loved one another. But wherein consists the *newness* of this command? Not because believers had not previously been exhorted to love their neighbours as themselves, but new as a distinguishing mark. The Jews were distinguished from all other nations by circumcision, but Christians are to be known by their mutual love. It was a new commandment as given by a new authority. "The law came by Moses, but grace and truth by Jesus Christ;" new also as enforced by a new example. "This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you," John xv. 12.

In this also it was new, inasmuch as it was not to be limited to any nation, any sect, or any party, but to be as unlimited as that of the large and loving heart of Paul, when he exclaimed with the gushing spontaneity of love divine, "Grace be with all them that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." A beautiful illustration of this we are tempted to quote from D'Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation:—

"On the steamboat of the lake of Zurich I found myself in the midst of a crowd of strangers; but I soon noticed two persons, whom I perceived to be Quakers, and I doubted not there would be some friendly intercourse between us, and I soon discovered they were sincere, enlightened, and loving Christians. We travelled together for several days and enjoyed all that time true Christian union. I remember well the moment of our parting; we were journeying among the mountains, and were now in the

deep gully of a ravine; a mountain stream falling behind us crossed our road, and then made a second fall immediately below. Some fragments rolled together without order formed a sort of bridge. We were seated on these stones, when one of my amiable companions, who was a minister in the Society of Friends, grasped my hand at the moment we were about to part, and without saying a word knelt down on one of the fragments of the rock, and I immediately knelt beside him. After some moments of profound silence my friend began audibly to pour out his soul unto God. He prayed for me as if he had been one of my oldest friends, or my own brother. In the course of our Christian fellowship I had unfolded to him some of the wounds of my own heart, and, in his earnest affectionate supplications, he besought the Lord to heal them. I have seldom enjoyed an hour of such sweet and entire Christian union."—Truly we may say

"Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of bliss that finds  
His bosom glow with love."

Finally, if we have have been enabled by Divine grace to appropriate the blessings of the new covenant, to have received a new heart, to have lived a new life, and to have obeyed the new commandment, it will be ere long our happiness to sing "*the new song*, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever."

That this may be our felicity, when years shall cease to roll, and time be no more, is the prayer, dear readers, of your affectionate friend.

*Bury St. Edmunds.*

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## THE FOUNDATION OF OUR HOPES FOR ETERNITY.

BY REV. G. W. FISHBOURNE.

WHAT is it that constitutes a sure foundation? On what may we build our hopes for eternity without loss, and without just grounds for fearing loss? As immortal beings travelling to the eternal world, it certainly concerns us to know if the Word of God teaches us that our state hereafter

must depend on the path in which we walk in this life. It is the more important that we inquire into this matter as it is possible for mistakes to be made, and possible for us to be resting upon a false foundation; for our Lord has told us of the man that built his house upon the sand, as well as of the man who built his house upon the rock; of the loss of the former, as well as the safety of the latter. The safety of the house was not to be judged of so much in fair and calm weather as in the storm, so the importance of our building on the right foundation, must be judged of and viewed rather in the light of eternity than of time.

Can we rest securely upon any mere ceremonial observances? It is obvious, from the Word of God, that God has never constituted these the foundation of man's hope, nor ever regarded them as a qualification for acceptance with himself; for "every one that feareth God, and doeth righteousness, is accepted of him." If, at the last day, we are found destitute of true holiness, it will not avail us to say that we have eaten and drunk in Christ's presence, for he will answer, "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity; I never knew you." The Apostle Paul also distinctly testifies that, "in Christ Jesus, neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature." It is certain, therefore, that neither our being sprinkled in infancy, nor our being immersed on a profession of faith, nor our joining a Christian church, and partaking of the Lord's Supper, can be trusted to for our acceptance with God; nay, it is certain that if we do so trust, we must at last perish.

Can we rest securely upon any outward reformation? The Word of God testifies, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." The heart is the seat of our depravity. The mind, being carnal, is enmity against God. It is from the heart that evil proceeds, as water from a fountain. The real character of a man must, therefore, be as his heart is. Whatever outward and external change there may be, if the heart be unrenewed it cannot avail for our salvation. It is not enough that the stream be cleansed, the fountain must be purified. It is not enough that a few branches be lopped off a corrupt

tree: the tree itself must be made good, and then its fruit will be good. Many who are led to feel that they are living in a way that must incur the anger and displeasure of God, suppose that if they give up some of the grossest acts of transgression, and reform with respect to open and flagrant offences, and endeavour to act morally, that then all will be well. But "God searches the hearts, and tries the reins of the children of men." He is a Spirit, and must be served in spirit and in truth; and he can neither be deceived nor mocked by a mere external offering while the heart is kept back from him.

Can we rest securely upon our righteousness? Any righteousness that we may have must be either inherent, or obtained by obedience or suffering. How then does the case stand? It appears certain that we have no inherited or natural righteousness, for we have all sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is none righteous, no, not one. We are all by nature children of wrath. Have we procured any righteousness by obedience to God's law? Looking at the two great commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself," are we conscious of no defect, of no shortcoming? Alas! we must confess that we have broken the law and deserved its penalty. Have we any righteousness by suffering, *i.e.*, have we any righteousness that should be justly imputed to us in having suffered more than our own sins deserved? No, and the least confession we can make is—He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For surely, if we had received the just punishment of our sins, so far from being spared in the land of the living to talk and boast of righteousness procured by suffering, we should have been in hell lifting up our eyes in torments of eternal fire. In confirmation of these remarks hear the word of the Lord by his servant Isaiah, "We are all as an unclean thing, and our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Could it then be otherwise than madness to make them the foundation of our hopes for eternity?

Can we rest securely upon our good works? Good works are oftenest referred to,

and certainly most depended on by those who understand least of their nature. Two things appear necessary to constitute good works: 1. That they be done from love to God; 2. That they be done with a single eye to his glory. From this it must be evident that no unrenewed, unregenerated person can perform them. The life of an unbeliever is a life of sin. Without faith it is impossible to please God; and while a man is living in the rejection of God's best gift, his only-begotten and well-beloved Son, and thus treating God and his Son with the most marked contempt, how is it reasonable to suppose that such a man can perform good works, works pleasing and acceptable in God's sight? Christ has declared, "I am the Way." How then can those acts of a man by which he virtually sets aside Jesus Christ and his atonement as unworthy of his trust, and by which he seeks to make another way to God, be termed good works? Works that properly deserve the name of "good" cannot be performed by those who are unbelievers and disobedient. God's people are the only persons who truly perform them; and they are never urged as a means, or a meritorious cause of the individual's salvation, but are to be invariably regarded as the evidence of our being saved, as a mark of gratitude to God for his spiritual mercies, as a testimony to the existence of real piety, and the natural effort of a renewed soul to extend the Redeemer's kingdom.

But cannot *some* merit of ours have some place and part in our salvation? If we cannot do all, cannot we do something? May we not do what we can, and trust to Christ for the rest? May it not be partly by our works, and the rest by Divine grace?

By way of merit we can do nothing towards our salvation. We have destroyed ourselves; but in God must our help be found. We have sold ourselves for nought, but we must be redeemed without money. If our salvation be of works, then it is not of grace, else works are no more works. If our salvation be of grace, then it is not of works, else grace is no more grace. It cannot be of grace and of works conjointly. It must be exclusively of one or the other. But the universal testimony of God's Word

is that it cannot be of works, "for by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified" in God's sight. Nor can our merits be mingled with the merits of Christ, for if the merits of Christ, who was "God manifested in the flesh," be not sufficient in themselves for our salvation, then no addition of human merits can make them so, for it is not so much the amount as the nature of the offering presented as an atonement upon which our salvation must depend. But if the merits of Christ are sufficient for our salvation, if it be true that by one offering he has made an atonement by virtue of which God can be just and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus, then it is absolutely unnecessary that human merits should be added; and he would act with infinitely less folly, who should endeavour by the flame of a candle to increase the brilliancy of light from the noonday sun, than the man who should think to add to and enhance the value of the Redeemer's all-perfect work by his own fancied good but really worthless and sinful acts, or who should think to increase the purity and perfection of the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness by bringing into contact with it the filthy rags of his own.

How delightful to turn from the contemplation of all such false grounds of dependence as these, and to fix our eyes and our trust upon a foundation in all respects worthy of our confidence. Such a foundation is our Lord Jesus Christ. He came into our world to redeem man, to seek and to save that which was lost. His obedience and sufferings have been accepted by God, and the token of God's acceptance is seen in that he raised him from the dead, and gave him glory at his own right hand. Jesus Christ is the chief corner-stone, chosen of God and precious. This is the foundation upon which the prophets, apostles, and indeed all the truly righteous in every age, have rested. It is by the work and righteousness of Christ alone that a man can have salvation; the pardon of his sins, the justification of his soul, peace of conscience, the presence of Christ after death, and eternal glory at his second coming. Other foundation than this can no man lay. There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved. And

indeed, we require no other than this. It is all-sufficient. This is the Rock upon which, if a man build his hopes, they shall never perish, however fearfully the storm may rage. Here is perfect security. There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, neither shall anything deprive them of an interest in his love. As at the time when God granted deliverance to his people from the bondage of the Egyptians, by cutting off the first-born, the destroying angel smote not where the blood of the lamb slain was sprinkled upon the door-post; so at the last great and final day none shall be on the left hand, none shall go away into condemnation, who are sprinkled with his blood and arrayed in his righteousness.

This is a foundation upon which the vilest may rest, for "this is a faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief." Equally faithful is his own promise, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." The blood of Christ can cleanse all that seek and truly desire to wash away their sins in it. This is a foundation upon which all may rest their hopes, that are willing to be saved in God's appointed way, who are willing to humble themselves in the dust of self-abasement, to accept salvation as God's free gift, and to give him all the glory. The atonement of Christ is sufficient to purge away all human guilt, to be the ground of acceptance, and the means of eternal felicity to all that are willing to renounce self, and trust the sacrifice of him that died, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God. Upon this ground it is that the Gospel is to be preached and mercy offered to all. Upon this ground it is that the Word of invitation is so universal, "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come, and let him that heareth say, Come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely."

How thankful should we be that such a foundation has been laid by God for us! Truly, "herein is the love of God manifested, not that we loved him, but that he first loved us, and gave his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." God might justly have left us to perish; have left us

to make a secure foundation of our own, or to suffer the full amount of his anger deserved by our sins. Has this love ever influenced your hearts? Has it ever exercised a constraining influence over you, leading you to give yourselves to him as his servants, and to surrender yourselves, body, soul, and spirit, to his service?"

How cordially should we be led to embrace the news of salvation through a once crucified but now risen Redeemer! "Men and brethren, to you is the word of this salvation sent." "Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and that by faith in him you may be justified from all things, from which you could not be justified by the law of Moses, or by the deeds of the flesh." Have you received Christ? Do you live by faith? On what are you building your hopes for eternity? Is it upon Christ Jesus and his work alone, or is it upon anything else? If you build upon any other foundation you must perish! But "blessed are all they that put their trust in him," for they shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.

*Stratford.*

## THE DEPARTED SAINT.

BY THE REV. T. W. MEDHURST.

WHEN the believer in Jesus leaves this lower world he at once enters heaven. Absent from his body, he is present with his Lord. His clay tabernacle rests awhile in the grave, but his spirit ascends to the bosom of Jesus, where it is for ever blest, waiting for the resurrection of, and re-union with, its body. Because Christ "rose again the third day according to the Scriptures," 1 Cor. xv. 4, therefore the *Christ-ian* shall attain unto "the resurrection of the dead." The empty tomb of Jesus proclaims the destruction of the last enemy, death. The body "is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body," 1 Cor. xv. 42-44. "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal

shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory, Isa. xxv. 8. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," 1 Cor. xv. 53-57. Yes, all our triumph is "through our Lord Jesus Christ," through whom we are made "more than conquerors."

Our departed friends, who sleep in Jesus, are not lost but flown. They have gone to their rest with God. Gone to their home above the skies. Gone to be with Jesus for ever. Their voice is no more heard in the house; their pen lies still in the study; their chair is vacant in the home; their wives are now widows bereft of the loving guidance of their earthly husbands. They are gone, but we will not wish them back—for now their weary souls rest on the bosom of Jesus, of him whom they loved to speak, write, and think about. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," has been their welcome in the realms of the blest.

Death, who art thou? Thou art the sure follower of sin; but, thanks be unto God, through his Son Jesus, we will not fear thee: for inasmuch as Christ has died, thy days are numbered, and, even while thou remainest, thou canst only act as thou art bidden by him who cannot err—he is too wise; who cannot be unkind—he is too good. Death, thou art the servant of Jesus, obeying his high behests. To the believer thou openest the doors of sorrow, sin, and tribulation to let him out; thou openest the doors of glory, life, and rest, to let him in. By death the good man is ushered into blessedness, there to dwell with Jesus for ever.

Poor, desolate woman, though thou hast lost thy husband, yet weep not as one without hope. He is not dead, but sleeping in the embrace of his Lord. He is where the sword of the foe cannot affright him; where the tongue of the slanderer cannot disturb him; where the envy of men cannot distress him. While his *body rests* in hope of the certain resurrection, his *spirit reigns* with Jesus. He has but dropped frail mortality to be like the angels before

the throne. Weep not, for surely thou wouldest not have thy husband less happy, that thou mightest be less miserable. Weep not; but patiently wait that friendly gale which shall blow thee after him. Remember that God is the widow's judge, out of his holy habitation, and he will be better to thee than ten husbands. Leave thy fatherless children with God, and he will preserve them alive. Let thy faith be strong, because thy refuge is not weak. Trust thou in God who has graciously promised to be a husband to the widow.

Death is busy, and he is near. He has called at our neighbour's door, he will soon call at ours. O, that we may give ourselves no rest until we *know* we have an interest in Christ's salvation, and are able to say, "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain." Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus; come quickly.

Death! O, thou cruel foe!  
Ever filling hearts with woe,  
And parting lov'd ones from us;  
Thou thyself at last shalt die—  
Hearts pierced by thee shout *victory!*"

*Mrs. T. W. Medhurst.*

*Glasgow.*

## BURMAH AND ITS BAPTIST MISSIONARIES,\*

BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF DR. JUDSON.

IN the far, far east of India there runs a mighty river, the great Burrampooter. It rises in the mountains of Thibet; runs eastward to the north of the Himalayas, until within about 200 miles of China; then turns to the west, and with a semi-circular course empties its proud waters into the delta of the Ganges, where it disembogues through the Megna into the bay of Bengal near the Sundeeep island. That semi-circular portion of the Burrampooter river formerly divided the kingdom of Assam and the presidency of Bengal from the Burmese empire.

The boundaries of Burmah extended southward for about 1,000 miles from the Ganges to the Malay peninsula. Its provinces of Chittagong, Arracan, Bassein, Pegu, Montamma, and Tenasserim were all

\* We hope to furnish our readers during the year with a series of brief but interesting papers on the progress of Baptist missionaries at our different stations.—Ed.

washed by the waters of the bay of Bengal, or the Indian Ocean. The empire was bounded inland by Siam, China, and Assam. About 200,000 square miles of the earth's surface were thus included within the limits of the great Burmese empire.

Through the proud and aggressive policy of the Burmese, and the rage of the English for annexation, the subordinate kingdom of Kathay on the north, and the before-named provinces on the coast, have all been ceded to our government, and now form constituent elements of the British empire.

Although these annexations throw upon Great Britain, and upon British Christians, an overwhelming amount of additional responsibility, they do not alter the facts that the inhabitants of these ceded territories are for the most part Burmese, speaking the languages of Burmah, have all the mental and physical peculiarities of its people, and are guilty of the abominations and crimes which have so long characterised the haughty, depraved, and idolatrous Burmese.

Other pens have well described the state of Burmah and its debasing superstitions. Before the dismemberment of the empire nearly ten millions of souls were there to be found paying their adorations to the idol Gaudama Buddha. But how was this? The Burmese said it was because tradition affirmed that 620 years before the Christian era there was born of human parents a mysterious being, the last of the Buddhas. His name was Gaudama Buddha. Before appearing on the earth as the only son of the reigning monarch, Thog-dan-dah-nah, he had toiled to obtain his divinity through a term of years represented by four with 140 cyphers. At the age of 29 he was suddenly moved to quit the court, with all its voluptuous attractions, for the wilderness and its austerities. Six years passed over him, and now, *clothed with the Divine nature*, he was declared to be a god, and the *supreme object of worship*.

In his 80th year he died, obtaining the glory of annihilation. But for 5,000 years he was to continue the great Buddha whom all hearts must worship, and to whom every knee must bow. And for many a long century Burmah's whitened pagodas, crowding her groves and mountains, were

the dismal altars of this dark superstition.

With offerings of rice, betel nut, and flowers, and with vain repetitions of certain phrases, the Burmese fell down and worshipped the stone and gilded images of their precious Buddha.

Whilst such were the objects of their worship, they sat in the region and shadow of death. Their real condition was atheism. Their brief, but dismal history might be summed up thus—"Without God and without hope in the world."

But where sin abounded grace did much more abound. God had designs of wondrous mercy concerning the people of Burmah. He laid the condition of that vast empire upon the hearts of our Baptist missionaries in India. They mourned over the fact that there was no reason for believing that a single witness for God could there be found. Not a single missionary for the ten millions of Burmah!

After much special prayer and calm consideration, providential circumstances made their way quite clear. On January 23rd, 1807, the Baptist missionaries, Chater and Marden, set sail from Calcutta to commence a mission in Burmah, where, it was believed, the Gospel had never before been preached. Crossing the Bay of Bengal and sailing past the "Andaman Islands," inhabited, as it was thought, by cannibal savages, they approached the mouths of the Irrawaddy. Selecting the branch called the Rangoon river, they sailed for many a long mile past extensive plains of rice ground, with thick and tenacious jungles, intersected by numerous creeks and smaller rivers. At length they entered the large and capacious harbour of Rangoon. There was a small dockyard; and yonder, on a swamp level, a vast assemblage of wooden or bamboo huts, dignified with the name of a town. It was Rangoon! the great commercial mart of "India beyond the Ganges;" the southern capital of Burmah; the spot selected by the Baptist missionaries for the *first* proclamation of the everlasting Gospel to its teeming multitudes. No doubt angels watched their landing with delight; and as they afterwards travelled over the vales and hills of that lovely country, joyously exclaimed, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet

of them that bring good tidings, that publish peace, that bring good tidings of good, that publish salvation," Isa. lii. 7.

But the missionaries did not find anything attractive in Rangoon itself. The houses were miserable and dirty hovels, intermingled with a few brick dwellings, occupied by Europeans. The wooden houses were raised on poles, and the space beneath was almost invariably a receptacle for dirt and stagnant water. Herds of meagre swine infested the streets by day, and became their disgusting scavengers; at night they were relieved by packs of hungry dogs, the howling and midnight quarrels of which effectually deprived the strangers of their sleep.

The two solitary servants of the living God felt their hearts drawn out after perishing souls sunk in the most debasing idolatry. They observed the multitudes who thronged the two avenues which led to the great Shoo-dâgon, one of the most magnificent idol temples in the empire.

The Lord directed the missionaries to a gentleman from America, who lent them a house worth £150 per annum, *free of charge!* Their Divine Master had given them favour in the eyes of the people. They soon became acquainted with a worshipper of Gaudama, named Gowng-meng, who was a counsellor and a linguist. From him they began to learn the Burmese language, and it was not long before they were enabled to communicate at least some truth in the native tongue.

After a while circumstances led Mr. Marden back to India, and Mr. Felix Carey, son of Dr. Carey, joined the Burmese mission in his stead.

Mr. Chater and Mr. Felix Carey at first taught English to Burmese children; but as soon as they had obtained a competent knowledge of the language they employed it in the pursuit of direct missionary work.

It was the privilege of Mr. Chater to be *the first* to commence the translation of the Scriptures into Burmese. The desire of the people to read the Book of God soon became manifest. As a precursor to it, he prepared and published a pamphlet consisting chiefly of quotations from the blessed Book.

Whilst Mr. Chater was translating the

Gospel of St. Matthew, Mr. Felix Carey was going on with the translation of St. Mark. He also prepared a Burmese dictionary. Whilst thus engaged they seized every opportunity for making known Christ and his great salvation; and there followed pleasing indications of the spread of truth.

In 1809 the whole of Rangoon, except a few huts and the houses of the two principal governors, was consumed by fire. Nearly all the merchants and tradesmen were ruined. The missionaries escaped the conflagration, having been led to build a mission house in the suburbs. Though this house was exposed to the attacks of wild beasts and robbers, as well as to the stench of the city offal, and the burning bodies of the dead (the places of deposit for both being near it), yet it was large, was surrounded with fruit trees, and was more agreeable than the filthy streets of Rangoon. The town itself was soon rebuilt.

The following year Mr. Felix Carey had obtained such an influence with the viceroy, that he actually succeeded in rescuing a poor fellow who was condemned to die by crucifixion. The man was taken down from the cross, after having been suspended there for above six hours. But alas! alas! the rescued sufferer returned to his habits of robbery. O how ineffectual are the most terrible severities of the law to reclaim the sinner!

"Law and terrors do but harden  
All the while they work alone;  
But a sense of blood-bought pardon,  
This can melt a heart of stone."

The viceroy, however, did not consent to save the life of the crucified one, until Mr. Carey had promised to accompany him to Ava. This circumstance led to the introduction of the Gospel into the heart of the empire.

Mr. Felix Carey was employed to translate the correspondence between the English and Burmese governments. An official position was given him, and when his father, Dr. Carey, heard it he wrote home to England and said, "My son is shrivelled from a missionary into an ambassador."

But the devoted Felix Carey did not forget his main object. He continued to preach the Gospel and to translate the

Scriptures. Then a trial came: Mr. Chater left Burmah for Ceylon, through the failure of his wife's health, and Felix Carey was left a solitary witness for God in Rangoon. But he did not confine his labours to that town alone. With three buffalo carts and baggage, he ascended the hills of Chittori and Martaban; was the first to preach the Gospel to the Karens; and the first to carry the Gospel northward to Pegu and Ava.

The viceroy having made known to the court his talents as a medical missionary, the Emperor invited Mr. Carey to proceed to the capital. Hundreds of miles up the majestic river Irrawaddy did he travel to the great northern metropolis—the golden Ava.

He was received at the court with extraordinary honour; the Emperor gave him a title of distinction, and granted him permission to set up a press in Ava for printing the Scriptures.

After such preliminary work had been going on for six years, and during the residence of Mr. Felix Carey in Ava, the beloved Adoniram Judson and his wife landed at Rangoon. They proceeded at once to the mission premises in the suburbs of the town.

Mr. Judson (afterwards Dr. Judson) has been spoken of as "the apostle of Burmah." Himself and wife were sent from America by a Pædobaptist society. But in studying the sacred Scriptures on their voyage they were convinced that the immersion of believers was the only baptism taught in the New Testament. On their arrival in India they were welcomed by Dr. Carey and other Baptist missionaries, who did not say a word to them on the subject of baptism until Mr. Judson and his wife requested baptism at their hands. On Sept. 6, 1812, they were baptized in Calcutta, and in consequence of this act were thrown upon the Lord for supplies. It was then proposed that they should labour as Baptist missionaries in India, but the jealousy of the Government drove them first to Mauritius, and then to Madras, and from thence they gladly escaped by a vessel to Rangoon in Burmah; where, after a voyage of much peril, they arrived, as we have intimated, in June, 1823. The Serampore Baptist missionaries had engaged to support them, and did so for

some time. In 1817 the newly-formed American Baptist Missionary Society undertook the pecuniary responsibility of the Burmese mission, so that it was the privilege of our own English Baptist Missionary Society to carry on the work in Burmah for the first ten years. And even after that it was our privilege to supply the printing press free of charge, and, under the superintendence of Mr. W. H. Pearce, to prepare the fonts of type for printing the first Burmese Bible. The original font of Burmese types, under the care of Mr. Felix Carey, had been lost through the upsetting of a boat on the Irrawaddy river. The original parts of the Burmese Scriptures, notwithstanding the acknowledged imperfections of a first translation, were used of the Holy Spirit as a means of leading many precious souls to Christ.

It was cause for thankfulness that five years after our brethren Chater, Marden, and Felix Carey had begun to translate the sacred Scriptures into Burmese, Dr. Judson, in 1815, began his work of translation, and having obtained a thorough mastery of the language, was enabled to complete and publish the Blessed Book. So, O Lord, send forth thy light and thy truth.

J. R. P.

## THE GOLIATH REFORMER.

A STUDY FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.\*

BY EDWARD LEACH,

Author of "Rev. James Hervey, the Model Minister and Christian," &c.

### CHAPTER I.—THICK DARKNESS.

THESE are fitting occasions when the Church of Christ should be aroused by a recital of some of the noble exploits of its bygone worthies. All public bodies are apt to grow lax in their exertions; and there are times when the spouse of Christ is tempted to chill in her affections, instead of burning with heroic zeal, times when she crieth to her enemies, "Peace, peace," though her shout should be "War," and her battle-cry, "Thus saith the Lord." There is no small amount of cowardice in authors' apo-

\* It may be well to state that these papers will be founded on a lecture which the author gave in Northampton, on the 10th of December, 1861.



logies, and more fawning: therefore we make none for introducing *the Goliath Reformer* before the reader. Our reasons are manifold why we desire to repeat the oft-told story, and we hope that a few pictures presented from the life of this great man may bestir our readers to fight manfully for the same faith, in order that heroism may take the place of indolence; that the Church of Christ of the present generation may see the necessity of increased exertions to extend the kingdom of its great Head; and, lastly, that we may exhort each other *not to lead a purposeless life*; but be ourselves worthy of the age in which we live, and honour our Master who hath redeemed us.

The life of our hero—Martin Luther—should be read by every Christian who desires to be acquainted with the way in which *that* mighty revolution was effected, whereby the light of the Gospel was dispersed, civil and religious liberty placed upon a sure and certain footing, a whole torrent of ignorance rolled back, and the independence of man's conscience for ever allowed and maintained as an indubitable right. What we now owe to the immortal heroism, and undaunted, unflinching, manly honesty of Martin Luther, tongue cannot describe, nor pen portray. He, by God's grace, accomplished more than ever a Cæsar or world-conquering Alexander could have done. And shall the man who, having disagreed and fought with every one, sat down to cry because he had no more to pick a quarrel with—no more thousands to drive the sword against—shall he receive unsubdued plaudits; while the man who, having unravelled the tangled skein of heresy, stirred up emperors, fought with learned disputants, made the mighty kingdom of Antichrist totter within itself, and set the world on fire with his heated arguments, close thinking, and daring, startling exposures—shall his memory be considered the less worthy of our highest admiration, or his actions undeserving attentive and loving consideration? Nay, English, Christian blood can never do it; for whom the Master honoureth, so honoureth also the Master's Church. We love the mighty man of yore, who so fearlessly *said* great things for Christ. And when we see the languid indifference of professing

churches, we only wish such men were now living. God grant that Puritanic zeal, in all its holy earnestness, and untinctured with any of the exclusive spirit of bigotry, may yet again appear in the vineyard of the Lord!

Before we enter into the circumstances of the life of Martin Luther—for properly to understand any man's life we must remember its surroundings—let us take a cursory—and but a cursory—survey of Europe before this Knight of Protestantism arose from comparative obscurity to revolutionize and startle the almost settled despotism of Roman Catholicism. This is perfectly necessary; for who could properly estimate the front view of a landscape without noticing the far-off forest, or hills, or tracts of land? And the times which preceded the birth of his natural body and his spiritual heroism, are intimately connected with, not only the man, but his gigantic mission.

Our readers, of course, already know that *that* pattern of all believers—the Apostle Paul—visited and preached the salvation of Christ in Rome, which was then the first city in the world. A church was established, and, for some little time, the Truth, in all its integral purity and beauty, was proclaimed; but it soon, little by little, lost its brightness, until it grew dim and at last floundered in apostacy. Ambitious men, too, were coveting bishops' sleeves, and on the assumption of this insignia of ministerial capacity, or *incapacity*, they arrogantly usurped an authority which never belonged to them, and very soon their pastors were transformed to rulers, and from rulers they easily turned tyrants, and held *their* word of command supreme and infallible. Then came the institution of that horrible order of "Christ's Representatives," "the Vicars of Christ," "Popes," and with these soon followed in their train, free-will, dead faith, dead works, the fearful blasphemy of salvation being deputed to priests, penances, indulgences, relics, and other like abominable superstitions which have ever characterised Roman Catholicism. The religion of man always taught free-will in its most objectionable phases; the religion of Christ ever teaches free-grace in its loveliest and most

attractive forms. Herein is the keystone: the Church of Rome in its degenerated constitution was *human*, and its teachings were human also. Then, as we all know, popes, not satisfied with ruling people, began to sway the sceptre of authority and despotism over kings and emperors, and, by some strange infatuating superstition, they readily bent under the proffered yoke.

Before the dawn of the Reformation, the state of "religion" was truly awful. Christ was exhibited to the people as a stern and inflexible despot, holding the sword over all who bowed not to their allegiance. Relics, of the most absurd character, were offered for sale in the public streets or in the temple, and hawkers travelled through towns and villages offering for sale these darling toys. At one place it is said that the breath of St. Joseph, as caught by Nicodemus in his glove, was exhibited to the ignorant devotees of superstition; but how the breath could have been seen is an unexplained mystery! Perhaps no one would pay a sufficient price to gratify their curiosity and satisfy the greediness of the priests. But, be this as it may, the ignorance of the people had attained such an alarming magnitude that it was no hard task to deceive them. The Church persisted in enjoining celibacy upon their priests, and all Europe was swarmed with illegitimate children and indiscreet women. Erasmus, himself a Romanist, declared that a German bishop asserted that, in a single

year, eleven thousand priests had paid to him a tax for their shameless adulteries. In the same keeping was the instruction communicated from the pulpit. The New Testament was regarded as a book full of snakes and thorns, and it was a *pretty* boast of theirs that they could not read it! "It would be all over with religion," said they, "if leave were given to study Greek and Hebrew." We have met with counter-parts of such men in our day—men who, in their grovelling pride, boasted of their love of ignorance and fear of learning—who maintained that when ignorance was bliss—and bliss indeed it must have been with *them*—"twas folly to be wise." Others thought the Scriptures were too outspoken, and wanted the classic and polished style of Virgil and Horace. A stupid cardinal called the Holy Ghost "the breath of the celestial zephyr;" and to remit sins was to "bend the manes and the sovereign gods." But, last, and infinitely worse than all, the Pope, and the universal Church—which was not a Church—sanctioned, in glowing blasphemy and direct approval, the practice of indulgence-mongers, who daily deceived men's souls. Surely such a state of things required some great man to come forward, and, in the fear of God, earnestly pronounce all the maledictions which the Bible thunders against such devilisms.

GOD'S TIME HAD NOW ARRIVED.

London.

## Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," etc.

### THE TWO NEW YEARS' DAYS.

"A HAPPY new year to you, father."

Mr. Ripon took his little daughter in his arms and kissed her.

"And may you have a happy new year too, my child. God bless you, my little Anne!"

The child clung to her father in joy. It was not often he caressed her, not often that—at least in the day time—he stayed to say a few loving words to her. Yet he was

by no means unkind or unloving. On the contrary, he was an affectionate parent, desirous, above all things, that his children should be happy. But he was always so busy, there never was any time for him to spare. From early morning till late night, he toiled, and struggled, and planned; and the cares, and anxieties, and hard work attendant upon his business were very apt to make him irritable. Things often went

wrong, as they will do, and then his mind and manner became ruffled, and his children knew better than to get in his way at such times. He was getting prematurely old—this anxious, persevering man. His form was slight, his face pale, and his brow had already many wrinkles. For, indeed, there is nothing which so wears out our life as an over-weening and intense anxiety with regard to temporal things.

While he was yet holding his child his wife entered the room. She, too, looked careworn, but she greeted her husband with a cheerful word. And then the other children came in, and they sat down to their New Year's-day's breakfast. It was one of the pleasantest days in their lives, for, in the morning, they were to go for a walk, and in the afternoon, father would not stay in the shop, but they were to have some oake for tea, and then he would show them the pictures in the large Bible. And as they had planned, so did the day pass, and a very happy one it proved to be, so happy that, often afterward, it was recalled and talked over with great pleasure. In the evening, when the little ones, overtired with the fun and enjoyment, were sweetly sleeping side by side in their little beds, Mr. and Mrs. Ripon spent two hours in retrospection and anticipation.

"So you see, Mary dear, we have saved between fifty and sixty pounds in last year. It is slow work after all."

"Not very, I think. Men who have grown rich have often not been able to do so much in one year. It is more than we saved the year before last. We have much reason to be thankful for such success; you see you have had 'very few losses.'"

"That's true. We must expect more failures this year, and that will throw us all back again."

"Now, John, I will not have you so persistently look at the dark side, on this day at least. You know there is every prospect of our having a still better year than last. Let us hope for the best, and if losses do come, never fear but we shall be able to surmount them."

"Well," said Mr. Ripon, "certainly we have a good prospect—those purchases I made last week were bargains. I expect the sales will bring in double the outlay. Then

the town is steadily increasing, especially round here; and judging from past experiences I need not fear but that a considerable amount of custom will come to me."

They were thoughtful for a little while, and then Mr. Ripon said—

"If we can anyhow manage this year to save eighty pounds, I shall buy that row of cottages which Jones spoke to me about."

"Are you sure it will be a profitable investment?"

"Quite certain."

"Then I think it may be done. We shall want to spend but very little in dress. I will see that the housekeeping expenses are not increased, and if trade is good I do not think we need fear—even for so large an amount. The only thing," and the wife's tone grew a little sadder—"the only thing which makes me anxious is your health. I'm afraid such close work for so many hours will tell upon your constitution."

"Not a bit. 'Better wear out than rust out.' Besides, you know I'm very strong. And we must 'make hay while the sun shines;' in a few years the boys will want starting, and I should like Anne to go next year to one of the best finishing schools we can find. It does not matter so much about those boys—it will do them good to have to push their ways as we have done; but I feel as if I could not let Anne be unprovided for. So, Polly dear, we will see what we can do before next New Year's-day."

Mr. and Mrs. Ripon were members of a Christian Church, and yet in all their plans they said not a word about doing anything for the cause of God. "How much we can put by for our children," was their constant theme. "How much can we put by for Jesus?" was a question altogether forgotten. They went to chapel on Sundays, they regularly paid their pew-rent, and generally put sixpence in the plate when there was a collection. But as for ever going to a week-night service—or spending an hour in telling others of the way of salvation—that was out of the question. They would have been glad enough, only they were so busy, they really hadn't time.

During that year of which we are writing, they carried out their resolutions. The children were sent away to school, they

themselves strove heartily and constantly to gain the end they so much desired. Not a penny was spent more than was necessary, not an hour of leisure ever taken. As to a holiday, *that was for next New Year's-day.*

And gradually, and very surely, their earthly interests prospered. They deserved to succeed—they strove so perseveringly. Their conduct was very praiseworthy—only the motive was not high enough. They should have resolved to give a part of their increase to God—they might have exulted in the thought that the more riches they acquired the greater would be their means of usefulness.

Alas! the good seed was well nigh choked by the cares of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches. The rust of earthliness was thick upon the hearts that should have been brilliant with grace and Gospel light.

Towards the close of the year, however, there fell upon them the greatest trial of their lives.

Mr. Ripon was taken ill. He had been ailing a long time, but the strong heart within him refused to be cowed. At last, however, he was compelled to leave business, and submit to medical treatment. Before the doctor had seen him many times he pronounced his case to be well-nigh hopeless, and the man who had been working so hard for this world's good was called upon to look *death* in the face.

The prospect was unutterably appalling. He was *afraid* to die. He saw there in that fearful hour, with the light of eternity flashed upon it, what a wasted life his had been, with regard to its best interests. He knew it would not do to go before the Judge with nothing better to plead than that he had been an honest man in the world's estimation, he had paid his way and risen in life. Now, he would have given worlds to be able to say, "I have lived to purpose. Religion has been upheld by my example. I have served the Saviour every day of my humble life." Instead of this, he saw a blank life—a host of days eaten up in the constant desire to get rich. He

saw, for each of those days, a bare ten minutes, snatched at its close, when he was too tired to do anything else, for a mockery of devotion. He saw a long list of Sabbaths on which he had listlessly entered the House of God, alternately giving a confused attention to the words of the minister, and a far clearer thought to the morrow and its profits. He heard, ringing in his ears,—

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me."

"Mary," said he to his weeping wife, "send for the children; let me see them once before I die."

They came, and—but it is useless trying to depict that scene.

"I will ask God not to let you die, dearest father," sobbed Anne; and every minute that she could, she gave to childish, but none the less earnest, petitions.

God heard the agonized prayers that were offered. Mr. Ripon recovered. But before he was able to attend to business, the darling of his heart, his only daughter, was seized with that terrible disease, diphtheria.

"Will God take me instead of you, father? I'm not afraid. Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' Give me to Jesus, father."

When she could not smile she tried to smile, and to wipe the tears off the faces of her parents.

Mr. Ripon felt as if he could not give her up—his gentle, beautiful child—for whom he had toiled so much, whom he had loved so dearly. But the good Shepherd waited not for his consent, nor that of the mother, whose heart was well-nigh broken. He tenderly bore her away in his kind arms to the green pastures.

It was again New Year's-eve, when they laid little Anne in the grave; nay, when they deposited there the casket which had held God's beautiful gift. But how that day, and the next, the other New Year's-day, about which we have to write, passed with the mourning and bereaved family, we must record in our next.

## Reviews.

*The Church and the Nation in 1862.* The Opening Address at the Autumnal Assembly of the Congregational Union. By SAMUEL MARTIN, Chairman for the year. London: Jackson, Walford, and Co., 18, St. Paul's-churchyard.

WHEN we say that this address is worthy of the wide and well-earned fame of the pious author, worthy of the great themes it so admirably touches, and worthy of the really august assembly before whom it was delivered, we need add no more to induce all right-hearted Nonconformists both to read and circulate it.

*The Church of England as I Saw it on Sunday.* August 17, 1862. By Rev. R. W. BERRA, of Hanover Chapel, Peckham.

*The Searcher Searched; or, the Rev. H. Carpenter, M.A., Minister of St. Michael's, Liverpool, Confronted with the Truth.* By Rev. E. MELLOR, M.A., of St. George's-street Chapel, Liverpool. London: Jackson, Walford, and Co.

THE first of these pamphlets is full of racy truths, presented in a form full of interest, taking in a long conversation on the Bicentenary, Liberation Society, &c. The other is a searching search of a Liverpool clergyman, who was more dogmatical than correct, and who evidently possesses much of the spirit that existed in the ejectors of 1662.

Both these pamphlets are worthy of careful perusal, and ought to have an abiding place in our literature when the present hubbub of the Bicentenary has passed away. As both these first-rate pamphlets are published at threepence each—one 24 pages, 8vo, the other 32 pages, and handsomely got up—they ought to have an enormous circulation.

*Introduction to the Art of Reading.* By Mr. J. G. GRAHAM. Longman & Co. Price 2s. 6d.

A BOOK which is worth reading is certainly worth reading well, and it will be admitted that this is especially true of God's book. Let therefore all public speakers and Sabbath-school teachers, who believe that good reading is an art to be acquired by thought and labour, get Mr. Graham's book and study it, and it will certainly assist them to read with propriety, and perhaps save them from that tameness and monotony which so sadly spoil the public reading of many.

*Reformation and Puritan Theology.* With Introductory Remarks on the Teachings of Brothrenism. By JOHN COX, Author of "Our Great High Priest," &c. London: J. Nisbet and Co.

IN these sixty-eight pages will be found the very essence of Puritan teaching on those great and essential truths which form the basis of the evangelical system. We cannot conceive, there-

fore, of a better antidote to all the puerile fancies and dogmas of "Brothrenism" than is thus supplied. Mr. Cox's introductory remarks are full of vigour, and cannot fail to do good.

*Bunyan Library.* Vol. V. The Acts of the Apostles: an Exposition on the Basis of Professor Hackett's Commentary on the Original Text. Vol. II. By the Rev. SAML. GREEN, B.A. London: J. Heaton and Son, 21, Warwick-lane.

WE are glad to see this admirable commentary on the Acts completed. In addition to its intrinsic worth—and we know of no one work on the Acts superior to it—its cheapness, typography, admirable table of contents, with the full and complete index, all render it invaluable alike to the private Christian, Sunday-school teacher, and Biblical student. Both the proprietors of the "Bunyan Library" and Mr. Green have placed the whole Christian Church under obligation by the publication of this thoroughly excellent Commentary. We trust its circulation will be immense.

*Religious Training for the People; or, How to be Happy in Both Worlds.* By AN OLD INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS. London: Werheim and Co., 24, Paternoster-row.

AN admirable little volume on things physical, mental, moral, social, and religious, containing as much useful matter as would fill a good octavo volume. It ought to have a place on every family book-shelf in the kingdom.

*The Marriage Gift-book and Bridal Token.* By JABEZ BURNS, D.D., Author of "Pulpit Cyclopædia," &c. London: Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster-row.

THIS elegant volume is intended to supply a vacancy in our literature, which, we think, has existed, notwithstanding the numberless books ever issuing from the press. It is full of pieces, poetical and in prose, bearing on love, courtship, marriage, conjugal duties, domestic happiness. Here there are chapters on marriage rites, a portrait gallery of excellent wives, and, in one word, a Cyclopædia of the beautiful and good for those who are just entering on wedded life. Handsomely printed, tastefully bound and gilt, and fit for any drawing-room in the kingdom.

*The Dictionary of Every-day Difficulties; or, Hard Words made Easy.* By EDW. SHELTON. London: Ward and Lock, 153, Fleet-street.

IT is impossible to over-estimate this invaluable work. It really supplies the information which even well-educated persons often feel they need. Ordinary dictionaries don't at all meet the exigencies often felt. We are constantly importing and anglicizing foreign words; we have also

schools of technical terms that only are clearly understood by learned persons, besides all the difficulty of right pronunciation. This work, therefore, should have a place on every tradesman's desk, in every merchant's counting-house, and on every young man's library table. Authors, editors, professional gentlemen of all classes, from the speaker in the House of Commons to the auctioneer's clerk, may make good use of "The Dictionary of Every-day Difficulties."

*The Model Church.* By Rev. L. B. BROWN, Herwick-on-Tweed. London: W. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street.

WE are not surprised that the adjudicators of Bicentenary Prize Essays should have recommended the publication of this excellent treatise. In a pamphlet of ninety pages the writer has compressed an admirable and telling sketch of the Model Church. The style is both lucid and vigorous, and the reasoning cogent and conclusive. We know of nothing better as a Scriptural view of the early Church of Christ, or of the true polity of New Testament principles. It deserves to be widely circulated, and it cannot fail to be useful. We would especially commend it to the careful reading of pious young people, and particularly to those who are engaged as teachers in our Sabbath-schools.

*Conscience for Christ; or, August the 24th.* A Lecture by the Rev. WM. ROAF, Wigan. Published by request. London: Wm. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street.

MR. ROAF is favourably known by his admirable "Sunday-school Question Book and Bible Manual," &c. And in this sixpenny pamphlet, of forty-five octavo pages, with twelve pictorial wood illustrations, he has given to the Church and the world a clear and succinct view of ecclesiastical events, down from the times of Henry VIII. to the ejection of the Two Thousand on Black Bartholomew's-day. He has also added thereto sundry wise and pious reflections, so as to make his lecture thoroughly instructive and useful. We should rejoice to hear that it has obtained a large circulation among all classes of Nonconformists; and especially should it be in the hands of all the young of our churches and Sunday-schools. Let parents and the officers of our churches not neglect this invaluable and marvellously cheap production.

*Near the Cross.* By Rev. J. H. HITCHENS. London: Jno. Snow.

AN evangelical gem.

*Household Names, and How they Became So.* By the Author of "Household Proverbs," &c. London: John F. Shaw and Co.

A PACKET of well-written and well-printed sketches of illustrious men, whose names are "household"—Geo. Stephenson, Robt. Stephenson, Martin Luther, John F. Oberlin, Jno.

Howard, and Bernard Palissy—and all for sixpence. Surely this is both cheap and useful literature!

*Loving Words Plainly Spoken to Poor Women.* By Mrs. ADDISON. London: J. F. Shaw and Co.

HERE we have the ethical instead of the biographical. This packet, for sixpence, has eight addresses to poor women on Reading the Bible, Chastity, Gossip, Dress, Contentment, Home Comfort, Influence, and Death and Eternity. Just the kind of reading wanted for the multitude of our women, young and married. They are written in a clear style and in a loving spirit. Printed on good paper, and with large type. They ought to sell by hundreds of thousands, and we trust they will do so.

*Onward and Upward.* Temperance Poetry, Melodies, &c. By REUBEN CHANDLER, a Working-man. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

OUR author is an enthusiastical adherent of the Temperance cause, and is anxious that teetotalers should be merry as well as sober. His mind evidently abounds in good thoughts, and his rhyming powers put them into telling and pleasing melodies, recitations, &c. We are glad to perceive that the writer is a worthy member of one of our provincial churches, and is prompted in his labours by thorough Christian principle. We hope his excellent and cheap book will meet with great success.

*A Glance at the Universe.* By NICHOLAS ODGERS. London: H. J. Tresidder.

AN intelligent and plainly-written work, well adapted to instruct young people of limited reading. The subjects are Space, Duration, God, Angels, Devils, Man, the Earth, Stars, Law, &c. We are glad to see that it has attained a circulation to the second thousand, and hope it will be generally useful.

*What Saith the Scripture on Baptism?* London: W. Yapp, 70, Welbeck-street, W.

AN effective demolition of infant sprinkling, by one who looks at the subject from the standpoint of Church-of-Englandism, and who has been led to see the anti-Scriptural character of all baptisms so called, except that of believers, by immersion. Well reasoned out, good style, free from bitterness, and printed in a handsome and readable manner. It must do good service wherever it is circulated.

*Running a Thousand Miles for Freedom; or, the Escape of W. and E. Craft from slavery.* London: Ward and Co.

THIS popular and most interesting narrative is so well known that it is only necessary to say that it presents a good treat to all who are concerned for the welfare of the coloured race.

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THREE capital penny books for the young, but adapted to be a blessing to every class of readers.

*The Christian's Mission.* The Baptist Oxfordshire Association Letter for 1862.

AN excellent production.

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OLD, and therefore full of experience and wisdom; but in every other sense young, vigorous, lively, graphic, and adapted to honour the Master and upraise our degraded humanity. This number seems in every respect unusually excellent.

*Glasgow Book and Tract Repository.* Tracts No. 1, II., and III.—*Life for the Dead; Sins Forgiven and Forgotten; Fear Ye Not.*

PLAIN, forcible, and evangelical.

## Poetry.

### "HITHERTO THE LORD HATH HELPED US."

Pilgrims in a world of danger, we would raise our grateful song  
That thus far on life's rough journey safely we have passed along.  
Though surrounded with temptation, and beset with many an ill,  
"Hitherto the Lord has helped us," and his mercy guards us still.

Wearied oft we are and saddened by the cares that throng our path,  
Friends are gone in whom we trusted—vacant seats are round our hearth;  
But though change and disappointment leave their impress on our brow,  
"Hitherto the Lord has helped us," and he will not fail us now.

Day by day we have to wrestle with unseen but mighty foes,  
And we sometimes grow disheartened as our progress they oppose;  
Faint we are, but yet pursuing—and we will not yield to fear;  
"Hitherto the Lord has helped us," and his aid is ever near.

We are working for our Master, striving in his strength to win  
Hearts for him that long have wandered in the dreary maze of sin.  
Some have listened to our pleading, and have sought the Saviour's face;  
"Hitherto the Lord has helped us," and exhaustless is his grace.

Varied duties cluster round us which our patient skill require—  
We must bear our cross with meekness, and repress each wrong desire;  
We must keep our burnished armour free from rust that would bedim—  
"Hitherto the Lord has helped us," and we simply look to him.

"Hitherto the Lord has helped us"—this will be our gladsome cry  
When the day of life is over, and soft twilight veils the sky.

And when crossing over Jordan, we shall sing as time glides past,  
"Hitherto the Lord has helped us," and is faithful to the last!

ANNA.

### A TEXT FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"For this God is our God for ever and ever;  
he will be our guide even unto death."—Psalm  
xviii. 14.

This year is fading day by day—  
Soon 'twill be gone, and that for aye;  
Say, is not this a glorious text  
With which to enter on the next?  
"This God—" the meaning, O! how wide—  
His people's God—his people's Guide.

Their God before the worlds were made,  
For then salvation's plan was laid;

To save the Church the Sacred Three  
Agreed from all eternity;  
In Christ then chosen, seen, and loved,  
From Christ his saints can ne'er be moved.

Their God who left his throne on high,  
For them on earth to live and die;  
Who rose to reign and plead above,  
Supreme in power and rich in love;  
Yet dwells in each believer too,  
Working in them to will and do.

Their God for ever—truth most blest  
To sinners who in Jesus rest;

Though foes may rage and faith be dim,  
Nothing can sever them from him;  
For ever they with him shall reign—  
For ever freed from sin and pain.

Their Guide—whose strong yet gentle hand  
Shall lead them to the better land:  
Their Guide to cheer, uphold, and bless,  
To sympathize in all distress,  
For he—sweet thought—their nature wore,  
And trod life's rugged path of yore.

Their Guide to death: when near the tomb,  
His voice is heard amidst the gloom—  
"Fear not: beyond these shades of night  
The golden city shineth bright;  
A few more steps, and thou shalt be  
At rest eternally with me."

That we may greet the opening year  
With gladsome hearts, devoid of fear,  
Lord, give to us thy grace, we pray,  
Enabling each in faith to say—  
"Thou art my God for evermore;  
Thou art my guide till life is o'er."

THEODORA.

#### PASSING AWAY!

Thou art passing away  
From thine earthly abode,  
From the house of thy flesh  
To the home of thy God;

To the place where the souls  
Of the just ever reign,  
In freedom from sorrow,  
Pollution, and pain.

Thou art passing away  
From the scene of thy care,  
From the briar-strewn path,  
And the wicked one's snares;  
To the mansions of love,  
Where the cherubim sing,  
In thrice-holy strains,  
To Jesus their King.

Thou art passing away  
From the world's busy race,  
From long-cherished friendships  
And love's warm embrace;  
From ties which have bound thee  
Since childhood's young day,  
From earth's fleeting pleasures,  
Thou art passing away.

Then let not thine heart  
Seek here for its rest;  
Thou art passing away  
To the land of the blest,  
And soon shalt thou roam  
O'er its glorious shore,  
With the spirits of those  
That have passed on before.

Norton, June 12th, 1862.

W. R. S.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

**SHARNBROOK, BRDA.**—The Rev. T. Corby resigned the pastoral office at the above place at the close of the year.

**GARWAY.**—The Rev. Joseph Bearn, late of Tenbury, has accepted a call to the Baptist church at Garway.

**FARNINGDON.**—The minister of this chapel (the Rev. T. M. Ind) has sent in his resignation, and purposes giving up his charge early in the year.

**MILFORD HAVEN.**—The Rev. H. Owen, late of Crewkerne, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church at the above place, and has commenced his labours.

**MERTHYR TYDFIL.**—On Sunday evening, Nov. 30, the Rev. G. W. Humphreys, B.A., pastor of the first English Baptist Church, preached his farewell sermon, on leaving to enter upon a new sphere of labour, at Wellington, Somerset.

**ASHBY-DE LA-ZOUCH, LEICESTERSHIRE.**—The Rev. Charles Clarke, B.A., of Huntingdon, has accepted a very cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church at

the above place, and commenced his labours there on the first Lord's-day in December.

### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**MORRISTON, SWANSEA.**—The recognition of the Rev. R. Richards as pastor of the church in Zion Chapel, Morriston, recently took place, when sermons were preached by the following rev. gentlemen:—R. A. Jones, of Swansea; Titus Jones, of Neath; Evans, of Neath; Williams, of Cardiff; T. A. James, of Glynneath; D. Davies, of Landore; D. Davies, of Gloydach; T. Edwards, of Ystalyfera; C. Williams, of Ystalyfera.

**PALACE GARDENS, BAYSWATER.**—This chapel, which has been open some five or six months, is a large, commodious, and handsome building, affording accommodation for 1,100 people. It was erected at a cost of £4,600, by Robert Offord, Esq., of St. Peter's-terrace, Kensington-park, and the pastor of the church (which is Baptist, admitting all Christians to membership simply on the ground of their conversion to God, without making baptism an essential) is the Rev. John Offord, an able minister, for many years known in the south-west of



England. On Thursday evening, Dec. 11, was held the recognition service of the pastor and church by other Christian ministers and friends, Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P., in the chair; on either side were the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, M.A., the Revs. F. Tucker, B.A., J. Stoughton, W. Roberts, Dr. King, Mr. Vines, and S. Bird. Several addresses were delivered, and the proceedings were of a most interesting character.

**HISTON, CAMBS.**—A very interesting service was held in the Baptist chapel, on Tuesday, Dec. 2nd, to recognize Rev. G. Sear, as pastor of the Church. Rev. R. Blinkhorn, of Willingham, opened the service in the afternoon, by reading and prayer. Rev. T. A. Williams, of Haddenham, asked the usual questions. Mr. S. Chivers, one of the deacons, replied on behalf of the church. Mr. Sear gave an interesting account of his conversion and call to the ministry, and a confession of his faith. Rev. J. Wooster, of Landbeach, offered the recognition prayer; and the Rev. J. T. Wigner, of Lynn, delivered a most earnest and affectionate charge to the minister, from 2 Tim. ii. 15. In the evening the chair was occupied by George Livett, Esq., of Cambridge. The Revs. T. A. Williams, J. Wisbey (the late pastor), R. Blinkhorn, T. Wooster, and J. Smith, addressed the church and congregation on correlative duties, and the Rev. J. T. Wigner on the principles of Nonconformity, and the constitution of a Christian Church.

#### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**GLASGOW.**—On Wednesday, Nov. 13, the lady members of the North Frederick-street Baptist Church presented their new pastor, Rev. T. W. Medhurst, with a handsome Pulpit Bible (Baxter's edition), together with hymn and psalm books, as a mark of their Christian esteem.

#### LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

**NORTHAMPTON.**—The foundation-stone of the new chapel in College-lane was laid on Tuesday, Dec. 9th, by the pastor, Rev. J. T. Brown, after which a tea and public meeting was held in the evening. Appropriate addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. T. Brown, T. T. Gough, and other ministers. Upwards of £4,000 have already been subscribed towards the erection of the chapel. Its total cost is not to exceed £5,000. [We regret that want of room prevents us giving, as we should like to have done, a more extended account of this very interesting service.—ED.]

#### OPENING SERVICES.

**CRADLEY-HEATH, SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE.**—The Baptist chapel being closed for the purpose of painting, repairing, and improving was re-opened on Lord's-day, Dec. 7, when Mr. Francis Bruce, of Edinburgh, preached morning and evening, and Mr. D. Jeavons, of Cradley, in the afternoon. The services were well attended.

Collections were made after each service.—The following day a public tea-meeting was held in the school-room; after which a public meeting in the chapel; Mr. Alfred Billingham, of Walsall, presided. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. F. Bruce, D. Jeavons, J. Billingham, and B. Fellows. For some years past the place has been much neglected, but we trust is now about to see better days.

**BLOXHAM, OXON.**—The opening services of the new Baptist Chapel in the above place were held on Tuesday, Nov. 18th, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Bloomfield, of London. The Rev. W. H. Cornish, of Hook Norton; T. Eden, of Chadlington (the pastor's father); and W. Robertson (Independent), of Banbury, took part in the services. About 160 persons sat down to tea in the old chapel, which has been sold. The entire cost of the new one is nearly £800, towards which upwards of £360 (including the sale of the old place) has been obtained. The friends, who are mostly poor, are making a great effort to discharge the debt, and any small sum the friends of the Redeemer may be pleased to forward them, would be gratefully acknowledged by the pastor, C. T. Eden.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**MBAARD'S-COURT, DEAN-STREET, SOHO.**—The eleventh anniversary of Rev. John Bloomfield's pastorate over the church at the above place will be holden (D.V.) on Tuesday, the 3rd of February. Tea at 5 o'clock. Several ministers are engaged to be present and address the meeting. Christian friends will meet with a hearty welcome.

**SHOULDHAM-STREET.**—The anniversary of the British Day and Sunday-schools will be held on January 11th; the Rev. W. A. Blake will preach in the morning, Rev. Dr. Burns in the afternoon, and Rev. Dr. August in the evening. On the following evening, Monday, the 12th, at 7 o'clock, the annual meeting will be held. Chairman, H. E. Gurney, Esq. Speakers, the Rev. J. Bloomfield, Dr. Burns, W. Stott, C. Marshall, of Cliford, Joseph Payne, Esq., and others. Tea at half-past 5.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**HOPE CHAPEL, CANTON.**—The anniversary of the above chapel was held on Dec. 9th, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. C. Short, M.A., of Swansea; and on Monday, the 10th, a tea-meeting was held in the school-room, after which the meeting was addressed by the Revs. J. Bailey, C. Short, Rees, Griffiths, N. Thomas, J. D. Williams, and others. The choir sang some excellent pieces, which terminated the meeting.

**BLANDFORD-STREET CHAPEL SABBATH-SCHOOL.**—The annual meeting of the teachers and friends of the above school was held on Nov. 15. The meeting, which was well attended,

was a highly interesting one. The chair was taken by the pastor, Mr. G. Wyard; and very able addresses were delivered by Messrs Johnson, Pella, Woollacott, Bloomfield, Habershon, Baker, Batey, and Weyland. In the course of the meeting several pieces of sacred music were sung.

**YARMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT.**—A new chapel is about to be erected here. The old building having become inadequate for the accommodation of the increased congregation, a suitable site has been obtained. A public meeting has been held, at which the following ministers officiated:—Revs. B. C. Moses (Lymington), and W. W. Martin (Yarmouth). The Rev. J. C. Green (of Wellow) concluded by prayer. Contributions will be gratefully received for this object by Rev. W. W. Martin, and also by the treasurer, Mr. J. Beggs (of Yarmouth), the respected deacon of the present chapel.

**ROMNEY-STREET, WESTMINSTER.**—About three months ago Mr. R. Bax was invited to supply the pulpit at the above place for four Sabbaths, which he did with great acceptance. A further call therefore was given and accepted for other four Sabbaths. The result being exceedingly encouraging, the church unanimously determined to give Mr. Bax a further call of twelve months, with a view to the pastorate. He has now entered upon his labours for that time; though amid many discouragements he is yet cheered by the many tokens of the power of the Holy Ghost accompanying the word preached. Will not the true disciples of Jesus offer up their prayers on behalf of this struggling cause of his?

#### BAPTISMS.

**BATH, Nov. 2, in the river Avon**—Eight, by Mr. J. Huntley.

**BROOKLAWN, Athlone, Ireland, June 1**—Three; July 6, Three; Nov. 2, Two, by Mr. T. Berry. [Why were these baptisms not reported earlier?—ED.]

**CARDIFF, Mount Steward-square, March 30**—Two; April 6, Two; 28, Three; June 29, Three; Aug. 31, Four; Sep. 23, Three; Oct. 26, Four, by Mr. G. Howe.

—, Tr-degarville Chapel, Nov. 9—Eleven; 30, Nine; Dec. 7, Five, by Mr. S. D. Tilly.

—, Salem Welsh Baptist, Spottedlands, Nov. 9—Two, by Mr. John Emlyn Jones.

—, Tabernacle, Welsh, Nov. 16—Two, by Mr. N. Thomas.

**CANTON, near Cardiff, Hope Chapel, English, Nov. 29**—Nine, by Mr. J. Bailey.

**CREWE, Cheshire, Nov. 30**—Nine, by Mr. E. Morgan. Five of the above are teachers, and one a scholar in our Sabbath-school.

**FRAMESDEN, Suffolk, Nov. 2**—One; Dec. 7, One, by Mr. G. Cobb.

**GILDEBSOMS, Yorkshire, Dec. 7**—Three, by Mr.

Haslam. They were all from the Sunday-school.

**GLASGOW, North Frederick-street, Nov. 30**—Six, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst (late of Coleraine, Ireland). Twenty were also received who had previously been baptized.

**GORTON, Lancashire, Dec. 7**—Three, by Mr. R. Stanion. One of the above a son of a deacon, the fourth in his family, who are now united with us in church-fellowship.

**GREENWICH, Bridge-street Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion, Sept. 28**—Two, for the church at Farnborough, by Mr. G. Webb.

**HACKLETON, May 4**—Seven; June 1, Five; July 6, Eight; Aug. 3, Nine; Sept. 7, Three; Nov. 2, Seven; Dec. 7, Two; in all Forty-one, by the pastor, Mr. S. Williams.

**HORSFORTH, Yorkshire, Nov. 2**—Five, by Mr. T. W. Handford, from Rawdon College. Three were from the Sabbath-school.

**LEDBURY, Oct. 3**—Two, and Three previously by Mr. J. J. Kiddle, pastor.

**LONDON, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Nov. 24**—Nine; Nov. 27, Sixteen; Dec. 1, Thirteen; Dec. 4, Twenty-one, by Mr. Spurgeon.

—, Dec. 1, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, kindly lent for the occasion—Four, by Mr. W. Barker. Mr. Barker's church and congregation meet for the present at Taylor's Depository, Elephant and Castle.

—, Veruon Chapel, Pentonville, Nov. 16—Nine, by Mr. S. Pearce; four of whom were from the Sunday-school. Brethren, pray for us.

—, Squirries-street Chapel, Bethnal-green-road, Sept. 7—One; Oct. 23, One; and ten brethren and sisters since last report by Mr. Flory, also four by Mr. Birch.

**LONG SUTTON**—baptisms during the year: Feb. 26, Two; April 30, Four; Aug. 31, Two; Oct. 23, One; Nov. 26, Two. Two of the friends baptized continue members with one of the Methodist societies in the town.

**LOOSLEY ROW, Bucks, Dec. 1, at the Baptist chapel, Speen, kindly lent for the occasion**—Two, by Mr. G. Hudgell. This is the first baptism in connection with this infant church lately formed at Loosley-row, under the care of Mr. Hudgell. The Lord has greatly blessed the efforts made. To him we ascribe the praise.

**NEATH, Tabernacle English Baptist Church, Dec. 14**—Three, by Mr. B. D. Thomas.

**OCOLD, Suffolk, Nov. 2**—Two; Dec. 7, Two, by Mr. F. Snaw.

**PENANCE, Clarence-street, Nov. 30**—Four, by Mr. Wiltshire. Fifteen have been added during the short period our pastor has been with us. [The report of baptisms referred to has not been received.—ED.]

**PRESTBEIGN, Radnorshire, Oct. 5**—Three; Dec. 4, Two, by Mr. W. H. Payne. One was an

aged sister, upwards of 75 years, and totally blind, formerly a Primitive Methodist. The other a scholar from the Sunday-school.

PRINCES RISBOROUGH, Oct. 31—Six, by a friend for the pastor, Mr. J. J. Owen.

SHOTLEY-BRIDGE, Nov. 30—Five; Dec. 14, Two; 16, One, by Mr. Whitehead.

THURLINGH, Beds, Nov. 30—Three, by Mr. W. K. Dexter. One was aged 73, and the other two were Sabbath scholars.

UPTON-ON-SEVERN, Dec. 4—Five, by Mr. J. R. Parker. A great work is going on at the above place. Our prayer meetings and other services are well-attended. Souls long under conviction are brought to decision of character.

WAINSGATE, York, Dec. 7—Two by Mr. Bamber. [Our correspondent informs us that Mr. Bamber has again resumed the pastorate.—ED.]

WHITTLESEA, Lord's-day, Nov. 2—Two, by Mr. D. Ashby.

YARMOUTH, Isle of Wight, Nov. 30—Two, by Mr. W. W. Martin.

#### THE DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

We much regret that want of space prevents the insertion of a letter lately received from the Rev. W. Hayward, of Wigan. Our brother needs some £80 a month, to continue in efficient operation his various means for the alleviation of the distress prevailing there. The Lord incline the hearts of his people liberally to aid in this labour of love.

The Rev. Richard Webb, pastor of the Church meeting in Pole-street Chapel, Preston, writes as follows:—"I beg most gratefully, through the medium of your excellent magazine, to acknowledge the munificent gift of £50, and a crate of clothing, from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, for the poor connected with my church and congregation."

#### DEATH OF THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

At the very moment that the friends of the Rev. James Smith were exerting themselves to mitigate the affliction that had befallen him, the Master has seen fit to call him home. We have not received any particulars of the closing scene, but learn that the painful illness which had been so long borne with Christian resignation terminated in a peaceful departure to that happy world where suffering is unknown on Monday, 15th December, at his residence, Seikirk-parade, Cheltenham.

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## THE WAY OF SALVATION.\*

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"Jesus said unto him, I am the way."—John xiv. 6.

It is coming on dark, and we are lost among the mountains. There is an awful precipice there, a quarter of a mile sharp down. There is a bog over yonder, and if a man once gets into it he will never get out again. There is a wood yonder, and if one should be lost in its tangled paths he will certainly not find his way out till the rising of the sun. What do we want just now? Why, we want some one who will tell us the way. Our friend the philosopher, with whom we talked half-an-hour ago, was very valuable to us then, and gave us a deal of information; but, as he does not happen to know the way, we would sooner have the poorest peasant-lad that feeds the sheep upon the hills for a companion than we would that man. The classic scholar who has been repeating to us some admirable lines from Horace, and delighting us with an admirable quotation from some Greek epic, did very well indeed for us while we could see our path and had hope of reaching our home by night-fall; but now the poorest lass with uncombed hair who can just point the way to the cottage where we may rest to-night will be of more value to us than he. What we want is to know the way. This is just the case, dear friends, of poor fallen humanity. The want of mankind is not the refined prelection of the learned nor the acute discussion of the polemic; we simply want some one, be it a lad or be it a lass, to show us the way, and the most precious person you and I have seen, or ever shall see, will be the person who shall be blessed and honoured of God to say to us, "Behold the way to God, to life, to salvation, and to heaven." I shall not need, then, to offer any apology for coming out to-night again to show the way. There are many here who are lost, and there are some upon whom the shades of night are falling. Their hair is grey, they pant as they walk, and rest upon their staff for the support of their tottering legs. I say their case is dangerous. When they cannot of themselves discover the pathway they will accept any voice, however hoarse, and hear it from any person, however rough he may be, if they may but discover what is the way out of their perplexity to eternal life. Travelling some time ago, the coachman, when it was getting nearly dark, informed us, very much to our delight, that he had never been on that road before, and one can hardly tell how pleased we were to see a sign-post. Now a sign-post is not a very interesting thing; there is nothing very poetical about it; it may be questionable whether it ornaments the road, as it sticks out an arm with only a word or two written on it; but toward night, when neither the driver nor you know the way, it is about the most pleasant thing you can greet. I shall stand here to-night as a simple sign-post. Prosy may be the words, but it shall be enough for you if they do but show you the way. Mr. Jay tells us that on one occasion, when riding on the mail-coach to Bath, he wanted to know a great many things of the coachman. He asked, "Whose seat is that? What squire owns that fine lawn? And what gentleman is the squire of yonder parish?" To all which questions the driver only answered, "I don't know; I don't know." At last Mr. Jay said to him, "Well, what do you know?" "Why," said he, "I know how to drive you to Bath." Well, now, to-night I pretend to no greater knowledge than this; I do know the way to heaven, and I do hope I shall be able to tell it to you so plainly and so simply that some here who are lost as in a wild forest may see the path and by grace be enabled to run in it. "Jesus said unto him, I am the way."

Let me try to bring out one or two points. First, *the exclusiveness of this sentence*, "I am the way;" as much as to say, "There is no other way;" indeed, in the next sentence it is added, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me;" and,

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then, *the personality of the sentence*, "I am the way; not so much my doings as myself." After which I shall attempt to enforce the counsel. Inasmuch as there is no limit put to it, I shall read it as though it said, "I am the way to you;" hoping that the Holy Spirit with his own Divine influences may find out some lost sinner here, and lead him to see that Jesus Christ is the way for him.

I. First of all, then, let us notice **THE EXCLUSIVENESS OF OUR TEXT**—"I am the way." Christ declareth that he, and he only, is the way to peace with God, to pardon, to righteousness, and to heaven. Falseness may tolerate falsehood, but truth never. Two lies can live in the same house and never quarrel, but truth cannot bear a lie even though it should be in the highest part of the attic. Truth has sworn war to the knife against falsehood, and hence it never knoweth what it is to admit that its contrary can shake hands with itself. The Hindoo meets the Mohammedan and he says, "No doubt you are sincere as well as we are, and you and we shall at last meet in the right place." They would salute the Christian too, and say the same to him, but it is a necessity, if our religion be true, that it denounce every other; and that it say unto those who know not Christ, "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid;" ay, it goeth still further, and pronounceth its Divine anathema upon those who pretend to any other way. "If we or an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel than that which we have received, let him be accursed." It is mine, then, to-night simply to mention certain other ways only to assure you in God's name that they are roads which lead to perdition, and that none of them can bring you to heaven, for there is one only way by which the soul can come to God and find eternal life, and that way is Christ.

I think I see mankind lost as in a great wilderness. There are no track-ways, no paths, and there comes suddenly before the wistful eyes of the lost wayfarers a hag whose hand is blood-red, and with her eyes flashing fire she points and says, "Lost men, this is the way." And what is that before our eyes? I see the car of Juggernaut, rolling through the streets, and crushing at every revolution of its wheels a poor man's flesh and bones, which, when the spirit hath departed with a groan, lie there a monument of superstition. And having pointed thither this hag will tell the mother to take her child and throw it to the jungle tiger, and cast her dearest one into the river Ganges. "This is the way," saith the foul hag of bloody *Superstition*, "by which you are to come to God." But we denounce her; in God's name we denounce her as a demon escaped from hell. Shall I give my first-born for my transgressions, or the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? Ah, no; God abhorreth such a sacrifice. You cannot in your reason think that what is abhorrent to you can be acceptable to God, that what you yourselves would loathe to look upon can be delightful to him. No, brethren; God asketh no laceration of the flesh, no starvings, no hair-shirts, no cord about the loins—for all these he careth naught, they are a weariness unto him. If thou wouldest please God, speaking after the manner of men, thou art more likely to do it by being happy than by being miserable. Think you that a man would please other men by groans and sighs? I trow not: and how, then, should he please God by putting himself to torture if God be such a God as we find revealed to us in Holy Writ? Turn ye then, all ye nations of the East, and O! that all lands would turn from this cruel falsehood, for this is not the way to heaven.

In our own country we have much more lovely deceivers than these—false prophets—who are more likely to mislead you. Let me glance at some of the popular ways of going to heaven, which will surely lead to hell. There is *the way of good works*. I had thought that we had scattered so many millions of tracts, preached so much in the streets, and talked so long about men being saved by the blood of Christ and not by themselves, that really the old-fashioned heresy of self-righteousness would have been driven out of the field. But it still holds. When I get into conversation I find in all grades of society there is still the same belief that men must go to heaven by what they do. "Ah!" said

one to me yesterday, "I suppose you sometimes feel cast down?" "Yes," I said, "I do." Why," said he, "I should think the best men at times can hardly look back upon their lives with pleasure, and therefore they must feel a little afraid for the future." "O!" I said, "if I had to look on my past life as the ground of my expectations in the future I should be cast down indeed; but do you not know that all my good works will not save me, and that all the sins I have ever committed in the past will never damn me?" "No," said he, and he looked astonished at such queer doctrine as that. The Gospel teacheth, indeed, that when a man believeth in Christ the sin of the past is all blotted out, and Christ's righteousness is given to him, and the man is not saved by what he is, nor damned for what he was; but he is saved through Jesus Christ, through Jesus Christ alone. I sat in a boat not a great while ago, and while the man was rowing me I thought I would talk with him. Well he began to talk to me about sundry new lights that had sprung up in the village; people always do take more notice of will-o'-the-wisps than they do of the sun itself. The question at length arose how he hoped to go to heaven himself. Well, he had brought up eight children, he had never had any help from the parish; he was an honest man and always did his neighbours a good turn; when the cholera was about he was about the only man in the village that would get up of nights and run for the doctor, and he felt as how if he did not go to heaven it would fare very bad with most people. So, indeed, I am afraid it will, and with him too if that be all he resteth on. Now I tell these two stories, culled from two classes of society, because I know we have need to keep on repudiating this old lie of Satan's that men are to be saved by their works. Those fig-leaves that Adam wove together to cover his nakedness are still in favour with his descendants. They will not take the robe of Christ's righteousness; but will rather go about to save themselves. A word or two with you, my friend. You say you will go to heaven by keeping the law? Ah, you have heard the old proverb about locking the stable when the horse is gone; I am afraid it is very applicable to you! So you are going to keep the stable shut now, and you are sure the horse shall never get out? If you will kindly go and look you will find it is out already! Why, how can you keep the law which you have already broken? If you would be saved, the law of God is like a chaste alabaster vase which must be presented to God without crack or spot; but do you not see that you have broken the vase? Why, there is a crack there! "Ah!" you say, "that was a long time ago." Yes, I know it was, but still it is a crack; and there is the black mark of your thumb just underneath there. Why, man, the vase is broken already, and you would go to heaven by your good works when you have none. Nay, you have broken all God's commands. Read the 20th chapter of Exodus; read it through and through, and see if there is a single command which you have not violated, and I think you will soon find that from the first to the very last you will be obliged to cry, "I have sinned, O Lord, and am condemned in this thing." You have broken the law already. But then you will tell me that you have not broken it in public, and that you cultivate an outward respect for it. Yes, but what mattereth this if inwardly the heart be wrong. Even if a man could keep the outward letter of the law without flaw or mistake, yet, inasmuch as by reason of the spirituality of the law it is utterly impossible that any of the fallen race of Adam can keep it, no man can be saved by it. I heard a story the other day which just illustrates the way in which people make a distinction between inward and outward sin. A certain Sunday-school superintendent happened to hear a girl at the end of the school crying very bitterly after the other scholars were gone. He went to her and asked her what she was crying about, and she said, "The lady-superintendent has kept me, and has been talking to me about my dress; she says I ought not to dress so fine; I pay for it, sir, and I have a right to wear it." The lady was called, and after some little conversation with the superintendent, who was wise and prudent, the girl was sent home. Now the lady herself was noted for the fineness of her dress; she was most elaborate at all times, so after the

girl was gone our friend just put this question, "Miss So-and-so, you will excuse me, but, did it never suggest itself to you that your own dress is rather fine?" "Yes," said she, "but then this is it—that girl has got flowers in her bonnet." "Well," said he, "excuse me"—and he looked at her—"I think you have flowers in yours." "Ah! yes," she replied; "but do you not see, mine are inside my bonnet and hers are outside?" Now this is just how some people put it. You discountenance a man because he is such a sinner! O! you would not associate with him—no, such a great sinner! If you would but look at yourselves you are as great sinners as he, only here is the difference, you have the blotches of character inside and he has them outside. In truth, sometimes the outside sinner is the less discreditable of the two. Could you really think that God maketh such vain and empty distinctions as this? Nay, verily. If sin be in you, whether it be inward or outward sin, it destroyeth you, and since you cannot keep the law in your inward parts why go about to strain and break yourselves with impossibilities? This is not the way to heaven. Since Adam fell no man has ever passed through this gate into everlasting life. Besides, even supposing that the past were blotted out, you cannot keep the law in the future, for what is your nature? It is such a base one that it is sure to violate the law. You have heard of the women who were ordered to fill a large vessel with water, and were told to bring the water in buckets that were full of holes. This is just your toil; you have to fill the tremendous ocean of the law, and your buckets are full of holes. Your nature, mend it as you may, and repair it as you will, is still full of holes; and your pretended goodness will ooze out drop by drop, and, more than that, your labours shall be like water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up. O, sirs! I do pray you do not seek to enter heaven by the works of the law, for thus saith the Lord God, "By the works of the law shall no flesh living be justified."

There is a second guide, however, that is quite as popular or rather more so. He calls himself *Sincere Obedience*. This is how he puts it—"Well, if I cannot keep the whole of the law, yet I will rest upon the mercy of God to make up for the rest; I have no doubt that what I do may go some considerable way; and then you know there is the Lord Jesus Christ—he will make up the weight; I may be a little deficient perhaps—an ounce or two—but then the atonement will come in, and so the scale will be turned in my favour." Ah! and do you think that Jesus Christ will ever yoke himself with you to work out your salvation? "I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me." This is the triumphant shout of the Warrior as he comes back from Bozrah, with dyed garments from Edom; and think you that after that peerless speech your puny voice will be heard saying, "But I was there; I did my part and my portion?" Nay, verily; thou sinnest in indulging the thought, and thou dost but doubly curse thyself in imagining that Christ will ever do part of the work, and will allow thee to be his helper. Like as the work of creation, so is that of salvation—of the Lord alone. From the beginning to the end it is not of man, neither by man.

There is another error, too, which is popular in certain quarters, and that is *salvation by ceremonies*. We have it in the Church of Rome till this day; certain hocus-pocuses pronounced by the priest, and the thing is done. We have a similar sleight of men, too, in that which is next door to the Church of Rome—the Puseyite community in our own land. They are good men indeed. Tradition has singled them out, and consecration has pronounced them officially holy, without making them practically just. We, forsooth, are nothing; we are not regularly ordained; we are laymen; we have no right to preach, and so forth; but they—the immediate descendants of the apostles—they are *the* men; one touch of their finger, one mark of the cross, and an heir of wrath becomes instantaneously "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." 'Tis true the child may afterwards come to be hanged, but we are told that we ought unfeignedly and devoutly to believe that it was in holy sprinkling, there and then, made a part of the

body of Christ? And do you believe it? Englishmen, do you believe it? Has the echo of Wyckliffe's voice so died out that these base-born hirelings of Rome are to come back and usurp dominion over your consciences? Sons of the Covenanters, descendants of the glorious Puritans, will you ever, will you ever tolerate this—worse than Romanism—this disguised Popery, which endeavoureth to enter by stealth into your Church? Nay, verily, let it be accursed! As said the apostle, so say we; and from Gerizim to Ebal let all Israel say, "Amen!" Oliver Cromwell once walked into the House of Commons while he was yet Mr. Cromwell, the member for Huntingdon, and, putting down his hat, he said, "I have just come from St. Paul's Cross, and I have heard a man there preach flat Popery." Indeed, if Mr. Cromwell were here now he might go into many of our churches and say, "I heard a man there preach flat Popery." But I do trust, dear friends, that the honest protest of God's ministers and the earnest zeal of those blessed men of God who are in the Established Church—I mean the evangelical clergy—will still be able to keep down this very popular delusion. You might as well hope to be saved by the mumblings of a witch as by the doings of a priest; you might as well hope to enter heaven by blasphemies as by a priest mumbling over certain words which he thinks to have virtue in them. God, even our God, hath denounced again and again those who delight in these sacrifices, and who keep back the blood of Jesus, and the power and merit of his righteousness. Do not, I pray you, any of you think that this is the way to heaven, for it is not. "Jesus said unto him, I am the Way."

I scarcely need to mention any more of these old roads, for each man seemeth to have one for himself. One man speculates that he is subscribing so many good things to charity, and so it is well with him; another intends to build a row of alms-houses, and so it is well with him; another was always of a very respectable family, and hopes he shall not be sent with common folks down to perdition; and so, what with one thing and another, all men have some sort of refuge; but I say to you again, if you have any refuge but that which is set forth in the text it is a refuge of lies, and the hail shall sweep it away. May God sweep it away to-night, and leave you bare and without any shelter, that you may be led to accept Christ as the way, the only way, to heaven. Understand us, then; we may seem intolerant, we may seem to speak very harshly, but it is as much as our soul is worth to have any mistake here. There is no way to heaven but one; that one way is Christ, and if you walk in it you must simply, wholly, and only trust in what Jesus Christ did on the cross, and what he doeth to-day in his intercession in heaven; for other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, and he that cometh not by this door shall never come in at all. He that will not bend his back to this yoke shall not be accepted of God. Heaven hath but this one gate, and if you will not enter this there remaineth nothing for you but a fearful looking-for of judgment and of fiery indignation. I have thus brought out the first point, the exclusiveness of the text—"I am the Way"—the only way.

II. We now have to notice THE PERSONALITY OF THE TEXT. "I am the Way."

We will suppose again that we have lost our way, and we meet a man, and ask him what is the way. He says, "I am the way!" What does he mean? If he had said, "I am the guide," I could understand that, but he says he is the way! Suppose he has got a horse and carriage, and I ask him the way, and he says, "I am the way"—no, you are the conveyance along the way, and not the way; I cannot comprehend how you can be the way. But I will suppose that I am in a tract of country, something like that which is left bare by the receding tide at the mouth of the Solway Firth. Young men and children sometimes go far out on those sands, and the tide may suddenly return before they are well aware of it, and so they may be left to be drowned. We are two children playing on the sands, and suddenly we perceive that the sea has shut us in all round, and there is no possibility for us to get to land. But here comes a man on a noble horse, and as we cry to him—"Sir, which is the way of escape?" he stoops down from his horse, steadily lifts us up, and then says,



"My children. I am the way?" Now here we can perfectly understand it, because he does the work so fully, so wholly, and so entirely himself, that it becomes common sense for him to say, "I am the way of escape for you." Or put it in another way. There is a fire yonder; there is a child up at the window, and he inquires the way of escape. A strong man lifts up his arms; all he wants the child to do is just to drop down and let him catch him, and he answers, "I am the way, my child; if you would be delivered from the burning house, I am the way of deliverance." You, see, if he only showed us the way in which we should go, Christ could not say, "I am the Way;" but when he does it all from first to last, when he takes it altogether out of our hands, and makes it his own business, from the Alpha to the Omega, then it becomes no straining of human speech for the Master to say, "I am the Way." Let us put it plainly. Thou art in debt to God, sinner; thou sayest, "How can I pay him? Can I lie in the flames of hell? If I do, even if I should abide with eternal burnings, I cannot pay the debt; I must lie there for ever." Christ replies, "I am the Way," and he speaks the truth, because he is the payer and the payment too. He in thy room, place, and stead, sinner—if now thou believest on Christ—he, in thy room, place, and stead, took all thy guilt, paid all thy debts, even to the utmost farthing. If thou art a believer thy discharge is signed and sealed, for there is nothing due from thee to God but faithfulness and love. But you tell me that you owe to God perfect obedience. You do; Christ has perfectly obeyed, and he tells you, therefore, "I am the Way." He has kept the law, magnified it, and made it honourable; and what you have to do is to take the work that he has finished, and you shall find him to be the Way. Dost thou want to-night to be a child of God? Christ saith, "I am the Way." Be one with Christ, and then, as Christ is God's Son, thou wilt be God's child too. Wouldest thou have peace with God? Trust Christ to-night; put thy soul in Christ's hands; he is our Peace, and so will he be the Way to peace for thee. Wouldest thou, in fine, be saved to-night? O! my dear hearers, are there not some among you who would to-night be saved? then Jesus says, "I am the Way," not merely the Saviour, but the Salvation. Trust Christ, and you have salvation, for Christ saith, "I am thy salvation." Take him, and in taking him, you have the blood that washes, the robe that clothes, the medicine that heals, the jewels that decorate; you have the life that shall preserve, and the crown that shall adorn. Christ is all in all; all you have to do is to trust Christ, and trusting him, you shall find him to be the Way, from the beginning, even to the end.

III. But I must close by urging you to accept the counsel here implied. "I am the way;" not "I was the way for the thief on the cross," but "I am the way for you to-night;" not "I will be the way when you feel your need more, and when you have worked yourselves into a better state;" but "I am, sinner, I am the way just now. I am the way for thee, just as thou art; to all that thou wantest I am the way." We sometimes see railways approaching towns, but they do not bring them right into the heart of the place, and then you must take a cab or an omnibus to finish the journey. But this way runs right from the heart of manhood's depravity into the very centre of glory, and there is no need to take anything to complete the road. You recollect what good Richard Weaver said on that platform there when he was illustrating the fact of Christ saving sinners, and saving them just now. He told us a story of his friend in Dublin who took him a first-class ticket for Liverpool, as he said, "All the way through," and you will remember how he illustrated this by saying that when he came to Christ he put his trust in him, and had a first-class ticket to heaven all the way through. "I did not get out to get a new ticket," said he; "no fear that my ticket would be exhausted half-way, for it was a ticket all the way through. I paid nothing," said Richard, "but that didn't matter; my ticket was enough; the guards came and looked in and said, 'Show your tickets, gentlemen;' they didn't say, 'Show yourselves,' but 'Show your tickets;' and they didn't come to the door and say, 'Now, Mr. Weaver, you have no business in that first-class carriage; you

are only a poor man; you must come out; you are not dressed smart enough; no, as soon as ever he saw my ticket, the ticket all the way through, that was enough and so"—well said that man of God—"when the devil comes to me and says, 'Richard Weaver, how do you hope to get to heaven?' I show him the ticket; he says, 'Look at yourself;' no, I say, that I am not going to do; I look at my ticket. My doubts and fears say, 'Look at what you are;' ah! never mind what I am; I look to what Christ gave me, and which he bought and paid for himself, that ticket of faith which will surely carry me all the way through." Well, that is about the end of the journey, you see, and so the ticket will run you to the end. Christ is the way to the end, too, but I want, to-night, to show you that he is the way to your end as well as to God's end. Christ has run the railroad right into heaven, but now does it run from where I am? because if not, if there is a space between me and where that railway stops, how am I to get there? I will not have the cab of Morality, for the axle is broken. I shall not get up into the great omnibus of Ceremonies, for the driver has lost his badge, and I am sure there will be mischief come of that. How, then, am I to get there? I cannot get there at all unless the road comes right here to where I am. Well, glory be to God, it does come to just where you are to-night, sinner. There wants no addition of yours—no preparing for Christ—no meeting Jesus Christ half-way—no cleaning yourselves, to let him give you the finishing stroke—no mending your garments, that he may afterwards make them superfine—no, but, just as you are, Christ says, "I am the Way." But you say, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" "Do?" saith he; "do? nothing but believe on me—trust me—trust me now." Did I hear one up in those boxes in the top gallery say, "When I get home to-night I'll pray?" I hope you will; but that is not the Gospel. The Gospel is, trust Jesus Christ now; Christ is the way now—not from your chamber to heaven, but from this place, from the very spot where now you are, to heaven. I do say again, dear brethren, that I abhor from my very heart that new kind of legality which is preached by some ministers, who will have it that we must not tell the sinner to believe on Christ now, but that he must undergo a preparatory process of conviction, and the like. This is Popery back again, for it hath the very essence of Popery within it. Instead of that, I uplift my Master's cross before the dying and the dead—before the blind, the ruined, and the filthy. Trust Jesus Christ, and you are saved. Trust him now, and depend on him from this good hour. "But I have many sins"—he had many drops of blood. "But I am a great sinner"—he is a great Saviour. "But I am so black"—his blood is so efficacious it can make you white as snow. "But I am so old"—yes, but he can make you to be born again. "But I have rejected him so often"—he will not reject you. "O! but I am the last person in the world to be saved"—then that is where Christ begins; he always begins at the last man. "But I cannot believe that—" Cannot believe what? What did I ask you to believe? "I cannot believe—" Cannot believe what, I say again? My Master is the Lord from heaven, that cannot lie; and you tell me you cannot believe him! My Master never lied to angel or to men, and he cannot, for he is truth itself, and this is what he says, that whosoever among you will trust him to-night he will save you; and if you say you cannot believe him you make God a liar, because you believe not on his Son Jesus Christ. I charge you, by the day of judgment and by the flaming worlds, say not that the God who made you will lie with you. Sinner, there shall never be found in hell a spirit that could say, "I trusted Christ, and was deceived; I rested on the cross, and its rotten timbers creaked; I looked to the blood of Jesus, and it could not cleanse; I cried to heaven, but heaven would not hear; I took Jesus in my arms to be my Mediator, and yet I was driven from the gate of mercy; there was no pity for me." Never, never shall there be such a case. O! I would to God—I was about to say—that I were not preaching to depraved men, and yet to whom else should we go! because this is the sorrowful reflection, that so many of you will turn on your heel and say, "O! there is nothing in it." And who are the

men who will look to Christ? Why, those whom God has chosen, in whom the Spirit, as the result of Divine election, will effectually work, and who shall be the real trophies of the Redeemer's passion. But, mark you, you have all heard the Gospel to-night; and when you and I meet face to face—while the trumpet of judgment is ringing in every human ear—when this solid earth shall shake—when the heavens shall bow, and the stars shall pale their feeble light, I will bear this witness, that I told you plainly the way of salvation; and in that great day I shall be able to say of each one of you, if you perish your blood lieth not at my door. Is there one who has not understood me? Is there one who thinks still that he is shut out, and that he cannot be saved? To you, sir, yes, to you, I add this extra word, "He is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him;" and though thou be black with robbery, or red with blood, or stained with lust up to the very elbows, he is able still to save; and trusting him, with all thy heart trusting him, thou shalt find that he will surely bring thee to the place where he shall see thee with delight, having washed thee in his blood.

O! Lord, add thy blessing, and bring the strangers in; O! God, send home the Word, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

### Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

#### THE FATHER'S HOUSE AND ITS TRUE GLORY.

BY THE REV. W. P. BALFERN,  
Author of "Lessons from Jesus."

(Concluded from last Vol., p. 318.)

"And he shall be for a glorious throne to his Father's house."—Isaiah xxii. 23.

IN the Vatican at Rome it is said that the chair of the Apostle Peter is to be found. Many are the virtues, and great is the glory supposed by many to be derived from this piece of ancient furniture. Should, however, this piece of primitive workmanship form part of the patrimony of the Holy See, it will excite no envy in the hearts of those who possess the Master himself, of whom it is written, that "he shall be a glorious throne to his Father's house." There have been, and there are, many thrones in the universe, shifting, changing, transient things, scarcely worthy of the attention of a thoughtful Christian mind—they have been founded in falsehood, fraud, and oppression, and hence are destined soon to pass away; but here is a throne which shall never pass away, for it is filled by One who liveth for ever. We have tried to bring before the reader some few of those elements which bring glory to the throne of Christ; but what can we do with a term which eternity itself will never fully explicate or explore? We have observed that the throne of Christ is a glorious throne, as it

is a throne of absolute and universal dominion, of sovereignty, of righteousness. We proceed still further to observe that it is a glorious throne, as it is a throne of—

4. *Influence.* The influence of many thrones has been a curse to the human race; beneath their influence every green thing of life and beauty has withered and died. But the influence of this throne, how holy, how beneficent, how sublime! On the day of Pentecost we behold gushing from its base a stream which not only made glad the City of God, but caused the wilderness and the solitary place to rejoice and blossom as the rose, and which has continued to flow ever since. From the influence of this throne we have apostles and prophets, pastors, teachers, and evangelists—in a word, the entire host of the redeemed both on earth and in heaven; from it we have every adapted truth, holy precept, and cheering promise. From this throne each Christian constantly receives all his spiritual supplies, for it is a throne of grace. Here the poor are made rich, the weak strong, the foolish wise, the timid bold, the sorrowful glad, and all who approach in faith are made victors over all their fears and foes through the blood of the Lamb. The influence of this throne extends from heaven to earth, yea, to the very borders of hell, and into eternity itself, for the beauty and bliss of the perfected myriads redeemed will be

but the reflection of its brightness and glory.

5. *Knowledge.* Many thrones have been founded in superstition, and built up by ignorance, and hence have come to naught; but this of our God has its strength in knowledge, infinite and eternal as his perfections—a knowledge which is equal to all that is in the world or the Church, in heaven or hell, in time or eternity: hence falsehood, fraud, and opposition spend their strength upon it in vain.

6. *Sympathy.* Upon this throne infinite eternal Love has its seat—a love which is higher than heaven and deeper than hell. O! how far off, too frequently, are the thrones of this world from the children of want and sorrow! but upon this throne we have One who, although he is God, is, nevertheless, man; who, although he is a King, is yet a brother born for adversity. Through cries, and tears, and blood, and death, Jesus forced his way upward to his throne; and now from the very heights of his glory he speaks in sympathy, love, and tenderness to his suffering brethren below, and says, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give ye rest." And "Why take ye thought for the morrow? sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

7. *Unity.* The throne of Christ set up in the midst of his people makes them all one; those who truly approach this throne are made one with him who sits upon it, and one with each other through him. Here all distinctions fade and die away into brightness, for all who acknowledge its supremacy and live beneath its influence are made alike "kings and priests unto God." Spiritual, intelligent, and universal unity already exists in the universe, and shall never die while his throne stands, who is the King of kings and Lord of lords.

8. *Endless Duration.* "For I said, Mercy shall be built up for ever, thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the heavens." In the throne of Jesus we see indeed mercy built up for ever, for its influence insures the present and everlasting salvation of all the redeemed. All other thrones are destined to pass away, but time shall never put his paralyzing hand upon the royal seat of heaven's King. The princes and potentates of the earth must all obey the voice of

death, and at his bidding hand their sceptres to others. But here we have a King who has conquered death, and whose throne, when time shall be no more, shall still appear. "For I saw," says one who could not err, "a great white throne and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them."

Meanwhile, what is our duty now? To use this throne and seek so to know Christ, as that in our own experience we may realize that he is indeed a glorious throne to his Father's house.

Yes, Christ lives as a King to glorify and bless his people, and his throne is glorious to them, because through it, by faith and prayer, they gain strength to conquer themselves and all their spiritual foes—yea, to link themselves with the very perfections of Christ, as they perpetually go forth to accomplish the will of God. Let not any one, therefore, say that he can do nothing, or that his life must be poor and mean, for the feeblest through this throne may become as David; through it grace is given to all who seek, and so given as to ensure victory, and "to him that overcometh," saith Christ, "will I give to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

See, therefore, believer, what a privilege this glorious throne opens to thee! By frequenting it thou canst take part, and not a small part, in all the great movements of this age, yea, of every age. There is no work in the universe carried on, accomplished, or accomplishing by Christ, in which, by identifying thyself with him, thou canst not share—his hands move the world, thy prayer moves him. Wealth, learning, genius, human skill thou mayst not have; but thou hast more than all these—that which infinitely transcends them all—faith, which, rising above all created appliances and things, takes hold of the very perfections of God and uses them for his own glory, and the promoting and sustaining of everything that is great, good, glorious, and ennobling below. O see that ye slight not this godlike grace, that ye neglect not this glorious throne. You cannot, it may be, build palaces, paint

pictures, make laws, write books, or do anything upon which the world would write great. But you can do *more*. In faith and prayer you can constantly go forth with the King of kings as he rides forth in his majesty and strength, seeking by his own truth and love to conquer the benighted myriads of this world to himself, and to raise for his Father a temple of ransomed spirits in which he will dwell for ever and ever.

### PRECIOUS FAITH.

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"To them that have obtained like precious faith with us."—2 Peter i. 1.

MY object in taking this text is to discourse upon the preciousness of saving faith. A subject of greater importance and one involving graver interests could scarcely be brought before you. It will be necessary in order to a right understanding of this vitally important subject to distinguish between the doctrine of faith and the principle of faith in the heart. The one is objective truth, the other is a subjective principle; the one means that which is believed, and the other is the act itself of believing. Faith as a subjective principle cannot so much as exist without an object; for where nothing is to be believed, there can be no belief. By the doctrine of faith, we mean the whole revelation of God concerning Christ and salvation through him. By the principle of faith, we mean that act of the enlightened mind which receives the truth of God and relies upon its testimony with the heart for salvation from sin and ruin—for salvation to God, to his service, to his image, to his presence, and to his glory. A salvation through Christ from sin to holiness, spiritual dignity, and heavenly glory. Now both the doctrine of faith and the principle of faith are precious, and both are alike indispensable to the knowledge and enjoyment of the salvation of the soul. Respecting the doctrine of faith, the followers of Christ are exhorted to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." The doctrine of faith is of such vital importance, and so eternally precious, that it is indeed worth contending for with

the most intense earnestness; only let us see to it that our earnestness arises from an intelligent acquaintance with the truth for which we contend. And let us see to it that we contend for the doctrine of faith in the spirit of love, of faithfulness, and decision. We should contend for the vitality of the truth, for the harmony of its connections, and for the truth in its entirety and holiness. The doctrine of faith has had its antagonists in every age of the Christian religion, but it stands forth in all the vigour of youth, and yet venerable for hoary antiquity. Essayists and sceptics of every mental calibre may go on in their blindness and enmity to oppose the faith, but truth is mighty and must prevail. The voice is louder than the voice of many waters—its words are words of life, of grace, and power. It is of God, and it must accomplish all the gracious purposes of its infinite Author. The doctrine of faith is what Saul of Tarsus endeavoured to destroy, and, after his glorious conversion to Christ, it was said of him, "He now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed," Galatians i. 23. Now respecting faith as a subjective principle in the heart, it is said, "without faith it is impossible to please God." Also "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness." To faith as a principle in the soul Peter refers in the words of our text: "To them that have obtained like precious faith with us"—faith (though differing in degree, clearness, strength, and intensity) of the same nature and object. There are some whose faith is weak, and some who have strong faith, giving glory to God. It is better, however, to have weak faith than strong presumption; it is better to have a little fire than much painted fire; it is better to have a little genuine coin than much counterfeit; it is better to go to heaven with wet eyes and trembling knees than to hell dancing and laughing. We intend now, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to make a few observations on the preciousness of saving faith.

I. IT IS PRECIOUS IN ITS OBJECT AND NATURE. What is the object of faith? We answer, Christ in the efficacy of his atonement, and in the power and worth of his justifying righteousness as revealed in the Scriptures, the only way of a sinner's acceptance with God. He is the object of

faith. When the gaoler was awakened he cried out with intense earnestness, "What shall I do to be saved?" The answer given was, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He was not told to believe in works, in ceremonies, in dreams, but in the Lord Jesus Christ. The Saviour commissioned his disciples to preach. What were they to preach? They were to preach the Gospel—not men's opinions, but the Gospel of God. They were to preach it—not to offer it. He said unto them, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned," Mark xvi. 15, 16. Christ is the substance and the glory of the Gospel. He is the object of faith, revealed as the way, the truth, and the life. The Gospel is good news of Christ the Saviour. "It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Christ is the revealed remedy for the wretched existing maladies of sin-burdened sinners. His work is a Divine and effectual panacea for all diseases of the soul. He is revealed in the Scriptures as God's salvation unto the people. He is the only Saviour made known in the Gospel, and no other is needed, for he is an all-sufficient Saviour. He is a great Saviour, and one as gracious as he is great. God bears testimony of Jesus; Christ is the matter, vitality, and glory of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. The Gospel makes known the constitution of his complex and mysterious person, the perfection of his vicarious sacrifice, the glory of his righteousness, and the completeness of his mediatorial work. The Gospel of God is full of Christ; and if a minister preaches not Christ—a full Christ for empty sinners, a great Saviour for lost and undone sinners—he preaches not the Gospel. The commanding theme of the ministry of the Gospel is the good news of salvation through the propitiatory sacrifice and prevalent intercession of Jesus. The Gospel makes known salvation full and free through Christ Jesus the Lord. "And if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him up from the dead, thou shalt be saved; for with the heart man believeth unto

righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation," Rom. x. 10. Christ is the object of faith, and the man who believes really in Christ believes the truth of God as revealed in its simplicity, harmonious connection, and holiness in the Bible. The truth of God in all its parts is precious and important to the well-instructed man of God. The Bible is a glorious casket containing many treasures, but Christ is the richest and greatest. Let us now look a little at the nature of saving faith. We are not about to tell you of the various distinctions which have been or which men have tried to make in relation to faith; we shall not tell you what faith is not; but rather, what faith really is. We shall seek to answer this question—what is saving faith?

1. *It is a powerful persuasion of the truth of the Divine testimony concerning Christ and his work.* "Now faith is the substance (or confidence) of things hoped for, the evidence (the conviction or persuasion) of things not seen," Heb. xi. 1; see Heb. xi. 13. When the Divine testimony comes in demonstration of the Spirit and in power, it exerts a persuasive influence upon the heart, and the man becomes persuaded of the truth of the eternal God respecting Christ the Saviour; the Spirit worketh in the soul "the work of faith with power." Faith in Christ is of the operation of the Spirit of God. It is a grace of the Spirit, and it is an unwrought persuasion of the truth and fitness of God's testimony of his Son Jesus Christ. Abraham "was strong in faith, giving glory to God, and being fully persuaded that what God had promised he was able also to perform," see Rom. iv. 21. Are you, my dear hearers, persuaded of the truth of God respecting Christ the Saviour? Are you so persuaded of the truth of the Divine testimony that you are induced to trust in Christ for pardon, justification, and eternal salvation? Then is that persuasion and trust of the nature of saving faith. It is an unspeakable favour to be fully persuaded of the graciousness of God and of the saving ability of Christ the Saviour, and to be induced by Divine grace to trust in Christ for salvation. We may be sure that all who trust in Christ, however black their character in their own eyes, shall be saved

with an "everlasting salvation in the Lord."

2. *It is a hearty reception of God's testimony concerning Christ, the Great Saviour, whom in his infinite mercy he has made known in the Divine Word.* Faith is the soul's embracing of Christ as a Saviour revealed in the everlasting Gospel. "He came to his own, and his own received him not." He came to his own after the flesh, the Jews, and the Jews received him not—they would not receive him, although they had the oracles of God, which bore testimony of his coming, his humiliation, and his sacrificial work. He came to his own kindred, but they received him not. They were blind to the import of their own Scriptures, and, therefore, ignorant of Christ, and at enmity to him; there was a veil over their hearts. It is said, "As many as received him, to them gave he power (right or privilege) to become the sons of God." Receiving Christ is an evidence of an enlightened mind, and of a spirit renewed by the Spirit of God. Every one who receives Christ is saved, and all who are saved by Christ are to be like Christ, and with him for ever. Believing in Christ is a receiving of Christ, and as many as receive him have the witness in themselves sooner or later that they are the sons of God. They have the spirit of adoption, and are brought into a vital and visible union to Christ. They have received the testimony concerning the all-sufficiency of Christ the Saviour set forth in the Gospel. They have received the truth that pardon of sin is the result of the shedding of his blood for sinners, for "without shedding blood there was no remission of sin." They have received the righteousness of Christ as the only ground of a sinner's justification before God. They have received Christ in all those forms of character and work in which infinite love hath revealed him in the Holy Scriptures. Have you received him as the only Saviour—as the Saviour provided and sent of God? Have you been induced by a sense of need to embrace Christ, the Rock, for want of shelter, and is Christ, the Lamb of God, all your plea in seeking the salvation of your soul? Surely then you have embraced Christ—you have received him, and salvation shall fill your soul with joy which

shall be greater far than the joy of harvest.

3. *It is an exclusive dependence upon Christ for salvation.*—It is an act of spiritual recumbency upon the merits and power of Christ. It is a reliance of soul upon the graciousness, the mediatorial work, and saving ability of him who is mighty to save, for the salvation of the soul from the penalties of sin, from the dominion of sin, and from the wrath to come. It is a simple trust in Christ. It is a trust which takes with it the affections of the heart. It is a trust induced by a conviction of our need of salvation, and of the suitableness of God's method of saving sinners. Owing to the ignorance of the human mind, and the pride of man's heart, it is no easy thing to believe or trust in the Divine testimony for salvation, any more than it was an easy thing for Naaman to believe that washing in Jordan seven times would cure him. The way in which some men speak of faith seems to me to ignore the necessity of the Spirit's work. There seems to be no necessity nor room for the work of the Eternal Spirit of God. We hold that there are four things distinctly seen in the enjoyment of salvation: the purpose of the Father, the purchase of Christ, the power of the Holy Ghost, and the reliance of the soul upon the revealed remedy for all moral or spiritual maladies. How much there is said in the Divine Word about believing in Christ, trusting in God, looking to God, leaning on Christ, coming to Christ, and following Christ! These words and exercises are expressions of faith in Christ the Saviour of sinners.

4. It is a peculiar property in saving faith that it *endears Christ to the soul.* "Unto you that believe he is precious." The man who has true faith in Christ renounces all for Christ. The man who has faith in Christ prizes highly the knowledge of Christ. Listen to what the Apostle Paul saith, "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ." When the minds of the children of men are enlightened by the great Teacher of the Church of God, they discover all Divine beauties and glories in

Christ. "He is altogether lovely" to them. When they are taught by the Spirit of God they see Christ in the Word and ordinances of Divine worship, and wish—nay, desire intensely to have their wills in subjection to the will of Christ. Is Christ precious to you? Are his illustrious deeds precious to you? Are his names, offices, relations, and words precious to you? Then surely you must have that faith in Christ which endears the Saviour to all who believe.

5. *It is an operative and fruitful principle in the soul.* It is of the operation of the Spirit of God. It is a living faith in contrast to that which is dead, or which doth not influence the heart and life. It exists in the soul brought into newness of life. It lives upon the fulness of a living and exalted Saviour. It is the source of all the activities of the servants of God. "It worketh by love," Gal. v. 6. Its works are holy; they are Christ-like. They are works which stand in grand contrast to all the works of darkness. "Faith without works is dead." Noah had faith in God, and his works were illustrations of his faith, as you may see in his preparing the ark and going into it at God's bidding when it was prepared. Abraham had faith in God, and how wonderful and manifest are the works of faith in his life and history! Jas. ii. 22. Wherever there is faith in Christ there will be the fruits of righteousness and the obedient activities of a life of godliness. We don't believe in works of righteousness preceding faith in Christ any more than we believe in fruits on the tree preceding sap in the root. We do not believe in working for life, but we do believe in working from a spiritual life. We do contend for a life of practical obedience or holiness as the fruit of a genuine faith in the Saviour. One old writer saith, "We may call faith a lady, and works are her attendants; or we may call faith a vine, virtues the branches, works the grapes, and devotion the wine." Are we not told to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling? &c. Religion is not the mere belief of a theory, however correct it may be; it is a life. Faith in Christ has emboldened many a timid one, and made them as bold as lions for truth and holiness. There is a grand fearlessness in

faith. It is the source of all that spiritual energy which has characterized some of the most eminent of the servants of God. O, that we had the faith in God, the fervour in prayer, the deep knowledge of the Scriptures, the decision for Divine truth, and the laboriousness which characterized the glorious old Puritans—men who were mighty in the Scriptures and giants in theological lore! O Lord, arise and maintain thy cause! O Lord, remember Zion, and bless with power and success all her watchmen.

6. *It is a rejoicing power in the soul.* Where there is faith there is power. It is the man of faith that has power with God. It is the man of power with God who has the power for a genuine usefulness. The faith of the soul fluctuates as to its strength and power—there are times of trembling, and there are times of rejoicing—there are times when outward circumstances of trial and adversity cannot depress the soul or hinder its rejoicings in God. "Hence," saith the prophet Habakkuk, "although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall the fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation," Habakkuk iii. 17, 18. Faith in Christ brings the joy of salvation, which is a great joy, an unmixed joy, and a sublime joy. Faith in Christ brings the soul into the enjoyment of salvation. Faith in Christ is a good thing, but a rejoicing faith in Christ is better. Faith is the eye which looks to Christ exclusively for salvation and eternal joy. (John vi. 40.) Faith is the soul's mouth: "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day," saith the Lord Jesus. (John vi. 54.) Faith is the ear of a quickened soul, "He that hath an ear, let him hear." "He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life," John v. 24. Faith is the soul's hand which lays hold of eternal life in Jesus. "As the hand fastens hold upon the object to which the heart directs it, so faith apprehends Christ with his blessed merits whereby only we are saved: as the hand



is the fittest for operation, and doth execute that business which no other member of the body can."

(To be continued.)

### THE LAW NOT SUBVERTED, BUT CONFIRMED BY THE GOSPEL.

BY THE REV. R. H. CARSON.

"Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid! Yea, we establish the law."—Rom. iii. 31.

THE perfect accordance of Gospel truth with moral precept, is a first principle in revealed religion. Indeed, the scheme of doctrine that agrees not with the permanent and universal obligation of the moral law cannot be of God. This will be evident if it is only considered, that that law is a transcript of the Divine character, and therefore must stand whatever falls. Were it a code of positive precepts merely, or simply an economy of rites and ceremonies, no such consequences would necessarily follow. In that case it might be removed at the will of the lawgiver, to make way for something else. Thus, for the ceremonial of Moses we have now the economy of Christ, and those laws which "stood only in meats and drinks, in divers washings and carnal ordinances," are no longer binding. But with the law of the Ten Commandments it is widely different. That law, originally inscribed on the heart of man, Rom. ii. 14, 15, and afterwards by the finger of God written on tables of stone, is the moral image of the Deity, and must be lasting as God himself. Altogether "spiritual" in its nature, and in its requirements "holy, and just, and good," Rom. vii. 12, it can never pass away. Before it can cease to be our rule of conduct, it must cease to be our duty to serve God, and begin to be our privilege to injure man. In truth, what the law enjoins and what it prohibits is nothing more than is enjoined and prohibited by our own moral convictions. Our minds themselves being judges, it can never but be wrong to commit murder, it can never but be right to love God.

Thus, in its very nature the law of God is of undoubted and perpetual obligation. It is impossible that such a law should ever lose its authority over beings capable of

spiritually good and bad, just and unjust, holy and unholy actions. Not even the Great Lawgiver (we speak with reverence) could alter its terms, since that would be to impugn his own perfections—in reality to "deny himself." Morally right, it lies at the very basis of all religion, and forms the foundation of all duty. Take it away, and you not only annihilate the teachings of the Bible, but you destroy the very lessons of morality.

Hence the anxiety of the apostle of Christ to clear his doctrine from the charge of overturning the law. That charge he meets, first of all, with a strong and indignant denial—"Do we, then, make void the law through faith? *God forbid!*" He had just been teaching, verse 28, that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law. Now the question arose—what is the tendency of this doctrine? Does it overturn the right of the law to universal obedience? If we are justified and saved without any obedience to law, then is not the law made void? To this apparently strong objection Paul at once replies, "*God forbid!*" To the mind of the apostle the thought was abhorrent. He could not for a moment entertain the idea of unsettling the claims of the great moral code. He would on no account put forth his hand against the eternal rule of right and wrong. Whatever fell he would have the law to stand. Besides, the inference could not be sustained by fair argument. It did not follow, from the law being excluded from the office of justification, that it was no longer binding in any respect. It might be binding in one sense and not in another; and so it actually is. As a covenant of works, but not as a rule of life, it has lost its power. While in Christ their Surety all believers have fulfilled the law both as to penalty and precept, so that without any obedience on their part they are justified and saved, they are yet held to its requirements as their moral guide, Rom. ii. 25. Thus, while utterly disowning the law as a means of life, we may fully accept it as a standard of action.

But the apostle has more than a mere negative for the objection of the text. Of that objection he affirms the reverse: "Yea, we establish the law." So far from

destroying its claims, his doctrine but confirmed those claims. It might, at a first glance, seem to militate against them; but in reality it sustained and strengthened them. Now, than this Paul could not have taken a higher stand; and yet it is one which may easily be maintained. Let the following considerations be duly weighed:

I. The Gospel establishes the law by *exhibiting a righteousness which fulfils all its demands fully and for ever.*

The very first requirement of the law is the performance of *all* its precepts. "Cursed is every one that continueth not in *all* things which are written in the book of the law to do them," Gal. iii. 10. Not the less, omitting the greater; nor even the greater to the exclusion of the less: *all*, ALL must be observed. Now by what merely human scheme has this ever been accomplished? Alas! to fallan man the thing is impossible. As well might we think to scale the heavens, as from the strength of nature to rise to this moral eminence. So far from reaching perfection in our obedience to law, there is not one of all our actions that is not tainted with sin. "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" Job xiv. 4. "There is not a just man on the earth, that doeth good and sinneth not," Eccl. vii. 20. But if the creature has failed, not so the Creator. What no system of works could do, Immanuel has done. The greatest as well as the least, and the least not less than the greatest of all God's commandments Jesus has kept. He himself said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, *till heaven and earth pass, ONE JOT OR ONE TITTLE shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled,*" Matt. v. 17, 18. Nor did he fail to redeem this glorious pledge. In every jot and tittle he did fulfil the law. He was suspected of intending its overthrow. So far from this he came to honour its least commandments. Never was obedience so minnte, so unreserved.

Again, the law demands, and Jesus has rendered, an obedience to its precepts *in their fullest extent of meaning.* That obedience is infinitely short of the Divine requirement, which reaches only to the *letter*

of the law. And yet to a higher than this, unaided nature has never attained. Even the young man (Mark x. 17-22) who came for instruction to Jesus, and whose amabilities drew forth the Saviour's regard, could plead no higher. With all his boasted conformity, there was a conviction that something remained to be done. He thought he had kept the law; but he soon was made to feel that his obedience was wanting in the great essential—*it was only in externals.* In this, however, how markedly different the obedience of the Son of God! In the letter, but not merely in the letter, Jesus obeyed. As he himself expounded the law (Matt. v. 21-48), *i.e.*, in all its extent and spirituality of meaning, he observed its precepts. Without reserve or qualification, he could say what none besides dare utter—"Thy law is within my heart." His obedience not only embraced all the commandments, but gave to each, in its spirit and purpose, the most complete satisfaction.

Further, the law requires, and our Lord has rendered, an obedience to its commands, *uninterrupted and without omission.* Less than this would have been of no avail. The words of Scripture demand *continual or unceasing* conformity, and pronounce a curse where this is not found. We must not only observe "all things written in the book of the law," but we must *continue* to observe them, Gal. iii. 10. The smallest omission, even a momentary lapse, renders nugatory the obedience of a life. Thus the angels that "kept not their first estate" found a place in hell; and thus, too, by one transgression Adam fell. But the righteousness of Jesus is marked with no such flaw. In that golden chain not one link is wanting; in that seamless garment no rent is found. Jesus not only obeyed all the precepts of the law, he not only obeyed them in their fullest extent of meaning, but he continued so to do. Not even a momentary lapse interrupted the glorious harmony of the Saviour's life. He could say what, alas! may not be said by the most advanced of his saints—"The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." His was a course uninterrupted by any evil—a course marked only by good. He fulfilled "all righteousness."

But the fulfilment of its precepts was not all that the law required, and that Jesus rendered. Much more than mere obedience was necessary. To this, its original claim, our transgressions have added another—the claim of *suffering*. We are sinners, and because we are sinners we must be sufferers. The possession of a perfect obedience, did we now possess it, would in no way affect the right of the law to punish for disobedience. As transgressors we are under the curse, for “cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them,” Gal. iii. 10. Now here is a demand of the law that no scheme of works has ever met, or ever can meet. Even in hell, the penalty of sin will never be paid. To discharge that mighty debt will exhaust eternity. At no point throughout the ceaseless ages of an awful future will the lost soul be able to say—“I am now free.” Ever paying, the debt will ever remain due.

How glorious in contrast with this is the satisfaction rendered by the Gospel scheme! If it is said, “Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them,” it is also said, “Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us,” Gal. iii. 13. There is not only substitution, there is satisfaction; there is not only suffering, there is the attainment of its great and blessed object—the removal of the curse. Himself accursed in our stead, Jesus annihilates the curse; and thus, delivering us, meets the law’s demand. What an eternity of creature suffering could not have accomplished, the sufferings of the Son of God effected on the cross of Calvary. There Immanuel “finished transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness.” There he drank to its last drop the cup of the Father’s wrath. There, in its utmost latitude, the penalty of sin he bore, crying aloud as he gave up the ghost—“*It is finished.*” Nothing now remained of all that the law required. He had more than fulfilled its precepts—he had borne its penalty, he had given it all its due. It is thus the Church exclaims, “Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect?” Thus also God himself declares, “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.”

Here now is our first argument in support of the inspired position, that the law is not overthrown, but confirmed by the Gospel. The doctrine of the apostle had been thought subversive of the Gospel; but so far from this, there was not one jot, or one tittle, it did not fulfil. What no other scheme ever accomplished in any measure, it accomplished in the highest perfection. The obedience no creature could have rendered, it has rendered; the satisfaction no creature could have offered, it has presented. Nay more, it has done this *in the person of God’s own Son*. The righteousness of Jesus is the righteousness of Jehovah. He who obeyed the precepts, and endured the penalty of the law, was God as well as man—“the mighty God, the everlasting Father,” not less than “the child born, the Son given.” Isa. ix. 6. Only think of this. The incarnate God stooping to meet the claims of law! Who does not see here the law’s high distinction? Here you have not only, to its utmost bounds, the fulfilment of the law’s requirements, but you have this from no less a being than God himself! Well might the prophet say of the coming Saviour, “He will *magnify* the law, and *make it honourable*,” Isa. xlii. 21. What in comparison with the “obedience unto death” of the Son of God, would even a *perfect* creature’s righteousness have been? A servant, by unreserved submission, may honour his Master’s law; but what is this to the honour put upon it, when to its requirements the Master himself submits? The Gospel righteousness is nothing less than heaven’s King obeying heaven’s law.

And if to Zion’s law even Zion’s King has thus submitted, what shall be thought of those within her walls who demand its overthrow? Beyond a doubt, in the Saviour’s eye they are of small account. “Think not,” says Jesus, “that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. *Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.*” Matt. v. 17-19. The ex-

ample of Jesus is more than enough. What, shall the servant profane that which the Master hath sanctified? Shall the eternal code, before which Immanuel bowed, be set at nought by worms like us? Small indeed are the claims of that man to a place in the Gospel kingdom, who puts forth his hand to dethrone the law enthroned by Jesus. Incarnate, the Son of God has recognized the rights of his Father's law—recognized them even "unto blood." Shall we, his redeemed, now trample those rights beneath our feet? God forbid! Woe to him who, beneath the shadow of the cross, profanes what it has sanctified. I will not say, indeed, he is lost for ever; but, in the words of Jesus, I will pronounce him "least in the kingdom of heaven."

II. But, secondly, the Gospel establishes the law by *making obedience to it the test of discipleship*. Renouncing utterly the idea of a justifying human righteousness, and presenting, as our only foundation of acceptance with God, the righteousness of God's own Son, the Gospel yet declares obedience necessary to the Christian life. Indeed, this is the first great lesson of the doctrine of grace. Grace, Gospel grace, is not only that which "bringeth salvation," it is also that which "teacheth us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world," Titus ii. 11, 12. More than this, until the lesson is in some measure learned, it will not admit the genuineness of our profession. The Gospel knows no one whose character it has not itself conformed to the standard of the law. Whatever may be our profession—however high or specious, if unsustained by a life of devout obedience, it is of no value, except indeed to attest that we are deceivers, or self-deceived. "Ye are my friends," says Jesus, "if ye do whatsoever I command you," John xv. 14. Obedience, and nothing but obedience, can prove that we belong to Christ. As none but Jesus can save the soul, and nothing but faith can unite to Jesus, so conformity to the commands of Christ alone can attest such union. How greatly they mistake who suppose the cross of Christ has dethroned the law! The reverse is gloriously the

case. That which the enemies of a free salvation, and the opponents of a holy law, have alike declared subversive of the law, is its great and impregnable fortress. Never surely can the law be overthrown, while to its requirements the Gospel demands a willing submission, and without this declines to own us as the friends of Jesus.

III. In the third and last place, the Gospel establishes the law by *furnishing the highest motives to obedience*. Whence springs the obedience of the mere moralist? In some instances merely from a respect for society, in others from a fear of the consequences of disobedience. Not so in the case of the true believer. His obedience he has derived from a higher source. He obeys, not because it is *decent*, but because it is *right*; not from *fear*, but from *love*. The truth that has saved his soul has also discovered to him the "beauty of holiness." He has learned the excellency of the Divine commands, and hence can say, "I esteem all thy precepts concerning all things to be right," Ps. cxix. 127, 128. He would now obey were he the only living man on earth, and not merely from a regard to his fellow-men. The path of obedience is to him the best and the happiest path. In it he sees what the moralist has never seen, an ever-flowing fountain of joy and comfort. If from that path he is at any time driven by the storms of temptation, or enticed by the bait of sin, he is unspeakably wretched, and, till restored by the good Shepherd, knows no peace.

And more than this, the man who has taken Jesus for his all is under the constraining influence of the Saviour's love. There is not only a beauty in holiness, patent to his eye; there is also a power in his cross who was holiness itself, which he cannot resist. In Gethsemane and on Calvary, he has received an inspiration that even hell shall never quench. For what is not the Christian now prepared? "If a man love me," says Jesus, "he will keep my words," John xiv. 23. Not he *ought* so to do, or possibly he *may* do so, but so he *will* do. Of this the Saviour, who had himself formed the springs of action, had not the smallest doubt. Before the power of love he had bowed his own exalted head, and stooped even to the cross,

and well he knew that that power once felt by us could not be overcome. He who loves Jesus cannot but obey him. Obedience is his choice, in which his very happiness consists. I do not say this is true of all who profess attachment to Christ. Alas! there are many who say, and perhaps even think they love him, who have never felt his love. But it is true of every one to whom he is really precious. It was true of Paul himself, who had been the greatest of the Saviour's enemies. "The love of Christ," says that apostle, "constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead," 2 Cor. v. 14. Looking at the bleeding, dying Saviour, we feel *impelled* in the path of duty. If Jesus undertook for us, and for us became a sacrifice to offended justice, obtaining pardon and deliverance, what shall suffice to express our gratitude? Henceforth, like Paul in the moment of his change, we are solicitous only to know his blessed will. Under the influence of the love of Christ, nothing to the Christian appears too hard. The heaviest cross is an "easy yoke," a "light burden" when love is the bearer.

What now can equal this great motive-power of the Gospel? Compared with the love of Christ, every other influence appears as nothing. A regard to our position in society, a desire to escape the consequences of sin, may indeed, in some measure, preserve us from the open violation of the law of God; but can never secure our true and hearty observance of that law. The obedience that flows from love is the obedience both of heart and hands—the whole inner and outer man doing as the Lord directs. The slave, through dread of the lash, conforms to the requirements of his master; but the loving, grateful child freely meets its father's will. Under the influence of fear, we may, like Herod, "do many things;" but under that of love we will die rather than disobey. Love is omnipotent. He who possesses this secret of the Almighty cannot be overcome. Christian! get thy heart deeply imbued with the love of Christ, and thou shalt thyself be a living witness that the law is not subverted, but confirmed by the Gospel.

*Tubbermore, Ireland.*

## THE GOLIATH REFORMER.

A STUDY FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD LEACH,

Author of "Rev. James Hervey, the Model Minister and Christian," &c.

### CHAPTER II.—GOD'S PREPARATION.

HUMAN nature clings strangely and tacitly to sensations. The days of Dunstan and his adventures with the devil, or, later still, the South Sea Bubble uproar, have their counterparts in the astounding fanaticism of the pleasure-devoted crowd in marvellous, perilous, and head-strong feats of fool-hardiness. So far from diminishing, it only appears that the extreme love of something sensational in character is daily growing in popularity, and consequently more and more at variance with the principles of true Christianity. The enemies of Inspiration have always appealed to the world by some startling clap-trap. Just as the man who by crossing the falls of Niagara attracted the world's amazement, so the modern infidel, despairing of raising himself to a despicable popularity by the assumption of a bishop's robe, endeavours to convulse the earth by a little algebraic powder and shot at the five books of Moses, which Jesus Christ himself authenticated by numerous quotations in his discourses. Not so, however, with God. The noblest works of his Divine counsel are no more effected in a few months than the expulsion of the Canaanites out of the land was performed in one year. For reasons best known to his awful self, God works slowly—not by any prodigious strides, but by some careful, yet unmistakable means. Cowper has put it most admirably—

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform."

Still, though his hand may not always be traced—

"He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

Especially was this the case in the era preceding the Reformation. When God raised up the meek Bradwardine and the honest Grostete, who would have thought they were but a connecting link—a precedent to, and foretaste of, the fearless and

powerful antagonism of Wickliffe? The Church of Rome was astounded by these two men, and Wickliffe came in time to strike it dumb. In Lyons, a rich merchant of the name of Peter Valdo, by selling his possessions, distributing them to the poor, and preaching most energetically against Babylon's iniquity, shook the foundation of the Romish hierarchy. John Huss went through the fire in order to open the door for the exposure of the crying evils of the irreligion of the Church. But to Martin Luther was it reserved to upheave the pillars of the tottering structure, which like Samson's great exploit, fell, and the fall of which was so very great.

In this our task it will be not so much to write a biography of this prodigious genius, as to reproduce the glorious and noble scenes, and endeavour to apply them to the present day. Those master men, D'Aubigné and Dr. Milner, have so written his biography in their histories of the Reformation that it cannot well be re-written. The magic hand of the painter has already put on canvas the glowing life of the heroic man; be mine, therefore, the humbler effort of photographing a few of those scenes, giving them a special and particular reference to the exigencies of the age.

Luther was born, it is said, on the 10th of November, 1483, in the midst of the flames of Bohemian martyrdom. His father was a poor man, but he had certain appreciative views of his son's mental excellence. Consequently he put him to school. The school was presided over by the Franciscan monks at Magdeburg. Here he was taught and flogged—the one was as necessary as the other. Future struggles rendered it absolutely requisite that a good drilling should be given him when young; and so, humane or not humane, he was well whipped because he well deserved it.

Despite our disinclination to tarry, there are two practical lessons which must be derived from two important scenes in Luther's childhood. When at Magdeburg he had in the few hours allotted to recreation to beg for his daily food; his father could not wholly support him, so seek

charity he must. One Christmas season, he, with his school-fellows, went into the neighbouring villages to sing hymns. The company of beggar-students stopped at a peasant's house, and on hearing their youthful melody out came the rough proprietor of the cottage, gruffly demanding, "Where do you come from, boys?" So frightened were they at the by-no-means sweet music of the peasant, that they ran away. Not that there was any real ground for their fears; a tender heart was beating under the rough exterior of the man. But the boys had experienced so much of the growling propensities of their masters at the school, that, true to the old adage, "A burnt child dreads the fire," they gladly made their escape. The honest peasant, however, entreated them to return, and, constrained by the remarkable change of voice, they retraced their steps and finally received the desired food. And so, Christian, if thy God appears in providence to frown upon thee, do not act the part of these lads, and go farther from him; but draw even nearer, remembering that—

"Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face."

When Luther was removed to Eisenach, his poverty removed *with*, and not *from* him. Imagine the future Reformer of Europe—the man who was destined by his hard hits to revolutionize the Christian and Pagan world—being turned away from the door, after the present polite reception of our English beggars. As God willed it, however, a Christian woman overheard these unseasonable rebuffs, which seemed like daggers in the tender heart of the extremely-sensitive Martin. In the midst of his sad reflections in the public street, he put the question to himself—"Must I—shall I be forced to give up my studies, and work with my father in the mines for the sake of a piece of bread?" Never, never! For God opened in Providence his door, and so did this good woman hers, and he entered and was fed. The wholesome food satiated his appetite, and he began to talk freely; for when persons suffer from hunger how can they talk? But when a man has been blessed with a hearty, satisfying meal, he must be a thankless, stoical, heartless miscreant, if he cannot

lose all his ill-temper and converse freely. The house of this woman became Luther's, and he, in return, immortalized her great kindness by leaving behind this worthy and beautiful comment, "There is nothing

sweeter on earth than the heart of a woman in which godliness dwelleth."

BUT MORE PREPARATION IS STILL NEEDED.

*London.*

## Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," etc.

### THE TWO NEW YEARS' DAYS.—PART II.

**NEW YEAR'S EVE.** The snow fell silently and slowly all day. It wrapt the houses in its white soft folds; it embraced the graves in the burial-ground. It fell noiselessly into an open grave, and melted on the damp earth there. Mr. and Mrs. Ripon thought of this as they looked sorrowfully through the half-shaded window. Down there, out of their reach, far away from the warm arms that had often held her so tenderly, they were going that day to leave all that was mortal of their little Anne. The illness from which he had scarcely recovered left Mr. Ripon very weak. He bent over the coffin, and hot tears fell upon the marble form it enclosed.

"My child—my beautiful—would God I could have you back! How dark the earth will be now—how full of sorrow our lives hereafter!"

"*The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away*"—there was a struggle ere the bereaved father could add, "*blessed be the name of the Lord.*"

For the child was passing dear to him, and in all his schemes in his desire to get rich, in the sacrifices of personal comfort which he had made—his thoughts had been ever of her. She was tender and fragile; he would hedge her in with love; he would shield her from harm. He would amass money that afterward she might be provided for. But now a thick pall was spread over all earthly joy. She was not—for God had taken her.

While he thus mused somewhat bitterly and very sorrowfully, his wife came in and laid her pale face against his breast. He felt for her almost more than himself. If it were such a trial to him, what must it be to the mother! Tenderly he strove to

soothe her, and thus took they together their farewell of little Anne.

"Will the sun ever shine again, my Polly?"

"Yes, God will make it. It is all in love; somehow, though we cannot see it, God will make this a blessing to us. Anyhow, we shall be glad to go away from this pain and suffering to the land of rest where she is."

And Mr. Ripon thought of that dreadful day when he expected to die, and shrank back appalled before the cold dark cave into which his child had so fearlessly entered. He remembered how unprepared he had felt and been; how the sudden summons had made him tremble. And there, by the coffin of his departed child, Mr. Ripon made a silent, solemn vow, that henceforth his days should not be wasted as they had been; that he would not take the free full gift of salvation at the Saviour's hands, and then depart with the nine, never returning to render thanks, never doing anything as a mark of grateful love.

They buried little Anne in her snow-decked grave, her young healthy brothers weeping such tears as, thank God, children have not often to weep. But the father knew that she was safer than his love could have made her—safe from the cold and danger, the temptations and sorrows of the world—safe in the arms of the child's Saviour. He knew

"She is not dead, the child of our affection,

But gone into that school,

Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule."

But it was a dreary New Year's-eve to them all. It seemed so hard to leave her there with the snow, and the wild wind and the cold hard sod, and few words were

spoken that evening, and in the night there was little sleep for the aching eyes that bedewed the pillow with tears.

So came the New Year's-day. In the early morning the church bells rang out their usual merry peal; but they smote upon the hearts that were so sore. Perhaps there is nothing which makes a suffering, solitary, nervous person more miserable, than these same bells. They bring before one so vividly the contrast between the happy world and one's dull aching self. Many a person, whose loved ones have been one by one cut off, who is alone in this cold careless world, has been moved to most sorrowful tears by the bells which ring in the new year. Mrs. Ripon felt as if she could scarcely endure them. And it is not surprising that morning none of them spoke the customary salutation, "I wish you a happy new year." It would have been such mockery!

Yet that morning Jesus came and spoke to the sufferers. They were brought nearer to him by their sad trial; the hearts that had been so encrusted by worldliness opened to take in his precious words of consolation. The Smiter became most tenderly the Healer. The bereaved parents knelt to kiss the hand that had taken away their treasure.

The father grew calm as he talked to his boys, and the mother almost smiled to see the unwonted expression of sadness gradually pass from their young faces. "God has not taken away all the blessings," she murmured, "life is beautiful still." She expressed her thought to her husband afterwards.

"Yes, Mary, and we will try to make it more beautiful than it has ever been before. I am afraid I have made it dark for you, my wife, by crowding into it so much of worldly care and toil, and so little of rest and enjoyment; I thought to save money for our darling, and our heavenly Father has taken her to the riches that wax not old. I think he designed to teach us not to be so worldly—not to give ourselves up to the things of time and sense. May he help us to serve him better this year."

Mrs. Ripon thanked God for these words through her tears. For her woman's nature

had often recoiled from the life they led. For her husband's and children's sake she was willing to toil and save; yet she would rather have chosen the good part and have sat at the feet of Jesus.

"How much has happened to us this year!" she said. "Do you remember last New Year's-day—when we sat here wondering how much money we could save?"

"Ah, yes, and we have saved the eighty pounds we talked about, and have been able to buy the cottages I looked at so longingly on that day."

"What shall we do with the rents now?"

They had intended to put them by for Anne.

"I'll tell you what I should like to do with the rent of one: to set it apart for some poor little girl about our Anne's age, who has no mother or father to care for her."

The wife smiled in her gratitude. After all they might hear, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these, ye did it unto me."

"And, John, we could spare the rent of another to bring as a temple offering. We have not given much of our savings, and yet there are the heathen to be taught, the children to be trained, new chapels to be built in dark places, and great good to be done generally with money."

"Yes, dear, and yet another thing we must do. We must find time to attend to week-night services. It will refresh us in the barren land to get a drink of the Fountain of Life."

Such were their resolutions on this New Year's Day. Their hearts were made soft under the Father's discipline, and this year they were not so thoroughly selfish and worldly as in the year before.

And according to their resolutions, so passed the year. Not for themselves and their children alone did they now work.

"What can I bring for Jesus? How can I serve his cause?" This was their theme.

Do you ask which of the two was the happier year? This latter, though shaded by the loss of their darling child. In keeping his commandments there is great reward.

"Godliness is profitable unto all things having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."



## Reviews.

*Preaching for the Million.* Thirteen Sermons by Rev. H. G. GUINNESS. With Portrait and Memoir. London: J. F. Shaw, 48, Paternoster-row.

THIS book and the title are in perfect harmony. These are thoroughly good sermons for all, but especially for the masses. The subjects are striking, the language plain, the style clear, graphic, and forcible, the manner original, yet natural, the spirit richly evangelical. The sermons cannot be read without profit, for they are full of the mind of the Spirit, and they eminently glorify Christ. We rejoiced when Mr. Guinness went forth exhibiting the ardour of Whitfield, and, like that immortal prince of preachers, set his heart on one object—the salvation of souls. To that he has constantly adhered; and on both sides of the Atlantic he has been blessed with great success in his work. Were these sermons known as they deserve to be, they would sell by hundreds of thousands. The portrait is excellent, and the memoir is full of interest.

*Communings with Jesus.* A Morning Portion for Every Day in the Year. By the Author of "Pietas Privata." London: J. F. Shaw.

HERE is a gem, three inches by two and a-half, nicely got up, with a portion of Scripture and a selected verse of some sweet hymn for every morning in the year. It ought to be found in the waistcoat pocket of every young man, and on the toilet table of every young Christian lady in the land. It has our most hearty recommendation.

*Bishop Colenso's Objections to the Veracity of the Pentateuch. An Examination.* By the Rev. B. W. SAVILLE, M.A., Curate of Tattingstone, &c. London: W. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street.

WE had ever imagined that Episcopate bishops had to supervise the acts and labours of the inferior clergy; but here the country curate of Tattingstone is overhauling a bishop; and certainly the bishop has very much the worst of it. Within the space of some thirty-two octavo pages most of the bishop's objections to the Pentateuch are fairly met and completely overthrown. We think all who will read the bishop's book and the curate's sifting examination will conclude that the inspired revelation of the Pentateuch has not been shaken in the least by the bishop's attack. We deeply regret that sceptical opponents of Divine revelation should at length have enlisted a bishop into their ranks.

*Jesus our Ark.* By J. CHRISTIAN. W. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street.

THIS volume is the production of a Christian native of India. It breathes a thoroughly evangelical spirit, and does credit to the simple yet

ardent piety of the writer. Would that man would flee to Christ as our only Ark of safety from the wrath to come!

*The Church of the New Testament. Biblical Catechism on the Dedication of Property.*

*Various Tracts on Christian Beneficence.*

*The Weekly Offering Record, &c.* By Rev. JOHN ROSS, Hackney. London: Ward and Co.; and W. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street.

THE author of these pamphlets and tracts has presented, in seventy-eight pages, a well-written and admirable summary of the nature and principles of the Church of Christ. He takes a clear Scriptural and most satisfactory view of the whole subject—headship, spirituality, polity, revenue, &c. It is worthy of universal circulation. The "Tracts on Beneficence" and "The Weekly Offering Record" are worthy both of the man and cause which he appears to have been raised up to serve.

*A Brief Account of the Baptist Church. Princess Bishoprough, Bucks.* By the pastor, Rev. I. J. OWEN. London: J. Heaton and Co., 21, Warwick-lane.

A CLEAR and concise account of this venerable church, now upwards of a century and a-half old. These records are both obearing and suggestive; and we rejoice that it is enjoying, under Mr. Owen's labours, great prosperity.

*Baptist Hand-book for 1863.* London: J. Heaton and Son, Warwick-lane.

AN indispensable book of reference to the churches, ministry, and institutions of the Baptist denomination.

*The Temperance Congress of 1862.* London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

THIS very handsomely-printed work is full of invaluable papers in connection with the Temperance reformation. These papers are scientific, historical, moral, religious, statistical, and biographical. It must ever be valuable as a standard of reference, and cannot fail to be useful in accomplishing the object the National Temperance League had in view—first, in securing the meeting of the Congress; and then in giving to the world the papers read before it.

*Ten Minutes with Uncle Oliver on Bicentenary, &c.* London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

THIS is a capital little book for young readers, and deserves general Nonconformist patronage.

*Journal de Familles.* No. I. London: W. Allan and Co., 9, Stationer's-hall-court.

THIS journal is designed to supply a want among

English readers of French periodical publications. The conductors engage that it shall be so pure and free from all objectionable articles so as to be worthy of a place in our most well-conducted homes. The subjects are to comprise articles on Science, Art, Natural Scenery, Biography, Anecdotes, Narratives, &c. It is well got up, both as to type and wood illustrations, of which there are ten in this number. It cannot fail, we think, to enlist a goodly number of regular subscribers. Among other attempts to unite more closely the two countries, we trust this will exert a considerable influence.

*The Dictionary of Medical and Surgical Knowledge, &c.* London: Houlston and Wright. THIS work, of which Nos. I. and II. are before us, will, no doubt, be an invaluable book of reference in the family circle. Marvellously cheap, and the articles written with great ability, its publication cannot fail to be a success. By

these monthly twopenny parts it is brought within the reach of the masses of the people.

*Evangelical Magazine* for January. OF more than average merit, with an admirable portrait of Rev. Dr. Thomson, of Edinburgh.

*Baptist Magazine* for January. A GOOD number, and excellent life-like likeness of the worthy President of Regent's-park College.

*The Teacher's Offering* for January. THE first number of a new series, and in all respects worthy of its past reputation.

*The Mother's Friend* for January. WORTHY of, and adapted for, usefulness.

*The Little Gleaner* for January. ONE of the interesting penny serials for the young.

## Poetry.

### WAITING SERVANTS.

Many of God's dear children pass  
Through long affliction here;  
Victims of lingering disease,  
They live from year to year.  
Such may be tempted to exclaim—  
"Why are we left on earth?  
Why does the Lord prolong our lives,  
That seem so little worth?"

Afflicted ones, God knoweth best;  
Then trust his wisdom great,  
And bear in mind—"They also serve  
Who only stand and wait."  
One has to do the Master's will,  
Another has to bear;  
Both are the servants of the Lord,  
And both his favour share.

Patience must have her perfect work,  
And graces must be tried;  
Ye may be in the furnace long,  
But Jesus sits beside;  
He, the Refiner, knoweth well  
How great the heat should be;  
When his wise ends are all fulfilled  
He sets his people free.

If from the busy scenes of life  
Some child of God should turn  
To visit such afflicted saints,  
Sweet lessons he may learn.  
For oftentimes he will behold  
Their heaven-born graces shine  
So brightly, that his heart must bow  
In praise of power divine.

And he will hear these Christians talk  
Of visits from their Lord,  
When he has cheered their waiting souls  
With some consoling word.  
The everlasting arms, they say,  
Are underneath them placed,  
And, by Christ's love, affliction's cup  
Is sweetened to their taste.

O sufferers! yet a little while,  
And ye shall reach your home,  
Where sin and sorrow enter not—  
Where sickness cannot home.  
A little while, and ye shall be  
Enclasped in Christ's embrace,  
And gaze, without a veil between,  
Upon his glorious face.

Wellingborough.

THEODORA.

### THE SINGERS OF HEAVEN.

"I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps. And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."

They have clustered together—that band of the blest—  
With their garment of white, and life-crown on their head;  
They have gained the bright shore of the country of rest,  
And the wide golden pavements have echoed their tread.

They have come from the low and dark valley of fears,  
Where bewailings and groans stayed the flow of their song;  
They have struggled away from their birthright of tears,  
And have thrilled with the joy of the sorrowless throng.

They are now in the land where the eye grows not dim,  
Where the heart never aches, and where death has no sign;  
Triumphantly sing they that wondrous new hymn,  
And strike their sweet harps where the Jasper stones shine.

The children are there with their musical strains,  
And the old men whose voices were tremulous here,  
And the women who wept with their songs—there remains  
Not a trace of earth's discord where Jesus is near.

The glad chorus peals through the arches of heaven,  
The wavelets of harmony glide by the throne—  
O blest are those singers! To us be it given  
To join in their song who their Saviour have known.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

#### CHRIST, A LOVELY FRIEND.

"This is my beloved, and this is my friend,  
O daughters of Jerusalem!"

Jesus, my love, thou dearest Lord,  
Thou fairest of the sons of men;  
How shall my tongue thy grace record,  
Or tell thy beauties—where, or when?

In heaven they sing thy lofty praise;  
It forms the theme of saints above;  
To harps of gold thy fame they raise—  
All hearts are glowing with thy love.

On earth, the Church redeemed by grace,  
And saved from hell by precious blood,  
Delights to view thy charming face,  
Thou Son of man, thou Lamb of God.

Thou art a Friend—of friends the best—  
Unchanging as the eternal throne;  
How oft thy smiles have made me blest  
While pouring forth my plaintive moan

Again to me thy love display,  
And let me feel that I am thine;  
Thy presence cheers my darkest day;  
Lord, fill my soul with joys divine.

Jerusalem's walls shall then resound  
With shouts of grace, so rich and free;  
While all her daughters' harps shall sound  
The praise of him who loved me.

*Windsor.*

S. LILLYCROP.

#### LAW AND GOSPEL.

"There is none that doeth good, no, not one."  
Ps. xiv. 3.

How humbling to the human race,  
When truth thus meets us face to face!  
Low in the dust we all may hide,  
By law can none be justified.  
Our pride by nature makes us try  
And hope ourselves to justify;  
And by our lives and actions gain  
Redemption from eternal pain.

But hark! what says the Word of God?  
The man that sins must feel the rod;  
And all have sinned and evil done,  
For none are good, O no! not one;  
Although the poor thou may'st have fed,  
And filled the hungry with thy bread,  
Or aided every righteous cause,  
Yet thou has broken God's own laws.  
And though thou hast no murder done,  
Nor stole the goods of any one;  
But gave thy parents honour due;  
Lying, or swearing never knew,—  
The world may call thee best of men,  
But yet the law will thee condemn;  
Its fiery darts will make thee bleed,  
For all the world must "guilty" plead.

If thou hast had one sinful thought,  
(And where's the creature who hast not?)  
That will thy peace for aye destroy,  
"The soul that sinneth it shall die."  
O how these guns their thunders roar!  
What storms of shot and shell they pour!  
They sound a curse to whom they come,  
There's none that doeth good, not one.

But now we hear a pleasing sound,  
It speaks to all the nations round,  
"Come, heavy-laden sinners, come,"  
"And welcome to my heavenly home,"  
I'll give thee rest and sweet repose,  
Eternal joy for all thy woes,  
There see thy Saviour face to face,  
Condemned by law, but saved by grace.

Believe in Christ the Lord who died,  
By faith thou canst be justified;  
And though thy sins are like a flood,  
They can be cleansed in Jesus' blood;  
The law hath reigned, sin did abound,  
But now abundant grace is found;  
Where is thy victory—Grave? we'll sing  
And thou—O Death—where is thy sting.

*Wellingborough.*

JOHN EARLY.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

**MAULDEN AND AMPHILL.**—The Rev. Thomas Cardwell, late of South Shields, Durham, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the United Baptist and Independent church of Maulden and Amphill.

**SHEPARD'S BARTON, FROME.**—The Rev. S. Manning has resigned the pastorate of the church at the above place, having accepted an appointment as editor in connection with the Religious Tract Society.

**BARDWELL, SUFFOLK.**—The Rev. J. Barrett has, through ill health, resigned the pastorate at the above place after ten years of harmonious connection with an attached and loving people, who part with their pastor with deep regret. Mr. J. Brett has accepted their unanimous invitation, and entered on his labours the third Sabbath in the new year. Our correspondent adds:—Your magazine is quite a favourite here; we take upwards of 50 monthly.

### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**GLASGOW, GLAMORGANSHIRE.**—On Thursday, December 25, an ordination was held at the Baptist chapel, in connection with the settlement and public recognition of the Rev. W. Morgan. The devotional exercises were conducted by some of the elder members of the church. The Rev. G. Cosens, of Usk, proposed the usual questions. The Rev. M. Davies, of Llangibby (Mr. Morgan's former pastor), offered the recognition prayer. The Rev. G. Cosens delivered an affectionate charge to the young pastor, and the Rev. M. Davies gave the charge to the church and congregation. The newly-elected minister concluded the service with prayer. The various engagements of the day excited the liveliest interest. May the God of all grace send abundant prosperity!

**LLANDUDNO, NORTH WALES.**—On December 28 and 29, services in connection with the ordination of Mr. John Thomas (late student of Pontypool College) were held at the Welsh Baptist chapel at the above place. On the Sabbath Dr. Pritchard (theological tutor), Llangollen, and Dr. Thomas, Pontypool, held services. On Monday morning an ordination service took place, in which Dr. Pritchard, the Rev. W. Thomas, Liverpool; the Rev. J. Griffith, senior pastor, and Dr. Thomas took part. In the afternoon Dr. Pritchard preached to the church, and the Rev. A. J. Parry, Cefn Mawr, also delivered a discourse. At six in the evening sermons were preached by the Rev. J. D. Williams, Bangor, the Rev. A. J. Parry, and the Rev. W. Thomas. The meetings throughout were very well attended.

**LAKE ROAD, LANDFORD.**—The Rev. E. Gauge,

of the Metropolitan College, has been preaching for some time at this chapel, with great acceptance. The recognition service of his settlement over the church was held on Monday, January 5th. The various parts of the services of the day were conducted by the Revs. J. Davis, J. H. Cullis, A. Jones, G. Arnot, Mr. J. Crowter (deacon), and Rev. G. Rogers (tutor of the College), who gave an impressive charge to the pastor. Rev. W. Howieson, of Lion-street, Waltham, addressed the church. The services concluded with singing and prayer by Mr. Gauge. The next day a recognition tea-meeting was held, when 350 sat down. The meeting was addressed by the Revs. Hibberd, F. White (both of the Metropolitan College), T. Tollerfield, Mr. Gauge, of London (the pastor's father), and E. Gauge.

### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**TREBY, PEMBROKESHIRE.**—On Monday, January 5, a social tea-meeting was held in the vestry of the South Parade Chapel, and a meeting afterwards in the chapel, when Mr. Gardner presented to the Rev. J. R. Jenkins, in the name of the church and congregation, a purse of gold as a token of their appreciation of his labours amongst them. Mr. J. R. Jenkins with much emotion responded. Appropriate addresses were also given by Messrs. Jordan, S. H. Davies, and James Rees. The Lord has crowned the labours of Mr. Jenkins with success.

**WHITTLESEA.**—New Year's-day being the anniversary of our much-esteemed pastor's tenth year's ministry amongst us, upwards of eighty of the members met for tea. After earnest prayer by Mr. Whiting, of Needingworth, Mr. Forman, of March, gave a spirited address to the church. In the evening a public meeting was held, at which Mr. Whiting, in the name of the church and congregation, presented our esteemed pastor, Mr. D. Ashby, with a purse containing upwards of £10 as a token of their indebtedness to God and love to his servant. The gift was acknowledged in a way confirmatory of the union of minister and people. Excellent addresses were delivered by Mr. Whiting and Mr. Forman. The Divine presence and blessing of the Lord was felt, and the bonds of Christian union strengthened as we commenced the new year.

**BRIGHTON.**—A social tea-meeting was held on Friday, January 9, in a room kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. D. Friend, when a large number of the members of the church and congregation of Bond-street Chapel met for the purpose of expressing their deep sympathy and regard for their beloved pastor, the Rev. G. Isaac. The tea being over, Mr. Cutlack was called to the

chair, and presented Mr. Isaac with a handsome copy of Bagster's Bible; also the sum of £13—being the freewill offering of a few of the friends. After the presentation of these tokens of regard, Mr. Isaac rose to express his warm and heartfelt thanks. A few suitable addresses were delivered, and the meeting terminated, leaving an impression most pleasant on the minds of all present.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**SHOULDHAM-STREET, BRYANSTON-SQUARE.**—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon will preach at the above chapel on Thursday morning, February 5, in aid of the funds of the British schools, service commencing at twelve o'clock. Admittance by ticket, to be had of Mr. Neal, 18, Edgware-road, and Rev. W. A. Blake, 38, South Bank, Regent's-park, N.W.

**SALERU CHAPEL, MEARD'S-COURT, DRAN-STREET, SOHO.**—The eleventh anniversary of Rev. John Bloomfield's pastorate will be held (D.V.) on Tuesday, February 3. Tea at 5 o'clock, tickets 9d each. Public meeting at half past six o'clock. An early application for tickets will oblige the friends, and tend very much to promote the comfort of the meeting. Revs. G. Wyard, S. Milner, J. Pells, J. Foreman, Williamson, Anderson, and others will (D.V.) address the meeting upon the following subjects:—1. Prayer, encouragements to its exercise and its marvellous power; 2. Faith, its nature and exploits in ancient and modern times; 3. Obedience to Christ's laws the evidence of love which Christ requires; 4. Spirituality of mind essentially necessary to usefulness in the Church of God; 5. Prosperity in the Church the result of God's blessing on the united efforts of a godly people; 6. Holiness, its nature and why it is indispensable to the enjoyment of God's worship and presence.—The friends of the Redeemer's cause will be heartily welcomed amongst us.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.**—We are requested to give the following report of the numerical condition of the church in Bewick street:—

Added during the year 1862—	
By baptism .....	29
Received from other churches .....	18
Ditto, being previously baptized .....	3—50
Removals during the year—	
By death .....	6
To other churches .....	5
Out off for non attendance .....	4
Ditto for immorality .....	4—19
Net increase .....	31
Total number of members .....	396

**BRITON FERRY, GLAMORGANSHIRE.**—On Monday, January 5, a very interesting meeting in connection with the English Baptist church was held. A large company—about 450—partook of tea at four o'clock. In the evening a crowded

public meeting was held in the Welsh Baptist chapel (kindly lent for the occasion), over which the Rev. H. Thomas, pastor of the church, presided, when the Rev. C. Short, M. A., Swansea; B. Thomas and T. Jones, of Neath; T. Cole, Bridgend; S. Williams and — Evans (Independent) delivered appropriate addresses. £15 was cleared by the tea, towards a fund for the erection of an English Baptist chapel in the place.

**PAIN'S CASTLE, RADNORSHIRE.**—The annual tea-meeting towards the liquidation of the debt on the Baptist chapel in this village was held on Christmas-day last. The provisions were kindly given by the ladies. A party of about 300 persons sat down to partake of them. After tea a public meeting was held in the Independent Chapel (kindly lent). The Rev. J. Griffiths, of Portway (Independent), took the chair, and a lecture was delivered on "The Rev. Dr. Carey and his Times" by the Rev. D. B. Edwards, of Brecon. The lecture gave great satisfaction to the people. We hope our Baptist friends and others in Wales, who are anxious to know about Dr. Carey and his Times, will give an invitation to Mr. Edwards to pay them a visit.

**ST. JOHN'S WOOD, LONDON.**—On Wednesday evening, December 10, a meeting was held in the large room of the Eyre Arms Tavern, in connection with the labours of Rev. W. Stott, who has for the last five months been preaching in the above room. The results of Mr. Stott's preaching have been so beneficial, and the number of attendants so large, that a committee has been formed to secure his permanent services and devise means to build a chapel capable of accommodating 1,600 persons, with schoolroom attached. The estimated cost is from £3,000 to £4,000. About 500 persons sat down to tea. At seven o'clock a public meeting was held, under the presidency of Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart. The following friends also addressed the meeting:—The Rev. Dr. Angus, the Rev. J. Batey, W. Heaton, Esq., the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, and Mr. Stott. The want of a Baptist cause has long been felt in this locality, and we trust the friends there will sustain Mr. Stott in his efforts, and that we may ere long report the commencement of the building, and the establishment of the cause upon a broad and firm basis.

**THE LATE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF CHELTENHAM.**—On Thursday, December 18, the Rev. James Smith's mortal remains were interred in the burial-ground connected with the Presbyterian Church, Cheltenham. The funeral procession, which consisted of four carriages, contained the Revs. Dr. Brown, W. G. Lewis, Haynes, Waddy, M'Pherson, and B. Smith, the four sons of deceased, his uncle, and brother, Rev. C. Smith, of Leicester; Mr. Downing, the executor; Messrs. Lewis, Carter, and Powell,

deacons of Cambray Chapel; and Mr. W. Smith. About fifty members of Cambray Chapel followed on foot as mourners. The church was filled by a large and attentive congregation. The Rev. Mr. Lewis read the Scriptures, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Thomas Haynes. The Rev. T. M'Pherson gave out the hymn commencing, "Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims," after which the Rev. Dr. Brown delivered an eloquent and touching funeral address. The procession then left the church, and the remains were interred in the graveyard on the right hand side, and close to the building. A special meeting of gentlemen was held before Mr. Smith's death, at which resolutions of sympathy were adopted. At this meeting the Rev. E. Walker, the rector of Cheltenham, presided, and among those who took part in it were Lieutenant-Colonel Hobson, Dr. Burrell, R. B. Hudleston, Esq., C. T. Cooke, Esq., N. Hartland, Esq., and — Jupp, Esq. A testimonial which was set on foot soon produced the sum of £400. The Rev. John Cox, of Ipswich, improved the death of Mr. Smith at Cambray Chapel on Lord's-day evening, Dec. 28. Mr. Cox was one of Mr. Smith's earliest ministerial friends, and there was a mutual agreement between them that the survivor should preach the funeral sermon of the one first removed by death. We are glad to know that this sermon is in course of publication. In addition to the sermon will be found copious extracts from the correspondence of the late Mr. Smith. The work may be had of Messrs. Nisbet, Berners-street, or of John Oording, "Christian World" office, 31, Paternoster-row.

## BAPTISMS.

ASTON CLINTON, Dec. 22—Five, by Mr. Raymond Beazley.  
 BOROUGH GREEN, Kent, Dec. 21—Two, by Mr. W. Frith.  
 BURY, Lancashire, Dec. 7—Six, by Mr. Sykes: five from the Sabbath-school; and the other a very promising young man, who has been engaged for some time as an evangelist.  
 COLHAM, Shrewsbury, Nov. 9—Five, by Mr. C. F. Vernon: one of the above the pastor's only daughter.  
 CREWE, Cheshire—Eight, by Mr. E. Morgan: two of these were teachers, and two scholars, in our Sabbath-school.  
 DATCHET, Bucks, Dec. 14—Three, by Mr. Bush.  
 DESBOROUGH, Northamptonshire, Jan. 4—Four, by Mr. J. Murrell, of Kettering.  
 DUBLIN, Abbey-street, Nov. 2—Seven; Dec. 7, Two, by Mr. W. L. Giles.  
 GLASGOW, North Frederick-street, Dec. 28—Seven, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst. Thirteen others have been received who were baptized in former years. We have taken one hundred copies of your January number, in order that it might have a fair introduction to our

members. Our pastor stated publicly he wished every member of the church to subscribe for the BAPTIST MESSENGER, because he believed it to be the cheapest and best periodical of the day. "Go ye and do like wise."—N. F. S.

HACKNEY, Mare-street Chapel, Dec. 4—Four, by Mr. W. G. Lewis, for the pastor, Mr. D. Katterns.  
 HORSFORTH, Yorks, January 4—One, by Mr. Fred. Harper, from Rawdon College.  
 KINGTON, Herefordshire, Dec. 4—Five; Dec. 31, Six, by Mr. C. Wilson Smith.  
 KNELTONE, Gower, Dec. 14—Four, by Mr. D. Evans. The BAPTIST MESSENGER is acceptable here; there are 27 received for the year 1863.  
 LAXFIELD, Suffolk, Jan. 11—Six, by Mr. R. E. Sears.  
 LONDON, Spencer-place, Goswell-road, Jan. 4—Six, by Mr. P. Gast.  
 —, Earl-street, London-road, Dec. 15, at Borough-road Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion—Seven, by Mr. J. C. Wells. The friends at Earl-street wish thankfully to remember the goodness of God to them. We earnestly trust this is but the beginning of brighter days. Will some dear brother and sister whom the Lord has blessed assist us in a financial difficulty pressing upon us very greatly just now, and thus fulfil the Divine command, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ?" Donations thankfully received and acknowledged by the treasurer, Mr. G. Hoare, 22, Wellington-street, Blackfriars.  
 —, Shaftesbury Baptist Church, Aldersgate-street, City, Dec. 22—Four, by Mr. A. Searl, at New Park-street Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion. One was from the senior class of our Sunday-school.  
 —, Grosvenor-street, Commercial-road, Dec. 23—Six, by Mr. J. Harrison.  
 LLANGYNDR, Dec. 14—Four: three of whom were from the Sunday-school; Jan. 11, One, by Mr. Fred. Evans.  
 MORIAN, Radnorshire, Nov. 23—One, by Mr. T. Phillips: a brother who had been halting between two opinions for a long time. We take a good number of your MESSENGERS, and believe they have done much good. Accept our best wishes for your continued success during the new year.  
 PLYMOUTH, George-street Chapel, Oct. 29—Two; Dec. 19, Four, by Mr. T. C. Page.  
 PRESTON, Pole-street, Dec. 28—Nine, by Mr. Webb.  
 SWINSHEDD, Lincolnshire, Dec. 25—Two, by the pastor, whose name we are not favoured with.—ED.

**TRETFORD, Dec. 28**—Two, by Mr. G. W. Old-rog.

**THURLEIGH, Beds, January 4**—Two by Mr. W. K. Dexter. They are both teachers in the Sabbath-school. God has greatly blessed us. During the last 14 months the Church has been more than doubled. Pray for us, that showers of Divine grace may still descend.

**UPTON-ON-SEVERN, Jan. 1**—Three by Mr. J. H. Parker.

**WATERBEACH, Cambs, Jan. 4**—Five in the River Cam by Mr. J. T. Ewing.

**WEDNESBURY, Oct. 5**—Four; Jan. 4, Seven. Others are earnestly seeking Jesus. Pastor's name not given. We suppose it to be Rev. T. Grove.

#### DEATHS.

On December 31, Mr. William Sarjeant, aged 71, for 34 years usefully devoted to the cause of the Redeemer.

On January 5, Mrs. Eleanor Peck, aged 64, after a career of 46 years' cheerful piety, though often having to wade through the deep waters of affliction.

On January 11, Mr. Elizabeth Bolton, aged 75. She had zealously run the Christian race, and was in truth a mother in Israel.

The above were members of the Old Baptist Church, Rushden, Northamptonshire; but are now, we doubt not, safely garnered above with those who are without fault before the throne.—S. K., jun.

On Dec. 25, at Aylburton, Lydney, Gloucestershire, Annie, the beloved daughter of Theophilus and Benedicta Trotter, aged 19 years.

On Dec. 29, at his residence, 205, Upper Thames-street, London, Geo. Chambers, Esq., aged 49 years, for many years deacon of the Baptist Church, Spencer-place, Goswell-road. He was most devout and Christ-like in his life, and his end was peace.

On Dec. 31, Hannah Elizabeth Chambers, the beloved wife of the above, aged 49 years. She sleeps in Jesus. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

On Jan. 1st, John Boston, a consistent member of North Frederick-street Church, Glasgow, departed from earth to heaven. Our brother stated, a few hours before his death, his only hope was "a full Christ for empty sinners."

#### THE LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

(To the Editor of the BAPTIST MESSENGER.)

Sir,—Will you permit me, on behalf of the committee of the Lancashire Baptist Relief Fund, to acknowledge the receipt of £150 from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, being a contribution to the above fund? With the best thanks of the committee to Mr. Spurgeon and his friends, I am, sir, yours most truly,

FITZHERBERT BUGBY, Secretary.

(To the Editor of the BAPTIST MESSENGER.)

Dear Sir,—Will you allow me to acknowledge the following sums which I have received:—Baptist Church, Hillecliffe, £2; ditto, Pershore, £6 5s 4d; ditto, Ekington, £1 9s 8d; ditto, Defford, 8s 5d; some friends, per Mrs. Spurgeon, £1 7s; Redcar, £2; Theale, £3; Newport Pagnell, £2; Thaxted, £3 19s 6d; C. C. P., 5s; Baptist Church, Hatfield, £3 12s; ditto, Maidstone, £5 3s; ditto, Paradise-walk, Chelsea, £1; Alperton Chapel, £2 7s 3d; besides smaller sums and several parcels of clothing.

We must still cry Help, help! and the half-fed, half-clothed applicants for relief make us cry very earnestly. We shall be very glad of cast-off clothing. Our sewing-class now numbers 80. About £80 a-month is required for its maintenance. Some of the girls are employed in making linen collars and cuffs for sale. A specimen collar, ladies' or boys', will be sent post-free for 6d., half doz. for 2s. 6d., a set, collars and cuffs, for 1s., half a dozen for 5s. If all that are made can be disposed of for these prices, about one third of the money required will be realized. Dear friends, will you help us to the best of your ability?

Subscriptions and parcels may be sent to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, or Rev. W. Hayward, Wigan.—Yours sincerely,

W. HAYWARD.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to W. Dixon for his kind commendation. We are not always apprized of the price of books sent for review, but will try to improve. Many valuable contributions deferred from necessity.

SEVERAL pieces in verse not admissible, on account of their length.

ERROR IN YEAR-BOOK.—For C. W. Smith, Knighton, Radnorshire, read C. W. Smith, King-ton, Herefordshire.

#### HALF-YEARLY VOLS. of the "BAPTIST MESSENGER" for 1856-57-58.

A FEW of these Volumes remain on hand, each containing Eight Sermons by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, embracing, among others, the following subjects: The Christian's Glorious Inventory—The Dew of Blessing—A Lost Christ Found. Also choice Essays and Papers by the late Rev. James Smith, of Cheltenham, and others. The above will be forwarded post free on receipt of six postage stamps for each copy.—J. Cording, "Christian World" office, 31, Paternoster-row.

## HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. J. A. SPURGEON, OF SOUTHAMPTON.

"How readest thou."—Luke x. 24.

WE gather from reading the inspired records of the Church's early history, that the increase to its numbers was generally through the preaching of the Word, but that to confirm the different bodies of believers, the written Word was chiefly employed. Such is the manner of the Spirit's operation in the present time. A preached Gospel proclaimed by ministers in public, or by private Christians in the daily walks of life, is still the means in God's hand of saving them that believe; but the Word of God read carefully by believers is that which helps most successfully to their confirmation in the faith. If such is the case the important question, *How readest thou?* must rank with the injunctions, "Take heed what ye hear;" "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." How many thousands of Bibles are in use in our own land! What a multitude of Bible-readers we have in our midst! Can we hope that all these Bibles are rightly used, and that each reader understands and benefits by what he reads? I fear we cannot. All reading is not of the right kind; we need to examine ourselves to see if we read the Scriptures as God has meant them to be read by the sons of men.

I purpose laying before you some thoughts on the true method of reading the Bible, and shall class them under two heads—I. The wrong way of reading the Scriptures; II. How we ought to peruse them.

## I. THE WRONG WAY OF READING THE SCRIPTURES.

"How readest thou?" Perhaps some may answer rather in the *past* tense than in the present, for you have now ceased to read them. When at home as a child, or in the Sabbath-school, you read the Bible, but of late years you have neglected doing so. When you left your Sunday-school class your teacher gave you a Bible and besought you to read it—you did for a time, but then you forgot your promise, and now you never read it at all. Or perhaps your mother carefully put a Bible she had bought for you into the corner of your trunk, and enjoined upon you, by your love to her, that you would read a portion daily; as long as you remembered her tears and last farewell, you did so; but you missed occasionally, and at last the irregular reading became a total neglecting of God's Word. You never open your Bible now, and only see it when you are searching your trunk for some missing article. My dear friend, what do you think will be the result of this? Picture to yourself a sailor starting from a port, who sets his sails, and lashes fast the wheel, and says, "Blow fair, or blow foul, I mean to go on as I may, without looking at either chart or compass." What will be the result of such a plan? A rock, a quicksand, a lee shore will soon end the mad career, and he will be lost. It is certain that he must sooner or later come to a bad end. So is it with you. It is only a matter of time. If you live without a Bible you have no chart, and you will suffer a shipwreck. The waves of perdition will roll over your head, and you will sink into the pit which hath no bottom.

Another case presents itself. "How readest thou?" "Always on Sundays," is the answer. "I have a Bible, which I keep all the week on the drawers in my bedroom, and on Sundays I dust it and wrap it up in a handkerchief, and I walk off to church with it, and read the lesson, and chapters, and text, and afterwards I put it away till the next Lord's-day comes round, when it goes out for another airing, and so on continually." Look for one moment, I pray you, at your method of reading the Bible. Will it answer, think you? Are you sure that you will die upon a Sunday? Suppose you die during the week, then your religion will have no existence, because it only comes out on Sundays; and however much you may differ from me as to what true religion is, you will agree that it won't do to die without it—that then, of all



times, we need to have something to lean upon to cheer our departing spirits, and to sustain us when heart and flesh are failing. My friend, your practice is wrong—you don't insure your life or your property for one day in seven, but for the whole year. Thus, I beseech you, deal with your soul's affairs, and read God's Word continually, lest you perish without mercy. There is, believe me, no being pious on one day, and worldly the rest of your time. Either you are a new creature altogether, or you are lost, and will perish for ever unless washed in the blood which cleanses from sin. You are doing wrong—seek a better order of things, that you may be saved.

"How readest thou?" This wins another answer from some persons. "We read the Bible more than once a week, though not *with regularity*. When the thought strikes us, if we come across the Bible and have nothing else to do, we read a chapter or two. Sometimes, when it is dusk and not quite the time to light up the room for work, the big Bible on the table, with large print, can be read by the fire-light, or by the last twilight of the evening, and we read some of it then; or if it is a wet day, and we have got tired and weary of being indoors and looking out for something to amuse us, we turn over the pages of the pictorial Bible to see the prints, and we read about them to pass away the time. Or when we are not well, we of course take up the Bible—that is very proper, every one does so—and it looks well when the minister calls, or our friends come in to see us; and besides, somehow, it eases our mind, because it is what we ought to do, and we always feel a desire to be religious when we are ill." Yes, I dare say it is so; but how foolish is your way of proceeding! Do you wait till you are ill before you eat? Do you never feed your bodies except on rainy days? You know it is necessary to take food every day with regularity, or you will not have settled health and strength. I assure you it is as necessary to tend with regularity the soul, which is of far more value than these bodies which we so carefully guard. A speedy way of becoming ill would be never to eat till you felt unwell. It would be ruin to your health of body to wait upon the weather to guide your eating and drinking. Your soul is perishing under this kind of treatment, and I warn you to beware, or you too will certainly be undone.

"How readest thou?" An answer comes which grieves me to my heart. "I read to find matter of *ridicule and laughter*, to point a jest, and find food for wit and sneering." Poor trifer, you are to be pitied indeed. Do men, smitten with a plague, laugh at the prescription, which, if rightly followed, will ensure a perfect cure of the disease? Do men, lost and benighted, jeer at the sign-post which tells the road to safety and comfort? Is a sentence of condemnation a matter for fun and laughter? or does the hope of respite and pardon elicit scoffs from the condemned man. No! men are not so foolish; but *you*, smitten with a disease which is unto death, can laugh at the record of the Physician's power—at the only hope of cure—and can make the Gospel the butt of your diluted wit. You! lost, and in darkness, whose gloom thickens every hour, nevertheless are found mocking the voice which warns of danger and tells of safety; and can jeer at the only hope set before you of escaping from the inevitable destruction which awaits you. You! condemned already (as the Bible says you are), can you find amusement in the record of your doom, and, with a hideous mockery of wit, can joke upon the sentence which should break your heart? Your folly reaches a climax when the only hope of pardon, the one chance of forgiveness, is treated by you as if it were only a proper subject of mirth and laughter. O! be wise—"turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" Must you be mad? Then dress in motley apparel, wear a cap and jingling bells, and play the fool upon the stage; but be not thus a fool so as to ruin your highest interest for a joke, and impale your soul upon your wit.

"Better he had ne'er been born,  
Who reads to mock or reads to scorn."

Be wise; consider your latter end, and prepare to meet your God.

Another replies to the question with yet more of evil in his nature. He reads to mark supposed defects—to discover fancied flaws—to undermine the assertions

of Scripture, and to prove it all to be at best a cunningly-devised fable. Well, go on, sir. The more you rub the brighter it will shine, and the letters of truth upon its dial-plate will come out the clearer for your exertions. I have a quaint old book of Quarles, well known for its odd woodcuts—and one of them represents a child with a small pair of bellows trying to blow out the sun. With all respect for your presumed wisdom, that picture reminds me of you in your equally foolish attempt to extinguish the Bible. You and your bellows will come to perdition, but the Word of God, like him who gave it, shall abide for ever. If I saw a man digging a little hole on the sea-shore, and making a trench to it from the adjacent ocean, and he were to declare that the object of his labour was to drain the ocean dry, I should examine the strings of his jacket, to see if they were made to lace tight, for I should expect the workman to be mad. I know men who boast of an extraordinary amount of reason whose actions rather imply a want of the very beginning of wisdom. We fear not the assaults of men upon our Bible. It is a rock, and their waves may beat upon it, but it shall abide, and they, like the bubbles of the spray, shall dash against it to be destroyed. You know the fable of an asp, which found a file and began to bite it, and finding it hard, it bit harder than before, and waxing angry, it kept on biting till its teeth were broken, but the file was still unharmed. So shall it be with those who seek to injure the Word of Truth. Bite on, we say; the end of all will be, that you will be confounded, and it shall remain the same sure Word of testimony that it has ever been.

“How readest thou?” We ask again, and for our answer we are glad to hear that the reading is regular, and undertaken *with an honest though mistaken heart*. How many read out of form and custom—they say their prayers and read the Bible every day, but only as a matter of routine. I met with a woman only the other day, who spoke of “saying prayers and reading the Book,” as if that was the summit of her religion, and the foundation of all her hopes. She was but a type of a large class who read the Word of God, as a Roman Catholic repeats his prayers. There is no true devotion or religion in the case; it is a form without life or power. Now we advocate reading the Bible; but to read it with formality, with carelessness, without desiring to find in it that which tells of Jesus, and of the way from hell, through earth to heaven—this is wrong, and this we cannot commend. It is a false hope which rests upon the mere act of reading the Word of God. It is not sitting down to the table, and going through a series of actions with your hands and lips which will feed your body—without the food your motions are ridiculous and all in vain. No good can come of it, though you continue to do so for ever. So also the mere moving of the eyes over so many pages, and letting the sense (and sometimes not that) of the passage come before the mind, can never be of any real service to your soul. Read it as if you expected to get a blessing out of it. Search its pages as men search the mines for diamonds or for gold. Read as a matter not so much of duty, as of profit and privilege to your soul.

We put the question now for the last time, and we address it to some Christians who often err in their mode of reading the Bible, “How readest thou?” “*With partiality nearly allied to prejudice*; so much so that some parts of Scripture are never truly read by me at all.” There are many such in the Church, who can read without really seeing many parts of Scripture, because these passages do not fit into their creed. There is such a thing as colour blindness, we are told, and we can certainly trace a doctrinal blindness in many good men. Some are never able to see election in the Bible, or some other doctrine revealed with equal clearness. There is a very large class of persons thus afflicted, and especially when the ordinance of Baptism is in question. Many have confessed to me that they had never looked at the subject at all, and you would marvel to know how many Christians are blind on that point, and only find it out after a long time. Nelson put up the glass to his blind eye to look at the signal flag telling him to cease firing. So it makes a very great difference which eye is used when you read God’s Word, for I

fear we have most of us a film over one eye, in connection with some one or more points of precept or doctrine.

#### II. We now turn to consider THE "RIGHT WAY OF READING THE SCRIPTURES.

We remark, in the first place, that we must read them *prayerfully*. The ordinary practice of joining prayer with the reading of the Word, is doubtless the wisest one. Prayer helps and blesses the reading, and reading stimulates and directs the prayer. There is no spirit or frame of mind, so well-suited to a Bible-reader, as that of supplication. You will find, as Martin Luther found it, that the best place in which to study the Bible, is your closet, and upon your knees. A difficult text will full often yield sweet, clear truth, when brought before the altar of God and prayed over in his sight. One great want of the age is, more quiet study of God's Word in the spirit of prayer. If you desire to be rooted and grounded in the faith, you must take your Bibles to your closets and shut to the door, and pray to your Father which seeth in secret, and he shall reward you openly. The public reading of the Word is all very well, but it will never do to depend upon that alone. Pray over your Bibles in secret for yourselves, and a far richer blessing will be yours, than if you rested solely upon the outward and public means of grace—on family devotion, or such reading of the Word as you can command in the society of friends. Treasure up the Bible in your memory. Learn its precepts. "Bind them continually upon thine heart, and when thou goest it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest it shall talk with thee." Morning and night, and as oft as you can during the day, read prayerfully these words of wisdom. So shall your walk be close with God; your soul shall be as a well-watered garden; and you will become mighty in the Scriptures, and able rightly to divide the Word of truth.

Read the Word of God, I say, *studiously*. Desiring to know its true meaning, devoting to it all the energy and powers of your mind. It is the Word of the all-wise One, and your feeble powers are at best too weak to do justice to the fulness of its wisdom, and comprehend the breadth of its meaning. It has its shallows where an infant may wade, but it has also its depths where leviathans may swim. Approach it, therefore, girding up the loins of your mind, and calling home every thought and power to aid in the solemn task. Here I would call attention to what is self-evident. The Bible is to be read all through, and not to be read in some parts and left unused in others. We have all our favourite portions, but, at same time, we must not slight any part of the Scriptures. They are all given us for our instruction and edification. In all the Scriptures there is something concerning Christ, as he showed to the disciples journeying to Emmaus. At the same time, you must compare Scripture with Scripture. No part is of private interpretation, but must come out to be viewed in public with the rest. Much harm has arisen from the neglect of the obvious truth, that we should see and read all that is said on any point of doctrine or Scripture truth, before we pretend to know all about it, or to affirm what the nature of the truth may be. Half a truth is no truth at all. Be careful not to pronounce a judgment on any doctrine, nor admit it into your creed, till you have (with the help of a concordance or reference Bible) found out all that the Bible says upon the point. Having done this, then believe all that you find concerning it, and reject nothing. The white light of the daytime is composed of many different coloured rays. So the truth upon any one point of Christian faith is generally made up by many parts, and to leave out wilfully, or by carelessness, any one of them, is a wrong course of conduct, and will mar the whole aspect of the doctrine. Truth has been justly compared to the pendulum of a clock, which goes not out of its place or speed, but covers in its sweep its appropriate place in the appointed time. If you stay it at any one point you ruin the whole; at the same time, if you move it out of its fixed time and motion, you will disarrange it likewise. Truth is steadfast, and remains always the same whatever may be its appearance, but it must not be staid in any one aspect of its revelation, nor cramped to meet the whim of any man, or fix into the exigencies of any human formula or creed. Take it in all its range and fulness of significance.

Believe all the Bible, nor add thereto or take away. Bring everything to the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to these it is because there is no life in them.

Read the Bible *reverently*. There are some positions which best display the finish and beauties of a picture; and artists are always particular as to the light and place in which their pictures are to hang, when exhibited to the public. The Bible is also seen to best advantage from one standpoint, and that is from beneath, when the reader humbly looks up to it, as to a sun shedding light down upon him in his ignorance and darkness. You remember the old story of the gate, with the low-hung knocker and the inscription, "Knock and it shall be opened to you." To this wide and splendid gate there drove up a fine carriage, with prancing horses, and the well-dressed man expected the gate to spring open and to welcome him most graciously; but as it kept still, and no signs of a welcome were made, he drove on offended. Another gentleman came not quite so proud or expectant, and he called out to have the gate opened, but no answer coming, he departed also, annoyed at the supposed want of respect. A third came on foot, with a more moderate aspect, and he with his stick struck the gate again and again; but as no notice was taken of him, he went away mortified. A fourth came dressed in rags, he held down his head and sighed, but his eyes rested upon the inscription, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you;" he tremblingly laid hold of the knocker and gave a feeble blow; but the doors flew open and he entered in. So is it with the Bible, it yields not a view of its inner meaning but to the humble in heart. No admission can be gained by wealth, power, or earthly wisdom. Except ye be converted and become as little children ye cannot see nor enter the kingdom of heaven. These things are hid from the wise and prudent, and only revealed unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.

Read the Bible *with grateful hearts*. What would have been the condition of the world if there had been no Bible? The dim light of nature would never have sufficed to teach us. Our reason might have led us to some conception of a God. The external power and Godhead are displayed to us in the works of creation. The wisdom, justice, and beneficence of God are to be clearly traced in the order of Providence, and the history of individuals and nations; but these can shed no life beyond the grave; these have no voice to speak of pardon. Conscience may condemn, and all nature concurs in pointing out that there has been a fall; but of man's redemption, of a Saviour, you can learn nothing either in the heaven above, in nature's fair expanse around, or the deep that coucheth beneath. We ask in vain for any to tell us how to escape the ills we see about us, and which may well inspire a dread of future evil, in some dark land beyond the grave. We must have a revelation to tell us plainly what the human heart yearns to know. We have it in the Bible. None could have ascended to the throne of the Eternal to extort knowledge. No seer could have penetrated the gloomy recesses of the grave, or have lifted for us the curtain, to lay bare the secrets of the unseen world. God, however, in compassion has volunteered the information, and tells us of sin against his laws, and of a day of judgment to come. He reveals a Saviour, and shows the plan of salvation through the substitution of his own Son in the sinner's place. He woos, through the Gospel, the rebels against his government, to return to him, and trust his mercy in Jesus; and because he can swear by no greater, he swears by himself, that we might have strong consolation when we flee for refuge to the hope set before us. This is the Bible we hold in our hands. How dearly ought we to prize it! What joy should swell our breasts as we read its gracious lines! Words can never express the amount of gratitude which ought to fill our hearts as we peruse this record of love and mercy from our blessed God. Let this gratitude be of a personal character. The blessing is one which appertains to the whole race, but it becomes us each to accept it for himself, and to apply it to his own individual case. Many persons read the Bible for other people rather than for themselves. We

often believe the truth we read, but, at the same time, we do not lay hold of the blessings revealed, and live upon them as we ought to do. There is a great distinction between a lawyer reading the title deeds of an estate, to see if they are genuine and secure, and the heir himself reading the same deeds, to learn how much he is worth, and what wealth he has for the future to enjoy. As much difference is there in the way of reading the Sacred Scriptures. We may read them to find out what is true and good for those who have the enjoyment of it, or we may read for ourselves to see what we are entitled unto, through our faith in Jesus Christ. Now, I would have you thus to read the Bible, as if you felt it to be a letter from your Heavenly Father to your soul. It speaks to you. Appropriate its promises; take heed to its warnings; follow out its directions; make it a lamp to your feet and a light unto your path; the man of your right hand at all times. Another man's faith will not save you. You must lean upon the Christ revealed in the Bible or be lost. The enjoyment of the promises by another Christian will not strengthen you. You must for yourself lay hold upon them, or you will never renew your strength.

Lastly. You must read the Bible *under the teaching of God's Spirit*. I mention this last because I want it to abide upon your memory. Unless the Holy Ghost shine upon the sacred page you will never read to profit. Human reason can comprehend what has sprung from the mind of man; but God's thoughts can only be comprehended aright by those who are taught of the Spirit. The well is too deep for man to draw water from, unaided by God; he needs to have help from on high. Men forget this, and begin to read the Bible as if it were like other books; and the consequence is, that the truth is not clearly seen, if seen at all. We need the lamp of the Spirit to shed its beams upon the written Word. We must offer the prayer of an inspired man, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." Begin all your readings with prayer to God for his aid to direct and instruct your mind; mingle ejaculatory prayers with your reading, and at the close ask still for God's blessing that the Word may be spirit and life to your soul. Thus perusing God's Word humbly and studiously, for your own benefit, you shall be blessed and your soul shall be satisfied as with the finest of the wheat, and with honey out of the rock. May you find the Bible each day more and more precious to your souls, till you shall be able to say, "It is more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold. It is also sweeter to my taste than honey, or the droppings of the honey-comb."

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### DARK SHADOWS AND THE DAY-SPRING.

BY REV. JOHN COX,

Author of "Our Great High Priest."

THIS is a world of shadows; but whoever really wishes to do so, may find true substance. There is much to deceive and delude, but there is more to direct and comfort. Our days are few and fast fleeting away; man himself is but a passing shadow; only "the Word of the Lord abideth for ever."

But we have used the word "shadow," not to denote transitoriness, but gloom and darkness. There are many things which

cast shadows in this world; even the heavenly bodies are sometimes plunged in each other's shadows; but in heaven there are no shadows, nothing to darken or bewilder—nothing to induce gloom, or produce apprehension.

From that blessed world of unclouded light, "a day-spring hath visited us." If we give good heed to this friendly light, it will lead us by paths of peace to the realms of perfect rest and unclouded glory.

There are four dark shadows which may be mentioned; two now are, and two are to come to all who live. These shadows are cast by *Sin, Time, Death, and Judgment*; and the one day-spring which we would

bring to bear upon them all is found in *him* who is "the light of life." In viewing these shadows there are four different standpoints, which we should take; and I trust in each case we shall have to rejoice in that living light, in whom there is no darkness at all.

I. Let us first take our stand the night before the commencement of the Christian era: a few hours before "the new thing in the earth" took place; even "God manifest in the flesh."

How thick are the shadows, how deep the gloom! There is an awful one cast from Eden. O! how dense and how vast it is! In it all mankind are born. A second is cast by the Gentile nations, a shadow which lengthened from age to age as iniquity accumulated, and pride grew higher and higher. A third was cast by a mountain which should have been a bright beacon light; but Israel also failed, and the very institutions of God were perverted till they helped to immerse man in deeper gloom. In these dark shadows men lived and died. Most cared not for a better state, but learned to put darkness for light, and evil for good. Vain boastings were heard from every side; and self-glorification was the order of this dark and cloudy day. A few felt the gloom, and earnestly longed for the day; ever crying, "Make haste, my beloved. O! send out thy light and thy truth."

"'Twas thus from year to year

The mourner dropped the tear,

And up to heaven the fervent prayer ascended—

At length 'BEHOLD I COME!

Burst through the deepening gloom,

And lol upon the earth incarnate love descended."

"Through the tender mercy of God the day-spring from on high visited us." The incarnate One—the ministering, the loving, the dying One—came "a light into the world, that whosoever followed him should not abide in darkness, but might have the light of life."

That wondrous light which revealed God in his love, sin in its hideousness, man in his misery and guilt—that light, so soft, so beautiful, so healing, was suddenly quenched in death. But, O! gladness beyond expression! it burst forth from the tomb, rose to the throne, and poured out its healing beams alike on Jew and Gentile, scattering the shades of sin and sorrow,

and pouring into thousands of souls the light of pardon and purity.

II. *The dark shadows of time* may be best realized now that the last sands of another year have run out, and the new year has come, or at any other period, when special circumstances bring the busy mind to something like a standstill as regards earth, and call to solemn reflection on eternal things. What shadows of sorrow, bereavement, pain, disappointment, does one year cast! But the most sombre of all is *something not done*. It may be that some have ended one year and began another without earnest thought about that great concern to which God calls us first and most. Another year has ended without faith, or hope, or love, or penitence, still wanderers on the wrong side of mercy's ever-open gate; still "without God and without hope in the world." O, that a cold shiver might pass over such at the thought of their terrible loneliness, and work such conviction of sin that shall be the harbinger of better things! But even amidst this gloom a light shines. The dayspring now is *Christ proclaimed in the Gospel*, even as before it was Christ incarnate in the world. "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," 2 Cor. iv. 6. The great end to be brought about is for that light "to shine into the heart." Satan will aim by every means to prevent this (2 Cor. iv. 4), and, alas! "man loves darkness rather than light." He puts God's wondrous light away from him with "I desire not the knowledge of thy ways." Yet it still shines on, inviting his gaze, and blessed are they whose attention is at last won, and who "behold in a glass the glory of the Lord." This blessed gaze shall change them into the same image, from glory to glory." Child of God, art thou "walking in darkness." Do sorrows, losses, trials, temptations sometimes cast a chilling gloom around? Think of the light and comfort with which "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God" is filled, and seek to realize the great fact of "Christ in you the hope of glory."

III. *There is the dark shadow of death.*

The standpoint now is future—even the *dying hour of each one*. That hour must come unless the Lord Jesus come first; and what a deep, dark shadow will it cast over the world which now so charms and bewilders! The things which look so beautiful will be hidden, and things counted valuable not be thought of. But there is light provided for that dark hour. At eventide it is light. Stephen looked up and said, "I see the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God." And many by faith have seen Jesus too; though not favoured with open vision as he was. If this was our dying hour, could we look up to heaven for light, and on good grounds expect it? Have we trusted him who has pledged his presence? Sinner, unconnected with Jesus, it will be a terrible thing for you to die. The shadowy gloom which death will bring around thy dying hour, will be cast from the awful reality of eternal death. While life lasts, turn to the light. A voice is still saying to you, "Look unto me, and be ye saved."

IV. There will soon come another dark shadow over the earth. "God will darken the earth in a clear day." The clouds of wrath will overspread the firmament. The sun will be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood." As the shadows of coming judgment begin to be stretched out, "men's hearts will fail them for fear, looking for the things that are coming on the earth." It will be an awful undefined fear caused by the distant mutterings of the coming storm, and when it bursts then will come the wild cry for the rocks and the mountains to hide from the wrath of the Lamb. But when clouds and darkness shall be round about the Judge, "righteousness and judgment shall be the habitation of his throne." Then light long sown for the righteous shall spring forth, and unto them that look for him shall the light of life appear. "The Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings." Then the lovers of light, and of all that light symbolizes—even knowledge, joy, holiness—shall prove that the Lord himself is their everlasting light, and that the days of their mourning are for ever ended. Careless sinner, what will then become of thee? O, if thou wouldst

escape "the blackness of darkness for ever," give heed at once to him who says, "While ye have the light believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light."

There are many dark and gloomy shadows now brooding over several of the nations. Many a mighty cry or deep groan shows that the darkness is felt. Let us do all we can to carry them the lamp of truth, which shall be as "a light shining in a dark place till the day dawn." Let our cry be for more true hearts "to hold forth the word of life; "and let our souls long for the coming of that JUST ONE who shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth—even a morning without clouds.

*Ipswich.*

### PRECIOUS FAITH.

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(Continued from page 40.)

"To them that have obtained like precious faith with us."—1 Peter i. 1.

II. IT IS PRECIOUS IN ITS ASSOCIATIONS. Faith doth not dwell alone; it lives in the society of other graces; it dwelleth with congenial companions. It is found in company with kindred graces. It is like what is said of bees: "Bees never work singly, but always in companies." So, where you find true faith in Christ, you will find all the other graces of the Spirit, such as love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, and goodness. They dwell in such close affinity with each other that when faith is weak and feeble none of the graces are strong. The immortal Bunyan saith, "When faith is ill hope is not well." Where you find strong faith you will always find a reverent spirit. It is impossible to find one case of strong faith in the Scriptures of truth joined with an irreverent heart. Never believe, friends, in strong faith in Christ being associated with an arrogant, self-sufficient, and irreverent spirit; for the stronger the faith the deeper will be our humility and sense of dependence on God's promise and grace. When we consider the infinite majesty and holiness of God, when we think of the infinite distance between the eternal God and the loftiest created intelligence, surely we shall

feel our own nothingness when we attempt to approach the throne of the Unapproachable—surely we shall loathe ourselves for any approach in us towards lightness and irreverence in the service of a covenant God. The Lord permits us to have holy freedom before his throne of mercy, but irreverence and presumption never. Where there is faith there is love, meekness, hope, humility, and conscious dependence upon the fulness and mediatorial work of Christ. It is by faith that we are brought into a vital union to Christ, and it is by faith that Christ dwelleth in the hearts of his disciples. It is the bond of a vitalizing union to the Son of God, and it introduces all who have it into the enjoyment of a heavenly kindredship with all the children of God. "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." It bringeth us into a glorious affinity with the godly and devout in all ages. It induceth in its subjects a spirit resembling the spirit of the holy and the good in all times, in all conditions, and in all nations. It is by faith the children of God live together at the same fountain of life and mercy; shelter together under the power, perfection, and rights of the same atonement; and dwell together as one family interested in the plans and resources of infinite love, and alike interested in the immutable headship of Christ, the only-begotten Son of God. Faith is the neck of our vital union to, and the medium of our communion with, Christ. Faith in the Divine Word brings us into communion with the infinite mind revealed in the Word. Faith is the soul's ear to which God speaks in his Word. Faith in Christ induceth the soul in its affections and aspirations to dwell with God. It is by faith that we dwell with Christ, who holds to bestow upon the Church all the communicable fulness of God. It is by faith that we dwell with the Holy Spirit, the heavenly Paraclete and source of all spiritual influences and energies. It is by faith that we walk in agreement, in expectation, in sympathy, in affection, and in delight with the unseen and eternal. O for a stronger and more unshattering faith! Faith is a divine plant in the garden of the regenerated soul, which will never be healthy and strong while the weeds of worldliness,

pride, and selfishness are vigorous and rank.

III. IT IS PRECIOUS IN ITS CONFLICTS AND VICTORIES. The conflicts of faith must ever precede the victories of faith. Where there are no battles there can be no victories. Faith hath first its fight and then its triumphs. It hath its battle cries as it goes into the conflict, and it hath its songs of conquest and triumph when its victories are won. The life of the godly is one of severe conflict with the different phases of sin and forms of ungodliness; it is a life of perpetual warfare, and he who tells you otherwise is but deceiving you. It is a war from which there is no discharge till death comes; therefore "let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." There are many subtle and powerful antagonistic influences with which faith hath to wage war; there are many forms of heresy and superstition against which faith has to do battle. It has also to battle against the Canaanites of unbelief, worldliness, lust, and pride. The seat of this spiritual war is in the heart. Faith has its inward and its outward conflicts. The mightiest victories are those obtained over enemies or antagonistic powers in the heart. If you would study the conflicts and glorious victories of faith, as made known in the book of God and in the history of the Church of God, you must read and study the 11th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and also the histories of the great religious reformations. It has subdued kingdoms, as seen in the doings of Joshua, also of David and others; it has conquered the reign of darkness in many hearts; it has wrought righteousness by inducing in its subject a spirit to do according to the will of God, which is a doing right—a working out of righteousness. It has stopped the mouths of lions, as when Daniel was in the lions' den (see Daniel vi. 22, 23); however powerful or however cruel the enemies of God's children, faith overcomes them. How many lions are against the people of God! What is sin but a terrible lion? Faith in Christ overcomes it. What is the devil but a roaring lion? but faith in Christ overcomes him. What is the world but a lion against the real religious life—against spirituality of mind? but faith in Christ overcomes it.



Faith has quenched the violence of fire; literally so, as in the case of the Hebrews cast into the fire, Dan. iii. 17-27. Faith quenches the violence of the fire by raising the mind to a high state of intimacy with God. The spiritual delights of the mind carry the soul above the sufferings of the body. Good Dr. Taylor, who was burnt near Hadleigh, in Suffolk, when he was brought to the stake said, "Thanked be God, I am even at home." When he had prayed he went to the stake and kissed it. He placed himself in a barrel prepared for him; he stood calmly in the flames without weeping or moving, with his hands folded. Think of the words of good quaint Bishop Latimer to Bishop Ridley, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Let me tell you of another instance. One Lawrence Saunders, the appointed preacher of All Hallows, Bread-street, was taken to Coventry to be burnt. He said, "I am the most unfit man for this high honour that was ever appointed to it." On being fastened to the stake he kissed it, saying, "Welcome the cross of Christ! welcome everlasting life!"

Time would fail me to speak of Luther, Knox, and Calvin, and numberless others. Faith overcomes thorns in the flesh, and enemies of every form; for "who shall harm us, if we be followers of that which is good?"

IV. IT IS PRECIOUS IN ITS UNEQUALLED DEMONSTRATIONS. A demonstration is the highest degree of evidence. It is certain proof. Faith in Christ is then the indisputable evidence of interest in Christ's mediatorial work and power. Faith creates no interest in Christ, but is the method by which we are assured of our interest in Christ's person and mediatorial achievements. Faith creates no interest in God's love and covenant; but it is the Divine method of making known our interest in them. Faith is the medium by which the interests which God's love established in the headship of Christ, before the world began, are realized and enjoyed. "He that believeth hath the witness in himself." We cannot enjoy the blessings of the economy of grace, we cannot real-

ize any communion with God, we cannot enter into the services or enjoy the privileges of the kingdom of Christ, without faith. To be a believer in Christ is to be a Christian; it is by faith we put on Christ; it is by faith Christ dwelleth in us in his Spirit and Word. Are you believers in Christ? Have you believed with the heart unto righteousness? Remember, there can be no pardon of sin enjoyed without faith in Christ. Many believe about Christ without believing in him unto the salvation of their immortal souls. Many believe in forms and ceremonies, and remain strangers to believing in Christ. Many seem more anxious about their favourite religious theories than believing in Christ. Now, for the understanding, realization, and enjoyment of salvation there must be a vitalizing and practical faith in the person, cross, and mediatorial work of Christ. It is by faith we enjoy our gracious and sovereign relation to God—we are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. Ye are all, both Jew and Gentile, under the reign of grace; there is no distinction of nation, none of sex, none of age or condition. "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." Faith is the evidence of sonship. It is by this we learn our high relationship to God in the economy of grace, and realize in some measure its immense immunities. Faith cannot create relationship to God, for that is created by sovereign adoption. It is rooted in the will of God, and is expressive of the infinite love of his heart. It is eternal love which hath given us to Christ; it is eternal love which hath constituted all the relations of grace; it is eternal love which hath made us the children of God. But it is by faith we know our relation and realize its priceless advantages. "Ye are justified by faith." This does not mean surely that the simple fact of a man's believing justifies him before God, for the righteousness of Christ is the ground of a sinner's justification and acceptance before God. It is essential to the enjoyment of justification that there should be a righteousness commensurate with all the claims of God's moral government and faith in Christ. Christ's righteousness is the justifying righteousness; by faith we apprehend

and realize our interest in it. Whenever this righteousness is realized as our justifying righteousness, it induces in us a love of good works; whenever a man is living an unsanctified life, it is morally impossible for him to know or realize his justification in the righteousness of the Son of God. The advantages of spiritual religion cannot be known and enjoyed apart from holiness of character. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Faith in the Saviour is the medium of our knowing experimentally what justification is, and what that peace which accompanies it. Faith in Christ induces the believer to look out of himself for everything pertaining to his justification before God; it induces the believer to live upon the resources of the Saviour, and also to delight in his service. And it is the evidence of our oneness with Christ; it is certain proof that the victories, the blessings, and the resources of the enthroned Redeemer are ours. It was to believers in Christ that the Apostle said, "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." O for a simple faith in Christ the Lamb of God! O that you who have faith in Christ had a stronger, a more stirring, and a more influential faith in him; so that all of us who are disciples of Jesus might be more dead to the world, and more practically alive unto God. The religion which saves the soul—which sanctifies the character, and fixes the supreme affections of the heart upon eternal things, is a religion of life and power. It is a religion which produces emotions, but it does not stand in the emotions of soul. If our religion is to be strong, it must be a religion which stands in the enlightenment of the understanding, in the mysteries of revealed truth; it must be a religion which purifies the affections of the heart, and raises them to God and divine realities; it must be a religion which conforms the life to the spirit and will of the great Saviour. A religion which stands in the possession of a creed, however sound, if there is no practical godliness, cannot save any more than a mere formulistic religion, or a religion of mere emotion. We want the religion of Christ—the religion of faith in Christ—which is a religion of holiness, and therefore a religion of power and life.

V. IT IS PRECIOUS IN ITS ULTIMATE END.—The ultimity of faith is the complete salvation of the soul—"receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." There is a salvation now realized and enjoyed, and there is a salvation which is future and glorious. There is a present salvation enjoyed by faith in the Redeemer. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." And there is a future salvation. "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." This future salvation will be fully enjoyed in the coming of Christ, when "he shall appear the second time without sin unto salvation." This salvation will consist in the resurrection of the bodies of the saints into the likeness of the glorified body of their risen Lord, and in the entire emancipation of body and soul from all effects of sin. It will consist in the eternal deliverance of believers in Christ from every evil, and in the endless enjoyment of every possible good. It will be a salvation into the everlasting felicity of God's presence, and into the unending vision of the now seen and unseen glories of Christ. It will be a salvation from trouble and sorrow into the eternal delights and fellowships of heaven. Are you looking for this salvation? Do you ever think of its greatness, grandeur, and glory? Do you ever think of seeking meetness for it? O that our prospects of future salvation and glory may help us to bear our present trials and sorrows! O that they may tend to make our service more diligent and spiritual! How feeble are our views of the future salvation and glory of all who believe in Christ! How inadequate are all figures and illustrations to set forth their future felicity and dignity. Have we faith in Jesus? Is our faith precious faith? "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned." So saith the Divine Word.

#### FAILURE OF THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

BY REV. JOHN STOCK.

THE results of the passing of the Act of 1662 have proved that all Acts of Uniformity, however stringent, must fail to secure their proposed end.

1. Our State Church was set up (so we

are told) to be a barrier against Popery. But ever since its establishment it has been the great danger to the Protestant cause in England. The "Tracts for the Times" were written by her ministers; Puseyism was a heresy hatched in her bosom. Evangelical clergymen have frequently said that they looked on this movement as fraught with the greatest peril to the cause of Protestantism. So that the Church, which was to have been the great bulwark of the nation against the encroachments of Popery, has often proved, and is now found to be, the birthplace of strong reactionary tendencies in the direction of that mystery of iniquity.

2. And now the great infidel movement of the age has been sustained in this country by a volume of "Essays and Reviews," written by genuine "sons of the Church!" So that the ecclesiastical system which was to have been our national defence against the assaults of scepticism, has produced the men who have aimed the most deadly blow at the very foundations of our faith.

3. In short, there are now ministering at the altars of the Established Church men of every creed, and men of no creed. All the shades of the Puseyite heresy; all the sections of the Broad Church party, from the school of Arnold, of Rugby, to Essayists and Reviewers; all the forms of high doctrine, from the loftiest Antinomianism down to the most moderate modern Calvinism; all the types of Arminianism even to rank Pelagianism; besides the non-descript school which inculcates a species of heathen morality, without any reference to the great distinctive principles of the Gospel, are represented in the pulpits of the so-called Church of England. The Act of Uniformity has not secured uniformity. It has proved to the clergy of the State Church a very elastic band, which a not over-scrupulous conscience can stretch in any direction it desires. On the other hand, the great principles of the Reformation still live in our Congregational churches. The doctrine of justification by Christ, through faith in his name, is preached among them in all its integrity. The vital truths of the Gospel are the theme of their ministry; and a hearty faith in the super-

natural origin and Divine authority of the religion of the Son of God, is the secret of their power with men. The free Congregational churches of England are the strength of its Protestantism, and of its faith in the truth as it is in Jesus: while the Established Church has proved the birthplace of the two great heretical movements of the day, the one anti-protestant, and the other sceptical, in its tendency. A forcible illustration, this, of the fact that truth can never be perpetuated in the earth by compulsion; while, on the other hand, freedom of thought is the element in which it lives longest, and flourishes most vigorously. May God in his mercy ever preserve our churches in their adherence to those great principles for which our fathers suffered the loss of all things.

4. And, finally, the establishment by law of the Prayer-book of 1662 has failed to Christianise the masses of the people, as the revelations of the Religious Census of 1851 clearly proved. God only knows what our condition would have been, had not Nonconformity been at work during the last two centuries. But Voluntaryism has not had a fair trial of its might, for through the greater portion of this period it has had to work in the face of fierce persecution. It is only recently that laws of the Corporation and Test Act type have disappeared from our Statute Book. And even now Dissent has to labour in the face of many disadvantages, having to contribute its quota towards the support of the State Church, while at the same time maintaining its own organisations for the evangelisation of the people.

Both with regard to the internal and external aspects of the Establishment, the Act of Uniformity has proved a huge blunder.

*Devonport.*

## THE CHRISTIAN'S TRUST IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.\*

MY DEAR BROTHER,—The world passeth away, and, in a sense, we pass away with it;

\* This letter, which we insert with great pleasure, is one of a volume in course of compilation, by the Rev. Jos. Smith, of Pontesbury, written on various occasions by his father, the late Rev. James Smith, of Cheltenham.

and yet, he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever. Yes, we shall abide before God, abide in Christ, and abide in the full enjoyment of God in Christ for ever. I have not felt well to-day, and my mind is solemnized, as I have been called twice to the dying bed of one of my hearers. I have known her for many years, though of course I lost sight of her for a long time while I was away from this place. I have visited her for some time while fading away in a consumption. Her case was hopeful, for she was anxious, earnest, and timid; heartily desiring to be right, and nervously afraid of being wrong. Often had I tried to lead her to look simply to Jesus, that she might rejoice in him. But fear predominated. I saw her the other day, and she said, "O, sir, I don't feel the confidence, the assurance that I want. I believe that I shall be saved at last, but I want to feel it now. I cannot help fearing lest I should be wrong." This morning she was taken for death, and a message was sent, saying she desired to see me. I went, and what a change! There she lay, with the finger-prints of death on her countenance, but so happy. She prayed, praised the Lord, and spoke most sweetly for him. She had given up all, husband, children, business, all. She was full of joy. Her heart overflowed with happiness. Death was conquered, heaven was won, and the race was just over. O it was a glorious sight, to see a poor sinner in the arms of death triumphing over doubt, fear, and a sense of unworthiness. Another triumph of free grace; another trophy of mercy. Well, brother, our time will come soon. I shall be most glad to see you here and will do what I can to make you happy. But only Jesus can do that in reality; his presence, his smile, or the whisper of his sweet voice, will make us happy, at any time, or in any place. O to be more with him, to hear oftener from him, and to be used by him to glorify his dear name! He is still precious, is he not? You dearly love him, don't you? You wish you were just like him, and you hope you shall be for ever with him. Yes, you say that's it, *if I am not deceived*. But why spoil it with that if? O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? Doubt not, brother, but cling to Jesus, and then, however rough your

path, you will make a glorious end. The pains of the present will sweeten the joys of the future. The dull night of time will render more pleasant the sweet light of eternity. Then, then our sun shall no more go down, neither shall our moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning shall be ended. There is an end, and our expectation shall not be cut off. An end of sin and sorrow, an end of cares and pains, an end of toils and troubles, an end to the inward conflict, an end to Satan's temptations, and an end of domestic trials. No more hours of desertion, or seasons of doubt, or barren ordinances. No more such exclamations as, "O that I knew where I might find him!" or, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" or, "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest." No, no, for we shall see his face, and his name shall be on our foreheads. O when we have once crossed the river—I sometimes begin to wish that this was my case, but my love to souls rises, and the thought that I may win a few more for Jesus checks me. O those words, "*He shall save a soul from death.*" We wish to be like Jesus in glory; is not this being like him on earth? "*That I may by all means save some.*" Thus wrote Paul, and just like this I feel. May the Lord use me more and more! He is at work here, but on a much smaller scale than he is with you. O that he would grant us a mighty outpouring of his Holy Spirit! It is power, the power of the Holy Spirit, that we want. I know it; I feel it; I deplore it. I pray my God to rectify it. How many means Satan employs to draw one's mind off from this subject! In how many ways has he been trying to confuse, bewilder, and mislead my mind lately! Anything to take off the mind from *the one thing, SAVING SOULS FROM DEATH*. O that death; there is something very fearful in the very thought of it! Eternal death! Blessed, blessed for ever be the Lord, that he hath saved our souls from death, our eyes from tears, and our feet from falling, and we shall walk before the Lord in the land of the living. Farewell, farewell. Glory is before us. The morning cometh, and joy cometh in the

morning. Love to all the household. Grace, grace be with you.—Yours in Jesus, until we unite in glory,

JAMES SMITH.

Cheltenham, May 9, 1857.

### REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

BY REV. T. W. MEDHURST,  
Author of "Streams from Lebanon," &c.

THE voice of Jesus which invites us to the mercy-seat is sweet and alluring. There we pour out our tale of grief into the ear of a willing listener, who, stretching out his hand, with a word calms our tumultuous passions and gives us sure relief. Let us not indulge in a spirit of selfishness when we approach the throne of grace; but there let us unite our supplications with those who have a claim on our sympathies, and who request an interest in our prayers. These thoughts are suggested by the "requests for prayer," which were handed to us at our last "union prayer meeting." Let us mention those requests, and briefly meditate thereon.

1. "The prayers of God's people are requested by a daughter, for her father and mother, who are without hope in the world, that the Lord may open their eyes and turn them from darkness to light." In many families where wickedness abounds, the Lord in his sovereignty has been pleased to call *one* from sin to holiness, while he has left the rest to grope on in the error of their ways. *Why is this?* Without attempting a close scrutiny into the will of him who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind—we believe an answer to the question may be sought after. God, in the all-wise arrangements of his providence, singles out one of a family and makes him an object of his distinguishing grace, in order that the faith and patience of the one so singled out may be tested and tried; and that an opportunity may be afforded him of testifying his love to Jesus, by endeavouring to bring the rest of his friends and kindred to faith and repentance. If this be so, how earnestly should such an one employ all means in his disposal for the accomplishment of his object! How earnestly, feelingly, and lovingly should he plead with his dear relatives that they give themselves up to Christ! and, with *strong*

*faith* in the power of prayer, how fervently should he besiege the throne of mercy on behalf of his loved ones! Cheerfully let us unite in mingling our supplications to him who is the Hearer of prayer, that he would be graciously pleased to work faith and true penitence in the souls of those for whom we wrestle. Praying breath shall ne'er be spent in vain.

2. "The prayers of God's people are requested by an old woman for a young man at sea, that he may be conducted in safety to his destination, and afterward be guided by the Holy Spirit; that he may be guarded against every temptation which may tend to lead him astray: and for the old woman herself, that her faith may be strengthened, and that she may possess all the graces of the Spirit." Prayer is elastic. It moulds itself to suit all the various exigencies of our life. With its atmosphere we may surround the sick one in the lone chamber, or the wandering one on the solitary sea. When our friends are absent from our counsels and our sight, we may still pursue them with our fervent breakings at the footstool of Divine mercy, and, as we there supplicate, may feel that spirits are never really separated. Young man, thou hast left thy parental home; thou hast not, and canst not, leave thy mother's prayers: they still follow thee, and still thou art present with "the old woman" who has entered into her closet, and shut to the door, that she may commune with her heavenly Father on thy behalf. May her prayers be answered, and her son, the object of her heart's solicitude, be arrested by a gleam of grace shot from Calvary, and be led to trust in his fond mother's Saviour. And, dear pleading saint, may thy faith be strengthened, and may the Spirit's grace sweetly flow from thine heart, as pleasant spices to refresh thy Lord. God will yet answer thee; pray on, having *strong* faith in a *great* Redeemer.

3. "Remember in prayer a woman in bodily and mental distress, and who is seemingly near death." Jesus, as the good Physician, can relieve the distress of the body, and alleviate the sorrows of the mind; therefore is his aid to be sought. He can and will, in reply to our request, grant ease to the sufferers for whom we pray. *Strong* faith in Jesus has been potent to raise the

sick, and to fetch back loved ones from the gate of death. The miracles of faith in even modern times are striking and real. Lord, increase our faith, that we may rejoice in thee, as we receive the answer to our petitions. Distress of the body often causes disquietude of the mind. The mind and the body are closely linked together, and it is rare the one suffers without the other. How necessary then that we should seek to keep our bodies in health, that our souls may prosper! The connection between soul and body seems to be realized by John in his epistle to "the well-beloved Gaius," wherein he says, "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth" (3 John ii.) If we cannot relieve, by medicine or advice, those of our friends who are suffering, we may relieve them by our prayers. Let us endeavour so to do.

4. "Prayer is earnestly requested for an old woman in distress." Open-handed charity is nobly active in the present crisis, relieving the distressed, and causing the hungry to rejoice. The reality of Christianity has been tested, and has nobly stood the test. Week by week handsome subscriptions have poured into Lancashire, on behalf of the distressed operatives, who are called to suffer, not on account of their own sins, but on account of the sins of others. We pray that the tide of liberality will still continue to flow, until it shall be no longer needed. But, Christians, we would urge you to *pray* as well as *give*. With your contributions to the poverty-stricken, let earnest supplications leap from your hearts up to the Father of spirits, that he would be pleased to succour the tempted, and sanctify the present time of sorrow. Let your prayers and your alms go up before God for a memorial. The prayer of Cornelius was heard, and his alms were "had in remembrance in the sight of God." (Acts x. 31.) Still *give cheerfully* and *pray unceasingly* for all who are in distress. Ask God that while you are surrounded with his providential bounties, your hearts may be inclined to think kindly of those whose lots are less favoured. Never let it be well with you at the mercy seat, unless there you bear up the distressed likewise. Cultivate the heart that can feel for another.

5. "Prayer is earnestly requested for a missionary in Dundee, that his labours there may be abundantly blessed in the conversion of souls." As the hands of Moses were sustained on the mount by Aaron and Hur, Exod. xvi. 12, so prayer sustains and strengthens God's servants, who, leaving their homes and their kindred, have gone forth carrying the tidings of salvation to those who are perishing for lack of knowledge. See the missionary toiling against difficulties in the far-off land; mark well how manfully he bears up against opposition and continues testifying for his God. The lonely watcher on the mountain of prayer holds up his hands while he wrestles with his God in behalf of the faithful labourer, and thus the power of truth prevails. But now the hands of the lonely one are weary, and are held up no longer; see now the adversary triumph, while the heart of the toiling one begins to despond. O! have we none who will, as Aaron and Hur did, ascend to the top of the hill, and stay up the watcher's hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side, that he be no more lonely, and that Amalek no more prevail? We have human instrumentality sufficient in our churches for the success of the Gospel throughout the entire world. How is it then that the greater portion of the earth is still in the hands of Satan, and that wickedness is still triumphant? Is it not because our church members are not found earnestly and believably wielding the weapon called "all prayer?" Let us illustrate our meaning by a scene from the Apocrypha. The beloved John, while banished to the isle of Patmos, saw a vision—he says, "I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle. And another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to him that sat on the cloud, Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe. And he that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth, and the earth was reaped," Rev. xiv. 14-16. Thus methinks it is now. Human instrumentality is the sharp sickle in the hand of the crowned Redeemer; "the harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few." O that the angel of

prayer would come forth from the temple of the Church, and pray "the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth labourers into his harvest," Luke x. 2, and that he would crown with abundant success the faithful few who are already labouring. If the Church were thus alive to its duty and to its privilege, then should the knowledge of the Lord cover the earth, even as the waters cover the channels of old ocean. Then should be heard echoed from mountain top to mountain top, from hill side to hill side, from valley to valley, from river to river, and from sea to sea, "Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of his Christ."

And now, reader, what thinkest thou of Christ? Hast thou been washed in his most precious blood, the "fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and uncleanness?" Zechariah xiii. 1.

A fount there is of precious blood,  
To cleanse vile souls from sin;  
On whomsoever the stream doth come,  
They're made for ever clean.

Ye wretched, weary, burdened souls,  
Who feel your guilt and sin,  
Come to this fountain as you are,  
And you shall be made clean.

Just as you are, poor sinner, come,  
With your black list of sin;  
What though your soul be black as hell!  
Jesus can make you clean.

Yea, come at once, make no delay,  
Say not, "I've too much sin;"  
For Jesus to the utmost saves,  
And makes the vilest clean.

What! dost thou say, "I have no power,  
I am so dead in sin?"  
Then thou art just the very soul  
Whom Jesus would make clean.

'Tis true, thou canst not cleanse thyself,  
For thou art nought but sin;  
But Jesus can, yea, Jesus will,  
If thou wilt be made clean.

Then "come, yea, come," dear Jesus saith,  
"Large draughts of love drink in;"  
And you shall taste and feel, and know  
That Christ hath made you clean.

Now resolve—

To this dear Fountain I'll repair,  
Though deeply stained with sin;  
If in this Fountain I am washed,  
I know I shall be clean.

Dear Saviour, come, and take my soul,  
And plunge it in that stream;  
And then I know e'en God will say—  
"POOR SINNER, THOU ART CLEAN."

*Mrs. Medhurst.*

O that at once, without any delay, you may be enabled to lay hold on Jesus by faith and realize he is your Saviour! All that you have to do is just to receive the testimony of the Gospel concerning Jesus, and as a sinner trust in Christ for salvation. Trust not to means; the simple truth of the Gospel regarding Jesus and his work is all you have to deal with. You are at once to believe all that God has declared about his love to sinners as manifested in Christ, and his willingness to welcome every transgressor who will return putting his heart's trust in JESUS ONLY. Go to God just as you are, and tell him you are a lost, undone, ruined rebel, but you have heard that his dear Son Jesus Christ has died for sinners. Tell him you are willing to receive salvation wholly on the ground of Christ's blood and righteousness. If you do this you shall surely be accepted of God and receive eternal life.

*Glasgow.*

## BURMAH AND ITS BAPTIST MISSIONARIES,

AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF DR. JUDSON.

[Second Paper.]

NEAR to one of the principal roads leading to a pagoda Mr. Judson erected a zayat or place of public resort. The attempt was perilous, for, under the Burman Government, a renunciation of the established superstition was punishable with death. But, strong in his God, he moved forward.

On the 4th of April, 1819, the work of preaching was begun. Fifteen persons besides children formed his first congregation, and there was much disorder and inattention. Two Sabbaths elapsed, and there entered the zayat a young man, wild and noisy in his bearing, but respectful, and at times absorbed in thought. Waiting till the services was over, he accepted a tract and walked away. Two days afterwards, as Mr. Judson was sitting in the verandah, in the cool of the evening, Mung Koo suddenly stepped in. The missionary expatiated on the love and sufferings of the Saviour, and more than once, during the two hours they were together, the silent tears trickled down the stranger's cheek.

"O the sweet wonders of that cross,  
On which the Saviour bled and died."

It was a blessed privilege to witness its effect upon that heathen soul. The next morning had scarcely dawned when the youthful inquirer again appeared "drinking in the truth."

The same day another inquirer came. It was Moug Nau.\* "I begin to think that the grace of God has reached his heart," said Mr. Judson. "He expresses sentiments of repentance for his sins, and faith in his Saviour. The substance of his profession is, that from the darknesses and uncleannesses and sins of his whole life, he has found no other Saviour but Jesus Christ; nowhere else can he look for salvation; and therefore he proposes to adhere to Christ and to worship him all his life long."

One evening the following week Moug Nau was sitting with Mrs. Judson reading Christ's Sermon on the Mount. "These words," said he, "take hold of my very heart; they make me tremble. Here God commands us to do everything that is good, in secret, not to be seen of men. How unlike our religion is this! When the Burmans make offerings to the pagodas, they make a great noise with drums and musical instruments, that others may see how good they are. But this religion makes the mind fear God; it makes it of its own accord fear sin."

Repeatedly after this did Moug Nau visit Mr. Judson, and it became evident that he was growing in knowledge and grace; ready to believe all that Christ had said, and to obey all that he had commanded.

A few days later Moug Nau, when talking over the Scriptures with Mr. Judson, said, "Besides Jesus Christ I see no way of salvation. He is the Son of God who has no beginning, no end. He so loved and pitied men, that he suffered death in their stead. My mind is sore on account of the sins I have committed during the whole of my life, particularly in worshipping a false god."

The next day Moug Nau was again at the zayat, and assisted Mr. Judson in explaining truth to new comers. The day

\* *Moug* is a Burman title of respect applied to middle-aged men. *Ko* is a similar title applied to elderly men.

following was the Sabbath, when he declared himself a disciple in presence of a considerable number. Three or four days later he expressed his determination to adhere to Christ, though no Burman should join him. Mr. Judson said: "You have nothing, remember, to expect in this world but persecution and perhaps death." "Yes," said Moug Nau, "but I think it better to die for Christ and be happy hereafter, than to live a few days and be for ever wretched."

"But are you not afraid to be the first Burman to confess Christ?" said Mr. Judson. "No," said Moug Nau, "it is a great privilege, and I hope you will receive me at once."

Three weeks elapsed, and Mr. Judson conducted him to a large pond in the vicinity, the bank of which was graced with an enormous image of Gaudama. There he baptized the first Burman convert. The following Sabbath they sat down together at the Lord's Table. For twelve long years the missionaries had toiled and prayed, and now the reaping time had come. The Lord had begun to make bare his holy arm, and he continued to work.

Time and space will not permit us to furnish details of the interesting inquirers who dropped in from day to day at the zayat. One after another gave evidences of conversion and were baptized. It was clear that God was preparing a people for himself in that benighted land.

Thus the blessed work was going on when a panic seized Rangoon. The troops were under arms. Great news was whispered. "There is a rebellion," said some. "The king is sick," said others. "He is dead," breathed a third. But none dared to say this plainly—it would have been a crime of the first magnitude; for "the lord of land and water," as the Emperor was called, was said to be "immortal." At last, one morning a royal despatch boat pulled up to the shore, an imperial mandate was produced; the crowd made way for the sacred messengers, and followed them to the high court in which the authorities of the place were assembled. "Listen ye!" ran the royal command, "the immortal king—wearied, it would seem, with the fatigues of royalty—has gone up to amuse himself in the celestial regions. His grandson, the heir ap-



parent, is seated on the throne. The young monarch enjoins on all to remain quiet and to wait his imperial orders."

Ominous rumours soon spread abroad concerning the young king. One uncle he had killed in cold blood; another he had dispatched by a slow death in prison. Ere long a reign of terror set in. Visitor after visitor at the zayat whispered with bated breath the name of the "owner of the sword"—involuntarily looking round as if some bloodhound of death might be lurking near. "He will not suffer any innovation," said they, "least of all a new religion; and he will cut off all who embrace it. Why then stay here in Rangoon talking to the common people? Go direct to the 'Lord of life and death.' If he approve the religion, it will spread rapidly; if not no one will dare to continue his inquiries."

The fact was, that the new Emperor was a zealous devotee to the worship of Gaudama Buddha. Consequently the Burmese with new zeal engaged in building pagodas, and making sacred offerings at the idolatrous shrines. The great Shwa Dagon, of Rangoon, was regilded, and every one who wore a hat was prohibited from entering the roads which led to it.

About this time, Mr. Coleman was added to the missionary staff. But trouble increased. The timidity of inquirers kept pace with the increased insolence of the priests and officials. The zayat, formerly so thronged, was now shunned as an infected spot.

After much prayer, Mr. Judson and Coleman resolved to go up at once to Ava, to solicit from the Emperor toleration for the Christian religion. They went, accompanied by the faithful convert Moug Nau. They saw the modern Ahasuerus in a spacious hall with a dome of gold supported by vast pillars overlaid with gold. The Lord of Life and Death, as he was called, came forth with proud majestic gait. He strided on. Every head except the missionaries' was bowed to the ground. They remained kneeling, with hands folded and eyes fixed on the monarch. "Who are these?" he exclaimed. "The teachers, great king," Dr. Judson replied. "What! you speak Burmese—the priests that I heard of last night?

When did you arrive? Are you teachers of religion? Are you like the Portuguese priests? Are you married? Why do you dress so?" These and similar questions the missionaries promptly answered. He appeared pleased, sat down on a throne, rested his hand on the gold sheath of his sword, and fixed his eyes intently on them.

The minister of state then read their petition. The Emperor took it, read it carefully through, and handed it back without saying a word. He then took a handsomely-bound tract, which the missionaries presented through Moug Zah. He read the first two sentences, which assert that there is one eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that beside him there is no God; and then dashed the tract to the ground. Moug Zah picked it up and handed it to the missionaries, and then interpreted his royal master's will by saying, "Why do you ask for such permission? Have not the Portuguese, the English, the Mussulmans, and people of all other religions full liberty to practise and worship according to their own customs? In regard to the objects of your petition, his Majesty gives no order. In regard to your *sacred books*\* his Majesty has no use for them—take them away."

Something was now said about Mr. Coleman's skill in medicine, upon which the Emperor said, "Let them proceed to the residence of my physician." He then rose from his seat, and after having dashed to the ground the *first intelligence he had ever received of his Maker, Preserver, and Judge*, he threw himself down on a cushion, and lay listening to the music and gazing at the parade spread out before him.

The missionaries and their present were hurried away. Judson said—"Thy will, O God, be done; for thy will is the wisest and the best. The work is thine, not ours!"

The missionaries then returned to Rangoon, and Mr. Coleman proceeded to Chittagong. But Dr. Judson continued *privately* to instruct inquirers at the zayat. On July 18, 1820, he baptized the tenth convert, Mah-men-la. She was a woman

\* The Burmese Bible in six volumes, which they intended to present.

of strong mind, decision of character, and of extensive acquaintance through the town.

At the close of 1821 the Rangoon church consisted of 18 native Christians, each of whom had put on Christ at the risk of all things and even at the peril of their lives. Mrs. Judson had gone home for the benefit of her health. But the mission band in Burmah had been strengthened by the arrival of Mr. Hough, Dr. Price, and their families. The surgical skill of the latter was soon heard of at the court. He was ordered up to the Golden Ava; and went in company with Dr. Judson as interpreter. They were received at the palace with *éclat*. The Emperor's prejudices appeared to have fled. He freely conversed with Dr. Judson respecting the converts, and requested him to preach the Gospel before him. After this, the royal palace itself frequently became the scene of animated religious discussions. The Emperor also granted a piece of land for the missionaries to build a *kyoung*, or parsonage, and expressed satisfaction at the prospect of their making Ava a permanent residence.

The prospects of the mission continued thus bright until March, 1824. Mrs. Judson had returned and proceeded to Ava; and the new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Wade, had arrived and settled in Rangoon. But little did they think of the tremendous trials which were just about to burst upon the missionaries both at Ava and Rangoon.

A dispute arose between the British and the Burmese respecting an insignificant island, situated between Bengal and Burmah. To settle the matter, the Emperor of the Golden Palace resolved that he would conquer Bengal! He therefore sent his legions across the Anonpectoumew mountains to Arracan. The proud and haughty general, Maha Bandoola, accompanied them, and actually carried with him golden fetters, designed for the Governor-General of India, whom he was to bring to Ava in triumph!

The English were soon on the alert. Squadrons left Calcutta and Madras, met at the Great Andaman Island, and then proceeded to the Rangoon River. The frigate *Liffey* anchored close to the King's

Battery at Rangoon. The Burmese began the fight. But every gun on shore was soon silenced by the powerful broadsides of the frigate. The British landed, and took possession of a deserted town. Its governor had ordered the people to flee to the jungles.

But what became of the missionaries Hough and Wade? Every person who wore a hat had been taken into custody, and this included the missionaries. It had been resolved that the first shot fired by the invaders should be a signal for the massacre of the "white prisoners." A death-like pause followed. Then boom! boom! boom! went the guns. The panic-stricken keepers slunk away. The second broadside made the prison shake. The firing ceased. A savage yell was heard, and in sprang 50 Burmans, ferociously shouting "Revenge!" The missionaries were seized, nearly stripped, and their naked arms were corded tightly behind them. They were dragged forth to a mock tribunal, condemned to die, and were hurried off for execution. At the custom house the "spotted man"—the executioner—was in waiting. The guards paraded, and sharpened the instruments of execution before their eyes, and strewed sand on the ground to catch their blood. The missionaries were ordered to "sit on their knees, with their bodies bending forward," that the spotted man might "more conveniently" do his work. The order to "BEHEAD" was given, the weapon of death was uplifted, when one of the missionaries requested the executioner to desist for a moment. He proposed to the Yawoon to mediate with the English, so that the firing on the town might be stayed. The offer was accepted; but at that instant the guns fired some heavy shots upon the very spot where the ruffians were assembled. The authorities fled from the seat of judgment, and the missionaries, after a further period of fearful peril, eventually escaped. The Lord was a wall of fire around them. He had other work for them to do for the glory of his name in Burmah. Yes! after that marvellous escape, it was the privilege of Mr. Wade to complete the translation and printing of the Holy Scriptures in the Karen language.

Our space will not permit us to detail

the terrible trials which, during the Burmese war, fell upon the missionaries in Ava; how Dr. Judson and Price, with nine others, were chained together for a year and three-quarters in the death prison; what excruciating sufferings they there endured; how urgently dear Judson pleaded for the privilege of removal to an iron cage in which a lion had just died; how in that cage he lay with the hard manuscript of the Burmese New Testament disguised as a pillow; the holy devotion and courage of his heroic wife; the removal of these prisoners to Oung-pen-la for execution; and the preservation of their lives by the beheading of the military chief the very night before his intended slaughter of those servants of the living God. Jehovah of Hosts was pleading his own cause. His work went on. Boardman, Kincaid, Mason, and other faithful witnesses for God were added to the mission staff. Converts became numerous; martyrdoms occurred; and the God of all grace was extensively glorified.

On a brick seat over the great idol at Prome Dr. Judson once sat proclaiming to successive crowds the everlasting Gospel. But he left that city almost in despair. In 1854, however, another missionary and three native assistants went to Prome; preached by the wayside, and from house to house. Inquirers appeared, and before a year had expired there were 140 baptized converts. It was the simple preaching of a crucified Redeemer which was so wonderfully blessed of the Lord.

On the coast of Burmah there are now about twenty-two American missionary families, 450 native preachers and schoolmasters, and some 26,000 baptized converts. About twenty-two of the preachers and 550 of the converts are Burmese and Talains, the rest are chiefly Karens. In the eastern province of Toung-hoo there are about ninety-eight Baptist churches supporting their own Karen pastors, and each church is a centre for missionary operations among the heathen around. O why cannot we in like manner say of the Baptist churches of England, that "each one of them is a centre for missionary operations among the heathen?"

J. R. P.

## THE GOLIATH REFORMER.

A STUDY FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD LEACH,

Author of "Rev. James Hervey, the Model Minister and Christian," &c.

### CHAPTER III.—LIFE.

THE University of Erfurt received Martin Luther at the age of eighteen, for his father's circumstances had considerably brightened. Philosophy and the classics were presented to him in the style of cramming, so well known in the present day—a system which is as generally followed as it is reprobated. He studied well, and was not easily tired.

The greatest actions in a man's life are often to be deduced from the most insignificant sources. Just as the river Thames which flows through London, to the interests of its commerce, and to the providing of sustenance for its rough, tough watermen, and at last merges into the sea, where busy men toil and moil in ocean wave, derives its source from the running rivulets of Tames Head, close by the town of Cirencester, so the meanest incidents in the life of a great man are the very foundation-stones for the erection of their future greatness. The greatest of orators, lay or cleric, that have swayed the minds of thousands as the corn is swayed by the summer breezes, owe much to the instinctive and ever-burning efforts of youthful genius to develop the faculty of best expressing their simple thoughts. He who has felt in his youth that unconquerable love of ridding himself, as it were, of the burden of his uprising ideas, will best understand our meaning. The mind of man in youth is often like a boiling spring that longeth for the opening of a vent-peg. So these little incidents often make the man and direct his energies. Here, too, in the life of Martin Luther, was a great point. He was but twenty years of age, active, bustling, energetic, thoughtful. While at the university one day, carelessly turning his attention from this, then that, and now another book, he happened to alight upon one uncommon and "unknown in those

times"—the Bible.\* Grasping it tightly in his hand, the delighted student sat down and commenced perusing it. Little did he imagine such a book was to be seen. Certainly he had met with selections from it, which the church enjoined to be read. What thoughts occupied his Goliath mind while he turned over leaf after leaf, it would be impossible for us to conceive. D'Aubigné says, "In that Bible the Reformation lay hid." That blessed Book was to be the herald of a thousand others—the origin of the promulgation of the Gospel through wild and trackless forests into the secluded haunts of heathen idolaters—the instrument of enlightening man's dark understanding; the joy of millions of future believers; the very scourge of despotism and the forerunner of civil and religious liberty. To go yet further, it was the very light that lit up millions more—the ancestor of all the marvellous eight-penny Bibles that have ever shed a lustre upon the homes of the working population of Europe. Mighty and marvellous are thy works, O God, that so small an incident should usher in such glorious and prodigious results.

As I leave the biographical record of the life of this man to others, the weakest efforts of whose genius o'ertop the highest tower of my limited conception, it is merely mine to roughly pass over the minutiae of our hero's hidden life in order to view him in our next chapter on the ramparts of truth fighting the first crusade against ignorance and error: for to view some of those scenes and to draw a little inspiration from his right noble example will be the aim of these papers. Briefly then—in the same year in which Luther discovered that most inestimable treasure which actuated him through life—he obtained the first academical honour—that of bachelor. Intense study brought on illness, and he expected the angel of death to snatch him from the world. Death, however, had no such commission, and therefore he survived, accord-

ing to the prophecy of a good old monk, who told him that he would not die, but live to be a consoler of many. In 1505, he was made M.A., and Doctor in Philosophy.

Conscience now begins to play her work upon the heart of the young student. Eternity, death, and damnation, which are to sceptics as an idle frivolous tale, rang in his ears, disturbed his repose, filled his mind with solemn thoughts, and crushed his spirit. We who remember once how terribly the warning words, "Eternity! eternity! eternity!" rang in our consciences, making us afraid lest, in walking the streets, the houses might with vengeance fall down and crush us, lest in slumber the breath of our nostrils be taken away, or in eating the bread of life should choke us, and become the bread of death and the herald of a never-ending torment, will readily conceive the intense feeling of so great a mind under deep convictions. Several events re-impressed him with thoughts of a future destiny. The death of a friend suddenly: "Suppose it were I—how then?" and keen terrors laid hold of him. On a certain occasion, he was returning from his father's house to Erfurt, when a storm came on; the lightning was so vivid and the thunders rolled and rumbled in such horrid diapason that Luther fell down on his knees, and vowed that, if his life were spared, he would become a monk, deny the pleasure of the world, and devote himself entirely to God. The good intentions were well expressed, but, as Luther afterwards found, his vows were the hardest to keep, and to become a monk did not make him a Christian. Seclusion from the world is not seclusion from sin, at least so we have found it. To commune with Christ is to be secluded from the world, with the world surrounding you. Christ and the soul in a centre, and the world as a circle too often enclosing it.

A fortnight passed, and after writing farewell letters to several friends, and staggering his father's hopes by acquainting him with his resolve, Luther, at 25 years of age, enters the monastery at Erfurt. The great man applied all the cenobite severities of monkery as pitch-plasters to heal his troubled soul, but the waves of sin still surged up. He fasted, he watched, he mortified, he made himself ill, and yet grew

\* Lest these words be thought too severe, they are substantiated by the author who used them by the following quotation from Mathes 3:—  
"Auf ein Leite, wie die Bücher ein nacheinander besieht \* \* \* kommt er über die lateinische Biblia."

no better nor wiser. Good works flowed in again, and bad ones flowed out as before. With the greatest of eagerness did he pursue the menial duties which monkery imposed upon him—such as opening and shutting the church doors, winding up the clock, begging, and cell-sweeping. "If ever monk," said he, "entered heaven by virtue of his monkery, assuredly I should have gone there"—so strict was he, so very precise. He passed through many stages in this disease before he was cured, and then 'twas by a LOOK. How simple! Man would be saved by running hither and thither for salvation when it can be had just where he is, and just as he is. A monk who knew the *Gospel* much better than some of even the nineteenth century, who are well skilled, and very rigid and tenacious in *doctrines*, repeated to him the article of faith—"I believe in the forgiveness of sins;" and told him that "we must not only believe that the sins of David or Peter are forgiven, for that is no more than

the devils believe. God's command is that we should believe our own are forgiven." Luther does believe; and he that believeth is not condemned, but saved. How hard for the pharisee, how easy for the sinner! A look to Christ will save a drowning man, but constant looking to self condemns a pharisaical, self-righteous one. Luther now rejoices. His language rendered in verse was:—

"I will praise thee every day,  
Now thine anger's passed away."

He feels he is dear to God, and he *knows* God is dear to him. His is holy boldness. He can say in the words of the poet,—

"So nigh, so very nigh to God,  
I cannot nearer be;  
For in the person of his Son,  
I am as near as he.

"So dear, so very dear to God,  
Dearer I cannot be;  
The love wherewith he loves the Son,  
Such is his love to me."

THE TIME FOR WORK HAD ARRIVED.  
London.

## Reviews.

*The Family Prayer-book; or, Morning and Evening Prayers for Every Day in the Year.* Part I. London: Cassell, Peter, and Co., Ludgate-hill.

THIS handsome, well-printed part supplies prayers for nearly five weeks. The Scriptures to be read are indicated at the top of the page, and one page is occupied with one service. The prayers have been composed by clergymen and Dissenting ministers of all evangelical denominations. The work is edited by the Rev. E. Garbett, M.A., and the Rev. Samuel Martin, of Westminster—names that will secure general confidence. Drs. Steane, Hoby, and Angus, and Rev. W. Brock, jun., with other Baptist ministers, are contributors. The book bids fair to represent at the family altar the evangelical spirit and devotional unity of the most eminent living ministers of the day. Type, paper, and matter are all that can be wished.

*The Boomerang; or, the Bishop of Natal Smitten with his own Weapon.* By A MAN OF ISSACHAR, and a Returned Pilgrim from the East. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

AN octavo pamphlet, by an earnest lover of the truth, in reply to Bishop Colenso's extraordinary attack on a part of that Divine book which his office and ordination vows bound him solemnly

to teach and defend. No doubt the bishop's incompetence to understand it will be considerably removed if he will read the replies and strictures his sceptical production has called forth; and we advise him not to overlook or be indifferent to this clever and powerful Boomerang, which will assuredly do good service in the cause of God and truth.

*True Life the Object of True Glorifying.* A Sermon occasioned by the death of James Sheridan Knowles, Esq. By ALFRED C. THOMAS, Minister of Cross-street Chapel, Islington. London: Elliot Stock.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES—a dramatist; a teacher of elocution; a Christian; a faithful and eloquent minister of Jesus; and one who excelled in each of the spheres in which he had lived and acted his part. Mr. Thomas's sermon is worthy of his hero and of the solemn theme he so forcibly illustrates. The sketch given, though brief, is most interesting.

*The Heresies of the Plymouth Brethren.* By J. C. L. CARSON, M.D. London: Houlston and Wright.

A CLOSELY printed pamphlet of 126 pages, in which the peculiarities of Plymouth Brethrenism are thoroughly sifted, Scripturally tested, and faithfully exposed. As ten thousand copies

have already been sold, it is evident that its intrinsic value is duly appreciated. Let truth and error have a fair field for contest, and let a truthful spirit and good temper be cherished, and then we need have no fear for the results.

*Punch in the Pulpit.* By PHILIP CATER. Author of "The Great Fiction of the Times." London: Wm. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street.

WE are not astonished that this most graphic work should have gone through two editions, and that the third is just issuing from the press. To say that it is clever, telling, and amusing is only saying very little in its praise. It is a thorough protest against the desecration of the pulpit by unseemly jokes and silly attempts at wit and humour. The instances given by Mr. Cater show how the evil abounds; and we feel confident that his *exposé* and the faithful rebukes he has administered will not be in vain. He does not plead for leaden dulness, or stereotyped monotony, or long-faced gravity, or mournful cant, but for manly, Scriptural intelligence, and sound words of becoming gravity, which cannot be condemned. Of all jokers, surely those in the pulpit most forget their solemn work and holy mission. We give the book our heartiest recommendation.

*Four Centuries of Modern Europe.* By B. BISHOP. London: Wm. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street.

THIS brief exhibition of European history for four centuries is designed especially to accompany a chart, which gives at one glance the progress of the nations indicated during that period. The clear and condensed way in which the pamphlet is written is very satisfactory, and it is both a cheap and valuable compendium, and likely to be of great use in the absence of more elaborate works.

*The Religion of School Life.* Addresses to School Boys. By D. CORNISH. London: W. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street.

THESE brief discourses or addresses are of a practical character, and present important truths in a striking and forcible manner. We wish all school boys could hear such excellent counsels as these. We hope the book will be a success.

*What hath God Wrought? or, the Ameliorated Condition of the World in Answer to Three Years' Prayer, &c.* By B. SCOTT, Esq., Chamberlain of London. London: Morgan and Chase, 3, Amen-corner.

THIS address of the City Chamberlain is first-

rate—both as respects the truths presented, and the earnest devotional spirit in which they are stated. We wish it may be circulated by thousands of thousands. London is truly honoured in having a public civic officer of such intellectual and pious worth. May he be long spared to adorn and labour in the cause of sanctified humanity and Christian revival!

*Hints on Church Discipline, &c.* By C. J. MIDDLEBITCH. London: J. Heaton and Son.

AN admirable manual on a most important subject, with which all members of churches should be conversant.

*Quarterly Reporter of the German Baptist Mission* for January, 1863. London: J. Heaton and Son, Warwick-lane.

FULL of affecting information of our suffering brethren and churches in Germany. How offensive is the Christian simplicity of these Baptists to both the Romish and Lutheran powers! How needful a second reformation of the German churches by which they should be brought into the true light and liberty of the New Covenant of Jesus!

*Baptist Magazine* for February. London: Pewtress Brothers.

A VERY good number; but we would suggest that it is well to avoid too much tacking, or it will be difficult to know where the steersman will land his passengers. It will require a clever harmonist to reconcile the teachings of the "Baptist Magazine" for 1861-2, and the paragraphs on page 79 of this number. We have no wish to dogmatise or be dictatorial, but wisdom and prudence call for care in these matters.

*Old Jonathan* for January. Collinsridge, 117, Aldersgate-street; and all Booksellers.

A MONTHLY penny periodical that we can heartily commend to the firesides of our English homes.

*Tracts, Pamphlets, and Addresses on the Duty of Laying-by a Stated Proportion of our Income, &c.*, have just been published by Nisbet and Co. One by Rev. Dr. Cumming, good; another by Rev. W. Arthur, A.M., much better; one by Rev. Dr. Guthrie, better still; and one by Rev. Dr. Candlish, best of all. All who are interested in the subject of Christian sympathy, prompt beneficence, and a faithful discharge of the obligations of goodness, should circulate these tracts and pamphlets broad-cast over the land.

## Poetry.

## GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!

Where the war shout ringeth loud,  
Where the angry hatin' crowd  
Rushes to the fight;  
Where men's hearts are storm-lashed waves,  
Raging in their hosom-caves—  
God defend the right!

Thou alone canst whisper Peace,  
Bid the fearful slaughter cease;  
In the battle's height,  
O! unite the brotherhood  
In the holy cause of good—  
God defend the right!

Yet, forgive them all the guilt  
Of so much blood vainly spill;  
Send a gleam of light  
That shall make the victory  
On the side of Freedom be—  
God defend the right!

Right from wrong we scarcely know—  
Doubt has dimmed our eyes below;  
But amid our night  
Pray we for the slave's release,  
Freedom, liberty, and peace—  
God defend the right!

Let the swarthy face grow fair,  
With the joy-flush kindling there,  
Bright with Freedom's light;  
Give the slave his meed of life,  
Stay the direful battle-strife—  
God defend the right!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

## HEARTS OF FLESH.

Hearts of flesh, O Lord, we need,  
Help us then with thee to plead;  
To none other can we go,  
Thou alone the work canst do;  
Take our stony hearts away,  
Give us hearts of flesh, my pray.

Hearts of flesh to feel within  
Godly penitence for sin:  
Broken, contrite hearts, O Lord,  
We would offer—for thy Word  
Tells us thou wilt not despise  
Such an humble sacrifice.

Hearts of flesh Divinely sealed,  
That will glad obedience yield  
To thy precepts, and submit  
Unto all thou seest fit;  
Where thy laws thou wilt indite,  
And engrave thine image bright.

Hearts of flesh that shall aspire  
After thee with strong desire;  
Mounting as on eagle's wings  
Up to higher, heavenly things;  
Holding oft communion sweet  
At the hallowed mercy-seat.

Hearts of flesh wherein thy love  
By the gracious, holy Dove,  
Shall be richly shed abroad,  
Causing us to love thee, Lord,  
And to feel affection true  
To the saints who love thee too.

Hearts of flesh to trust alone  
In the Father's darling Son;  
Leaving every stay beside,  
Clinging to the Crucified;  
Trusting in his love and might  
Even in the darkest night.

Hearts of flesh where thou, O God,  
Wilt take up thy blest abode;  
O amazing thought—to be  
Inhabited by Deity!  
'Tis for this that we would pray—  
Lord, abide in us for aye.

Wellingborough.

THEODORA.

## Denominational Intelligence.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

DRAYTON PARSELLOW.—Mr. J. Young having resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, is at liberty to supply any destitute church, where the services of a plain and earnest man would be acceptable. His address is, Water Eaton, Bletchley, Bucks.

NEXTON, NORFOLK.—The Rev. G. Binnie has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Baptist church in the above place; and his labours will cease the last Sabbath in March. He is open to invitation to supply destitute churches with a view to the pastorate.

BALLYMENA, IRELAND.—The Rev. Mr. Macdonald has been unanimously invited to the pastorate of the church in this town, which had become vacant in consequence of the resignation of the Rev. J. G. M'Vicker.

BURBLEM, STAFFORDSHIRE.—Mr. Thomas Phillips, of Haverfordwest College, has received and accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church worshipping at Burslem; and will (D.V.) commence his labours there early in April next.

COLERAIN, IRELAND.—Mr. Tessier, from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, has received and

accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the church in this place, which was formerly occupied by Mr. T. W. Medhurst, now of Glasgow.

**FATLE**—The Rev. Caleb C. Brown has signified his intention to resign the pastorate of the Baptist church, at the above place, on the 25th of March, and is open to an engagement in or around London.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**BURTON, NORFOLK**.—The church at Burton held a meeting on Jan. 29th, to recognize the Rev. Benjamin May, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, as their pastor. The Rev. George Guild, of Norwich, stated the nature of a Christian Church; the Rev. W. J. Price, of Yarmouth, asked the usual questions, and offered the dedicatory prayer; after which the Rev. W. G. Lewis, of London, delivered the charge to the pastor; and the Rev. T. A. Wheeler, of Norwich, faithfully addressed the church. Dinner was provided for the friends, at which ministers and members from neighbouring churches expressed their hearty sympathy with the church, and warm attachment to pastor and people.

#### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**NAYLAND**.—The Rev. George Ward (who has just relinquished the pastorate at the above place), was presented on his leaving, by several friends, as a memento of their respect and esteem, with a copy of Dr. Kitz's valuable "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature," together with other books. Mrs. Ward also received a suitable present. Mr. Ward has settled at Walton-cum-Felixstow, Suffolk, over a Baptist church there.

**MONTACUTE, SOMERSET**.—At a tea-meeting, Feb. 2nd, the minister was presented with an elegant time-piece and a purse, the balance of the contributions amounting together to £34. Affixed to the time-piece was the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. Joseph Price, who has been for more than 40 years the faithful and beloved pastor of the Baptist church and congregation at Montacute, on the 2nd Feb., 1863, being the 38th anniversary of his ordination, by his attached and grateful people." A beautiful and touching address was read by one of the deacons, and the meeting was addressed by Mr. James, of Yeovil; Mr. Edwards, of Chard, the pastor, and others.

**GROSVENOR-STREET, COMMERCIAL-ROAD, EAST**.—A very interesting meeting took place at this chapel on Tuesday, Jan. 6. The Rev. J. Harrison, the beloved pastor, gave a tea to the members of the church and congregation. After tea, the party having reassembled, the meeting commenced by singing, when prayer was offered by Mr. Mace; after prayer Mr. Harrison said, that though the church was but a little more than

12 months old, so great had been the blessing of God in the proclamation of the Gospel that 55 had united in fellowship. Mr. Clemoe (deacon) read the report, which showed the favourable position of church matters. Mr. Wickers (deacon) then presented to Mr. Harrison from the young men of the church and congregation, as a proof of their attachment to their pastor, "Scott's Commentary," in 6 vols. Mr. Terry, on behalf of the young men, read an affectionate address to the pastor, for which we cannot afford space. Mr. Harrison, who was much affected, rose and said, "Dear brethren, my heart is too full to thank you as I would. By this act you hold up the hands of prayer, and give strength to the arm that holds forth the cup of life to a dying world. Comrades of the cross! Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life." This delightful meeting closed by singing, and the benediction pronounced by the pastor.

**BURGH, LINCOLNSHIRE**.—A most interesting meeting was held in the Baptist chapel on Wednesday, Jan. 28. Our beloved pastor has for some time been suffering from disease of the eye, and at one time we feared loss of sight would have been the result, but through the goodness of God there is now every prospect of permanent recovery. The meeting was convened to show our deep and heartfelt sympathy with him. After singing our senior deacon read and expounded Eph. vi. 10-12, and then turning to Mr. Thomsett, said, "My dear brother, I have been requested by the church and congregation to present you with this purse containing 70 guineas as a token of our sympathy for you and an expression of our high regard for your ministry." Our minister was quite overcome with surprise at the unexpected present. In reply, he gave a solemn, earnest, and affectionate address, stating that the feelings produced in his mind would never be effaced. Two friends engaged in prayer and the meeting separated.

#### LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

**MELTHAM, YORKSHIRE**.—The foundation stone of a new Baptist chapel, at the above place, was laid on Christmas-day. The proceedings were commenced by the Rev. Thos. Thomas, pastor of the church. After which, Mrs. Crowther, of Lockwood, proceeded to lay the stone, the Rev. T. Thomas presenting her, in the name of the church, with a silver trowel for the purpose. Addresses appropriate to the occasion were delivered by Mr. Alfred Crowther, of Lockwood; the Revs. J. Barker, of Lockwood; and H. Watts, of Golcar. After prayer and singing the company adjourned to the schoolroom for tea. The evening meeting was addressed by the Revs. H. Watts, J. Barker, Messrs. Broadbent, Mitchell, Sykes, and Berry, the pastor in the chair. The new chapel is expected to cost,



including ground and fencing, about £1,800, towards which above £1,200 have been promised. It is to seat 800 persons.

#### OPENING SERVICES.

**ABERDARE, GLAMORGANSHIRE.**—The church under the pastorate of the Rev. Thomas Price is working with all earnestness for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. On 7th and 8th Dec., 1862, services were held in connection with the opening of Bethel, a new chapel situated about a mile to the east of Mr. Price's chapel. This is one of the neatest chapels in the country; it measures 44 feet by 36, with a good dwelling-house attached. At the opening services sermons were preached by Messrs. Williams, Jones, Phillips, Jenkins, Evans, and the venerable Jones, of Tongwynlas, who has since left us to enter upon his eternal reward, this being his last public service. Again, in the first week in February, 1863, the friends had the pleasure of opening a new chapel called after the name of the estate, Ynyslwyd Chapel. This is situated about half a mile to the south of Mr. Price's chapel. The size is fifty feet by forty, and is quite a model of neatness and convenience. The services were begun on Sunday, Feb. 1, when the church met for prayer in the morning at eleven o'clock. At six o'clock the minister, Mr. Price, preached the first sermon, after which the ordinance of baptism was administered. On Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 4th and 5th, sermons were preached by the Rev. Messrs. Lewis, Davies, Johns, Evans, Lloyd, Jones, Roberts, and Emlyn Jones, A.M. The devotional parts of the services were led by Brethren Phillips, Jones, Niekales, and Harris. It is the intention of Mr. Price and the church to form in these new chapels two new churches of some 200 members each. Everything wears a most promising aspect.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**YARMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT.**—The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon will (D.V.) preach in the Baptist chapel on Tuesday evening, March 17th, at seven o'clock.

**FRESHWATER, ISLE OF WIGHT.**—The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon will (D.V.) preach in the Baptist chapel on Wednesday evening, March 18, at seven o'clock. Collections after each service to assist in the erection of a new Baptist chapel in Yarmouth.

**BOROUGH GREEN, KENT.**—Mr. W. Crowhurst, of Dorchester-hall, London, will preach two sermons in the Baptist Chapel on Good Friday afternoon at 3, and evening at 6 o'clock. Tea at 5 o'clock. The proceeds to be presented to the pastor.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON requests us to state that he is not in any way connected with the *Baptist Magazine*.

**BOROUGH-GREEN, KENT.**—Mr. T. Wall, of Gravesend, preached two excellent sermons in the Baptist Chapel on Thursday, Feb. 5. About 150 partook of tea at 5 o'clock, and the proceedings of the day were considered to be profitable and pleasing to those concerned.

**MASSEBROOK, SALOP.**—An excellent lecture was delivered in the Baptist chapel in this place to a large congregation on Feb. 5th, by Rev. A. J. Parry, Baptist minister, Cefnmaur; subject, "Education for the Workman." In absence of the intended chairman—J. F. Eyeley, Esq., surgeon—S. Ward, Esq., presided. The Church of Jesus Christ would do well to engage the services of Mr. Parry for some special occasions.

**HANBURY-HILL, STOURBRIDGE.**—On Monday, Feb. 2, 1863, a public tea-meeting (well attended) was held in the afternoon to celebrate the second anniversary of the pastor's settlement (Rev. Beuwell Bird), after which a public meeting was held, presided over by the pastor. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Fisk, G. Thorne, J. Richards (Independent), and John Taylor, Esq. The proceedings were of a most interesting character.

MR. E. LEACH, who has written for our pages very interesting papers on "The Rev. James Herve, the Model Minister," and "The Goliath Reformer;" also "Sketches in the History of Evangelical Religion in England," which have appeared in the CHRISTIAN WORLD, has expressed his willingness—prompted by a desire to do good—to deliver a gratuitous lecture upon any subject connected with the history of Evangelical religion in this country, to any church in the Metropolis who may wish to avail themselves of his kind offer. Communications to Mr. Leach may be addressed to the Editor of the BAPTIST MESSENGER, 2a, New-street-square, Farringdon Market.

**BAPTIST BUILDING FUND.**—The Rev. J. H. Blake (of Sandhurst) has accepted an appointment as travelling agent of this society. Mr. Blake's future address will be 11, Acacia-road, St. John's-wood, N.W. We take this opportunity of directing the attention of our readers to the claims of this useful society. It has just rendered essential aid to the newly-formed church at Peckham, and also to the church at Bridge-street, Greenwich. The committee are most anxious to take up other applications which are now before them, but funds will not allow. We trust the churches will permit Mr. Blake to advocate the claims of the society.

**BAPTISM BY IMMERSION.**—On Feb. 8th, at the Episcopal chapel-of-ease for Cadroxton, Glamorganshire, during the evening service and after the reading of the second lesson, the Rev. D. H. Griffith, vicar, proceeded to the "Baptistry" in the chapel, accompanied by a young man named Thomas Peters, assistant master at

Cadoxton School, clothed in a white robe, The vicar wore his white surplice, and both descended into the Baptistery, when the minister, in a most impressive manner, baptized the individual by immersing him in the water. The vicar afterwards concluded the service and preached an appropriate sermon in allusion to the subject of baptism. The building referred to was formerly a Baptist chapel, but has been purchased by the Church of England as a chapel-of-ease for Cadoxton.

## BAPTISMS.

- ABERDARE, Calvary, Jan. 11—Five, by cur pastor, Mr. Price.
- , Bethel, Jan. 25—Two, by Mr. Price.
- , Yoyalyud Feb. 1—Seven, by Mr. Price. This was our first service and first baptism in this new and beautiful chapel, and the first baptized had been a member with the Calvinistic Methodists for over 35 years.
- AYLSHAM, Norfolk, Jan. 28—Four, by Mr. Harley, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College.
- BIRMINGHAM, Bond-street Chapel, Jan. 25—Two, by Rev. J. Davies, and one received in by letter. Several others are inquiring the way.
- BRAUNSTON, Northamptonshire, Jan. 25 by Mr. Veals, Mr. S. Brimley, of Daventry, until recently a preacher in connection with the Wesleyans. Mr. Brimley, with a few other friends, have fitted up a neat little chapel in Daventry. We hope much good will be the result.
- CAMROSE, Pembrokeshire, Jan. 25—One, by Mr. Stephen Thomas, from Haverfordwest College.
- CARDIFF, Tredegarville Chapel, Dec. 28, 1862—Three; Jan. 4, One; Jan. 25, Eight, by Mr. Alfred Tilly.
- COELLIG, Newtownards, Ireland, Jan. 25—Two, by John Brown, A.M.
- FROEDYRHIW, Glamorganshire, Jan. 4—Two; Feb. 7, Seven. Of the above three were from the Independents, one from the Church of England, the remaining five from the Sunday school.
- GLASGOW, Frederick-street, Feb. 1—Four, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.
- , Bath-street, Feb. 1—Two, by Mr. J. W. Boulding.
- , Blackfriars-street—Nine, by Mr. R. Glover, during the year 1862.
- GREENWICH, Bridge-street—Eight, by Mr. B. Davies.
- HACKNEY-ROAD, Providence Chapel, Jan. 25—Four, by Mr. Russell. Seven were received at the table on Feb. 1.
- HEYWOOD, Lancashire, Jan. 25—Three, by Mr. J. Duckley. One had been with the Wesleyans for many years, the other two from the Sabbath-school.
- HIERON, Cambs, Jan. 27—Four, by Mr. G. Sear.
- HOB-FORTH, Yorks, Feb. 1—One, by Mr. Harper, of Rawden College.
- LIVERPOOL, Great Crosshall-street, Oct. 25—Three; Jan. 25, Five, by Mr. W. Thomas.
- LOCHGOLLEAD, Argyllshire, Jan. 4—Two; Jan. 19, One, by Mr. J. Mackintosh. These are after a season of great drought. Brethren, pray for us.
- LONDON, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Jan. 26—Sixteen, by Mr. Spurgeon.
- , Shaftesbury Baptist Church, Aldersgate-street, Jan. 28—Four, by Mr. A. Searl, at New Park-street Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion. One young sister was from our Sunday-school.
- , Shouldham-street, Jan. 27—Four, by Mr. W. A. Blake.
- MORIAH, Radnorshire, Feb. 1—One, by Mr. T. Phillips. Others are waiting for baptism.
- NRATH, Glamorganshire, English Baptist, Feb. 1—Two, by Mr. B. D. Thomas. Both teachers in our Sabbath-school.
- NEWPORT, Mon., at Charles-street Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion), Nov. 27, 1862—Eleven, three for Mr. Davies, of Maiduee; Jan. 28, Ten, by Mr. Williams, pastor of the Second English Baptist Church. It is fully expected that our next baptisms will take place in our new chapel, Stow-hill, which is rapidly progressing towards completion, and which is pronounced by one of our local prints to be one of the finest pieces of architecture in the town. This large and commodious building, which will accommodate 1,000 persons, is greatly needed for the large congregation which inconveniently crowds the Town-hall every Sabbath evening.
- PORTADOWN, Ireland, Dec. 26, 1862—One; Jan. 25, One, by Mr. H. H. Bourn.
- PRESTON, Pole-street, Feb. 1—Eight were baptized by our pastor: One his own daughter, two daughters of our deacon, two brothers of former deacons. It was indeed a pleasing sight to witness 8 persons whose ages ranged from 73 to 14 baptized in the presence of a thousand people.
- ROCH, Pembrokeshire, Feb. 2—Two, by Mr. Stephen Thomas, from Haverfordwest College.
- RYEFORD, Hereford, Feb. 15—Five, by Mr. B. Stephens.
- SOUTHAMPTON, Carlton-rooms, Feb. 1—Eight, by J. A. Spurgeon.
- STOCKTON-ON-TRES, Dec. 14—Three; Feb. 15, Five, by Mr. W. M'Phail, for the church at Middlesborough, where the Lord of the harvest is gathering many unto himself.
- THORPE-LE-SOKEN, Essex—Seven, by Mr. Cockerton. [Date not given.—ED.]
- THURLEIGH, Beds, Jan. 25—Two, by Mr. W. K. Dexter.
- WOOLWICH, Queen-street, Jan. 25—Four, by Mr. Teall.

WORCESTER, Feb. 5—Five by Mr. J. H. Parker.  
 YARMOUTH, Isle of Wight, Jan. 25—Two; Feb. 8, Two, by Mr. W. W. Martin.

MARRIAGE.

ON Feb. 16, at the Independent chapel, Morley-street, Plymouth, by the Rev. Charles Wilson, M.A., the Rev. Wm. Jeffery, Baptist minister of Torrington, Devon, eldest son of Wm. Jeffery, Esq., of Chiselhurst, Kent, to Catherine, fifth daughter of the late Gustavus Gidley, Esq., of Plymouth.

DEATHS.

ON December 22, 1862, at his lodgings, Mr. Alexander's, Walcot-place, Kennington-road, London, after a short illness, Joseph Hammond, eldest son of Mr. F. H. Roleston, Baptist Minister, Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire, aged 17 years and 6 months. He was baptized by his father at the age of sixteen, was beloved by all who knew him, and has left the most satisfactory evidence of his genuine piety.

WILLIAM DICKENS, SHARNBROOK, BEDS.—The subject of this notice died in peace after a very brief illness, on Wednesday, Jan. 21st, 1863, in the 80th year of his age. He followed his Lord during a period of about sixty years.

The first few years of his religious course he passed in connection with the Wesleyans, but afterwards became a Baptist, and was long an active member of the church at the Old Meeting, Sharnbrook, but more recently of the church at Bethlehem, in the same village. He lived an earnest Christian, and died a happy one. He was interred on Monday, Jan. 26th, at the Old Meeting burying-ground, when his late pastor, the Rev. T. Corby, performed the burial service, and in the evening preached, at the good old man's request, from Malachi iv. 2.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OMICRON.—We cannot make any promise as to when your piece shall appear. Several valuable papers are waiting for space. We think yours would be improved by condensation.

OUR friends must not expect us to return manuscripts not used except in very special cases.

WILL our kind contributors study brevity and write their manuscripts on one side only?

ERRATUM.—In the article on "Burmah and its Baptist Missionaries" in our January Number, page 15, col. 1, for "June, 1823," read June, 1813.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Students for the Ministry, 60; Evening Classes, 120.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS FROM JANUARY 1st TO FEBRUARY 15th, 1863:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Windmill.....	2	1	5	Baptist Church (Wigan), per Rev. T. Hayward.....	0	14	6
Mr. Murrell.....	5	4	0	Ephesians vi. 18-20.....	0	5	0
Mrs. Roots, per Mr. John Easty .....	10	0	0	Sale of Mottoes for New Year.....	3	15	3
Mr. Pentecost.....	1	6	0	Mr. Eastwood.....	5	4	0
Mr. T. R. Phillips.....	15	4	0	A Friend, per Mrs. Spurgeon .....	5	0	0
Mr. Flood.....	0	5	0	Mrs. Biggs .....	1	1	0
Collected by a Friend.....	0	7	3	Mrs. Gray .....	5	0	0
J. W. Brown, Esq. ....	10	0	0	Mr. John Olney.....	5	0	0
Mrs. Melbourne.....	1	0	0	A Working-man (Coventry).....	0	10	0
Mr. Vickery.....	1	0	0	J. Stiff, Esq. (for College Library).....	50	0	0
Miss Ranford.....	1	0	0	Mr. Passmore.....	5	4	0
A Friend (Regent's-park).....	1	1	0	Mr. Heath .....	2	0	0
Major-General Booth (being part of £50 sent for various societies at Tabernacle).....	25	8	0	Mr. Benham .....	10	10	0
Mr. Dodwell .....	5	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Jephth.....	0	9	0
Mrs. Whyte.....	1	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Jan. 5.....	36	6	8
Rev. E. Gange .....	1	0	0	" " " " " " " " " "	12	40	6
C. F. W. ....	10	0	0	" " " " " " " " " "	19	17	6
J. Bannatyne, Esq. ....	10	0	0	" " " " " " " " " "	26	20	8
Mrs. Tyson .....	12	10	0	" " " " " " " " " "	3	20	8
Tea-meeting at Tabernacle .....	67	12	0	" " " " " " " " " "	9	20	6
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon .....	45	0	0	" " " " " " " " " "	16	21	8

£497 2 9

Through the kindness of the Editor of this Magazine, a list of subscriptions will appear every month in the MESSENGER. Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.  
 CHAS. BLACKSHAW.

## RESTRAINING PRAYER.\*

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"Thou restrainest prayer before God."—Job xv. 4.

A CHARGE, brought by Eliphaz the Temanite, against Job, "Yea, thou castest off fear and restrainest prayer before God." I shall not use this sentence as an accusation against those who never pray, though there may be some in this house of prayer to-night whose heads are unaccustomed to bow down, whose knees are unaccustomed to kneel before the Lord their Maker. You who have been fed by God's bounty, you owe all the breath in your nostrils to him, and yet you have never done homage to his name. "The ox knoweth its owner, and the ass his master's crib, but these know not, neither do they consider the Most High." The cattle on a thousand hills low forth their gratitude, and every sheep praiseth God in its bleatings; but these beings, worse than natural brute beasts, still continue to receive from the lavish hand of Divine benevolence, but they return no thanks whatsoever to the Most High. Let such remember, that the ground which has long been rained upon, and ploughed and sown, which yet bringeth forth no fruit, is nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned. Prayerless souls are Christless souls, Christless souls are graceless souls, and graceless souls shall soon be damned souls. See to it, ye that neglect altogether the blessed privilege of prayer. You are in the bonds of iniquity, you are in the gall of bitterness. God deliver you for his name's sake.

Nor do I intend to use this text to-night in an address to those who are in the habit of formal prayer, though there are many such. Taught from their childhood to utter certain sacred words, they have carried through youth, and even up to manhood, the same practice. I will not discuss that question just now, whether the practice of teaching children a form of prayer is proper or not. I would not do it. Children should be instructed in the meaning of prayer, and their little minds should be taught to pray; but it should be rather the matter of prayer than the words of prayer that should be suggested; and I think they should be taught to use their own words, and to speak unto God in such phrases and terms as their own childlike capacities, assisted by a mother's love, may be able to suggest. Full many there are who from early education grow up habituated to some form of words, which either stands in lieu of the heart's devotion, or cripples its free exercise. No doubt there may be true prayer linked with a form, and the soul of many a saint has gone up to heaven in some holy collect, or in the words of some beautiful liturgy; but for all that, we are absolutely certain that tens of thousands use the mere language without heart or soul under the impression that they are praying. I consider the form of prayer to be no more prayer than a coach may be called a horse; the horse will be better without the coach,—travel much more rapidly, and find himself much more at ease; he may drag the coach, it is true, and still travel well. Without the heart of prayer, the form is no prayer; it will not stir or move, it is simply a vehicle that may have wheels that might move; but it has no inner force or power within itself. Take care, you that have been saluting the ears of the Most High with forms. They have been only mockeries, when your heart has been absent. What though a parliament of bishops should have composed the words you use—what though they shall be absolutely faultless—ay! what if they should even be inspired, though you have used them a thousand times, yet have you never prayed if you consider that the repetition of the form be prayer. No! there is more than the chatter of the tongue in true supplication; more than the repetition of words in truly drawing near to God. Take care lest with the form of godliness you neglect the power, and go down to the pit, having a lie in your right hand, but not the truth in your heart.

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No. 53, NEW SERIES. E

I intend, however, rather to address this text to the true people of God, who understand the art of prayer and are prevalent therein; but who, to their own sorrow and shame, must confess that they have restrained prayer. If there be no other person in this congregation to whom the preacher will speak personally, he feels shamefully conscious that he will have to speak very plainly to himself. We know that our prayers are heard; we are certain—it is not a question with us—that there is an efficacy in the divine art of intercession; and yet (oh how we should blush when we make the confession!) we must acknowledge that we do restrain prayer. Now, inasmuch as we speak to those who grieve and repent that they should so have done, we shall use but little sharpness; but we shall try to use much plainness and personality of speech. Let us see how and in what respect we have restrained prayer.

Dear friends, do you not think we often restrain prayer in the fewness of the occasions that we set apart for supplication? From hoary tradition and modern precedents we have come to believe that the morning should be opened with the offering prayer, that the day should be shut in with the nightly sacrifice. We do ill if we neglect those two seasons of prayer. Do you not think that often in the morning we rise so near to the time of labour, when our profession calls us to our daily avocation, that we hurry through the supplication which should be gone about with deliberation? And even at night we are very weary, and it is just possible that our prayer is uttered somewhere between sleeping and waking. Is not this restraining prayer? And throughout the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, if we continue thus to pray, and this be all, how small an amount of true supplication will have gone up to heaven! I trust there are none here present who profess to be followers of Christ, who do not also practise prayer in their families. We may have no positive commandment for it, but we believe that the genius and spirit of the Gospel necessitates it. Now, how often we have the time of family prayer at an inconvenient hour, and a knock at the door, a ring at the bell, the call of a customer, may hurry the believer from his knees to go and attend to his worldly concerns. Of course, many excuses might be offered, but the fact would still remain, that in this way we often restrain prayer. And then, when you come up to the house of God—I hope you do not come up to this Tabernacle without prayer—but yet I fear we don't all pray as we should, even when in the place dedicated to it. There should always be a devout prayer lifted up to heaven, as soon as you enter the place where you would meet with God. What a preparation! some of you have to get here half an hour before the service commences,—if there were no talking, but each one had his Bible, or the time was spent in silent ejaculation,—what a cloud of holy incense would go smoking up to heaven!

I think it also a very admirable plan as soon as the minister enters the pulpit to plead with God for him—for me I may especially say, for I claim it at your hands above every other man. With this congregation, and with the terrible responsibility of so immense a church, and with the word spoken here published within a few hours and scattered throughout all Europe, nay, throughout the ends and length and breadth of the earth, I may well ask that you may lift up your hearts in supplication that the words spoken may be those of truth and soberness, directed of the Holy Spirit, and made mighty through God, like arrows shot from his own bow, to find a target in the hearts that he means to bless. Then should be a time, certainly, of prayer. And on going home, with what earnestness should we ask the Master to let what we have heard live in our hearts. We lose very much of the effects of our Sabbaths through not pleading with God on the Saturday night for a blessing upon the day of rest, and not also, at the end of the Sunday, beseeching him to make that which we have heard abide in our memories, and appear in our actions. We have restrained prayer, I fear, in the fewness of the occasions. Indeed, brethren, every part of the day and every day of the week should be an

occasion for prayer. Ejaculations such as these, "Oh would that!" "Lord, save me!" "Help me!" "More light, Lord!" "Teach me!" "Guide me!" and a thousand such, should be constantly going up to the throne. You may make a solitude for yourself, if you please, in the midst of crowded Cheapside, or contrariwise you may have your head in the whirl of a busy crowd when you have retired to your closet. It is not so much where we are as in what state our heart is. Let the regular seasons for devotion be constantly attended to. These things ought ye to have done; but let your heart be in a state of prayer!—ye must not leave this undone. Oh that we prayed more, that we set apart more time for it! Good Bishop Farrar had an idea in his head which he carried out; being a man of some substance, and having some twenty-four persons in his household, he divided the day, and there was always some person engaged either in holy song or else in devout supplication through the whole of the twenty-four hours; never was there a moment when the censor ceased to smoke or the altar was without its sacrifice. Happy shall it be for us when day without night we shall circle the throne of God rejoicing; but till then, let us emulate the ceaseless praise of seraphs before the throne, continually drawing near unto God, and making supplication and thanksgiving.

But to proceed to a second remark. Dear friends, I think it will be very clear, upon a little reflection, that we constantly restrain prayer by not having our hearts in a proper state when we come to its exercise. We rush into prayer too often; we would think it necessary if we were to address the Queen that our petition should be prepared; but often we dash before the throne of God as though it were but some common house of call, without even having a thought in our minds of what we are going for. Now just let me suggest some few things which I think should always be subjects of meditation before our season of prayer, and I think, if you confess that you have not thought of this, you will also be obliged to acknowledge that you have restrained prayer.

We should, before prayer, meditate upon Him to whom it is to be addressed. Let our thoughts be directed to the living and true God. Let me remember that he is omnipotent, then I shall ask large things. Let me remember that he is very tender, and full of compassion, then I shall ask little things and be minute in my supplication. Let me remember the greatness of his covenant, then I shall come very boldly. Let me remember also that his faithfulness is like the great mountain, that his promises are sure to all the seed, then I shall ask very confidently, for I shall be persuaded that he will do as he has said. Let me fill my soul with the reflection of the greatness of his majesty, then I shall be struck with awe; with the equal greatness of his love, then I shall be filled with delight. We could not but pray better than we do if we meditated more before prayer upon the God whom we address.

Then let me meditate also upon the way through which my prayer is offered; let my soul behold the blood sprinkled on the mercy seat; before I venture to draw near to God, let me go to Gethsemane and see the Saviour as he prays. Let me stand in holy vision at the foot of Calvary and see his body rent, that the veil which parted my soul from all access to God might be rent too—that I might come close to my Father, even to his feet. Oh, dear friends, I am sure if we thought about the way of access in prayer, we should be more mighty in it, and our neglect of so doing has led us to restrain prayer.

Then again, ought I not before prayer to be duly conscious of my many sins? Oh! when I hear men pray cold, careless prayers, surely they forget that they are sinners, or else, abjuring gaudy words and flowing periods, they would smite upon their breast with "God be merciful to me a sinner;" they would come to the point at once, with force and fervency. "I, black, unclean, defiled, condemned by the law, make my appeal unto thee, O God!" What prostration of spirit, what zeal, what fervour, what earnestness, and then, consequently, what prevalence would there be if we were duly sensible of our sin!

If we can add to this a little meditation upon what our needs are, how much better we should pray! We often fail in prayer, because we come without an errand, not having thought of what our necessities are; but if we have reckoned up that we need pardon, justification, sanctification, preservation; that besides the blessings of this life we need that our decaying graces should be revived, that such and such a temptation should be removed, that through such and such a trial we should be carried and prove more than conquerors, then, coming with an errand, we should speed before the Most High. But we bring bowls to the altar that have no bottom, and if the treasure should be put in them, it would fall through. We do not know what we want, and therefore we ask not for what we really need; we affect to lay our necessities before the Lord, without having duly considered how great our necessities are. See thyself as an abject bankrupt, weak, sick, dying, and this will make thee plead. See thy necessities deep as the ocean, broad as the expanse of heaven—this will make thee cry. There will be no restraining of prayer, beloved, when we have got a due sense of our soul's poverty; but because we think we are rich and increased in goods, and we have need of nothing, therefore it is that we restrain prayer before God.

How well it would be for us if before prayer we would meditate upon the past with regard to all the mercies we have had during the day—what courage that would give us to ask for more! the deliverances we have experienced through our life—how boldly should we plead to be delivered yet again. He that hath been with me in six troubles will not forsake me in the seventh. Do but remember how thou didst pass through the fires, and wast not burnt, and thou shouldst be confident that the flame will not kindle upon thee now. Christian, remember how when thou passedst through the rivers aforetime he was with thee; and surely thou mayest plead with him to deliver thee from the flood that now threatens to inundate thee. Think of the past ages too, of what he did of old, when he brought forth his people out of Egypt, and of all the mighty deeds which he has done—are they not written in the book of the wars of the Lord? Plead all these, and say unto him in thy supplications:—"Oh! thou that art a God that heareth prayer, hear me, and now send me an answer of peace!" I think, without needing to point that arrow, you can see which way I would shoot. Because we do not come to the throne of grace in a proper state of supplication, therefore it is that too often we restrain prayer before God.

Now, thirdly, it is not to be denied by a man who is conscious of his own error, that in the duty of prayer itself, we are too often straitened in our own bowels and do restrain prayer. Prayer has been differently divided by different authors. We might roughly say of it, prayer consists, first, of invocation. "Our Father which art in heaven." We begin by stating the title and our own apprehension of the glory and majesty of the Person whom we address. Do you not think, dear friends, that we fail here, restrain prayer here? Oh! how we ought to sound forth his praises! I think on the Sabbath it is always the minister's special duty to bring out the titles of the MIGHTY ONE—"King of kings, and Lord of lords!" He is not to be addressed in common terms. How should we endeavour, as we search the Scripture through, to find those mighty phrases which the ancient saints were wont to apply to Jehovah! And how should we make his Temple ring with his glory, and make our closet full of that holy adoration with which prayer must always be linked. "Oh! good heaven," I think the rebuking angel might say, "thou thinkest that he is even such a one as thyself, and thou talkest not to him as to the God of the whole earth, but as though he were a man thou dost address him in slighting and unseemly terms." Oh! let our invocations come more deeply from our souls' reverence to the Most High, and let us address him not in high-sounding words of fleshly homage, but still in words which set forth our awe and our reverence while they express his majesty and the glory of his holiness.

From invocation we usually go to confession, and how often do we fail here! In

your closet, are you in the habit of confessing your real sins to God? Do you not find, brethren, a tendency to acknowledge that sin which is common to all men, but not that which is certainly peculiar to you? We are all Sauls in our way, we want to spare the best of the cattle and the sheep; those favourite sins, those Agag sins, it is not so easy to hew them in pieces before the Lord. The right eye sin! happy is that Christian who has learned to pluck it out by confession. The right hand sin! he is blessed and well-taught who aims the axe at that sin, and cuts it from him. But no, we say we have sinned—we are willing to use the terms of any general confession that any church may publish; but to say, "Lord, thou knowest I love the world and the things of the world; I am covetous;" or to say, "Lord, thou knowest I was envious of So-and-so, because he shone brighter than I did at such-and-such a public meeting; Lord, I was jealous of such-and-such a member of the church, because I evidently saw that he was preferred before me;" and for the husband also to confess before God that he has been overbearing, that he has spoken rashly to a child; for a wife to acknowledge that she has been wilful, that she has had a fault—this is what is letting out prayer; but the hiding of these things is restraining prayer, and we shall surely come under that charge of having restrained prayer, unless we make our private confessions of sin very explicit, coming to the point. I have thought, in teaching children in the Sabbath-school, we should not so much talk about sin as the sins in which children most commonly indulge—such as little thefts, disobedience to parents—these are the things that children should confess. Men in the dawn of their manhood should confess those ripening evil imaginations, those lustful things that rise in the heart; while the man in business should ever make this a point, to see most to the sins which attack business men. I have no doubt that I might be very well led in my confession to look to all the offences I may have committed against the laws of business, because I should not need to deal very hardly with myself there, for I do not have the temptations of these men; and I should not wonder if some of you merchants will find it very easy to examine yourselves according to a code that is proper to me, but not to you. Let the workman pray to God as a workman, and confess the sins common to his craft. Let the trader examine himself according to his standing, and let each man make his confession like the confessions of old, when every one confessed apart—the mother apart and the daughter apart, the father apart and the son apart. Let each one thus make a clean breast of the matter, and I am sure there will not be so much need to say we have restrained prayer before God.

Then comes the next part of prayer, which is petition. And here, indeed, we fail. We have not because we ask not, or because we ask amiss. We are ready enough to ask for deliverance from trial, but how often we forget to ask that it may be sanctified to us. We are quite ready to say, "Give us this day our daily bread;" how often, however, do we fail to ask that he would give us the bread which cometh down from heaven, and enable us to feed blessedly—to feed upon his flesh and his blood. Brethren, we come before God with such little desires, and the desires we get have such little fervency in them, and when we get the fervency we so often fail to get the faith which grasps the promise and believes that God will give. And so in all these points, when we go to the matter of spreading our wants before God, we restrain prayer.

O, for the Luthers that can shake the gates of heaven by supplication! O, for men that can lay hold upon the golden knocker of heaven's gate, and make it ring and ring again as if they meant to be heard! Cold prayers court a denial. God hears by fire, and the God that answers by fire let him be God. But there must be prayer in Elijah's heart first—fire in Elijah's heart first—before the fire will come down in answer to the prayer. Our fervency goeth up to heaven, and then God's grace, which gave us the fervency, cometh down and giveth it the answer.

But you know, too, that prayer has in it—all true prayer has in it—thanksgiving. "Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, for ever and ever." What



prayer is complete without the doxology? And here, too, we restrain prayer. We don't praise, and bless, and magnify the Lord as we should. If our hearts were more full of gratitude, our expressions would be far more noble and comprehensive when we speak forth his praise. I wish I could put this so plainly that every Christian might mourn on account of his sin, and mend his ways. But, indeed, it is only mine to speak; it is my Master's to open your eyes, to let you see, and to set you upon the solemnly important duty of self-examination. In this respect I am sure even the prayers that you and I have offered to-day may well cry out against us, and say, "Thou hast restrained prayer."

Yet, again, I fear also we must all join in acknowledging a serious fault with regard to the after part of our prayers. When prayer is done, do you not think we very much restrain it? for after prayer we often go into the world immediately—that may be absolutely necessary—but we go there, and leave behind us what we ought to carry with us. When we have got into a good frame in prayer, we should consider that this is like the meat which the angel gave to Elijah that he might go on his journey—on the forty days' journey—in its strength. We feel so heavenly minded; and then the moment we cross the threshold, and get into the family or business, where is the heavenly mind? O! to get prayer, in-wrought prayer—not the surface prayer, as though it were a sort of hely masquerading after all—to have it inside in the warp and woof of our being, till prayer become a part of ourselves; then, brethren, we have not restrained it. We get hot in our closets—when I say "we," O, how few can say so much as that!—but still we get hot in our closets, and go out into the world, into the draughts of its temptations, without wrapping ourselves about with promises, and we catch well nigh our death of cold. O, to carry that heat and fervour with us! You know, you carry a piece of hot iron along, how it begins soon to return to its common ordinary appearance and the heat is gone. How hot, then, we ought to make ourselves in prayer, that we may burn the longer; and how all day long we ought to keep thrusting the iron into the fire again, so that when it ceases to glow, it may go into the hot embers once more and the flame may glow upon it, and we may once again be brought into a vehement heat. But we are not careful enough to keep up the grace and seek to nurture and to cherish the young child, which God seems to give in the morning into our hands that we may nurse it for him.

Old Master Dyer speaks, in his thrice famous title, of locking up his heart by prayer in the morning and giving Christ the key. I am afraid we do the opposite—we lock up our hearts in the morning and give the devil the key, and think that he will be honest enough not to rob us. Ah! it is in bad hands when it is trusted with him; and he keeps filching all day long the precious things that were in the casket, until at night it's all empty, and needs to be filled over again. Would God we put the key in Christ's hands, by looking up to him all the day!

I think, too, that after prayer we often fail in unbelief. We don't expect God to hear us. If God were to hear some of you, you would be more surprised than with the greatest novelty that could occur. We ask blessings, but do not think of having them. When you and I were children and had a little piece of garden, we sowed some seed one day, and the next morning, before breakfast, we went to see if it was up; and the next day, seeing that no appearance of the green blade could be discovered, we began to move the mould to look after our seeds. Ah! we were children then. I wish we were children now, with regard to our prayers. We should go out the next morning to look and see if they had begun to sprout, and disturb the ground a bit to look after our prayers for fear they should have miscarried. Do you believe God hears prayer? I saw the other day in a newspaper, in a little sketch concerning myself—the author evidently very friendly indeed—gives a much better description of me than I deserve; but he gives me this as a rebuke. I was preaching at the time in a tent. Only part of the people were covered. It began to rain just before prayer, and one

petition was, "O Lord, be pleased to grant us favourable weather for this service, and command the clouds that they rain not upon this assembly." Now he thought this very preposterous. To say the least, it was rash, if not blasphemous. He admits it did not rain a drop after it. Still, of course, God did not hear the prayer. If I had asked for a rain of grace, God would send that; but when you ask him not to send you a temporal rain, that is fanaticism. To think that God meddles with the clouds at the wish of a man, or that he may answer us in temporal things, that is absurd. I bless God, however, I believe the absurdity, preposterous as it may be. I know that God hears prayer in temporal things. I know it by as clear a demonstration as ever proposition in Euclid was solved. I know it by abundant facts and incidents which my own life has revealed. God does hear prayer. The majority of people do not think that he does. At least, if he does, it is in some high, clerical, mysterious, unknown sense. As to ordinary things ever happening as the result of prayer, they account it a delusion. "The bank of faith!" How many have said it is a bank of nonsense; and yet there are many who have been able to say, "We could write as good a book as Huntingdon's 'Bank of Faith,' that would be no more believed than Huntingdon's Bank was, though it might be even more true."

We restrain prayer, I am sure, by not believing our God. We ask a favour, we don't receive it, and then the next time we come of course we cannot pray, because unbelief has cut the sinews of prayer, and left us powerless before the throne.

My dear friends, is it not very clear that in many of our daily actions we do that which necessitates restrained prayer?

You are a professor of religion. After you have been to a party of ungodly people, can you pray? You are a merchant, and profess to be a follower of Christ; when you engage in a hazardous speculation, and you know you ought not, can you pray? Or when you have had a heavy loss in business, and will repine against God, and won't say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord"—can you pray? Pity the man that can sin and pray too. In a certain sense, Brooks was true when he said, "Praying will make you leave off sin, or else sin will make you leave off praying." Of course that is not meant in the absolute sense of the term; but as to certain sins, especially gross sins—and some of the sins to which God's people are liable are gross sins—I am certain they cannot come before their Father's face with the confidence that they had before, after having been rolling in the mire, or wandering in the By-path Meadow. Look at your own child; he meets you in the morning with a smiling face, so pleased; he asks what he likes of you, and you give it him. He has been doing wrong, he knows he has; and you frowned on him; you have chastened him. How does he come? He may come because he is a child, and with tears in his eyes because he is a penitent; but he cannot ask with the power he once had. Look at a king's favourite; as long as he feels he is in the king's favour, he will take up your suit and plead for you. Ask him to-morrow whether he will do you a good turn, he says, "No, I am out of favour; I don't feel as if I could speak now." A Christian is not out of favour in one sense, but experimentally he is; he loses the light of God's countenance; and then he feels he cannot plead, his prayers become weak and feeble. Take heed unto yourselves, and consider your ways. The path of declension is very abrupt in some parts. We may go on gradually declining in prayer till faith grows weak, and love cold, and patience is exhausted. We may go on for years, and maintain a consistent profession, but all of a sudden the road which had long been descending at a gradual incline may come to a precipice, and we may fall, and that when we little think of it; we may have ruined our reputation, blasted our comfort, destroyed our usefulness, and may have to go to our graves with a sword in our bones because of sin. Stop while you may—stop, believer. Now stop, and guard against the temptation. I charge you by the trials you must meet with, by the temptations

that surround you, by the corruptions that are within, by the assaults that come from hell, and by the trials that come from heaven, watch in this matter—"Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. To this church I speak especially. What hath God wrought for us! When we were a few people, what intense agony of prayer we had! We have had prayer-meetings in Park-street that have moved our souls. Every man seemed like a crusader besieging Jerusalem, each man determined to storm the Celestial City by the might of intercession; and the blessing came upon us, such that we had not room to receive it. The hallowed cloud rests o'er us still; the holy drops still fall. Will ye now cease from intercession? At the borders of the promised land will ye turn back to the wilderness, when God is with us, and the standard of a king is in the midst of our armies? Will ye now fail in the day of trial? Who knoweth but ye have come to the kingdom for such a time as this? Who knoweth but that he will preserve in the land small and poor people who fear God and hold the faith earnestly, and love God patiently—that infidelity may be driven from the high places of the earth, that Naphtali again may be a people made triumphant in the high places of the field! God of heaven, grant this. O, let us restrain prayer no longer! You that have never prayed, may you be taught to pray. "God be merciful to me a sinner" uttered from your heart, with your eye upon the cross, will bring you a gracious answer, and you shall go on your way rejoicing.

### Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

#### THE COMPROMISE WITH CONSCIENCE.

BY REV. B. DAVIES.

"And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."—Acts xxiv. 25.

THE Apostle Paul was raised up and qualified by God for a very great work. His commission ran thus—"to bear the name of Jesus before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel." For this work he was exactly fitted. As a Roman citizen the Gentiles would hear him. As a disciple of the great Gamaliel, and a man of great learning, kings would give him audience; and as a Jew and a Pharisee the children of Israel would also listen to his words.

We always find the apostle adapting himself to his hearers. When he addressed the Jews he quoted their own prophets; when speaking to the Gentiles he would use language which they would easily understand, and even quote their own poets; and when he stood before kings he suited his discourse to their exalted position, and with the greatest

courtesy and truest eloquence preached to them the Gospel of Christ. But we must not suppose that the apostle was a flattering sycophant, for flattery he abhorred; and when he stood before the greatest men he would speak to them in the plainest words of warning and rebuke. Yet the apostle would choose the fittest opportunity: when in open court he was brought before Felix he simply stood upon his own defence, but when a private audience was given then did he reason of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, till Felix trembled with fear and sent him away. It is to this private audience that I have to direct your attention.

1. THE THREE HEADS OF PAUL'S DISCOURSE. "Righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come."

A more appropriate address the Apostle could not have delivered, for these three subjects bore directly upon both the public and private life of those exalted personages who formed his audience. Let me give you a picture of each. Felix was an old man—an old man void of principle and covered with dis-

honour—an old man whose life had been one continual scene of extortion, vice, and profligacy—an old man so accustomed to crime that he could sit without shame before the Apostle, when the young partner of his guilt sat by his side. Surely the apostle's discourse was suitable for this hoary-headed sinner. And who is Drusilla? A beautiful young Jewess on whose fair brow some eighteen summers' suns had shone. And yet, young as she was, she was old in sin. She had left her husband, Azizus, to become the paramour of this vile old sinner, and, apparently more hardened than he, sat without emotion during the delivery of that most terrible sermon.

And now, perhaps, I may have some such in my audience; some who, like Felix, have become grey in sin, and others who, like Drusilla, have just begun to drink the cup of bitter sweet. Do not, however, imagine that my discourse will only be directed to such; for let me assure you that these subjects are of eternal importance to us all.

1. *Righteousness.* We might imagine how the eloquent apostle would treat this part of his discourse; first, exposing to Felix his want of righteousness. He would not only show the sinfulness of all men in general, but also the particular sins of which his hearers had been guilty. He would speak of the oppressions which Felix had perpetrated, the bribes he had received, and the false decisions he had given. He would then describe that perfect righteousness which God required, a righteousness commensurate with the law, clear as the sun in its brightness, lasting as eternity in its duration. And then, with holy gladness, the apostle would tell how Jesus spent his life to work this robe of righteousness, and would describe "the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works." Let me, dear hearers, reason with you in this manner upon righteousness; and,

first, let me ask you if your righteousness is equal to the demands of God's holy law? Have you kept its every precept? "For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." Remember that mere outward observances will not do; there must be internal obedience of heart, and that without a single failure. The law never allows of a second trial; if but one sin is committed, it for ever curses, and never, never pardons.

"Curst be the man, for ever curst,  
That doth one wilful sin commit;  
Death and damnation for the first,  
Without relief, and infinite."

O man, does thy conscience smite thee? dost thou, like Felix, tremble with fear? Then let me tell thee that

"Jesus, with his dear gasping breath,  
And Calvary, say gentler things."

Pardon is proclaimed through Jesus, and if in thy rags thou comest to him, he will clothe thee with a spotless garment, even with his own everlasting righteousness.

But perhaps some of you are convinced, and you resolve that you will do well for the future, that you will keep the law. You will not humble yourself to accept the righteousness of another, but will work it out *for yourself*. O man, thou hast made a useless resolve; thou hast commenced a bootless work. Give it up—give it up. "No," say you, "I'll try." Well—

"Go, you that rest upon the law,  
And toil, and seek salvation there—  
Look to the flame that Moses saw,  
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.  
But I'll retire beneath the cross—  
Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie,  
And the keen sword that Justice draws,  
Flaming and red, shall pass me by."

2. *Temperance.* This was the second head of Paul's discourse. The apostle did not deliver a lecture on total abstinence, for that is only one branch of temperance. He would probably dwell upon that species of intemperance of which Felix had been specially guilty.

Yet perhaps I have amongst my hearers some to whom a discourse upon this kind of intemperance would not be altogether unsuitable.

Drunkenness is one of the great vices of the age, and we know young men who consider it a glorious thing to be intoxicated. "Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl, all ye drinkers of wine," for what saith the Scriptures concerning you? "Be not deceived, for drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." What, not a drunken church member? No—his name shall be blotted out, and Jesus shall say, "Depart, thou worker of iniquity." O! could you imagine a drunkard reeling into heaven? can you conceive of his idiotic laugh, and of his coarse and brutal jest being heard amongst the voices of the harpers there? No—

"Those holy gates for ever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame;  
None shall obtain admittance there  
But followers of the Lamb."

But there is another species of intemperance, viz., the intemperance of lust. We may say that these two foul fiends generally walk hand in hand. He who indulges in the one generally indulges in the other. There was a time when the minister might speak plainly upon these points and expose the crying evil, but that age is gone; and now the pseudo-refinements of society cry "Silence!" when with a voice of warning we would speak of this intemperance. But still the Word of God must be heard—and what does he say? He declares that "the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." O what infatuation, that for one lustful embrace men should risk eternal fire! How such tremble at the thought of disclosure, how carefully do they cover their deeds with secrecy and darkness, forgetting that there is a

terrible day coming when these sins will be stripped of all their false colours and exposed before the world! This brings me to

3. The third head of Paul's discourse, viz., *judgment to come*. Upon this I shall have no time to enlarge, but must simply call your attention to the solemn fact that we are every one of us only like prisoners awaiting their trial. O! have you prepared your defence? Have you engaged your counsel? Are you ready to stand before the bar?

"Jehovah hath spoken! The nations shall hear;  
From the east to the west shall his glory appear;  
With thunders and tempest to judgment he'll come,  
And all men before him shall wait for their doom."

The best preparation will be an immediate acknowledgment of your guilt, and an entreaty for mercy; then you will be ready to hail that glad day, and say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." O my hearer, do not put off thy preparation, for

"The blast of the trumpet, so loud and so shrill,  
Will shortly re-echo o'er mountain and hill."

Then it will be for ever too late.

## II. THE THREE EFFECTS PRODUCED BY PAUL'S SERMON.

1. *Felix trembled*. Yes, hardened as he was he trembled, and yet some of you have never trembled yet. Even the very devils believe and tremble, but man, vain man, with foolhardy presumption, listens to the most awful truths and trembles not. Would ye not tremble if a condemned criminal, ye lay in the death cell, and heard, in 'the stillness of the night, the sound of the workmen's hammers as they erected the scaffold for your execution? Yet if unconverted you are only waiting the certain execution of your sentence. We might almost say that in some cases the executioner has already arrived—he has pinioned one hand and one foot with paralysis, and even now his iron grasp has sent thrills of pain through your body. O! thou mayst well tremble, yet still there is hope.

Wouldst thou not tremble if, standing in the midst of the Roman amphitheatre, thou couldst see the lions in their dens pacing up and down in angry impatience, and pawing the bars of their cage in their eagerness to spring upon thee; and lo! the keeper is seen drawing aside the ponderous doors, and in a few moments they will rush forth with a terrible roar, and tear thee limb from limb. You say, "Thank God I am not exposed to such danger." O be not too sure, for a danger even worse than this threatens thee if thou art unconverted. That roaring lion the devil, and all the wild beasts of hell, are impatiently waiting for thy blood, and O how furiously will they spring upon thee when once the sword of justice snaps their chains, and they are permitted to rush forth from their dens! And now, if ye tremble not at judgment, will ye not tremble before a frowning God? for "with God is terrible majesty."

"Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,  
Throw down your arms before his throne,  
Bend your heads low before his feet,  
Or his strong hand shall crush you down."

But if ye do tremble, if ye do humble yourselves before God, then I have more gentle words for you.

"Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears;  
Be mercy all your theme;  
Mercy which, like a river, flows  
In one continued stream."

The great Jehovah speaks to your comfort, and says, "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." These tremblings are good; but rest not in them, for some, like Felix, have trembled, and after all been lost.

2. The second effect of Paul's sermon was a desire in Felix to get rid of the preacher. Have you not often said to your convictions, "Go your way"? instead of having them deepened, you would have them stifled. You have plunged into business that you might forget them; you have drunk deeply of the intoxicating cup that you might

drown them; you have joined in the giddy dance of pleasure that you might escape from them. But of what advantage will this be? It is like the frantic cry of that poor man who, wedged underneath the vessel, saw the relentless waters coming up with the tide to drown him, and cried, "O cover my head that I may not see the waters." So you may shut your eyes and stop your ears, but the waters of Divine judgment still pursue you; and though, like the silly ostrich, you hide your head in the bush of forgetfulness, yet the hunters will be soon upon you.

If you could get rid of every preacher, and burn every Bible, and hush the voice of conscience, yet the result would be the same in the end, for the great day of the Lord hasteth—it hasteth greatly, and, like the rolling avalanche, which comes crashing down the mountain side, nothing can stop its course.

3. The third effect was a sort of compromise with his conscience. "When I have a convenient season I will send for thee." O sinner, there never will be a more convenient season than the present. The world will never give thee a moment to prepare for eternity. Satan will never give thee leisure to attend to thy soul. Therefore take time by the forelock, as thou wouldst a restive horse, and say "I must, I will have time to seek the salvation of my soul." Will a time of sickness be a convenient season? Will the day of death be a convenient season? No; but now is the accepted time—to-day is the day of salvation.

"All yesterday is gone,  
To-morrow's not our own;  
What day is better than to-day,  
To bow before the throne?  
O hear his voice to-day,  
And harden not your heart;  
To-morrow with a frown he may  
Pronounce the sound—Depart."

Greenwich.

## THE DIVINE CHOICE RECIPROCATED.

BY THE REV. J. TEALL.

"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even for ever."—Psa. cxxv. 2.

"Love begets love." So saith the proverb. Is this statement a fact as connected with beings fallible and mutable? It is. But O, how much more fully is it characteristic of our God and his people! Let us glance at the passage placed at the head of this article, in confirmation of the assertion now advanced.

Here are two topics presented to our contemplation. In the first place, individuals especially alluded to; and, in the second place, protection especially promised. We dwell upon the first of these thoughts in this paper; "if the Lord will," the second shall be another day considered.

I. INDIVIDUALS ESPECIALLY ALLUDED TO. These are "his people." In a certain sense is this a correct description of mankind universally. All have been created by his power. All are preserved by his paternal providence. "The eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season." However, the parties here referred to, for another reason, may justly be denominated the people of God. They sustain towards him a far more interesting relationship, for they are his by redeeming mercy—his by converting and adopting grace. Now, it may be profitable for us to notice a few reasons why this character to these individuals is appropriate.

And, first of all, they are his people by *purchase*. Yes, in this sense our God has here an especial claim. This "people" may be numerous. They may be widely scattered. Many of them may be entirely unknown to their fellow-men. Still every one of them has been purchased and redeemed. Ay, and this gives them their claim to the honours here alluded to. Naturally they were no better than

their neighbours. No, if they were without Christ—aliens—strangers." Happily, their condition is changed. They have been redeemed; and this redemption brings with it all the blessings of a full and complete salvation. Moreover, this, beloved, is a Scriptural sentiment, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ." And this truth constitutes the subject of the eternal praises of the celestial choir. O! hear them! "Thou wast slain; and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation!" How true!—"his by purchase!"

"Jesus, whose blood so freely streamed,  
To satisfy the law's demand;  
By thee from guilt and wrath redeemed,  
Before the Father's face I stand."

Look again. God's people are his by *choice and selection*. Yes. This is evident from their being so especially the objects of his favour. Although purchased and redeemed, the choice is not on their part; no, but on the part of God. The glory of the Divine mercy is this—that it chooses us when in a state of enmity. "I am found," says God, "of them that sought me not." It was "when we were enemies that we were reconciled to God, by the death of his Son." Yes. Let the price of our salvation have been ever so costly, let the debt we have contracted have been ever so fully discharged, if there had been no movement on the part of God, no mercy in the Divine bosom towards us, individually, we should never have been "his people."

"'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly forced us in;  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin."

Here, as we see, God selects "his people." They are his as the result of his love. In the quarry of human nature

we were all alike. Rough enough, useless enough. "There is no difference, for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Hence the change happily produced is the result of his choice and selection. And of this truth the Most High does not fail to remind us. "I taught Ephraim also to go, taking them by their arms; but they knew not that I healed them. I drew them with bands of a man, with cords of love." Sweet imagery! O! think of it, ye pious "nursing mothers," readers of the BAPTIST MESSENGER, the next time that, with bended form, affection's hand supports the pleasing load, think of it. Let the contracted footstep, and the leading-string around the tiny waist teach a lesson of native ignorance and helplessness. "I have chosen thee, saith the Lord of Hosts."

But, beloved, we must observe, while the people of God are his by purchase, and his by selection, the connection here existing is *perfectly reciprocal*. They are people and servants of the Most High, but, mark you, they are not his slaves. No, they say, "I will run in the ways of thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart." They are not only "his people," but, more than this, "The Lord is their God."

Now, here my first remark shall be this—God's people are his by *surrender*. Religion teaches us to turn everything into the way of the promotion of God's cause. "Lord, we have left all and followed thee." This is the thankful acknowledgment of every converted spirit. And this surrender commences with the heart of the Christian. He first gives himself, and then what he possesses beside will follow in the same channel. Yes, a lesson is then learnt which was never before acquired. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself: whether we live or die we are the Lord's." Well, and then talent, and influence, and time, and property are all surrendered. Such

was literally the case with the early converts. They gave their all. "And all that believed were together, and had all things in common, and sold their possessions and goods and parted them to all men, as every man had need."

"Yes, though I might make some reserve,  
And duty did not call,  
I love my God with zeal so great  
That I should give him all."

One remark more shall close this paper. God's people are his by *dependence* and *confidence*. All that they need is found in him. To him they are taught to look for the supply of all their necessities—for support in, or release from, all their difficulties. This truth the Psalmist teaches in the connexion. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever." The truth of this observation has been repeatedly tested; and this excites the confidence and assurance of his people. Look at the worthies who were threatened with the burning fiery furnace. Talk of heroes, indeed! where is heroism equal to this? A daring and impious monarch may threaten if he will, but their answer is worthy of their religion, "If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king!" Here was confidence. They were "his people." He having chosen them, and they having chosen him. The Divine choice reciprocated. My reader may you and I be able to add—

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

*Woolwich.*

#### AN ANGEL'S VIEW OF PSALM CXXXVII. 8, 9.

BY MR. JOHN FREEMAN.

SOME of our mistakes arise from looking solely at one point of the compass, and thus failing to give due importance to what is at other points. A hen with a



brood of chickens does well to have an eye upon them in their perambulations; but it is no less important for her to have also an eye directed to the quarter where danger is lurking. An extended view, therefore, being so essential, it is of advantage to look with an angel's eyes as well as with our own when we read some passages of Holy Writ. If, with our own eyes only, we read in Daniel vii. 11 of the beast being slain, and of his body being destroyed, and given to the *burning flame*, we may be tempted to say, "Well, after all, this is no more than what the English martyrs suffered. Their bodies also were given to the *burning flame*." But the angel Gabriel would soon tell us that the flames affecting the respective parties were as different as time and eternity. The martyrs through faith *quenched* the violence of a fire which to them was the gate of heaven. But the fire into which the antichristian confederacy is said to be cast is *unquenchable*. Antichrist's death, indeed, was to be political, and might involve no fire at all. But, in close connection with political death, comes the burning flame affecting the soul. If, in Luke xvi. 22, 23, we read the rich man's obituary, and confine our attention to his death and splendid funeral, our eyes are worth nothing to us. For O, the scene ends not here! That rich man once clothed, like Antichrist, in purple and fine linen, has now been in torments more than eighteen hundred years—even longer, apparently, than the beast and the false prophet will have been at the end of the Millennium, when, as stated in Rev. xx. 10, "The devil that deceived the nations was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are."

In the Hebrew Scriptures a city is spoken of as a female; and thus the city of an earlier age is the mother, while the city of a later age is, as to the inhabi-

tants called by its name, a daughter. Those, therefore, who made captives of the Jews *in and after* the year 606, before the Christian era, are thus addressed in Psalm cxxxvii. 8, 9: "O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed; happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us: happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones."

Nor does this description of death and his prey stand alone. In Isaiah xiii. 16, where Babylonians are likewise threatened with destruction, it is said, "Their children also shall be dashed to pieces before their eyes." Thus from a lofty eminence death's victims were hurled down—down—down to the rocky platform below. Such fearful fall is thus spoken of in 2 Chron. xxv. 12: "And the other ten thousand left alive the children of Judah carried away captive, and brought them to the top of the rock, and cast them down from the top of the rock, that they all were broken in pieces."

What is said either in the Old Testament or in the New Testament is amply sufficient to set our minds at rest as to the salvation of children dying in infancy. But, as the last we see of such children is their conflict with death, angels have the advantage of us, inasmuch as they see them also after death, and conduct them, as they did Lazarus, to those happy realms where Abraham is. It is well, therefore, to read with angels' eyes such passages of Scripture as involve the slaying of infants by a Divine command that calls them from the sorrows of earth to the bliss of heaven. "Slay infant and suckling," as recorded in 1 Sam. xv. 3, was God's command to Saul, son of Kish. And, "O how harsh," says vain man, "is this command!" "Harsh?" Gabriel would say, "'tis impossible." Is it harsh for God to ordain to eternal life, and take to himself, all children dying

before Adam's nature in them develops itself; a blessed exchange of worlds certainly not resulting from merit or from a natural fitness for heaven, but from the Father's abounding grace, from the Son's redeeming love, and from the Spirit's substituting the image of the second Adam for that of the first?

Thus the apparent harshness of Psalm cxxxvii. 9 disappears when we behold hundreds of Babylonian infants suffering death without its sting, and then exchanging for everlasting bliss a land where the broad way to everlasting destruction was universally trodden by persons of riper years.

Nor are we in a position to say that if, instead of being dashed against the stones, infant Babylon had grown up to worship Bel and Nebo, such Chaldean power would not have so been a second great slaveholder of the Jews as to give them no scope for a return to happy Canaan, or for building a second temple, or for the entrance therein of one greater than the temple.

Moreover, we should bear in mind the fact that Psalm cxxxvii. 9 no more encourages cruelty and murder than Gen. ix. 6 does, where it is said, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." The fall of Babylon, inclusive of her infants, was the resurrection of Israel; and to effect that resurrection was to acquire a title to renown. Thus the Hebrew train of thought in Psalm cxxxvii. 8, 9, is, "O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed; entitled to renown will he be that recompenseth to thee thy deed which thou hast done to us; entitled to renown will he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the rock."

So when Catholic Christendom suffered as a second Babylon the great, the angel of the waters wept not, but said, as recorded in Rev. xvi. 5, "Thou art righteous, O Lord, who art, and wast, and shalt be, because thou hast judged thus."

Taking, therefore, both time and eternity into account, we perceive that what infidels may account God's alleged harshness to infants, is love like an ocean without bottom or shore. Nay, more than this, we behold in eternity space for God's making everything straight that appears to be a crookedness in his proceedings when beheld in connection with this lower world only.

*Maryland Point, Stratford, Essex.*

## THE SIGHT DESIRED.

BY "A YORKSHIRE PREACHER."

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—John xii. 21.

SUCH was the expressed desire of certain Greeks who had come up to Jerusalem, at the feast of the passover, to worship. It is generally thought that they were Syrophenicians, who dwelt upon the borders of Tyre and Sidon, that they were proselytes to the Jewish religion, and that they there accosted Philip, rather than any of the other apostles, because they were more intimately acquainted with him on account of his native place not being far from their own locality. Still, though they had come upwards of sixty miles to the feast, they were not as yet satisfied; for they could not go back without a sight of Jesus. Why was this? No doubt they had heard of Christ's mighty fame, of the miracles that he had wrought, and of that great miracle in particular which had recently caused so much excitement, that of raising Lazarus from the dead. They desired, therefore, to see him of whom they had heard so much, and, not only to satisfy their curiosity by beholding him, but to converse with him and receive his instruction; for the fact of the Holy Spirit having though, this incident to be of such importance as to deserve a place in the inspired record, would seem to show that the Lord had put this desire into their hearts, and that they were, therefore, earnest seekers of salvation. They do not, when they so politely accost Philip, say, "Sir, we have seen the city and its buildings; we have visited all the places of amusement and recreation; we have taken a view of all that is interesting and attractive; and now, last

of all, before we return we desire to see Jesus." No, there was not a word said about the magnificence of the city, the grandeur of surrounding objects, or the wonders of nature and art; these were all forgotten, were all as nothing compared with a sight of Jesus. So their request is granted: they get a sight of the Saviour; he instructs them with reference to the great harvest of Gentiles that shall spring up in consequence of his death; and they return home doubtless with hearts filled with joy at having had such a pleasing interview.

"We would see Jesus" hath been the cry of the Church in all ages. Patriarchs, prophets, priests, and apostles in their respective days, all longed to get a sight of the "Lamb of God, slain from the foundation of the world." Was it not Abraham who "rejoiced to see Christ's day, who saw it and was glad?" Was it not Moses who said, "If thy presence go not with me carry us not up hence?" Were not all the sacrifices presented on Jewish altars by priestly hands offered to God as types of Jesus and his atoning work to teach the people to look for his appearance? Did not the essence of apostolic teaching consist in exhorting men to run the Christian race, "looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of their faith?" Thus, then, "as it was in the beginning, it is now, and ever shall be world without end"—a sight of Christ of all things is and will be the best sight on which the longing eyes of all the members of the Church of God can gaze. But when these good Greeks desired to see Jesus, they wanted to behold him with the bodily eye; they obtained their desire and saw him face to face; they could mark his loving features, hear his pleasant voice, and question him and receive his needful answers; but when we desire to see Jesus now, we desire to see him with the eye of faith, knowing well that with the bodily eye he cannot be at present seen, seeing that he hath risen on high and wears humanity in glory. With the eye of faith we "look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." The eye of faith is superior to the eye of

sense, for it beholds not merely the external form of the man Christ Jesus, but something of all the glories pertaining to the God-man Mediator. It sees Jesus as he is represented in his person, in his work, in his promises, in his doctrines, in his precepts, and in his present and future glory; and fills the mind of him that can exercise it with rapture indescribable. It sees Christ in the whole Bible, Christ in the whole Church, and Christ reigning over the whole universe. It sees Christ in every Divine purpose, Christ in every revelation, and expects his appearance when all these purposes and revelations are fully developed. It looks backwards and forwards, first towards the eternity of the past, then towards the eternity of the future, and enables the Christian to sing with triumph, "For of him, and through him, and to him are all things; to whom be glory for ever. Amen." O, it is blessed thus to see Jesus. But sweeter still is it for us, with the eye of faith, to see Jesus as *ours*. Then we gaze up into heaven and cry, "My beloved is mine, and I am his;" we say exultingly with Paul, "He loved me and gave himself for me;" we behold his person and exclaim, "On that I build;" we behold his blood and cry, "In that I am cleansed;" we behold his righteousness and shout, "In that I am clothed;" we see his throne and say, "On that I shall be seated;" we look for the glory to be revealed, and cry, "In that I am interested? Yes—

"Jesus, the vision of thy face  
Hath overpowering charms;  
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
If Christ be in my arms."

A sight of Jesus will take from us the terror of living and the terror of dying; it will brace us for every storm and tempest; it will make us sing songs of praise in the darkest night; it will scatter every doubt and fear to the winds; it will enable us to bid defiance to foes on earth and foes in hell; it will subdue our sins and make grace abound; it will enable us to walk firmly in the path of duty without fear of results; it will lead us to honour our Master before a scornful world; it will bring heaven on earth into our souls; and it will be to us the faithful witness that in us the good work of grace has begun, and that he who hath begun it will continue it until

faith is lost in sight, and grace is lost in glory in brighter worlds above.

Now all who want to see Jesus thus, will take pains to see him. Thus did these Greeks, for they travelled far to worship, and would not rest until they were introduced to the Saviour. No one wants in reality to see Jesus who will not put himself out of the way to get the sight. If a man wanted a treasure hid in a field, he would not think of getting it by wishing for it; he would seek and dig deeper and deeper until he found it. Now Christ is a treasure, worth all pains. He is worth seeking for, suffering for, dying for. He is worth walking a good way to see. Some will travel very far to see a curiosity. So will the Lord's people travel a long distance when they want to hear about Jesus; if they can't hear him preached in one place they will certainly go to another. They will seek to see Christ through his servants; they will use all lawful means to get at him; and will not begrudge waiting a bit that they may be at last gladdened with his presence. Religion is at a low ebb when professors will not walk far to see Jesus.

All who truly want to see Jesus will not rest satisfied with any feast or worship not crowned in the end with the presence of Jesus. These Greeks were not satisfied with their feast only. They did not go away and say, "Well, we have done our duty; we have performed all the ordained rites; we have acted up to our ritual; now we will get back to our own country." No, they must see Jesus first; their feast would not be complete without a sight of him. There are four feasts at which the Lord's people want to meet with Jesus. There is the *praying* feast; they meet for prayer, and then they want communion not only with each other but with him; and when they partake of this feast singly at the throne of grace, then they want Emmanuel to unveil his glories and "manifest himself unto them otherwise than he does unto the world." There is the *reading* feast; they sit down together to read God's Word; they explain it one to the other; and whenever they read it they seek to find Christ in it. There is the *preaching* feast; the minister won't satisfy, his eloquence won't satisfy, his method won't satisfy; he must

exhibit Jesus, and before the people "crown him Lord of all," or satisfaction will not be given. And then there is the feast of *ordinances*; they must see Christ in baptism, see Christ at the table, see Christ in the services of the sanctuary throughout, or else the feast will only be a feast in name, the soul will be ready to perish with hunger, and it shall come to pass that there shall be "a famine of hearing the word of the Lord."

Have we this desire put into our hearts by the Holy Ghost? then it will live there during the period of our pilgrimage below. At times it may be less fervent than at others, yea, almost smothered, so that we may question whether we have it or not; but it shall not be at the worst completely extinguished. It will grow and expand as we grow in grace, and by its fervency we may ascertain the standard in the Divine life that we have reached. In a healthy state we shall want to receive a visit from Christ in the cellar, in the hayloft, in the open field, in the house, in the closet, and in the workshop; and any place will be to us consecrated, through our having received a Bethel visit.

"May we still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go;  
Prove his wounds each day more healing,  
And himself more fully know."

All who thus seek Jesus shall meet with success. These Greeks did, and so shall we. If we desire earnestly to see Jesus, it is because God the Holy Ghost hath been our teacher. It is recorded that "he will fulfil the desire of them that fear him; he will hear their cry, and save them." We shall meet with success, not only because we want to see Jesus, but because Jesus wants to see us. While we cry he hearkens, and his bowels of compassion yearn towards us. Sinner, dost thou feel thyself such a polluted mass of iniquity that thou dost even think it a sin for such a one as thyself to desire to see Jesus? Then thou art wrong, for it is no sin even for thee, if thou wert trebly as vile as thou art. Though thou hast sinned beyond measure, backslidden beyond measure, Jesus will not reject thee. We may err in desiring other things, but in one thing we never can err—in desiring to see Jesus. O! pitiable, pitiable is the case of those who have never had this great, this sinless desire; who desire the pomps and

vanities of the world, and their own aggrandizement, above all else: these do not want Jesus in this life, and they shall never find him in another. He must be sought now, to be found hereafter. O Spirit of God, go forth, and, from tens of thousands of mad and thoughtless hearts, draw out the earnest cry, "We would see Jesus!"

### THE GOLIATH REFORMER.

A STUDY FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD LEACH,

Author of "Rev. James Hervey, the Model Minister and Christian," &c.

#### CHAPTER IV.—PREPARATION FOR BATTLE.

THERE were giants in those days. Apart from the ignorance which everywhere surrounded the devotees of a haughty priesthood, there were numbers who shone brightly in the intellectual firmament. Ignorance had certainly entranced her millions, but there were not a few whose sterling, spirited energies caused them to outwit so great a task-master. Strange enough, too, these giant intellects clustered together within the walls of the magnificent Vatican. Of course, were we the disposers of events, we should doubtless have sprinkled them in different countries, or made them at once converts to the movement, everywhere progressing, which had, for its ultimate aim, the throwing off of the bond of the iniquitous Antichrist. But Rome then possessed the most attractions for men of intellectual calibre. In the Vatican you might see chambers, galleries, chapels, filled with the choicest specimens of art. The walls were adorned with frescoes of national and historical studies, which, heightened by their warm and glowing colours, struck the chord of enthusiasm, and fascinated the minds of their daily admirers. Painting was there; Raphael the regenerator was honoured and admired. Architecture was loved, because Michael Angelo infused it, in his world-renowned master-pieces. Music was not

forgotten, for the ears of the Italians were charmed by its softening influences on their unruly passions. Sculpture breathed all the poetry of elegance and beauty, for in those days the chisel had close companionship with the marble, and knew well how to shape it into innumerable forms of life. Everything there indicated art and intelligence: the mosaics, in their antique beauties, the cabinets in their rich carvings, the manuscripts in their illuminations; while wit and poetry and good scholarship shone out in brilliant lustre, adding to the whole catalogue their splendid charms. But this is the brightest side of the picture; let the reader but turn to our first chapter, where we presented the opposite side to this scene of intellectual splendour. There were, on the other hand, daily scenes of voluptuousness and wickedness, which none but palaces where Satan has held high carnival know anything of—nests where foul birds have spread their wings, that few, but of the black kind, might seek to enter. We have already described the awful condition of the Church of Rome when Martin Luther appeared; we will not, therefore, repeat it.

NOW HAS GOD'S TIME FULLY COME. Martin Luther having been scrubbed into hardihood by monkish severities, polished at the University by his classics, and his self-righteousness pummelled out of him by a continual sense of his emptiness, came out into the world as a preacher—not of indemnities for sin, Peter's pence, shillings, and pounds, and nonsensical talk about beads and indulgences—but of Christ, long-forgotten, nearly deserted, universally-despised, and seldom believed in.

Of course Luther first preached the Reformation in a cathedral? Of course he did not. Jesus Christ was born in a manger; the Reformation was born in nothing better. "But how beautiful it would have been for his well-toned voice

to have first protested against the iniquities of his Church in so dignified an edifice, where every one resorted—and what a direct blow it would have been to the Papacy!" Yes, but how ridiculous it would have been to preach to those who could not hear him so well! The poor must have the Gospel preached to them. We don't have the poor preached to in cathedrals; sometimes we don't in chapels—excepting, of course, those obscure portions and top galleries where "Seats for the poor" and poor seats are provided, and where placards are well distributed with such condescending notifications conspicuously printed on them. So the poor *must* hear; therefore an old wooden building, as wretched and dilapidated as it was unsafe, was provided, and thither the inhabitants of Wittenburg were seen one fine Sabbath morning hastening to hear the Word of life. Such a man with so great a mind, grasping everything with a masterly spirit, was soon heard, and crowds followed. He didn't mince matters; he daily endeavoured to drive the nail in a sure place, and he surely did drive it there. Consequently he was liked, and so is every minister that displays sincere fervour and earnestness in his holy cause. To go into a pulpit and draw out a long, dreary sermon of vain attempts at rounded periods, and soft soothing honeyed sentences, makes a man miserably unfit for his sacred calling. To such, Cowper's line would indignantly apply—

"Up, God has formed thee for a nobler view."

To whine out the Gospel by the aid of sneaking apologies, is what Christ never did, and what Martin Luther wouldn't therefore do. By-and-by the Town Council began to approve of the Reformer's teaching, because, forsooth, God had not called him out to hot work as yet—Luther did not think of any outburst of fearless antagonism to the Church then. His was the task, committed by God to him,

to storm the ramparts of heresy. And he did it.

Christ must needs go to Samaria. Luther must needs go to Rome to learn of the iniquities of her high altars, and return to wage a hearty and relentless war against her abominations. Luther went there as innocent as a lamb, but he returned as mighty as a giant. A disagreement had ensued between seven monasteries of his order of monkery, and he was appointed agent on their behalf in conducting the case before the Pope. The sequel is easily told. He went there, and was startled at finding, instead of plainness and humility, as is fittest for Christ's servants, debauchery, gay voluptuousness and marble and silk. Wine-drinking, meat-and-fish-eating monks he found, even on Fridays. With conscientious boldness he began to expostulate with them for violating the rules of "holy Church." For this he had to run for his life. Arriving at Bologna he fell dangerously ill. His sins, like a wild tempest, began to surge up, but this Divine sentence of Gospel truth, sent like a ray from heaven, impregnated the fortress of his heart—"The just shall live by faith." He never forgot so precious a promise; for ever and anon, in life's rough course, it revived his drooping spirits and strengthened him for future attacks. Visiting the churches of Rome, he found the priests irreverent in their most solemn acts of devotion. He says they were both infidels and profane. Shocked at such a state of thing in a city where he expected, if anywhere, true holiness, he says, "I would not, for a hundred thousand florins, have missed seeing Rome." From that time his heart was set against the iniquities of the metropolis of Antichrist, and the fact that he should henceforth *live by faith* and be justified by Christ's righteousness, inspired him with courage, and made the citadel of his heart impregnable when the attacks

of Satan in all their mighty artillery stormed the fortress where the seeds of truth had taken such deep root. He *must* feed upon that promise, it *must* be his future ammunition; and well stored with such provisions, how could the enemy level to the ground his indomitable will? Would that you and I, dear reader, could live more by faith and not by feelings:

"Frames and feelings fluctuate—  
These thy Saviour ne'er can be."

When the Christian can walk by faith, he can do wonders. As soon as he trusts to obedience, or merits (of any degree of worth), or feelings, he sinks beneath the load. He is but a numbskull of a son who cannot trust a parent's honest, faithful word. He who can doubt Christ, in the face of his promises, is but a sorry follower of his Master; and yet we do herein continually transgress. "The just shall live by faith," not by sight, for that is what the heathens and publicans are forced to do.

I learn that on the 19th of October, 1512, Luther received the full insignia of doctor in theology, taking an oath to teach, preach, and defend the holy Scriptures. How strange that Rome herself should invest him with the honours, and commission him to the very duties which should, in so short a time,

bring her proud loftiness to the dust! Here he was armed by papal hands, knight of the Bible. How well he deserved this honour Christendom can tell. See, Rome puts the spear in his hand which shall cut her asunder; they "doctor" him; they swing fuming censers before him, but surely he shall swing them out; they place the bow and arrow in his hand—see he pleads to God to direct the mark, and lo! he has had it scarcely a day before he straightway sends it home, where least his patrons expected. He girds himself to fight; the battle of wickedness and truth is already pitched; the enemy assaults; hark at the distant rumbling of the bomb-shells of indulgence-mongers; see the smoking columns of corruption; listen to the loud creakings of a wain laden with iniquity; track the road surrounded by the gunpowder of hell's foulest plots; listen to the fearful flyings of the shot which Antichrist has sent into the camp of the righteous; and there Martin Luther stands unflinchingly braving the thickest of the fight, daring every heated element, girding up his loins, and sounding forth the trumpet of God's eternal vengeance upon his adversaries.

THE BATTLE NOW BEGINS.

London.

## Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," &c.

### F A I T H.

"Without faith it is impossible to please him."

AND yet, perhaps, of all the Christian graces, this is the most difficult to cultivate. Faith—true, strong, unswerving *faith*—how happy it would make us; how impoverished we are by its absence; how we admire it in some of those noble Christian characters; but, alas! how little we possess ourselves!

There has come a time when we have

had as it were to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death. It was the portal of life eternal, but we knew it not. The huge mountain of our sins uprose on either hand, shutting out every gleam of light. Previously we had been dancing through the flowery path, careless as children. But a strong hand stopped us, an authoritative voice

spoke the "Hitherto, but no further." So we saw our past life, its omissions and its sins, and the cry was wrung from us, "What must I do to be saved?" Then Jesus comes. "I am the way, the truth, and the life." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." The Redeemer is upreared before the sufferer as the brazen serpent of old, and "Look and be saved" is proclaimed. But that casting ourselves upon him—the act of love which is so inexpressibly dear to the Christian who has long tried the Saviour, and knows how precious he is—is so difficult in the first instance—is, indeed, impossible of ourselves, for "Faith is the gift of God." And when at last the light has flashed over our souls, and we have seen Jesus and believed in him, we are fain to know that it was his doing, not ours.

Therefore, as we ask for daily bread, so should we ask for daily faith. It is the life of the spirit; our strength droops if it be withheld. All through our journeyings in the wilderness we have need of faith. But it is especially in the dark hours that this comforting star of faith is necessary.

At the commencement of the new year, when we all chose some motto to help us in its days and its duties, an old lady selected as hers, "I will trust and not be afraid." Gladly passed the festive day, and at night, looking forward, her motto seemed to give her a sense of peace and security. Her children were around her, the old homestead was redolent of love's perfume, and from morning until night cheerful songs echoed through the rooms. During the second week two of her sons died. Still the Christian's heart did not rebel, but strove to be quiet and submissive. A fortnight later her only daughter was taken ill. And then, "I will trust" was murmured amid many tears; "and not be afraid," could not be spoken at all.

It is trial which tests our faith. It is

easy enough to trust our Father when all is tranquil and bright; it is not so easy to be still cheerful and thankful when the night is dark and the storm whirls around. Yet faith can do this. It takes the Master at his word. It knows, and acts what it knows—that sorrow and discipline, as well as joy and prosperity, are God's love-gifts to his children.

We need too the faith which will make us believe while we pray, and expect the blessings we ask for. There are many of us who are like the attendants at that prayer meeting, when Peter came while they were yet praying. Did they realize it? Had they the least idea that God would so immediately answer their petitions? Not they, any more than we have now. Yet we may not blame them. Day by day we pray for blessings which are not too great for God to grant, but which, so far from expecting them, we should be greatly surprised to see.

During the Revival, which God blessed to so many, a father prayed every night for his children. They lived where personally they could not witness any of the wonderful events which were chronicled in the papers and magazines which they read. But the parent's great desire was to see his children brought out among the redeemed during his life. So he prayed for and with his children, asking large things for them *all*. One night he lay awake, still praying for them, and a tap came at his door.

"Father, father, pray for me. Will God ever forgive me? Can I be saved?"

His three sons stood there weeping, and beseeching life eternal. They had been awakened as by a miracle—what is conversion ever but a miracle?—and the words of the first had impressed the others.

Here, then, is what the father had been praying for through long years. And yet he could not believe it. It was



so unexpected, at least in that manner, he doubted its reality.

"Boys," said he, "have you been dreaming, or have I?"

O for the faith which can grasp the promise, "*Whatsoever ye shall ask*"—the faith which has reared and supports that wonderful Orphan Asylum at Ashley-down—the faith which can take the Father at his word!

We have not faith to be benevolent. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." We are *afraid to lend to the Lord*. Perhaps we shall want it ourselves. The storm may come—we must lay by our store. We must not give too much away; it would not be prudent. A little, not a tenth by any means, but a thirtieth, perhaps, we will give to the poor.

Ah! we know not what our unbelief robs us of—what our selfishness and meanness debar us from! Whether we believe it or not, God means every word he says. It is to our own

hurt if we are such cowards as to be afraid to trust him. Do we not know how painful it is to be doubted? Has not suspicion ever pierced our own heart? And can it be anything but displeasing to him who has never disappointed, never failed us, if we will only believe what we see—if we are afraid to take his words or his doings upon trust?

God honours simple faith. He rewards those who trust in him. He will never suffer the confident spirit to be-moan its trust.

O Christian! yet a little while and faith will be changed to sight! For this little while can you not take your Father's hand and fear not? "*All things work together for good to them that love God—to those who are the called according to his purpose.*" Is not that enough? Will not that content you?

God give us precious faith! Then, alike in the storm or sunshine, our hearts will be peaceful and calm, and so shall we be brought to the desired haven.

## A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE LORD'S WORK IN CONNECTION WITH THE COLLEGE AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

*To Believers in our Lord Jesus Christ.*

DEAR FRIENDS,—Not in vain ostentation, as though I would say, "Come see my zeal for the Lord of Hosts," but for sundry weighty reasons I feel moved to place before you a few sentences concerning a most important department of Christian labour, which the Lord has committed to my charge. This I do in the fear of God, expecting his blessing in the deed, since I have a single eye to his glory and the benefit of his Church. As I have not founded this institution for training young men for the ministry because any persuaded me to do so, and as I have not continued to labour in it because many have favoured the design, so I should not lay the work aside if in future I should meet no sympathy in it. If it be of men may it come to nought;

but if it be of God, he will see to it, that it stands. The work is no experiment—no wildgoose chase after an imaginary good, but the result of many prayers, and a deliberate dedication of the soul, followed up by the practical experience of seven years. Solemnly do I know this work for training young evangelists to be laid upon me from the Lord. I have espoused the matter as my life's labour and delight, a labour for which all my other work is but a platform, a delight superior even to that afforded by my ministerial successes. Give it up I cannot, and so long as the Lord enables me I hope to persevere, even though I should have to toil alone, unaided, or even unapproved. This remark is made at the outset, not because I undervalue

the sympathy of my brethren in Christ, but to show that the work rests on a firmer foundation than the approbation of men, and is carried on in another spirit than that which depends upon an arm of flesh. Resolute perseverance, based upon a conviction of special call, is not to be overcome unless the Divine power which it invokes should refuse its aid. Questions about the necessity or propriety of the institution will of course be asked, and the writer is far from denying that liberty to any man; but, meanwhile, that inquiry has long ago been so abundantly answered in the conscience of the person most concerned therein that the work continually goes on, and will increasingly go on, whatever may be the decision of other minds. When the Lord withhold his aid the work will cease; but not till then. Faith grows daily, and rests more and more confidently upon the promise and providence of God, and, therefore, the work will rather increase than come to a pause. I do not, therefore, pen these lines because I would look to man, or feel a need of human aid to buttress the Divine. The institution was never so flourishing as now, and it is no necessity which urges me to tell the brethren what is being done. Whether men, money, or churches be required, the Lord will surely supply them, and just now they are brought to us in superabundance. So that there is no need to beg for aid.

But it would be to my own soul an inexpressible source of joy if believers would afford this institution a place in their fervent prayers. All of us engaged in the enterprise feel our entire dependence upon the Holy Spirit, and hence we value, beyond all price, the prayers of the saints. We cannot teach efficiently, our men cannot study to any purpose, and their labours cannot avail to win souls, except as the Lord our God shall pour out his blessing upon us. O

that we could win the hearts of some of the King's intercessors, so that they would plead with our Lord to remember us in mercy! Moreover, if the Christian Church should be moved to take an interest in our affairs, many of the Lord's people would feel stirred up to give of their substance for the support of the Lord's young prophets. While we look up to the treasury in the skies for the supply of every need, we know that the means must come through the channel of the saints. It is not consistent with our plan to ask any one personally, or to request regular pledged subscriptions; yet we think it meet to remind believers of their stewardship, and of their obligation to spread their Master's kingdom; and we do not hesitate to declare that no work more deserves their aid than that which the Lord has laid upon us; there is not one more likely to bless the Church, and to gather together the wandering sheep. Of this, however, each one must judge for himself, and according to the result of individual conscience each one must act. None but those who thoroughly appreciate our work will be likely to send assistance. This is as it should be, and as we believe the Lord would have it. Of what value can unwilling subscriptions be in his sight?

Some six years ago one youthful brother was blessed of God in street preaching. He was quite uneducated, but had a ready utterance and a warm heart. In conjunction with my beloved friend Rev. G. Rogers, the task of training the young soldier was undertaken, and by Divine grace the brother became a most useful and successful minister of the Gospel. From this small beginning has arisen the Pastors' College at the Tabernacle, in which at present 50 men are under constant tuition, and more than 150 receive instruction in the evening.

It is not my intention just now to de-

tail the various stages of growth; suffice it to say that the hand of the Lord has been with us for good, and the encouragements and rejoicings far exceed the difficulties and trials, although these have been not a few. Financial pinches there might have been if it had been my habit to look only at visible resources; but when I have fallen for an hour into an unbelieving frame of mind I have been so severely chastened, and withal so tenderly assisted, that I am compelled to forego all complaint or fear. I write it to the honour of my Master. He has made our cup to run over, and has supplied all our need according to the riches of his glory by Christ Jesus, so that we have had no real financial difficulties at all. Money has flowed in even before it was required. As to finding the men, they have always offered themselves in larger numbers than we could receive them, and in the business of the settlement of the students in pastorates there has been no difficulty, for they are demanded by the churches even before the brief season of their training is expired. Some eight spheres of labour are at the present moment waiting for the young reapers to go forth. When openings do not occur, we make them, and, by planting new interests in the vicinity of London, hope to increase the number and strength of the churches of Christ. In every other matter a straight path has been opened and direction afforded. God has been with us of a truth.

At first I had only intended to send out some one or two students, but the increase has been thrust upon me, so that the number of students is not fixed, but may be increased or diminished, as means are given. We may receive a hundred if enabled to do so; we may lower our numbers to a few if required. Plans also have been suggested, not by forethought, but by experience, which after all is no mean teacher, and new plans will be fol-

lowed whenever they commend themselves to our judgment. The reasoning which has formed and fashioned my purpose and action is in a measure as follows:—

It seems to me that many of our churches need a class of ministers who will not aim at lofty scholarship, but at the winning of souls. Men of the people, feeling, sympathizing, fraternizing with the masses of working men; men who can speak the common language, the plain blunt Saxon of the crowd; men ready to visit the sick and the poor, and able to make them understand the reality of the comforts of religion. There are many such among the humbler ranks of society, who might become master-workmen in the Lord's Church if they could get an education to pare away their roughness and give them more extended information; but in most of our colleges the expenses are too great for poor men; indeed, to meet their case, there must be no cost at all to them, and they must be fed, housed, and clothed while under instruction. Why should not such men have help? Why should they be compelled to enter our ministry without a competent knowledge of Scripture and Biblical literature? Superior in some respects already, let them be educated, and they will be inferior in none.

It was the primary aim of this institution to help such men, and this is still its main end and design, although of late we have been glad to receive some brethren of superior station, who put us to no charges, and feeling the education to be of the precise kind they require, are happy to accept it, and maintain themselves. This, however, does not alter our main plan and design. Whether the student be rich or poor, the object is the same—not scholarship, but preaching the Gospel—not the production of fine gentlemen, but of hard-working men.

C. H. SPURGEON.

(To be continued.)

## Reviews.

*The Earnest Labourer's Great Desire; or, How to Make Life and Death Sublime.* A Funeral Sermon for the Rev. Jas. Smith. Preached at Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham, &c. By Rev. JOHN COX, London: Nisbet and Co.; Cording, 31, Paternoster-row. Cheltenham: Edwards.

No one could be more suitable to preach to the bereaved congregation of the late excellent Jas. Smith than his early and long and faithful friend, John Cox. The sermon does honour alike to both. It is full of spiritual, consolatory, and refreshing truth. The poem at the end is in keeping with the discourse, and must be read with profit by all spiritually-minded persons. It will be long, we fear, before the Church of Christ will possess a more devoted and useful labourer in the Master's vineyard than James Smith. It is, however, pleasing to reflect that, by his numerous books, though dead, he will long speak, and thus preach and teach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. As the sermon is only fourpence, and contains a sketch of Mr. Smith's character and extracts from his letter, we advise all our readers to make it at once their own.

*The Good Soldier of Christian Christ.* A Discourse Preached on the Centenary of the Death of Colonel James Gardiner, &c. By the Rev. W. PARLANE, A.M., Tranent. Eighth Thousand. London: Nisbet and Co., Berners-street.

AN admirable and reasonable discourse; spiritual, evangelical, practical, and highly suggestive. It ought to circulate extensively in the British army.

*What Small Hands May Do.* London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster-row.

ONE of an excellent class of beautifully-written and elegantly got up and cheap books for the young. The title is the true index to the book.

*Wanderers Reclaimed; or, Truth Stranger than Fiction.* London: S. W. Partridge.

A WORK of the same class as the last; extensively illustrated, but bearing on the Temperance cause and the efficiency of the pledge and practice of total abstinence. It should be circulated by thousands of thousands.

*What Company Do You Keep? A Question for the New Year.* By Rev. T. W. MEDHURST, Glasgow. Glasgow: W. Scott, 200, Hope-street.

ONE of Mr. Medhurst's practical and useful treatises. Short, direct, and well adapted to do

good. Surely he should have had a London publisher on the title!

*Daniel's Vision of the Four Beasts.* Illustrated with Six Engravings. London: H. J. Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria-lane.

A GOOD idea; well executed; and adapted to effectually aid in understanding Daniel vii.

*Is Believers' Baptism Essential?* Answered by Rev. JAS. BUTTERFIELD, Minister of Bethlehem Chapel, Rotherhithe. Sold at the Chapel.

A THOROUGHLY honest and direct advocacy of Christian baptism, with an exhibition of many proofs of its necessity and importance.

*Office of Deacon.* By C. J. MIDDLEDITCH. London: J. Heaton and Son.

A TREATISE at once comprehensive, concise, and Scriptural; just the thing to be circulated in our churches.

*The Reception and the Robe.* Extracted from Bunyan. London: Nisbet and Co.

AN eight-page tract, from the works of the Immortal Dreamer.

*Small Square Leaf Tracts on Baptism.* By same Author.

WELL adapted for general distribution.

*Rays of Light.* A Magazine Devoted to Christian Effort, for Every-day Reading. London: G. J. Stevenson, Paternoster-row.

A THOROUGHLY excellent periodical; about the best twopennyworth of Christian reading we have seen for a long time.

*The Domestic Messenger.* Edited by JOHN DE FRANE. London: W. Tweedie.

AN admirably conducted monthly, bearing on social questions and household instructions. We wish it every success.

*The Little Gleaner, for the Young.* Houlston and Wright.

AN industrious gleaner, and worthy of patronage.

*Old Jonathan* for February. EVER welcome and ever good.

*The Sower* for February. THIS is a good number.

## Poetry.

### THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

There has been joy in all our land,  
and the whole nation's prayer  
Has risen on behalf of them—the Royal youthful pair;  
Bright flowers of love have fallen on the pleasant path they tread,  
And hearts have sought rich blessings for a crown on each young head.

A shout of joyous welcoming has rung from shore to shore  
To greet the fair young stranger, who is stranger now no more;  
And English hearts have opened to receive her with their love,  
And smiling lips have borne her name to the King of kings above.

God bless her and the Prince! Our love is human, frail, and weak,  
'Tis the Highest's benediction which we all unite to seek;  
God fill their cup with happiness! God pour upon their way  
The brightness of his radiant smile to gild the passing day!

God bless them! Make them truly good, as well as truly great,  
Wise, noble, to fulfil the duties of their high estate;  
That as the years pass on our love shall grow more proud and strong,  
And the Prince and Princess be the theme of many a grateful song.

God bless them! May the bright, gay voice chase sorrow from the throne,  
And make the shaded life henceforth wear yet a gladder tone;  
God bless them, keep them in the world from all its cares and strife,  
God give to them an heirship to a crown of fadeless life.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

#### THOUGHTS IN SPRING-TIME.

We have bidden farewell to the winter,  
And now the fair spring-time is here;  
In the gardens, the fields, and the woodland  
Her beautiful blossoms appear;  
All over the wide-spreading landscape  
Her bright smile of gladness is seen,  
While the birds and the brooklets are singing,  
And the trees put on garments of green.

Some troubled one may be exclaiming—  
"I know it is spring on the earth;  
But alas! in my soul it is winter—  
All darkness, and coldness, and dearth.  
Though weeds I can see there in plenty,  
No heavenly flowers will bloom;  
O Jesus, I long for thy presence,  
To banish the cold and the gloom."

If this be a living desire,  
Inwrought by the Spirit of God,  
Then Jesus will surely fulfil it,  
And winter will flee at his rod.  
When the bright Sun of Righteousness rises,  
And pours his warm beams on the heart,  
It becomes like a garden in spring-time,  
And coldness and shadows depart.

Then graces, like flowers, bloom sweetly  
Where before there appeared to be none;  
Faith, hope, and love show amidst others,  
All turning their leaves to the sun.  
The wild, barren desert of nature  
Can never give birth to such flowers;  
'Tis in the new heart they are planted,  
And watered by heavenly showers.

Around these fair blossoms the Spirit  
Breathes many a soft, Divine gale,  
Drawing forth all their delicate fragrance,  
For Jesus himself to inhale.  
Ah, now the believer is joyful,  
No doubtings his happiness dim;  
He rejoices in Jesus, and knoweth  
That Jesus rejoices in him.

But soon he may lose all this gladness,  
And be in a different frame;  
Yet, however his feelings may vary,  
His Jesus is ever the same.  
Here sin causes darkness and coldness,  
And the pilgrim's head often is bowed;  
But Paradise, whither he hastens,  
Hath sunshine with never a cloud.  
*Wellingborough.* THEODORA.

## Denominational Intelligence.

#### ANNUAL MEETINGS OF THE DENOMINATION.

**BAPTIST BUILDING FUND.**—The annual meeting will be held on Wednesday, April 22, at 7 o'clock, in the library of the Mission House, Moorgate-street; Dr. Angus is invited to preside.

**BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY.**—Thursday evening, April 23, Kingsgate-street Chapel, half-past 6; Rev. J. Russell, chairman.

**HOME MISSION.**—Monday, April 27, Metropolitan Tabernacle, half-past 6.

**IRISH SOCIETY.**—Tuesday, April 28, Metropolitan Tabernacle, half-past 6.

**FOREIGN MISSION.**—Wednesday, April 29, Sermons, Morning, at 11, Bloomsbury Chapel,

Rev. Jonathan Watson; Evening, at half-past 6, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Rev. W. Brock.

**ANNUAL MEETING.**—Exeter-hall, Thursday, April 30, 11 o'clock; Jos. Tritton, Esq., in the chair.

#### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**DEPTFORD.**—MIDWAY-PLACE CHAPEL.—On Monday, Feb. 16th, a tea and public meeting was held in the school-room, for the purpose of presenting to Mr. R. L. Tindall, the secretary, a testimonial for his able and efficient service in the cause. About 150 persons sat down to tea, after which the pastor, the Rev. W. J. Munns, was called to the chair. He alluded to the manner in which Mr. Tindall had discharged the duties de-

volving upon him, and then presented him with a handsome timepiece, accompanied with an address. Mr. Tindal briefly returned thanks for this expression of good will towards him. The meeting, at which upwards of 230 were present, was afterwards addressed by the Revs. Smith, Muscott, and Pearce, Messrs. Hart, Brinks, Dowling, Holloway, Keeler, and W. Simpson.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**SPRINGLEHAM-STREET CHAPEL.**—On Good Friday, April 3rd, a tea and public meeting will be held. Addresses by Messrs. W. A. Blake, J. H. Blake, J. Thomas, J. Baker, R. Beasley, and J. Batey.

**METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.**—The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon (of Southampton) will preach two sermons on Good Friday in the above place: morning, 10.45; evening, 6.30. Collections in behalf of the new chapel, Southampton.

**OCCOLD, SUFFOLK.**—On April 9th, the re-opening services of the above chapel will take place, when (D.V.) three sermons will be preached in the morning, afternoon, and evening by Mr. Foreman, of London, and Mr. Collins, of Grimsditchburgh. A public tea will be provided at 8d. Collections after each service.

**BEXLEY-HEATH BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—On April 2, a sermon will be preached (D.V.) by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon at 12 o'clock in the forenoon. In the evening at 6 Mr. Cannon, one of the students of Mr. Spurgeon's college, will preach. Dinner and tea provided as usual. A collection after each service for the pastor.

**NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.**—The Rev. Wm. Landels, of London, Revs. E. Probert and R. McMaster, of Bristol, Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool, and Lord Teynham, are expected to preach in connection with the opening services of Stow-hill Baptist Chapel (Rev. J. Williams), which are to be held April 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 12th. A public tea-meeting, will (D.V.) take place on Monday, April 13th.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**AGED PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY.**—We are requested to state that the office of the above society is removed from 13, Northampton-square, to No. 10, Poultry, E.C. Communications to be made to Mr. Murphy, secretary.

**GLASGOW.**—Dr. Evans and E. B. Underhill, Esq., were preaching in the various Baptist chapels at Glasgow, on Lord's-day, Feb. 22nd, in behalf of the Baptist Foreign Missions. A public meeting was also held in Hope-street Baptist Church on Monday evening, Feb. 23rd, for the same society.

**BAPTIST CHAPEL, WICK.**—We are glad to find that our friends are making an effort to build a new chapel in the above place. We wish them success. Mr. Bowerby, the pastor, will thankfully receive any contributions from our friends to such a good object.—Ed.

**NEW PARK-STREET CHAPEL.**—On Tuesday evening, February 24, a social tea-meeting was held in this chapel, when between 300 and 400 friends assembled. After tea a meeting was held, when Mr. John Collins presided. After singing and prayer, and a few words of welcome from the chairman, the following ministers and friends addressed the meeting:—Rev. Messrs. Danzy, Sheen, Frank White, F. Hibberd, Chambers, Pearce, and Messrs. Wm. Olney and C. Bartlett.

#### BAPTISMS.

**BARKING, Queen's-road Baptist Chapel, Feb. 15—Three, by Mr. W. H. Bonner.**

**BETHNAL-GREEN, Squirrels-street, Dec. 23—Four, by Mr. J. Flory. Two of the above, brother**

and sister, teachers in the school. Mr. Flory's address is 51, Hackney-road, N.E.

**BLACKWOOD, near Newport, Monmouthshire, (English Baptists), March 1—Three, in the Surohwey River, by Mr. E. Lewis, of Ebbw-valle.**  
**CLYDACK, Glamorganshire, Dec. 26—Three; Jan. 4, Two; Feb. 22, Three, by Mr. D. Davies. The above make a total of 232 since our pastor's settlement.**

**COLEHAM, Shrewsbury, March 15—Six, by Rev. C. F. Vernon, pastor.**

**GLASGOW, North Frederick-street, March 1—Thirteen, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst. The same day there were added unto the church sixteen souls. Many others are inquiring. Your BAPTIST MESSENGER is a favourite.**

**GORSLEY, near Ross, March 8—Seven (minister's name not given). After a season of much deadness the Lord has again visited us with his mercy. The special services lately held have been attended with pleasing results. We have taken the MESSENGER from its first publication, and are increasingly pleased with it, and have added to our subscribers this year. May you still prosper.**

**HATCH, Somerset, March 15—Two, by Mr. E. Curtis. Others are on the way.**

**IWERNE, near Blandford, Dorset, Jan. 24—One; March 10, One (the daughter of the administrator), by Mr. Demory, for the pastor.**

**KIDDERMINSTER, Feb. 25—Four, by Mr. Thomas Fisk, three of whom belonged to the Sabbath-school.**

**KINGTON, Herefordshire, Jan. 29—Seven, by Mr. C. Wilson Smith; making fifty since April last.**  
**LAXFIELD, Suffolk, March 8—Four, by Mr. R. S. Sears.**

**LONDON, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Feb. 23—Twelve; 26, Fifteen; March 5, Thirteen, by Mr. Spurgeon.**

**Shaftesbury Baptist Church, Aldersgate-st., City, Feb. 26—Three, by Mr. Searl, at New Park-street Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion.**

**LONG CREKDON, Bucks, Jan. 4—Three; March 1, Four, by Mr. E. Dyson.**

**MARKET DRATON, Salop, Feb. 22—Two, by Mr. Thos. Clark. The BAPTIST MESSENGER is becoming increasingly popular in this neighbourhood. Last year we took 5; this year we take between 30 and 40.**

**MARLOES, Pembrokeshire, March 15—Six, by Mr. J. Walker.**

**NAUNTON, Gloucestershire, Feb. 22—Two, by our pastor, Mr. A. W. Heritage.**

**NEWPORT, Mon., Temple, Welsh Baptist—Two, by Mr. L. Evans (date not given).**

**NORHALLBETON, Yorks, Feb. 25—One, by Mr. N. Stubbings.**

**PENANCE, Charence-street, Feb. 22—Seven, by Mr. J. Wilshire; total, twenty-two in twelve months.**

**PRESTON, Pole-street, Feb. 22—Five, by Mr. R. Webb.**

**RAGLAN, Monmouthshire, Feb. 22—Seven, by Mr. B. Johnson. One of the candidates, 14 years of age; also our pastor's eldest daughter, of the same age.**

**ROMFORD, Essex, Salem Chapel, Feb. 22—Two, by Mr. J. Gibbs.**

**SEWLEY, Wilts., Dec. 7, 1862—Three; March 8, Eloven, by Mr. King. Five of these are in our Sabbath-school, and three were formerly scholars. One is the youngest son of one of our deacons, and the last of a family of eight brought to know Jesus.**

SHOTLEY-BRIDGE, Feb. 22—Four, by Mr. Whitehead, one of whom was the pastor's daughter.

SPEEN, Bucks, Feb. 17—Three, by Mr. Free. Two only on this occasion were candidates for baptism. Mr. Free, in accordance with his usual custom, said that if any were present who believed in Jesus, and desired to obey their Lord's commands, if they would come forward and give satisfactory reasons for the hope that was in them he would baptize them. A young man at once stepped forward, saying, "I love the Lord and he loves me." On his giving a statement of the circumstances leading to his conversion he was immersed, friends present supplying him with the necessary change of raiment. This unusual service was felt to be peculiarly impressive.

THURLEIGH, Beds, March 1—Two, by Mr. W. K. Dexter. One, notwithstanding much home opposition. Matt. x. 36, 37.

WEDNESBURY, Stafford, Feb. 21—Seven, by Mr. T. Grove. One the wife of a deacon.

#### DEATHS.

On Jan. 21, at Great Ellingham, Norfolk, Mrs. Susannah Ayres, aged 74. She was the subject of severe affliction, but realised the power of sustaining grace. Mrs. Ayres had been a member of the church at Ellingham for more than half a century, and was esteemed alike by old and young. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. J. Kiddle, in the burying ground of the chapel. Mr. Kiddle also improved the death on the following Sabbath evening, from 1 Chron. xvi. 10, chosen for the occasion as the text blessed to the conversion of the deceased 51 years ago.

On Feb. 7, at her residence, Hospital-street, Mrs. Fleet, for several years an honourable member of North Frederick-street Church, Glasgow. She was very suddenly gathered to the festive Assembly and Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven.

On March 1, at the residence of her son, Mr. James Morgan, Blackwood, Monmouthshire, Mrs. Elizabeth Morgan, aged 76. The deceased was a member of the Baptist church at the above place, and was highly esteemed by her Christian friends. Her end was peace.

On March 9, at Newton Abbot, of dropsy, the Rev. W. L. Cross, aged 72. Deceased was pastor of the Baptist congregation in that town during a period of thirty years.

#### THE COTTON FAMINE.

(To the Editor of the BAPTIST MESSENGER.)

Sir,—Will you kindly allow me, through your highly-prized Magazine, to acknowledge the following donations generously sent for the poor of my church and congregation—Rev. Edward Webb, Tiverton, £4 10s.; Mr. F. T. Barry, Cardiff, £6 10s.; Mr. B. Clark, Weston-super-Mare, £1 10s.; Mr. T. B. Hope, Liverpool, £1 5s.; Little Miss Dafforne, for sewing class, 1s. 6d. per week.

We have in our church and congregation between 300 and 400 very poor persons, who are suffering many privations in consequence of the stoppage of the mills. For the benefit of these poor people, we have had in existence, all the winter, various classes for secular, and especially religious instruction. To support our poor, and to carry on our classes, we are altogether dependent upon the kind aid which any Christian friends may be pleased to send us.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon kindly sent us a cheque for £50 in November last.—Yours very gratefully,

RICHARD WEBB,  
Pastor of the Baptist Church,  
Pole-street, Preston.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We very much wish to avoid anything like discourtesy to our poetical friends, but are compelled to lay aside their effusions. Doubtless, local disappointment is the result of their non-appearance; but, unless in some particular cases, we must be allowed to view the matter from another standpoint.

A. A. received; but is far too lengthy for insertion, though the sentiment is thoroughly approved. We request our friends to read Notices to Correspondents in April number, 1862.

ERRATUM.—In the article by Rev. T. W. Medhurst, in our March number, page 63, column 2, for "Apocrypha," read "Apocalypse."

### PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Students for the Ministry, 50; Evening Classes, 120.

MINISTERS SETTLED SINCE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR.

Mr. A. Tessier ..... Coleraine, Ireland. Mr. T. Harley ..... Aylsham, Norfolk.  
Mr. B. May ..... Buxton, Norfolk. Mr. F. Cockerton ..... Limpsfield, Surrey.

Mr. Aaron Sternburgh, an Israelite studying in the evening classes, distributed 2,000 copies of the New Testament, in Hebrew, to his Jewish brethren, at the Bible stall erected opposite the International Exhibition, and had conversation with many, some of whom he was the means of bringing to Christ. Our friend received about fifty invitations from Jews in France, Germany, Prussia, and Russia to call upon them at their residences. He now purposes traversing Europe to look after the seed which he has sown, and to teach the Word more fully where it has been received. Our funds will yield him some assistance in the matter of travelling expenses, and friends will make up the rest.

#### STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS FROM FEBRUARY 15TH TO MARCH 18TH, 1863.—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collection after Sermon at Shaftesbury Hall, by Rev. A. Searl	3	1	0	T. Crowley, Esq. (Birmingham)	20	0	0
Mr. Rowton	5	4	0	Mr. R. Anderson	1	0	0
John La Touche, Esq.	5	0	0	T. Pocock, Esq.	1	1	0
Miss Evans	0	10	0	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Feb. 23	18	17	7
Mr. Suggers	2	10	0	" " " " March 2	32	2	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	100	0	0	" " " " " " 9	20	15	4
Mr. T. H. Olney	5	0	0	" " " " " " 16	19	3	0
Mrs. Bremner	1	0	0				
Rev. E. Stott	1	0	0				
					£236	5	7

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

CHAS. BLACKSHAW.

## ROYAL EMBLEMS FOR LOYAL SUBJECTS.\*

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."—2 Samuel xxiii. 4.

EASTERN despots fleece their subjects to an enormous extent. Even at the present day one would hardly wish to be subjected to the demands of an Oriental government; but in David's time a bad king was a continual pestilence, plague, and famine—a pestilence to the lives of his subjects, who were under his caprice; and a famine to their fields, which he perpetually swept clean to enrich himself. Hence a good king—a *rara avis* in those days—could never be too highly prized. So soon as he mounted the throne his subjects began to feel the benefit of his sway. He was to them "as when the sun riseth." The confusion which had existed under weak governors gave place to settled order, while the rapacity which had continually emptied the coffers of rich and poor gave place to a regular system of taxation, and men knew how to go about their business with some degree of certainty. It was to them as "a morning without clouds." Then trade began to flourish; persons who had emigrated to avoid the exactions of the tyrant came back again; fields which had fallen out of tillage because they would not pay the farmer began to be sown; and the new ruler was to the land as "clear shining after rain which makes the tender grass spring up."

We, I fear, do not value as we should the Government which it is our privilege to enjoy. Let us look where we may—we need not only say to the east but to the west—we would not wish to change the Government under which we exist so happily, but we would more gratefully acknowledge to God his tenderness and goodness in sparing us alike from the riot of a republic and the taxation of a despotism, and giving to us a quiet, and peaceable kingdom, in which we can sit "every man under his own vine and under his own fig-tree, none making him afraid." We may say, I am sure, of her who is set over us in the order of Providence that she has been "as the sun when he riseth, as a morning without clouds;" and under her generous sway our country has been verdant. As "the earth, by clear shining after rain," bringeth forth the green herb, so have our institutions fostered our trade and commerce under the good-will and gracious providence of God.

But this is not my object to-night, though I should not think it unworthy of the Christian minister to pursue a theme which calls for so much gratitude to God and might foster so much good feeling among ourselves. We might make one another feel that there are vast mercies we enjoy which would be more esteemed if better known. Just as the Bible speaks of Christ's unknown sufferings, so many of the bounties that we daily enjoy have become so common we are oblivious of them, and therefore I might call them our unknown mercies. Let us lift our voices and hearts to heaven and thank God for the happy land and for the happy age in which our lot is cast. But I take it that David was not so much speaking of mere political rulers as of Christ Jesus, King of kings and Lord of lords, whose sway is always good. May his kingdom come! "Behold I come quickly," he crieth from heaven; "Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus," respond those who are sensible of his worship. His kingdom is "as the sun when it riseth, as a morning without clouds;" and when it shall have been perfectly established upon the earth all men shall know that the Son of David, whom once they rejected, is he by whom God would make all generations to be blessed for ever and ever. May we who have waited and watched for his glorious advent live when he standeth in the latter day upon the earth, and may we constitute a part of that glorious harvest the fruit whereof shall shake like the cedars of Lebanon in the day wherein the Lord cometh in the clouds of heaven.

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No. 54, NEW SERIES.



David says of Christ, "He shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth." This he is as king, remember, in his church, and as the rightful monarch in the individual heart of the believer. Wherever Christ comes into a soul, it is as the light of the morning when the sun riseth. As the light of the morning is joyous, for all the birds begin to sing, and the earth which is silent at night, save when it is disturbed by stormy winds, or by wild beasts, or by riotous, drunken people, the earth becometh vocal with songs from many mouths, so when Christ cometh into the heart the voice of the singing birds is heard with the song of the turtle, and where darkness had brooded before, the sunlight of Christ bringeth mirth and blessed rejoicing. O what streamers are there in the town of Mansoul when Prince Emmanuel rideth through! Happy, happy day, when Jesus comes into the heart! Save the day when we shall be with him where he is, I suppose there is no day that is comparable to the first one, when we behold Christ, and see him as our Saviour and our King. The rising of the sun is joyous, and besides that, it is comforting and consoling to those who have been suffering from other ills than those which night might bring. "Would God 'twere morning!" has been the cry of many a languishing one tossing upon his couch; "Would God 'twere morning!" may be the cry of many a heart here to-night that is troubled exceedingly with the guilt of sin. Ah, let the morning come. Let the watchman say, "The morning cometh;" let the day dawn and the day-star appear in our hearts, and "there is the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Joy to cheer and comfort the disconsolate Christ bringeth, for he is as the rising of the sun.

And how glorious is the rising of the sun! Job described the sunrise as being the stamping of the earth with a seal, as if it were, when in darkness, like a lump of clay that is previous; and as the earth is turned to the light it beginneth to receive the impress of Divine wisdom; mountain and vale all stream with it, and we begin to perceive the glorious works of God. So when Christ riseth upon the heart, what a glorious time! Where there has been no love, no faith, no grace, none of the blessed fruits of the Spirit, when Christ cometh we perceive all things, for we are made complete in him. The advent of Christ bringeth to the heart celestial beauty; faith in him decketh us with ornaments and clothes us with royal apparel. Better garments than Dives had, though he wore scarlet and fine linen every day, doth Christ give to his people when he cometh to them; and better fare than Dives had, though he fared sumptuously, does Jesus bestow upon his saints when he shineth into their hearts. O the glory of the sun-rise of the Saviour on the darkness of a human soul! If a man might rise every morning in the year to look at the rising sun and yet never be tired of it because of the sublimity of the spectacle, methinks a man might consider his own conversion every hour in the day, and every day of his life, and yet never be wearied with the thrice heavenly spectacle of Christ arising over the mountains of his guilt to banish the dense darkness of his despair; and as the sun-rising is thus joyous, and comforting, and glorious, let us remember how unparalleled it is—unparalleled because Divine. By no method of illumination can we manufacture such a light as that which the sun exhibits by his simple rising. O ye priests, ye come, with your incantations and mysteries, to make light in men's hearts, and sometimes ye strike a spark that doth but show the darkness; it dieth too soon to be called "the light." And ye pile your deeds to heaven—your faggots of good works—ye put your van-load of superstitious observances, and vainly try to make an illumination, but ere it beginneth to blaze it dieth out, and a handful of ashes remains to disappoint the expectant ones. But Christ ariseth, and what joy he gives—the joy, the peace, the comfort, the confidence, the full assurance, the blissful hope, which one ray of Christ's light gives to the heart of man is not to be equalled—nay, scarcely to be compared with anything else; for it is a joy that God only giveth us, and thank God, a joy which none can take away. And as this sun-rise of Christ in our heart is Divine,

so likewise it is irresistible. No curtains can conceal the sun from the world when he willeth to rise. No tyrant, by any law, can prevent the sun's beams from gilding the cottage of the poor. Shine he must and will. Like a giant he cometh out of his chamber, and where is he that shall wrestle with him? Where art thou, O man, who can take the bridle of the sun, and bid his coursers stay their race? Until they have climbed to heaven, and then gone down again to bathe their burning fetlocks in the Western Sea, they must, they will pursue their onward course, for none can stay them, or say to their mighty driver, "What doest thou?" So when Jesus comes into the heart—avaunt, thou fiend! Thy time of flight is come! Away despair, and doubt, and aught that can prevent the soul from having joy and peace! Thus the eternal mandate runs—"Let that man go free!" Thus saith Jehovah to Pharaoh, "Let my people go;" and go they must and shall, for the time of their light and their liberty is come. As the rising of the sun when he cometh forth in his strength, even so is Christ Jesus when he riseth in the human heart.

And the sun-rise, moreover, is very much like the coming of Christ, because of that which it involveth. Those rays of light which first forced the darkness from the sky with golden prophecy of day tell of flowers that shall open their cups to drink in the sun-light; they tell of streams that shall sparkle as they flow; they tell of the virgins that shall make merry, and the young men that shall rejoice, because the sun shineth on them, and the darkness of night is fled. And so the coming of Christ into the heart is a prophecy of years of sweet enjoyment—a prophecy of God's goodness and long-suffering let night reign as it may—yea, and it is a prophecy of the fulness of the river of God, for ever and ever, before the throne of God in heaven. Hast thou Christ to-night, poor soul; Christ is to thee the prophet of eternal happiness. Thou canst not be dark again if Christ hath once shone on thee. No night shall follow this blessed day; it is a day that lasts for ever.

"Doth Jesus once upon thee shine,  
Then Jesus is for ever thine."

Hath Christ appeared to thee to-night? Dost thou trust him now? Art thou reposing only upon his finished work? Then the sun hath risen upon thee and it shall go down no more for ever. The everlasting Joshua biddeth the sun stand still, and to-day and to-morrow, though the whole world revolve, that Sun of righteousness standeth still to shine on thee with healing in his wings.

But we must notice that the Psalmist uses another figure—"even as a morning without clouds." Brethren, there are no clouds in Christ when he ariseth in a sinner's heart. The clouds that mostly come over our sky come from Sinai, from the law and from our own legal propensities, for we are always wishing to do something by which we may inherit eternal life, but there are none of these clouds in Christ. First there is no cloud in Christ of angry rebuke for the past. O when Jesus receiveth the sinner he chideth not. "Neither do I condemn thee," is all that he hath to say. I thought when I came tremblingly to him that at least he would bring all my sins before me and chide me before he sealed them with the kiss of mercy, but it was not so. The Father received the prodigal without a single word of rebuke. He did but say, "Take off his rags," he did but command them to kill the fatted calf that they might make merry, not a word doth he speak of his hungry look, nor of his filth, nor of the far country, nor even of the harlots with whom he had spent his substance. Christ receiveth the soul without rebuke, for he is as "as a morning without clouds."

And as there is no cloud of anger so there is no cloud of exacting demand. He doth not ask the sinner to be anything or to do anything—that were a cloud, indeed, if he did, for a sinner by nature can do nothing and can be nothing except as grace shall make him be and do; and if Christ ask anything of you or me, if he did but only ask repentance of us, unless he gave us that repentance, his salvation would be

of no avail to us. But he asketh nothing; all he bids us do is to take him as everything and to be nothing ourselves, and so to the empty-handed sinner he is such a full Christ that we may well say, "He is a morning without clouds."

And as he is without cloud of demand so he is without cloud of falsehood. I know that some say Christ will reject those who trust in him, that after they are saved they will yet fall from grace and perish. Surely, that were not a morning without clouds. I should see in the distance the tempest gathering that might ultimately destroy my spirit; but no, if thou trustest Christ, he will surely save thee even to the end. If thou putteth thy soul into his hand there is no fear that he shall be false to the sacred charge; he will undertake to be surety for thy soul; he will bring thee to his Father's face without hindrance when the fulness of time is come. Trouble not yourselves, O ye anxious ones! concerning the future. Does faith reach only to the present? Do ye trust Christ only to save you to-day? I pray you take a larger sweep of confidence, and trust him to save you to the end. If you do so he will be better to you than your faith can conceive; to the end he will love you, and in the end he will bring you to be like him, and to be with him where he is. Happy is that man who seeth Christ as "a morning without clouds." They who see any clouds in him make the clouds. The clouds are only in them, they are not in him. The spots and defects are in themselves, they are not in his person nor in his work. If thou wilt only trust him fully, simply, without any admixture of thine own merit or confidence, thou shalt find him to be even a morning without a single cloud.

But now the last figure, upon which we intend to dwell at somewhat greater length. David says of Christ, the King, that his sway is like "clear shining after rain, whereby the tender grass is made to spring out of the earth." We all understand the metaphor. We have often seen, after a very heavy shower of rain, and sometimes after a continued rainy season, how, when the sun shines, there is a delightful clearness and freshness in the air that we seldom perceive at other times, and perhaps the brightest weather is just when the wind has drifted away the clouds, and the rain has ceased, and the sun peers forth from his chambers to look down upon the glad earth. Well, now, Christ is to his people just like that—exceedingly clear-shining when the rain is over.

Let us observe that sorrow doth not last for ever. After the rain there is to come the clear shining. Tried believer, after all thy afflictions there remains a rest for the people of God; and if to-night thou art tried and vexed by some extraordinary trial, there is a clear shining coming to thy soul when all this rain is over; if thou wilt look to Christ thou shalt find where that clear shining is, and the quiet contemplation thou shalt have of him when this time of rebuke is over shall be to thee as the earth when the tempest has sobbed itself to sleep, when the clouds have rent themselves to rags, and the sun cometh forth once more. And while sorrow doth not last for ever, sorrow co-worketh with the bliss that followeth it to produce good. It is not the sorrow, perhaps, that bringeth forth good alone, any more than the rain might altogether bring forth the spring blade; but when the sorrow and the joy, when the affliction and the consolation come together, then the joy of the heart is good indeed. None bring forth much fruit for God but those who have been deeply ploughed with affliction; but, on the other hand, even those do not bring forth so much as those who have had the joy of Christ's presence after the affliction is over. Clear shining after rain produces an atmosphere exceedingly good for the herbs, and the joy of the soul in the presence of the Lord after a time of sorrow makes it able to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

This brings me to notice that after times of great trouble Christ becometh to his people more specially and delightfully sweet than he has ever been before. And I notice this in many instances. It is manifest in conversion. What happy, happy days were our first young days in the faith. I cannot forget mine—I

never shall—and when talking yesterday with some who came to tell me what God had done for their souls, I noticed, in several instances, the freshness upon their memory of every separate event of the day of their new birth, that they could tell how Christ appeared unto them, and they looked unto him, and were like him. “I can never forget that, sir, till I die,” said one; “I have a very bad memory, and I forget almost everything that is good, but that I shall never forget, for it was such a joyous season.” I know that many of you have had good days, but they have been like pieces of money that you have received when children, that were very bright indeed, but they have been passed about and worn in circulation until they have lost the image and superscription which was once so bright to your eyes; but that day, that day of your new birth, has been like a coin, as fresh as when you laid it aside, and when you take it out it is as fresh as the mint delivered it, and you can read it still, and read the image of Christ which it bears. I say, I think there is scarce such a day on earth to be had in Christian experience again as that first day when we came to Christ, and knew him.

But this is true also, in its measure, after great and heavy affliction. You have lost a wife, a child, a husband; you had a great loss in business, you were crossed in some expectation, and you were cast into the lowest depth of trouble. Friends failed you, consolation fled from you; but after a time you had a sweet resignation, you could say, “My soul is even as a weaned child;” your troubles somehow or other suddenly grew sweet as honey, though before they had been bitter as gall. You saw the finger of a loving Lord in all those graving lines of affliction which the chisel had made upon your brow; you saw the great Refiner sitting at the mouth of the furnace watching your gold that it might not be destroyed, and rejoicing over your dross, because it melted away in the flame. Do you remember it? Why I can look back to some of the happiest seasons of my life and see them stand in juxtaposition with the blackest times of trial. O, it has been sometimes a glorious thing to be cast down by rebuke and slander and then go into one’s chamber and lay Rabshakeh’s letter before the Lord, and to go down and feel more glad than a king of a hundred kingdoms because we have been counted worthy to suffer reproach for Christ, and there is a calm within us more deep and profound than before. And mark you, it has been so with us individually, and it has been so with the church. Remember the clear shining after rain in the apostles’ times. “Then had the churches rest, and walking in the fear of God, were multiplied.” Those little seasons of hush and calm between the great persecutions have always been prolific of multitudes of converts; and I hope when all the rain of this Bicentenary movement is over, with the noise and trouble it costs some tender spirits—when it is all gone, and the powers of darkness have been hushed to sleep once more, we may have some clear shining after rain, and brotherly fellowship once again be renewed, and we may be sorry that we raked up old animosities, and that we remembered the sins of our fathers when we ought to have remembered our own iniquities, and humbled ourselves before God. I hope the Lord will forgive the great sin of his people in having commemorated that event, and will send them “clear shining after the rain.” The day cometh when the great battle of Armageddon shall be fought—when the powers of darkness shall be roused to frenzy’s highest pitch—when hell shall be loosed, and the great dragon shall be permitted to come upon the earth, trailing its chain along in the supremacy of its hour—then when dreadful war shall come upon the earth, when nations shall reel and stagger to and fro, the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the trump of the archangel and the voice of God, and there shall be clear shining after the rain; and then when the flames shall have consumed this orb, when judgment shall have been passed, when death and hell shall have been cast into the lake of fire, when all the powers of evil shall have been utterly destroyed before the majesty of his coming who shall overturn them, that his kingdom may be established in heaven, everlasting hallelujahs, “For the Lord

God omnipotent reigneth!" shall bear witness that there is clear shining after the rain: for so it must be in the little as in the great, in the individual as in the multitude; there must be a rain, and there must be the clear shining after it, and the two together shall bring forth a matchless harvest, to the praise and the glory of his grace, who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will.

But, now, why is it that God giveth to his people sweet seasons, just after the bitter?

One reason is to take the taste of the bitter out of their mouths. Even as to our little children, when they take their nauseous medicine, we give some sweetmeat, so doth the Lord often, when he cometh to his little ones, give them such sweet honey of his grace that they forget the sufferings of his death in the sweet nectar which he vouchsafeth them. Another reason no doubt is lest they should be utterly destroyed by the terror of his judgments. "He tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," but better than that, he taketh it to his bosom, and when it lieth there little doth it know that but for the rain and the tempest it had not been in his bosom and fondled there so tenderly; but he putteth it there lest it should perish.

Then, again, he doth it as a sweet reward for faith. He seeth thee in trouble with the tempest, and saith, "I will reward that man." He seeth thee following him in the garden, and clinging to him amidst all thy concerns and drawbacks, and therefore he saith, "I will give to that soul such joy by-and-by that it shall be well rewarded for its faithfulness to me in the past."

It is again to prepare you for the future, that in looking back you may say, "The last time I had trouble there was clear shining after the rain, and so I feel it will be next time." Ah, thou timid one, there is a trial coming to thee to-night. What, and didst thou behave valiantly for thy Master in former times, and wilt thou be a coward now? And thou, my brother, there is a time of rain coming to thee, and thou sayest, "His mercy is clean gone for ever; he will be faithful to me no more." O, wherefore dost thou say that? Doth my Lord deserve it? Hath he been with thee in six troubles?—why should he forsake thee in the seventh? He that hath helped thee hitherto will surely help thee to the end. Wherefore hath he delivered thee in the tempest, if he means to let thee sink at last? No; by the kindness of the past, the love experienced in former days, let thy faith put out its great sheet anchor and outride the storm, for there shall again be "clear shining after the rain."

And all this, no doubt, hath another end, namely, to make us sick of self, and to make us fond of him. He putteth gall on the world, and he putteth honey on his own lips, so that we may hate the one and love the other. We are so fond of this world that we must be drawn away from it; and when we are drawn away from it, and enticed to him, then, at last, our foolish hearts come to know his value, and give themselves up to him.

Brethren, I cannot tell this night to whom this sermon is addressed, but I am sure it is addressed to some of you. No doubt many of you are strangers from the country who come in just to hear the preacher. There are some who come in they know not why. Perhaps they have the thought in their minds of some trouble coming, they know not what. O, brothers and sisters, it may be that these words may be worth a mine of gold to you—a clear shining after rain; and if they ever should be do thou thank my Master for it. He may have a harvest from thy soul yet. When there is clear shining after the rain honour him more, serve him better, give more to his cause, pray more for his people, live more in his fear, commune more with him, and walk more closely to him. Let it be true that in thy case, as in the case of this round world, the rain and the clear shining after it have brought forth their abundant fruit; and when you and I shall get to heaven we will talk on its green and flowery mounts of all the showers through which we passed, and of the clear shining: and in the sacred

high eternal noon, which shall be our portion for ever, we shall, with transporting joys, recount the labours of the past, and sing of the clear shining after the rain.

Yes, but there is one sad thought; there is no "clear shining after rain" for some of you. There is a rain of trouble—that you know; there will be more troubles yet in this life; there is a heavy shower coming yet in death, and then it shall rain for ever, and there shall be a horrible tempest—this is your portion. If ye believe not that Jesus is Christ, and trust not your souls to him, all the woe you have ever known is nothing—is but the first spattering of the drops on the pavement—is nothing compared with the storm which shall beat upon your head—your unsheltered head for ever and ever. But refuge is before thee, man! The sky is dark, the tempest lowers; but the refuge is before thee. Run! in God's name run! The storm comes hastening on as if God were gathering up all his black artillery that he might discharge his dreadful thunders upon thee. Run! "But can I enter?" Yes, the door is open; run! "But may I enter?" Yes he invites thee—"Come unto me, yea, come unto me—come this night—trust me," he says, "and I will save thy soul." "But I am unworthy." Well, see the tempest! Run! Let thine unworthiness put feathers to thy feet and not stop thee in thy haste. Jesus calls thee from his throne in heaven; he invites thee—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come." Heaven and earth say, Come. Sinner, wilt thou avoid the tempest? Wilt thou flee and find shelter in Christ? God help thee to trust Christ now, and unto him shall be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### THE HEAVENLY PROCESSION.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX,

Author of "Our Great High Priest."

NEVER, perhaps, in the same short period were there so many public processions as took place in March, 1863, and especially on the memorable 10th day of that month. The grand one, indeed, was in London on the 7th, which was public; the most important one was comparatively private, for only a few privileged eyes beheld the marriage procession in the ancient palace of Windsor. Time would fail, to refer to all that took place in towns and villages; the outburst of loyalty was universal, and, it is also believed, genuine beyond all parallel. And now many hearts are uplifted to heaven, that continued blessings may rest upon the right royal union, on our beloved Queen, and her noble family.

While the scenes referred to were being enacted, thought travelled to other scenes in ancient times and distant

places; especially to some recorded in the Bible, and to one of surpassing grandeur foretold in that wondrous book. The first procession was a very small one and a very sad one. It consisted only of two persons, but these were the whole world then. They were the parents and representatives of all mankind. As our great poet sings,

"The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.  
They hand in hand, with wending steps and  
slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way."

We will not tarry with them *now*, but may require them presently to form a contrast.

The next procession is a very different one. Eight persons are wending their way towards a singular-looking structure, accompanied by creatures of every size and shape; and after a few months we behold that singular party emerging from that ark, and taking possession of the purified earth.

Glancing down the sacred page several processions of patriarchal pilgrims meet the eye and gladden the heart. But lo! one sweeps before us of great length, travelling from Goshen to Machpelah, in order to carry the dust of Jacob to repose with his honoured progenitors. Next from the same country we see a vast multitude emerge. There are no feeble persons among them—a pillar of fire precedes their march. The sea divides before their steps, and they stand in safety on the other side. Well may they sing, "Who is like unto thee, O Jehovah?" Forty years after we see this mighty nation again marching forward. Jordan stands in a heap to let them through. Next see them pass in solemn procession round the city which impeded their progress. And lo! the walls fall down at their shoutings.

We may mention other processions which the history of the same people would abundantly furnish. We open the New Testament, and the second Adam meets our gaze. He hath his face towards paradise, intent to win it—or rather something far better—for us, the exiles of Eden.

See, he goes before his followers, "ascending up to Jerusalem"—"Behold, thy King cometh to thee, O daughter of Zion." He rides for once in triumph, for he is going thither to die. Now behold that procession which was formed at the door of the hall of Pilate; trace it along "the dolorous way"—on, on, to "a place that is called Calvary." There it halts. This is the spot where the most wondrous of all deeds must be wrought. There human wickedness will display its fearful power, and Divine love reveal its gracious omnipotence. Every pilgrim to God, every procession to glory, must start from this spot. And how many have started from thence since "It is finished" was shouted from the cross by the dying "Prince of life!"

Behold him heading another proces-

sion. "The great Shepherd of the sheep is brought again from the dead through the blood of the everlasting covenant;" he leads his little flock out as far as Bethany, he lifts up his hands and blesses them, is parted from them, and carried up into heaven. Who shall describe that glorious procession of Jesus from earth to the world of glory, or number the heavenly armies who attended him, or imagine the welcome which he received as "he sat down at the right hand of the throne of God?"

Hearken we to some soft and loving words spoken on earth to the wondering disciples, "This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." For this we look and wait and hope. It is the great unfulfilled promise and prophecy of the New Testament, but it is sure, and when accomplished will be very glorious. "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." The morning of resurrection shall dawn upon the tomb, and the sleeping saints of all ages shall shine as dewdrops filled with the light of the Sun of righteousness. How all the gay things of earth grow pale in the light of that day, when realized by the eye of faith! and what will it be when "we shall see him as he is?" Yes, all who believe that Jesus died and rose again, all who rest in simple trust on his sacrifice and love his glorious person shall be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air—and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

Let us think upon this *meeting*, to be followed by such an eternity of blessing; and not be satisfied unless our hearts can say, "We look not at the things that are seen, but at the things which are not seen."

The word rendered "*meet*"—"meet the Lord in the air"—signifies to meet as an escort, as in Acts xviii. 16, and implies that such will attend upon the "Coming One," and form his glorious

train. "It will be the saved meeting with the Saviour, the subjects meeting their King, the sheep meeting the Shepherd, and; above all, *the bride meeting the Bridegroom.*" The words of the Lord Jesus include especially the latter idea when he says, "I will come again and receive you *unto myself.*" He will come as "BRIDEGROOM," and then "the marriage of the Lamb" will take place. It will be his "*glorious appearing.*" He will come in his own glory, his Father's glory, and in the glory of his holy angels. He will put abundant glory on his people. They will be fashioned like unto his glorious body. He will come to be glorified in them. What a discovery of his love will he then make, and with what delight shall he be welcomed! The company of the saved round the Saviour will be vast indeed; and the song which they will raise will be loud as many thunderings, loud as ocean's mightiest voice, yet of surpassing sweetness and melody. It will be a multitude which no man can number, all singing "salvation unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb." It will be a well-ordered and completely marshalled company. The centre round which they are gathered will produce the most complete order and harmony. All will take the places assigned them, and fill them up to the Lord's glory and each other's happiness. And then there will be *no end* to this glory.

All the gay shows of earth pass by, and pass away. The evergreens fade, the flowers wither, the arches fall, the shouters are soon hushed in death, and those for whom the pageant was prepared pass down soon to the grave. Thus "the fashion of the world passeth away." But we, whom the Lord will own in that day, shall share his life, enter into his joy, wear his likeness—yea, "we shall *ever* be with the Lord." He will lead his flock to fountains of living waters. In some respects this pro-

cession will never come to an end, but it will never cloy, never weary. "Upwards and onwards" will be our motto in eternity as well as now. We can never fully know all there will be to be known, or possess all there will be to enjoy. There will be infinity to study, all-sufficiency to possess, and an eternity for both. "What is wanted here?" said a courtier to his monarch, amidst the glitter and noise of a procession. "CONTINUANCE" was the reply. Ah, perhaps he was thinking of the cold sheet of lead, which should soon wrap him round as had been the case with his ancestors. "*Continuance*" shall not be wanted in our future blessedness; for "there shall be no more death."

When the redeemed shall meet the Lord in the air, when the heavenly Bridegroom shall come to fetch his spouse, there will be many spectators of that glorious event. They will be very different; and varied indeed will be their feelings. Angel hosts will be there. They will have a mighty work to do, and a wondrous song to sing. Devils will behold with rage and despair the triumphs of that day. Some of the brightest trophies of grace were once the worst slaves and veriest drudges of Satan; and now they are near and like the Lord. The wicked—those who despised and rejected the Saviour, who neglected the great salvation, who would not have God as King to reign over them, who are now as tares gathered together in bundles to be burned—oh, how will they feel in that day! "Shame and everlasting contempt," "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth," are the terms used to describe their sad condition. They would have it so; and as they sowed during life, so they will reap in that day. And where shall we be? Where are we now? What are we doing? Are we in Christ as our refuge? Are we following Christ as our pattern? Have we accepted



God's salvation—submitted to God's righteousness? or are we, like Adam, trying to hide ourselves from God, or making a fig-leaf righteousness? If we would meet that day with joy, let us see to it that we meet God now, in Christ, the true meeting-place. And having realized this, let us be imitators of God as dear children, walking in love, living for eternity, and labouring diligently in the Gospel, if by any means we may save some, who shall be our joy in the day of the Lord Jesus.

*Ipswich.*

### THE CHURCH AT PHILIPPI: ITS MEMBERSHIP OF SAINTS.

BY THE REV. R. H. CARSON.

"Paul and Timothy, the servants of Jesus Christ, to all the saints in Christ Jesus which are at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons."—Phil. i. 1.

FROM the words of the apostle here prefixed, three things are apparent in relation to the church at Philippi—First, IT WAS A COMPANY OF SAINTS; secondly, IT WAS RULED BY BISHOPS; and thirdly, IT WAS SERVED BY DEACONS.

In dealing with the first of these in the present paper, it must be obvious to the reflecting reader, that we approach a subject of no common interest or importance. Beyond a doubt the membership of a church is its first and great concern. Indeed, unless here matters are as they ought to be, nothing can be right. We may have succeeded in building up a system for the most part correct and Scriptural—may have a Gospel ministry, an apostolic worship, a pure ritual—we may have even arrived at the point at which, as regards the observances of religion, nothing more is to be desired—but if wanting in attention as to the question of our own constituency, we have laboured in vain; our work is lost. Of what value is our superstructure of ordinances, if for that superstructure a proper foundation has not first been laid? Like the house of the

foolish builder, in the parable of our Lord, it will soon lie even with the dust. I am not one who would lightly esteem, or teach others lightly to esteem, the least of the institutions of Christ; but of what profit are those institutions, if not found with those to whom they were first entrusted? I would not recognize even the ordinances of Christ with other than Christ's people. In the hands of the unconverted, so far from being sanctified, they are only profaned.

With sentiments such as these, we are prepared to appreciate the grand distinction of the church at Philippi. That church might well enjoy Christian ordinances, *being itself the temple of Christ*. Very emphatic are the words of the apostle. He does not address himself in general terms to professors of the Gospel at Philippi, but to "*the saints in Christ Jesus*." He chooses language at once descriptive of a great moral renovation. Those to whom he wrote were more than mere nominal professors, they were, as far as they could be distinguished, true disciples of the Saviour. The evidence of their change no one could fairly question: it was such as satisfied Paul himself. In the estimation even of the apostle they were "*saints*," and they were so "*in Christ Jesus*."

Now let us for a moment look at this. *The members of the church at Philippi were saints*. They had not, indeed, obtained the distinction of the "canonized" of Rome, as no such order of beings then existed. Neither were they yet, in the modern but not more correct sense of the term, "sainted," their home being still the earth, and their associations still being earthly. They were not even, in any exclusive or privileged sense, the chosen of God, as the appellation given them they only shared with the other churches of the New Testament. Far less had they attained to a state of sinless perfection, no such state being at

all attainable this side time. But in the true, and proper, and Scriptural sense of the word, they were *holy persons*—persons who had undergone a great and blessed change, who had ceased to be actuated by the spirit of evil, and had become temples of the Holy Ghost. In very deed they were “new creatures,” with new affections, new judgments, new principles, new associations, new pursuits. Transformed into the image of Christ, “old things had passed away, and all things had become new.” They had not only changed masters, but they themselves were changed—changed in the entire inner and outer man, changed in such a way and so far that no one could mistake them for their former selves.

1. Their hearts were changed. Once at enmity with God, and in love with sin, they were so no longer. At the very centre of their moral being, they had undergone a change. God had given them, according to the tenour of his own covenant, a “new heart,” and had renewed within them a “right spirit.” He had entered himself the inner temple, had cleansed its pollutions, had removed its unholo occupants, and had restored it to its proper use and to its rightful Owner. The Philippians were now lovers of God and haters of evil. Their feelings, their sentiments, their desires, formerly earthly and carnal, were cast into a new mould, and had taken a new form. The stream of their affections, which ran in a wrong direction, had returned to its natural channel. What they were wont most to cherish, they had come to regard with unfeigned dislike; and the things from which they had been most estranged, these had become their chief joy.

2. Their language was altered. The faculty of speech, the “glory” of man, they had hitherto employed on the side of Satan and sin. Like other darkened Gentiles—ay, and like enlightened Jews, too—they had not only lost the language

of Zion, but had acquired a language unknown to holiness and to God. Their “throat” had become “an open sepulchre;” “with their tongues they had used deceit;” “the poison of asps was under their lips;” “their mouths were full of cursing and bitterness.” But now—how changed! God had “turned to them a pure language,” and they could not any more speak as they were wont to do. Blessing had taken the place of cursing, truth of falsehood, and godly conversation of corrupt and polluting converse. Their tongues, but yesterday the tools of Satan, and, in his service, prostituted to the worst of purposes, were now instruments of God, consecrated to the service of Christ, and employed in the spread of holiness and truth. In a word, Christ, and the things of Christ, had taken the place of things oftentimes pernicious—at best, no more than trifling; and themes once shunned, as one would shun a scorpion, had become their joy and happiness.

3. Their lives were renewed. The work began, but did not terminate with a change of heart; it proceeded, but did not stop with a reformation of tongue; the life, the whole life, became subject to the sanctifying influence. Exactly corresponding to the change in the inner, was the change in the outer man. God had not only given them a “new heart,” and “turned to them a pure language,” he had also, and as a part of the same great and blessed transformation, brought them to walk in his ways, and to do his commandments. Their former course they had abandoned as inconsistent with the Gospel calling, and at war with their own best interests. Evils hitherto indulged in were now forsaken; duties hitherto neglected were now performed. They had come over to the side of Christ, and their Master they would follow. In them you did not indeed see the perfection of Jesus, but you saw men in earnest to reach that per-

fection—men who had renounced the practice of iniquity, who had come out from the world, and who had resolved, by the grace of God, to “walk in newness of life.” In short, in the presence of the Philippians you felt you were in the presence of those who had undergone a great and decided change, and whose path, in consequence, was that of “the just, that shineth more and more till the perfect day.”

But whence this marvellous transformation in the members of the church at Philippi? How came they thus to be saints? Not certainly as the result of human wisdom, or of human power. Such a supposition the nature of the change itself forbids. Theirs was no mere turning of the coal—no mere renouncing of one set of religious opinions and the adoption of another. It was a great moral change—a change of character resulting from a change of heart—a transformation in the outer, as the immediate and necessary fruit of a transformation in the inner man. Could human wisdom or human power effect this? As well might it think to scale the heavens, or create a world. No; the Philippians were saints from a higher source. *In their union with the Saviour lay the secret of their new and holy character.* They were, in the words of the apostle, “saints in Christ Jesus.” By faith they had passed into Christ, and in him they were “created unto good works,” Eph. ii. 10. Indeed, in Christ they could not but be saints. United to him who was himself the spring of holiness, of necessity they partook of his holiness. From this, as from a pure and living fountain, flowed forth that renewal of nature and that renovation of character, which formed their grand distinction among men. He the Head and they the members, in him they lived and walked; he the Vine and they the branches, from him their fruit proceeded. No such fruit could they otherwise have

borne. “As the branch,” says Jesus, “cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me. He that abideth in me, and I in him, bringeth forth much fruit; for without (apart from) me ye can do nothing,” John xv. 4, 5. How precious, then, was the union of the Philippians with the Saviour! It made them saints. “In Christ” they were “new creatures.” Thus were their hearts renewed; thus was their language altered; thus were their lives reformed. That which pilgrimages and the cloister have failed to do for the poor devotee of Rome,—that which religious observances and pious deeds have not done for less superstitious, but not less pharisaical professors, union with Jesus did for the believers at Philippi. Many, alas! desire to be holy, but know not the way. They seek holiness where it may not be found. Mistaking *self* for its source, in vain they labour for their own reformation. They may succeed for a time in restraining their passions, for a time they may appear to be other men, but never till they renounce their own efforts and realize the strength of Christ, never till they go out of themselves and go into Christ, will they know what true holiness is. If like the Philippians they would be “saints,” they must be so “in Jesus Christ.”

Such is the grand distinction of the church at Philippi. It was a community of holy persons, of persons made holy by union with Jesus. Its members, renouncing self, had embraced the Saviour, and “in Christ” were “new creatures.” They had separated themselves not merely from the heathenism of their country and of their homes, but by the grace of God had been brought to “deny ungodliness and worldly lusts; and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in the world.” Not that they were free from sin, or were removed from the possibility of falling. Nothing of the kind.

Though renewed, they were not sinless. But sin had no longer the control. If still the Canaanite dwelt in the land, it was the Canaanite not ruling but ruled. Its power was broken; its dominion was overthrown; its armour was destroyed; and if it must needs retain its place, it could only be as a vanquished foe—as a tributary and a slave. Habitually the Philippians were on the side of truth and of holiness. Their course was a course of obedience; and by this, and not by the reverse, they were known and distinguished among men. To the eye of all beholders they were SAINTS, and they were so IN CHRIST JESUS.

And now what shall we say as to the agreement of modern practice, with this grand old model of apostolic times? With regard to the great majority of the professing churches of Christ, we fear there is no such agreement at all. Omitting quite to speak of the Church of Rome, which in Scripture is described as "the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth," we dare not affirm that even among the churches of the Reformation a membership like that at Philippi will generally be found. Indeed, in the nature of things, in most instances, it could not be. Renouncing the simple congregational principle, and becoming in their character *associative* and *national*, many of the so-called churches of the present day are of necessity mixed in their communion, or rather have scarcely aught of the true material. In the Anglican Establishment, for example, the church is the nation; and who ever heard of a nation of saints? It is true, in their baptism Episcopalians profess to have received the grace of regeneration—profess to have been "made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven." *But have they?* Has the rite really united them to Christ, and are they in very deed new creatures? Alas! there is no need that we deny the statement. Even among

their clergy but a remnant are admitted to be renewed and God-fearing men.

Nor is it very different with the Church of Scotland, or indeed with any Presbyterian community with which we are acquainted. Like the English Establishment, those associations act on the principle of *comprehension*, not on that of *selection*. Losing sight altogether of the true and Scriptural notion of a church—an assembly *called out (ecclesia)* and adopting the theory that the body so named should embrace the entire baptized population, their membership is of course anything but a membership of saints. Within the pale of such churches, notwithstanding that they are all addressed as brethren, multitudes may be found who make no pretensions to piety, who have not the most remote idea of what true godliness is, who would even laugh at the thought of being religious. Christians, to be sure, they are—who is not? but *saints!* that is an honour much too high—they have no desire to be so esteemed.

And yet we are told that the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, and such like churches, are Scriptural and apostolic. How, may we not ask, can that be apostolic which, *in its very essence*, is not conformed to the standard of the apostles? Even Presbyterian writers laugh at the idea of meeting with a church of saints. "That matters," says one of them, speaking of his own communion, "might be improved, I freely admit; that they are improving, I fondly trust; *but that after man has done his best, we shall possess a church that consists only of believers, is what I believe will never happen.*"\* Quite in the same spirit Knox himself assures us, that "the true Kirk of Christ" is where "his word ruleth, and his sacraments are truly ministered, *notwithstanding that in the same the darnel and the cockle appear*

\* Defence of the Apostolic Church, by Thomas Witherow, p. 83.

to surmount the wheat and the good seed.\* A church, then, like that at Philippi, is no longer a necessity—is not even a possibility. But why, after so concluding, will our friends claim to found on the primitive model? Let them, if they please, build with “wood, hay, and stubble,” as well as with “gold, and silver, and precious stones;” but, so doing, let them not commit the absurdity of calling their work the “house of God.” They ought to know that such material God will never own. We admit the difficulties of their position. On the system they have adopted, anything else than what actually exists is an impossibility. Never will they—never can they realize the ideal of Scripture, till, renouncing the practice of initiating by an infant rite, they cease to fill the Church with the surrounding world. *Christian* communion and a mere *baptist* Christianity are utterly incompatible—are a direct contradiction. As well may you look for light in the midst of darkness, as look for a church of saints among those who, in infancy, were signed and sealed on the side of Christ. Why will not our brethren see this? At all events, so long as they continue their present practice, why cease they not to speak of their primitive and apostolic character? Let them, if they must, retain their position; but let them honestly admit that it is directly antagonistic to New Testament discipline. For our part, fidelity to truth will not allow of a compromise here. We cannot believe that church a Scriptural church, in which “the darnel and the cockle appear to surmount the good seed.” Far be it from us to become censors of our brethren; but we dare not conceal the deep conviction of our hearts, that their communion is anything but apostolic. We cannot consent to the apostolicity of any body, that is

manifestly not composed of apostolic material.

But is there no need that we ourselves take care, that our principles and practice do not differ? I have not the slightest fear that, faithfully carried out, the discipline of our churches will reach the Philippian standard. *Selection*, not *comprehension*, is our motto. From the world of the ungodly, we would separate the “church of the living God.” We baptize no one that does not appear first to be baptized by the Holy Ghost; neither do we receive to fellowship any that are not, as far as they can be distinguished, previously united to the body mystical of our Lord and King. We know of no Christians that are not saints. To us every man is a “heathen” till, in his profession and conduct, we can read his conversion to Christ. Not as they are born into the world, but as they are “born from above,” we initiate our people into the Church of Christ. We may be, and sometimes are deceived. Unworthy persons, under a profession of godliness, do sometimes gain entrance among us. But as soon as the thing is known our principles require instant exclusion. Consistently with those principles we can neither receive nor retain any that are not, as far as can be known, “saints in Christ Jesus.” Still let us beware. The tendency in man is to decline from the way of the Lord; yea, and while professedly walking in it there is nothing easier than to maintain a theory. But what are theories if not carried into practice? Does any one think the admission of duty will be taken for its performance? “If ye know these things,” says Jesus, “happy are ye if ye do them.” Brethren of our churches, let your principles be embodied and live in your practice. Let the world see in your administration of the laws of Christ that your membership is moulded after that at Philippi. Suffer no one, however apparently advantageous

\* Select Writings, p. 187.

the connection, to enter among you of whose conversion to God you have not satisfactory evidence; neither, I implore you, permit any one to remain of your number whose life or opinions evidence the want of true godliness.

*Tubbermore, Ireland.*

#### A MISSION TOUR FROM BURMAH TO PENANG AND SUMATRA.

Now, friends, will you be kind enough to get out your best map of Asia, and try to follow us in our missionary rambles? If we are permitted within the next few months to carry you in imagination from kingdom to kingdom, from one scene of heathenism to another, or from station to station of our own or other missionary societies, you will find a close examination of the map not only strengthen your memories, but tend to deepen your interest in the progress of the Redeemer's cause throughout the globe.

In our January and March numbers we were directing your attention to Burmah and its Baptist missions. Now we wish you to travel with us, both east and south, over other districts of Asia and the East India Islands.

On the east of Burmah, a little to the north of Siam, on the mountains near to Tonghoo, a missionary meeting was convened. 2,000 converts from 45 Baptist churches of the Burmese, Karens, and Shans were present! Ninety-five native preachers were there! Not content with home efforts, they longed to evangelize the other wild tribes in the regions beyond.

"When we travel among the heathen," said one of them, "we are sometimes starved—sometimes sick—sometimes houseless by night. Then our hearts are troubled. Why is it so? Brethren, it is because we have little love. We ought to think of the Lord Jesus, who was full of love. He hungered forty days. He suffered till he sweat great drops of

blood, and then he died—and for us—all for us! O! what love was that of our Lord! Brethren, we must go away to the heathen and labour and pray." And then one after another they offered to go, with their lives in their hands. And they did go. And such missionaries as these are now scattering themselves over the vast lands of "Further India."

Leaving them for a while to pursue their labours of love, let us travel from the Tonghoo province down the Yoonza-len, the Saluen, the Toung-yen, or the Gyue Rivers to the western coast. Now we plunge out upon the Indian Ocean, and sailing to the south between lovely green islets, we catch a distant glimpse on our left of the places for which a missionary thus poured forth his soul in prayer.

"O God of mercy," he cried, "have mercy on Zen-mai, on Lah-bong, Meing-yoon-gee, and Yah-heing. Have mercy on the kingdom of Siam and all the other principalities that lie to the north and the east. Have mercy on poor little Mergui, and Pah-lan, and Yay, and Lah-meing, and Nah-zaroo, and Amherst, and the island of Baloo\* with its villages of Talings and Karens. Have mercy on the churches. Hold back the curse of Meroz. May the time soon come when no church shall dare to sit under Sabbath and sanctuary privileges without having one of their number to represent them on heathen ground. Hasten the millennial glory. Adorn thy beloved one in her bridal vestments, that she may shine forth in immaculate beauty and splendour. Come, O our Bridegroom! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Amen."

A little to the south-east of the localities referred to in this prayer, we pass the Megrui Archipelago, where multitudes in grossest darkness live and die.

\* There is now a bamboo chapel and a Baptist church of seventeen members on the island of Baloo.

Then we sight the great Malay peninsula, enter the straits of Malacca, and stop at that "gem of the sea," the "Betel-nut Island," otherwise called "Prince of Wales's Island," or "Pulo Penang."

An immense forest, the growth of ages, covers this granite island. Scattered over its 160 square miles, nuts, fruits, spices, exotics, pepper plantations, lovely birds, and savage tigers are also found. Queen Victoria is its monarch, but from twenty to thirty countries of the earth are represented by the 4,000 people who live in Penang. About one-fourth of these people are Chinese.

Penang is the first island of influence and importance which travellers are accustomed to call at on their journey from India to China. It belongs to the East Indian Archipelago. The natural riches, incomparable beauty, and vast population of these islands attracted the attention of the Baptist, London, and other Missionary Societies. And not long after their formation, their faithful witnesses were found penetrating island after island, and proclaiming to the heathen population of each that the grace of God which bringeth salvation had appeared.

Before the opening of China, our brethren aimed to enlighten the Chinese in these islands, with the hope that they might return as missionaries to their own land. The gigantic character of their undertaking, and the difficulties with which they had to grapple, led them to feel that their strength must be in God. They were men of much prayer.

At Penang, on one occasion, three missionaries were seen wending their way up that lofty hill, the base of which slopes down to the sea. They passed on the slopes many houses in which Europeans were residing for the benefit of their health, and then entered a narrow and rugged pathway running

through the bosom of a deep jungle. At a distance of four miles from the town, in the heart of the jungle, they found themselves at the base of a picturesque water-fall. The upper part of the torrent burst forth into three successive leaps; and then the beautiful cascade, 70 to 80 feet in depth, became visible. At the foot of that cascade stood the missionaries Wolfe, Davies, and Dyer, and there held a missionary prayer-meeting. The voice of prayer mingled with the roaring of the cataract when the devoted Samuel Dyer poured forth his soul before the God of nature, and the God of missions, in such a strain as deeply to impress the other two with the idea that God was there, and that he whose voice was heard was in truth a man of God.

But missionaries are not wont to linger amidst such scenes. Yet, from a prayer-meeting at such a spot, they may get Divine strength for their work of testimony amongst the heathen.

Let us follow those missionaries back to the town. See how they are engaged on the day of the great Chinese feast. What crowds of Chinese are moving about! See how they are pressing into yon heathen temple. The missionaries Dyer, Beighton, and a native teacher follow them. The people are bowing down to a monster idol of most ugly form and savage countenance. The hideous monster appears to have two eggs for eyes, with a large black spot on each.

And look at those poor, dear children. They are specially dressed up for the occasion, and their parents are teaching them to bow down to the monster! And then the parents themselves fall down and worship it. Some bow down their heads to the very ground. But the missionaries are there with books in hand, which they are giving away to the Chinese. Mr. Dyer places eight copies of some of St. Paul's Epistles on the

altar of the god, and then retires to work among the crowds outside. On re-entering the temple the missionaries find that the Scriptures have been removed from the altar. Everywhere the missionaries are kindly received and attentively listened to. But the Malays, being Mohammedans, do not take their Christian books.

Those missionaries actually secured two of the heathen temples at Penang for boys' schools; and elsewhere they had their schools for girls. Eight years of Mr. Dyer's life in Penang were spent in the preparation of a moveable metallic type for printing Dr. Morrison's translation of the Chinese Scriptures. Whilst carrying on this herculean task he found leisure for everything that was missionary in character. His toil and application were incessant, but the result was a *printed New Testament for the Chinese Empire* FOR FOURPENCE!

Mr. Lawson, of the Baptist mission at Serampore, was at the same time similarly employed. He prepared the font of type by which Dr. Marshman's translation of the Bible into Chinese was printed in six volumes. Dr. Morrison's version *afterwards* came out in a larger type in twenty-one volumes. Hence the importance of the smaller metallic type which Mr. Dyer prepared at Penang.

The numerous countries represented amongst the population of that island rendered its mission operations of unusual interest. Some years since the British Governor of Penang commissioned Mr. Anderson to visit the chiefs on the opposite island of Sumatra. A small vessel was prepared. The crew consisted of nineteen distinct races of people. There were Amboynese, Battas, Buggese, Burmese, Caffres, Chinese, Chooliahs, Creoles, Danes, Germans, Hindoos, Javanese, Malays, Malabars, Padangs, Phillipinos, Portuguese, Siamese, and English. What opportunities amongst such a crew would there be

for the dissemination of the Gospel and the circulation of God's Holy Word.

After a voyage all night over the boisterous and rolling straits of Malacca, the low woody land of the Sumatran shore is visible. The mangrove woods reach to the water's edge. The lofty mountain peaks in the rear, towering above the clouds, add much to the beauty of the vast island. It is 800 miles in length, and contains about four millions of souls.

The eastern coast of Sumatra is fertilized by innumerable rivers, and on their banks are large populations. Between Diamond Point and Siack it is estimated that there are 350,000 inhabitants. The populous villages and towns are divided into many independent states of various races of people. Palembang is an important Dutch settlement. The Menang Kabangs, Acheense, Malays, and Battas are also numerous.

In the kingdom of Menang Kaboo there is a religious sect of people who dress in pure white, and do not converse with each other's wives. Every man is obliged to shave his head and wear a skull cap. The women cover their faces with a white cloth, leaving only two small holes for their eyes. Amongst them death is the punishment of opium smoking. Their chiefs are called "Rinchieis."

In the kingdom of Palembang, the idolatrous tribe of "Kubus" are found. And on the river Jambi, the "Orang-Lant" are found. They live entirely in their boats, feed on fish, and are a dark, squalid, half-naked, miserable-looking race, generally afflicted with some cutaneous eruption.

It takes fifteen days to ascend the Jambiriver, which is from 450 to 900 yards wide at the town of Jambi. That town contains a large population of Malays and Arabs. It is three quarters of a mile in extent on both banks of the river. There



are twelve villages near to Jambi. At the cemetery, three quarters of a mile from the town, many of the tombs are carved and gilded. At the entrance of a mosque are some Hindoo images: figures of an elephant's head, and a kneeling bull, with body and neck adorned with wreaths of flowers and a bell suspended at the chest. Jambi would be a fine centre for missionary operations, if a missionary of the cross could be found for it.

The inhabitants of the Mondaw River are quite barbarous. They are dressed solely with the bark of trees. In the Siack country there are some people said to be nearly as wild and uncivilized as the orang-outan. Some of the *Kwirukli*, or people with tails, resembling that of a goat, are also said to reside here. Hesse, a German, who went to introduce the improved method of working gold-mines in Sillida, on the west of Sumatra, describes one in particular. The affirmation would scarcely be credited, but for the concurrent testimony of other most reliable travellers who have seen the *Kwirukli* in the Nicobar Islands, the Moluccas, Formosa, Borneo, and the Phillipines.

The Malay chiefs, who are Mohammedans, are exceedingly vile in character, but they are frequently dressed from head to feet in the richest gold and silk cloths.

The Baptist missionaries, Nathaniel Ward, Burton, and Robinson, laboured extensively amongst the Malays of Sumatra. In the city of Padang, near the Kassoumba Mountain, they preached the Gospel of Christ. Mr. Nathaniel Ward completed the translation and printing of the Malay New Testament. He also prepared a Malayan dictionary, with information respecting the Batta, the Neas, and the Pozzy languages. He obtained his printing press from Serampore.

Mr. Burton's attention was excited by

the sad state of the Battas in the north of Sumatra. They are extensive pepper cultivators. They send it down the rivers to Bali and other large towns on the coast. Thence the pepper-prows of thirty and forty tons convey it to Penang, Molucca, and Singapore; and from those parts it is sent in large quantities to Great Britain. The Karou Karou Battas are said to number about 200,000. They expose themselves to much danger in order to procure pepper for *our* tables. Before they can reach the Soungall pepper plantations they must pass through jungles in which tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, boa-constrictors, and other deadly serpents, abound. Banditti are frequently found in the woods through which they pass. They fire poisoned arrows on the unwary victims who may be passing. The pepper on our tables to-day may have been the result of the courage and energy of those Karou Karou Battas. And has the Christian Church less courage and less energy in seeking the salvation of souls? If not, why are the Battas overlooked by the people of God? The Gospel may, without much difficulty, be carried through the pepper countries of Sumatra. This fact has been proved by Mr. Burton, a Baptist missionary, who laboured with some success amongst the Battas.

He, however, found that a considerable number of them were cannibals. It was said of the Rajah of Tana-Jama, that if he did not eat human flesh every day he was afflicted with a pain in his stomach, and would eat nothing else. When no enemies or criminals could be procured he occasionally ordered one of his slaves to go out and kill a man. To make his disgusting food a greater relish, when a Batta goes to war he carries with him salt and lime-juice. The head of the first victim is cut off. The savage holds it by the hair above his mouth, and greedily drinks its blood.

The fearful crime of cannibalism pre-

vails, to a greater extent, on the eastern than on the western coast. The cannibal tribes are those of Kataran, Silow, Munto-Panci, Tawa-Jawa, Pappak, and Kappak. The Alas Battas are Mohammedans. But other Batta tribes are not addicted to cannibalism. In Assahan they believe in three gods—one above, one in the air, and one below. Their only mode of worship is beating the drum.

It was amongst such heathen as these that Mr. Burton laboured. At Sebolga he commenced a translation of the inspired volume, and issued some Scripture tracts. After reading the commandments to a number of Battas under a shed, a rajah who was present exclaimed, "Well, if the white people, and Chinese, and Hindoos, and Neas, and Batta people, should, with one heart, all adopt these commandments, spears and swords and guns would be of no further use: we might throw them away, or *make hoes of them!*" And this will indeed be the case when the Lord "shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more," Isa. ii. 4.

J. R. P.

### THE GOLIATH REFORMER.

A STUDY FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD LEACH,

Author of "Rev. James Hervey, the Model Minister and Christian," &c.

#### CHAPTER V.—UNPARALLELED COURAGE.

POPES have always been characterized by their greed of money. With them the passion has been inordinate and uncontrollable. Men's souls have even been bartered for it; and thousands thereby eternally deceived. Peter's pence last year, notwithstanding its annual decrease, realized £360,000. What

was the sum in the days of universal Popery, no one can scarcely tell; but this we know, that that source alone, with all its marvellous revenues, was not sufficient for the passionate greed of the head of the Romish Church in the days of Luther. Leo X. had a genius far above his fellows for the coin of the realm. He wanted money, and he must have it. Therefore he entrusted a class of monks with the sale of indulgences, whereby sins might be expiated as soon as the money "chinked in the box." The Dominican Tetzal, who had been sentenced to death for revolting and infamous conduct, but was reprieved, became the chief man in the sale of these indulgences. With great pomp and splendour, he would form processions to the Germanic churches, and there deliver lengthy and impassioned harangues upon the efficacy of his abominable sin-licenses. He would enumerate the foulest sins, and went so far as to invent crimes to palm upon his hearers. "Each peculiar hair would stand on end" at the unheard-of and unthought-of atrocities which his indulgences would expiate. "There is no sin so great," said he, "but that the indulgence may procure its remission." His fiery eloquence frightened every one, and as he "belowed" out with all his might this hateful invitation, "Come forward, and I will give you sealed letters in which even the sins you may have a wish to commit in future will be forgiven you," the ignorant, sin-loving populace rushed up and paid all they had for the foul, filthy document.

Do you think the honest, lion-like Luther could bear with this any longer? Think you that the heroic and loyal Campbells could hear the groans and shrieks of the imprisoned women at Lucknow, without rushing on the ramparts, demolishing the foe, and rescuing their brethren's lives? I claim for my hero greater loyalty and heroism than

ever a Havelock, or Campbell, or Nelson could have displayed. When men's souls were being lost, and thousands were hastening to destruction, under the deceptive influences of these abominations, Luther comes out boldly and protests most loudly against these lying impositions. There are just a few nervous — shall I say finical and lackadaisical?—Christians who condemn Luther for his boldness of speech—honeyed, genteel phrases to them would do more good. Living, rampant heresy, cannot, however, be dethroned by the distribution of a few politely-worded tracts. 'Tis of no earthly use to touch a huge block of granite with a feather; the sledge-hammer of God's invincible truth must be wielded with a tremendous force, or the stone will not shatter and shiver to pieces. So Luther begins the battle by writing a letter to the Archbishop of Magdeburg, in which he says:—"When I saw these things I could remain silent no longer." That is the outspoken, honest way of stating the case. Not "I am afraid these things will breed heresy"—it *was* heresy, and worse than heresy. It was not "I humbly and respectfully submit as my candid opinion"—all such buttered mouthfuls found no echo in the mighty man of God's heart. Then he proceeds right honestly to say, "The righteous scarcely shall be saved, so narrow is the way which leads to life. Those who are saved are called in Scripture brands saved from the burning: everywhere the Lord reminds us of the difficulty of salvation. How, then, dare these men seek to render poor souls fatally confident of salvation, on the mere strength of purchased indulgences and futile promises?" and he goes on to beg the archbishop to silence the prating pretences of these hypocritical deceivers. He little knew that the archbishop had bargained with the pope to receive half of the profits from the sale of this trash.

Disgusted with the bold impositions of Tetzal, and enraged at the glowing lies and delusive representations which this servant of Satan endeavoured to thrust upon the people, Luther wrote a number of propositions, which he affixed to the outer pillars of the gate of the church of All Saints, inviting disputations, and those not able to confront him verbally were asked to do so by writing. The challenge was a noble one—such as a Martin Luther, and a Martin Luther alone, could make in the midst of such universal heresy. In these theses or propositions we have the groundwork upon which the noble Reformer maintained his attacks upon the monstrosities of Rome, when he came out to shiver in pieces the false theology and subtle dogmatism of the church of St. Peter. That powerful weapon was justification by faith. Here he had laid the axe at the root of the tree. "What we attack," says he, "in the adherents of the popedom is doctrine. Huss and Wycliffe attacked their way of living only; but in assailing their doctrine the goose is seized by the neck. All hangs on the Word, which the Pope has taken from us, and has falsified." Luther's theses were widely spread. Kings and emperors deigned to read them, and foresaw that the Augustinian monk would become a powerful and invincible enemy to the Papacy, and a true warrior for the "faith once delivered to the saints." In a month Luther's declarations found their way to Rome.

And here I must make an observation relative to a statement which has often been received by well-meaning Protestants. In school I was taught it, and in school my youthful mind revolted at it. Luther's antagonistic manifestations against these indulgences were *not* caused by any petty-minded, monkish jealousy—because the Pope had not appointed his order of monkery to sell them. Those persons who give credence

to such a base motive are altogether ignorant of his honest, manly character. Luther was no mean, selfish pedant; selfishness was no more in his creed than was a spirit of meanness or sneaking hypocrisy. He hated fawning, toadying, bowing, and bo-ing. He came forth, not with the weakness of a man half-ashamed of his convictions, but with the honest open-heartedness and unflinching boldness of a manly, earnest Christian, resolving to denounce everything hateful to the cause of Christ in the world. People with weak minds, and screwed-up, close-fisted notions, found no fellowship in Martin Luther.

Upon his first appearance in the battle-field the pope regarded the friar as possessing a "very fine genius," and declared that all that was said against him was from mere monkish jealousy. Noble attestation was this to the true excellency of Luther's worth *from a pope*.

Tetzel attacked Luther, and Luther wrote a reply full of his own most peculiar language and similes. The little friar was an extraordinary man, and made use of extraordinary expressions. He tells Tetzel that "It is not possible that he should be suffered to treat holy Scripture, our consolation, as a sow would treat a sack of oats." Speaking of the invectives of his enemy he says, "When hearing them I seem to be listening to some great ass braying at me." He carried his natural spirit and love of satire too far; it was his weakness. But, on the other hand, he had remarkable boldness and undaunted courage. For instance, he once ironically and triumphantly threw out the following brave challenge to his foes:—"As for what remains, albeit that for such points it is not usual to burn people, here I am at Wittenburg, I, Doctor Martin Luther. Is there any inquisitor that pretends to eat iron and to toss rocks into the air? I give him to wit, that he has a safe conduct to come

hither, the gates open, and bed and board provided for him, and all by the gracious care of the praiseworthy prince, Duke Frederick, Elector of Saxony, who never will protect heresy." Possibly, throughout the whole range of biography, such a bold challenge could not be equalled. Luther was as bold and manly at the prospect of an inquisitor's torture, as he was in the hopes of a victory that would shake ignorance and superstition to the centre, and pull down the lofty mountains of Apostacy.

HIS UNDAUNTED COURAGE MUST NOW  
BE CALLED OUT INTO SERVICE.

*London.*

### MAY MEETINGS.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

MANY a welcome will be given to the glad month of flowers. Denizens of the crowded cities into which the pure air cannot penetrate, rejoice to see the stalls in the market laden with flowers, the perfume of which lingers in the dull streets, and cheers many a weary heart. Beautiful things are the flowers—they are God's forget-me-nots, and the heart grows younger and warmer and softer as we gaze upon them. They bring to our tear-smarting eyes bright visions of the woods in the country, with their splendid carpet of green turf variegated with primroses, violets, and those fragile delicate anemones. Yes, we have been pent up in the cold and darkness of winter long enough, we will array ourselves in joyous garments and go forth to greet the sunny month of May.

But in the metropolis of our land, May is a yet more glorious month than in the country, even as it is truly "more blessed to give than to receive." In the country we receive God's loving gifts, which he scatters with open bounteous hand; in London, at the May meetings we give with grateful loving hearts our prayers, our services back to him in return. And all who

have tried it know that the spirit is never brighter than when it has rendered some little tribute to the Friend who loads us with his blessings.

So, with bright eyes and radiant faces, with eager, warm hands, with open, sincere hearts, the friends of Jesus meet in the month of flowers to consult about, and to present, their love-gifts to him. And, indeed, such an assemblage in a land, for such a purpose, is a great and goodly sight, and must result in great and good things. Rich and poor will crowd those edifices made sacred by the noble works which have originated and been continued in them. There will be those who are among the noblest of our land, having wealth, and station, and influence to give; there will be those who day by day, ay, and night by night, labour in the Master's cause, winning souls to him; and they will bring their eloquent, telling words to the May meetings; and there will be those who have not much more than a prayer to give, but who give their mite earnestly, heartily, lovingly. Voices which are never silent, where the cause of good demands a pleader; eyes that weep daily over sin and sorrow; hands that have been stretched forth to many a sinking soul; feet that have "hastened to the rescue," all these will be at the May meetings. Why, one feels to rise higher in such company; sober, unimpressible hearts beat quicker there, and we grow suddenly proud of, and grateful for, the good, the truly great of our land.

It is wonderful to think of how many crotchety people will assemble in Exeter-hall. Indeed, we are all more or less crotchety individuals. We have our own opinions, and we firmly believe them to be right. And, if they are right, why those who differ from us *must* be just a little wrong. And yet, how harmoniously, on the whole, those May meetings pass, like a pleasantly modulated song. And well enough they may, for, indeed, there is something of more importance than our differences to be talked over. "Can anything be done for America?" "How much can we do for Madagascar?" "How many more Bibles can be distributed?" "How many more missionaries be sent out?" Grand questions will be asked this month—questions on which the prosperity of religion depends—questions on which is staked the well-being of thousands of immortal souls; not little unimportant queries which breed nothing but discord.—So, the world's great future will be better and brighter for the May meetings.

May the Father's benediction be upon them all. They will be held in his service, and we are sure that his smile will not be wanting. He will be found where his children meet to celebrate his love, and to give expression to their own loving devotion to him. May all those who join in the great congregation be so overshadowed with his peace as to be compelled to say, "How holy is this place! it is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

## Reviews.

*Bunyan Library*. Vol. IX. Christmas Evans: a Memoir; including Brief Sketches of some of his Contemporaries and Glimpses of Welsh Religious Life, with Selections from his Sermons. By the Rev. D. M. EVANS. London: J. Heaton and Son, 21, Warwick-lane. 1863.

WELL done "Bunyan Library;" and equally well done Mr. Evans. The previous volumes of this admirable series have been of a superior

character, and all that could be expected or desired; but certainly for extraordinary unflinching interest this volume will bear the palm. Great as have been our anticipations, we hesitate not to affirm that the book now before us more than meets what we had ventured to expect. Not only is that gorgeous Welsh sun exhibited in his wondrous beams of imaginative glory, but the

story of his remarkable life is fully placed before us. We see him in the depths of his early illiteracy and worldly adversity; we see him giving battle to all sorts of adversaries by which the world has effectually blocked up the way of ordinary men; and we see him gradually rising to more distinguished positions of mental and moral excellency, until he stands foremost in the rank of eloquent revival Gospel orators, that literally lifted up the principality from ignorance and barbarism to a high eminence of intelligence and piety. Talk of novels and romances, why here is a work a thousand times more marvellous than the most sensational of that class of publications. Then we have not only the immortal Christmas photographed to the life, but we have his illustrious compeers also brought out in vividness and power before us. It is a treat of no ordinary kind to know, even after their decease, such men as Jno. Elias, Williams, and the various Jones', Davies', Harris'—men raised up to do the grand and holy work of evangelizing their native land. The author has evidently possessed both the right spirit and right materials for his work; and we admire the discrimination as well as the enthusiasm that characterises the entire production. It is honourable alike to his head and heart, and we have no fear as to the favour it must receive from a very large class of readers in the land. We wish that the various chapters had been headed as they are in the contents, and hope this omission will be supplied in future editions.

*The Office of Deacon. Two Prize Essays.* By Rev. G. B. THOMAS and Rev. E. DENNETT. London: J. Heaton and Son, Warwick-lane.

THE first of these essays is eminently critical, the second more practical; both together well adapted to give a clear view of the diaconate to our churches. We should rejoice if the order of deaconesses could be effectually revived, for nothing is more wanting, especially in the churches of our cities and large towns. Mr. Thomas pertinently refers to this subject. It is needless to add that these "essays" have our hearty approval.

*The Original Tendencies of Infant Baptism.* A Discourse by WILLIAM WALTERS. London: J. Heaton and Son.

AN ordinance of Christ Scripturally presented, well sustained by learned authorities and concessions, and given in a good Catholic spirit. We are not surprised that the publication of this sermon was requested by those who heard it.

*The Model Preacher, Comprised in a Series of Letters Illustrating the Best Mode of Preaching the Gospel.* By Rev. WM. TAYLOR, of the California Conference, &c. Tenth Thousand. London: H. J. Tredder, 17, Ave Maria-lane.

A THOROUGH American work, abounding in all the faults and excellencies which distinguish most American authors. No model can be set up

capable of being closely followed by all ministers of the Gospel. It is a simple absurdity. Was not Robert Hall a model preacher? Were not Dr. Chalmers and M'Call of Manchester? Aro not Dr. Guthrie, Spurgeon, and Punshon to be placed among model preachers? Yet in no one point is there close similarity between any of them. No, every man has, and ought to have, his own individuality, and to appear in his own costume, and bring out his own special gifts, and thus every one will be as he ought, in his own order, a star of his proper constellation. Having said this—not undervaluing the book under notice, but protesting against what the title appears to assume—we can most cordially recommend Mr. Taylor's work, as one that all classes of preachers may consult with advantage. It abounds with the striking, the suggestive, and the useful, and its sketches of American speakers are telling and life-like. We do not wonder the work has sold so well, and hope it will have a large British circulation. Mr. Taylor is not only a good theologian and critic, but he is an honest and true American patriot, and deserves the esteem of all sympathizers with union, order, and freedom.

*Better Times Coming; or, More on Prophecy.* London: H. J. Tredder, 17, Ave Maria-lane. A BOOK that will interest those who are devoted to the study of works on prophecy.

*The Unpreached Gospel, an Embedded Truth.* By the Author of "The Study of the Bible." London: Simpkins, Marshall, and Co.

WE are not sure that we understand the "unpreached Gospel" here brought before us. If we do, then not only does it appear a Gospel of complexity and fog, but having little or no connection with what we believe to be the "one Gospel" of our salvation.

*Judge Marshall's Full Review and Exposure of Bishop Colenso's Errors and Miscalculations, &c.* London: W. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street.

THE Hon. Judge Marshall has devoted his thoroughly-qualified powers to a most careful and searching review of Bishop Colenso's book; and he has done both himself and the bishop ample justice. His legal knowledge—his acquaintance with the laws of evidence—his pains-taking and careful examination, have enabled him to produce one of the fullest and best replies that has yet appeared. And as pecuniary profit has not been his object, the judge's work is remarkably cheap. We should rejoice if every Congregational and Sabbath-school library had it in circulation. It has our heartiest approval and commendation.

*Moses and the Pentateuch. A Reply to Bishop Colenso.* By the Rev. W. A. SCOTT, D.D. London: W. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street. 1863. A THOROUGH masterly examination of Bishop Colenso's fallacies, exhibiting scholarship and

first-rate controversial talent. The book is well arranged and well executed. It will ever remain as a powerful and unanswerable defence of the oldest portions of Holy Scripture; and it only requires to be known to be highly appreciated by all the friends of revealed religion.

*The Story of the Life of John Anderson, the Fugitive Slave.* Edited by HARPER TWELVETREES, M.A. London: Wm. Tweedie, 337, Strand. 1863.

THIS admirable story, more fascinating than a novel, ought to be one of our household treasures, where our children and children's children may learn how a fugitive escaped to Canada; was then imperilled by vengeful pursuers; in danger of being given up to his deadly enemies; and how the Highest Legal Power in England arose in its dignified majesty, and snatched the trembling coloured brother, and brought him into a state of security and permanent freedom. We say, let this book be in all our Sunday-school and family libraries, for the cheering of all future labourers in the cause of humanity and liberty. Mr. Twelvetrees has executed his editorial work well, and the book has a first-rate portrait of John Anderson himself.

*Hymns, Dialogues, and Addresses for Sunday-school Anniversaries.* By THOMAS HIRST. London: Kent and Co.

A BOOK that will really supply a want among Sabbath-schools where anniversaries are followed up by public recitations, &c. We are glad to see that Mr. Hirst's labours have been already extensively appreciated, and that respectable reviews have given it a cordial greeting. Our only regret is that the typography and paper are not first-rate.

*The Story of Little Alfred.* By D. J. E. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

A SWEET and charming biography for children, written with pleasing simplicity and in a spirit that must tell for good on youthful readers. It only requires to be known to become a favourite book in our home libraries; and it is well adapted as a gift-book for Sabbath-schools.

*The Scriptural Rule with Reference to Offences between Christians.* By the Rev. G. W. FISHBORNE. London: W. J. Johnson, 83, Fleet-street.

A SCRIPTURAL guide to the right performance of a difficult duty.

*The Consumptive Poor of South London.* By THEODORE LADD, M.D. Published at 9, Kensington-park-corner.

A PAMPHLET deserving of thoughtful perusal by all the friends of the afflicted poor.

*Baptist Magazine* for March and April.

BOTH very good numbers; the last the best of the two. Rev. J. P. Chown's notes important and suggestive. Mr. Tritton's verses on "Complete in Him" sweet, spiritual, and of the true poetic ring.

*Old Jonathan* for March. London: Collingridge, 117, Aldersgate-street.

As vigorous, varied, and interesting as ever.

*The Adviser.* London: Houlston and Wright.

A FIRST-RATE illustrated halfpenny Temperance periodical for children.

## Poetry.

### THE LIVING, REIGNING SAVIOUR.

Written after reading *Meditations on the Office Characters of Christ* in "The Gospel Standard," 1862.

#### PART I.

The Saviour lives and reigns beyond the skies;  
Lord, bid vain thoughts begone,  
And help us now this truth to realize—  
Help us to muse thereon.

He lives as Prophet, his dear Church to teach;  
As Priest, to plead above;  
He lives as King of saints, to rule o'er each  
With the mild sway of love.

Nor this alone—for he, at God's right hand  
Sitting as King of kings,  
Doth on his mediatorial throne command  
All persons and all things.

Then fear not, child of God, when troubles fall;  
Let this be understood—  
Jesus is King, and he is working all  
Together for your good.

'Tis in his people's nature now he reigns—  
The very flesh that bore  
Suffering and insult, and death's sharpest pains,  
Liveth for evermore.

The very hands through which the nails were  
driven,  
With scorn and cruel mirth,  
Now sway the sceptre; unto him is given  
All power in heaven and earth.

Though sin and error rise like floods around,  
The Saviour reigns, we know,  
Else the wild waves would madly burst their bound,  
And whelm the earth with woe.

The time will come—a glorious, peaceful time—  
When all shall know the Lord,  
When Christ the King shall be through every clime  
Acknowledged and adored.

But now he reigns to raise from death in sin  
Each chosen, blood-bought soul;

To carry on his gracious work within,  
And to complete the whole.

He reigns, to save from all their sins and foes  
The objects of his love ;  
To bring them safe through all that may oppose,  
Unto his home above.  
Wellingborough. THEODORA.

#### THE SHADE OF THE TREE OF LIFE.

Solomon's Song ii. 3.  
Come hither, weary soul,  
And drop thy burden here ;  
Thou seekest to be whole,  
And I can tell thee where ;  
Upon the highway side there grows  
A tree that healeth human woes.  
Upon the road it stands,  
To catch a pilgrim's eye,

And spreads its leafy hands,  
To beckon pilgrims nigh ;  
Breathes forth a gale of pure delight  
And charms the humble traveller's sight.

Its friendly arms afford  
A screen from heat and blast,  
Its branches are well-stored  
With fruit of choicest taste ;  
And in its leaf kind juices dwell  
Which sore and sickness quickly heal.

Yet stand not looking on  
The branches of this tree ;  
Walk under and sit down,  
Or sure it helps not thee ;  
Beneath it rest thine aching side,  
And in that resting place abide.

BERRIDGE.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

STEEP-LANE, SOWERBY, YORKSHIRE.—Rev. W. Nicholson resigns the pastorate at the above place on the last Sabbath in April. The people are in need of a plain, earnest man as pastor.

MOLTON, YORKSHIRE.—The Rev. B. Shakespear has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, and is now at liberty to serve any destitute church, either as a supply, or with a view to the pastorate.

### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

MURSLEY, BUCKS.—Meetings were held at this place on Good Friday, to recognize Mr. G. B. Bowler as their pastor. Addresses were given by Messrs. Griffin, Young, E. L. Forster, and T. Baker, B.A. The church at Mursley has been supplied for the last two years by Messrs. Griffin and Young. Mr. Griffin has now accepted an invitation from Drayton Parslow; and Mr. Young is at liberty to supply any destitute church where earnest preaching would be accepted. His address is Great Brickhill, Fenny Stratford.

AYLSHAM, NORFOLK.—On Thursday, April 9, Mr. Timothy Harley was publicly recognized as pastor of the Baptist Church. After singing, reading, and prayer, the Rev. J. T. Wigner, of Lynn (in the absence of the Rev. G. Gould, of Norwich, through illness), stated the nature of a Christian church. Some questions were asked of the church and pastor by the Rev. R. Govett, of Norwich. The Rev. G. Rogers, of Mr. Spurgeon's college, gave the charge to the minister, which was followed by an address to the church and congregation by the Rev. T. A. Wheeler, of Norwich. After tea a social meeting was held in the chapel. Mr. Timothy Harley presided. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. T. Wigner, G. Rogers, T. A. Wheeler, R. Govett, W. F. Gooch, of Foulsham; B. May, of Buxton; and G. H. Trapp.

### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

TORBINGTON.—On Monday, March 2, the members of the church and congregation worshipping at the Baptist chapel gave a tea to their pastor, the Rev. W. Jeffery, and his bride, when upwards

of 200 of his friends assembled at the school-rooms. In the evening a public meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by the Rev. W. Jeffery, Mr. J. W. Spear, and the Rev. George Williams. The Rev. W. Jeffery was presented with a handsome testimonial, in proof of the esteem and affection of the members of the church.

CHIPPING SOBBURY BAPTIST CHAPEL.—On Friday evening, March 27, a meeting of the teachers and friends of the Sabbath-school at the above place was held, in order to convey to Mr. Nathaniel Vick (who, for upwards of fifty years, has been connected with that institution as teacher and superintendent) an expression of their esteem and regard, and in recognition of his faithful and devoted labours. Mr. Foxwell, on behalf of the subscribers, presented Mr. Vick with a handsome easy chair; and was followed by the Rev. F. H. Woleston, who, as the representative of female friends, formerly teachers in the school, gave the respected superintendent a time-piece, ornamented with a bronze statuette. Advantage was taken of the same opportunity to present a silver-plated tea-pot, suitably inscribed, to Mr. William Barrett, in acknowledgment of his useful and efficient services as teacher, librarian, and book-agent to the school for a period of more than forty years. In accepting these evidently unexpected gifts Mr. Vick and Mr. Barrett gave a variety of interesting details with reference to the rise and progress of the institution. Several other addresses were also delivered on kindred topics. All present appeared to feel, at the close of the meeting, that they had spent both a pleasant and profitable evening.

BOW, MIDDLESEX.—On Wednesday evening, February 25th, a public meeting was held in the school-room of the Baptist chapel, Bow, in order to present to Mr. John Freeman a testimonial of the esteem of the church, after a membership of fifty-six years, during forty-two of which period he has held the office of deacon. The Rev. C. J. Middleditch presided. Dr. Cooke, an old and intimate friend of Mr. Freeman, the Rev. G. T. Driffild, rector of Bow, Rev. J. Cox, Dr. Hewlett, and other ministers and friends present referred to various public and private excellencies in the



character of Mr. Freeman, his large and varied attainments as a scholar, his useful career in the Church of Christ, and in the Bible Society in the neighbourhood, of which he had been the honorary secretary from its commencement, now nearly fifty years since. A purse, containing sixty-five sovereigns, was then presented to Mr. Freeman, who acknowledged, in a speech of deep feeling and characteristic modesty, the kindness of his numerous friends, giving also a graphic and interesting summary of his early thirst and pursuit after knowledge, and ultimate success in its attainment. Mr. Freeman was for many years the Examiner in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac in the Baptist College, Stepney.

**WINDSOR.**—For many years past the Baptist interest in this "royal borough" has been most worthily represented by the Rev. S. Lillycrop. In 1840 that gentleman became the pastor of the church, finding only thirty members in Christian fellowship, with their commodious chapel, unfortunately, burdened with a debt of nearly £1,400. By the Divine blessing upon the labours of Mr. Lillycrop, the church has been greatly increased, the entire debt upon the building liquidated, a new gallery erected, and additional accommodation provided in the school-rooms. For twelve months past Mr. Lillycrop's health has been seriously giving way, till at length an entire prostration of strength, associated, too, with an almost total loss of sight, has compelled him to resign, at any rate, his official connection with the church. The friends, however, determined that the retiring minister should carry into his seclusion some tangible evidence of their esteem and gratitude. Hence arrangements were made for a tea and public meeting. Tuesday, March 24th, was the day fixed, and a large number of friends assembled. After tea, Mr. Morton, the senior deacon of the church, was voted to the chair; and after devotional exercises and the chairman's remarks, E. J. Oliver, Esq., of London, in an address replete with kindly esteem, presented Mr. Lillycrop, in the name of the church, the congregation, and the town of Windsor, with a purse containing £63. Mr. Lillycrop, in a few sentences, acknowledged this unexpected proof of regard, and assured his friends that the interests of the cause would be as near his heart as ever. W. R. Harris, Esq., one of the magistrates of the borough, rose, and, shaking Mr. Lillycrop warmly by the hand, assured the meeting of the high respect entertained for him, and the loss the town would sustain in his withdrawal from public life; and his earnest prayer was that every blessing might be vouchsafed to himself and Mrs. Lillycrop in their seclusion. Addresses were subsequently delivered by the Rev. S. Pearce, of London; the Rev. J. Teall, of Woolwich; and the Rev. J. Gibson, of West Drayton. After a vote of thanks to the ladies, the meeting separated.

#### OPENING SERVICES.

**THAXTED, ESSEX.**—Park-street Chapel having undergone a thorough repair, was re-opened on Good Friday afternoon, when an address was delivered by the pastor, the Rev. J. O. Fellows. Tea was provided at the British school-room, to which between 200 and 300 friends sat down. The meeting afterwards was of a social character. The prospects are most encouraging.

**NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.**—**OPENING OF STOW HILL BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—On Tuesday, April 7, the Rev. W. Landels preached in the morning and evening. The devotional exercises were conducted by the Revs. F. Pollard (Inde-

pendent), J. Bailey, G. Horne, J. W. Lance, and S. Young. On Wednesday evening, the 8th, the Rev. E. Probert (of Bristol) preached; and on Thursday evening, the 9th, the Rev. R. McMaster (of Bristol). On Lord's-day, the 12th, Lord Teynham preached in the morning and afternoon, and Mr. Williams preached in the evening. These most interesting services were brought to a close on Monday, the 13th, when about 1,000 persons sat down to tea; after which there was a public meeting, when the pastor presided, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. S. Pryce (of Aberysthachan), Dr. Thomas (of Pontypool), P. W. Dainton, J. W. Lance, J. H. Tachore, and H. Phillips, Esq., of Newport, and D. H. Task, Esq. (of Glasgow).

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**BOROUGH-GREEN.**—On Whit Tuesday the anniversary of the Baptist church will be held. Morning at 11; afternoon at 3; evening at 6 o'clock. Mr. Bruut, of Colnbrook, to preach. Dinner at one shilling, and tea at sixpence each. Collections in aid of the cause.

**CAVE ADULLAM, OLD-ROAD, STEPNEY.**—The 23rd anniversary of the Sunday-school will be held (D.V.) on Sunday, May 31st, when two sermons will be preached by Mr. Webster, pastor of the place. Appropriate hymns will be sung by the children. Collections after each service in aid of the school. Service to commence at 11 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 o'clock.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**BOROUGH-GREEN.**—On Good Friday Mr. W. Crowhurst, of New North-road, preached two excellent sermons. About 200 partook of tea, the proceeds of which were presented to the pastor, Rev. W. Frith.

**GOLCAR, YORKSHIRE.**—The first half-yearly meeting of lay preachers of the Huddersfield district of Baptist churches was held on the 8th of April in the Baptist chapel, Golcar. In the afternoon a double lecture of a very instructive and impressive character was given by Messrs. G. Walker (of Longwood), and G. Dawson (of Sialley). After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. H. Watts, the pastor of the church; when able addresses relative to lay preaching were delivered by Messrs. J. Sykes, D. Dawson, E. Sharp, G. Walker, and J. Pogson.

**THE BAPTIST BUILDING FUND FOR WALES.**—The above fund was established last year (the Memorial year), with a view to assist the churches in Wales and Monmouthshire to liquidate the debt on the chapels by means of loan without interest, repayable by half-yearly instalments of 45 per cent. in the space of ten years. The fund has been founded upon the principle of the "Baptist Building Fund" in London, which for 18 years has worked to the entire satisfaction of its members. The Baptist Chapels of the Principality (the greater portion of which have been built during the last quarter of a century, and number nearly 600), have cost about £250,000. The remaining debt upon this large property amounts to about £80,000. So rapid and unprecedented has been the progress of the denomination, under the blessing of the Great Head of the Church, of late years, that the adoption of some measures to develop its great resources and meet its wants had become incumbent. The intention of the committee is to raise the sum of £10,000 to £15,000, to form a permanently circulating fund, towards which promises have already been obtained from only 201 churches to the amount of £8,500, leaving 360 churches yet to be canvassed.

The whole of the Baptist Associations of the Principality, both English and Welsh, have unanimously approved of the movement, and the benefit to be secured by it will be available to churches of both languages without distinction. Rules of the society have been printed, and may be obtained of the corresponding secretary, Mr. Lewis Jenkins, Maesycwmwr, near Newport, Monmouthshire.

## BAPTISMS.

ABERGAVENTY, Frogmore-street, Dec. 28—Four; March 29, Two, by Mr. J. Bullock.

ASTON-ON-CLUN, Salop, Feb. 8—Six; March 22, Two, by Mr. M. Mathews, assisted by the Bevs. E. Evans, of Snailbeach, and West, of Shrewsbury.

AYLSHAM, Norfolk, April 2—Six, by Mr. Timothy Harley.

BANBRIDGE, Ireland—A correspondent writes stating that Mr. W. S. Eccles, pastor at the above place, has baptized a goodly number during the past twelvemonths. He says:—"Baptist principles are spreading in this neighbourhood." Why not report baptisms as they occur?—Ed.

BOROUGH-GREEN, Kent, April 12—Two, by Mr. W. Frith.

BOSTON, Salem Chapel, Feb. 8—One; March 29, One, by Mr. J. K. Chappell. Both teachers in the Sabbath-school.

CARDIFF, Tredegarville Chapel, March 1—Five; March 29, Twelve; April 5, One, by Mr. Alfred Tiley.

COATE, Oxon, March 29—Six, by Mr. B. Arthur. One was a local preacher and deacon of an Independent church, who remarks:—"As a deacon of an Independent church, I have had a hard struggle with myself on the matter, but I feel that believers' baptism is the only baptism recognized by God's Word, and hence conclude that my childhood's sprinkling was not Christians baptism. To remain longer unbaptized would be sinful, seeing our Great Exemplar led the way. Surely if it became him to fulfil all righteousness it must be incumbent on all his followers."

COLNE, Lancashire, Feb. 22—Ten, by Mr. J. Bury.

CREWE, Cheshire, Feb. 22—Four, by Mr. C. Morgan. Two were teachers in our Sunday-school.

DRIFFIELD, York, March 29—Seven, by Mr. Bowden.

EARLS COLNE, Essex, April 5—Seven, by Mr. Griffin.

EWIAS HAROLD, Herefordshire, March 1st—One by Mr. T. Williams, of Longtown. This infant cause appears to be in an encouraging state in the midst of much opposition.

FRAMSDEN, Suffolk, April 5—Three, by Mr. G. Cobb.

FRESHWATER, Isle of Wight, April 12—One by Mr. W. W. Martin.

GLANWYDZEN, Denbighshire, March 29—Three, by our beloved pastor, Mr. W. E. Watkins. Two backsliders were reunited with the church. We have several others waiting for the same privilege.

GLASGOW, North Frederick-street, March 29—Ten, by Mr. W. Medhurst, three of whom were members of one family. The same day there were added to the church sixteen persons.

GLASBURY, Brecon, March 22—Four by Mr. Norton.

HACKNEY, St. Thomas's Hall, Feb. 26—At New Park-street Chapel, kindly lent for the occa-

sion, Five by Mr. R. Finch. One of the candidates the pastor's eldest daughter. [This report has not been received twice.—ED.]

HUSBANDS BOSWORTH, April 5—Three by Mr. Shore.

LAINFORD, Lake-road Chapel, March 29—Fifteen; March 30, Fifteen, by Mr. E. G. Gange. Of the above thirty, there were five husbands and their wives. Many others are before the church, besides a large class of inquirers. On Lord's-day, April 5th, the Rev. J. Hibberd preached in the morning. In the afternoon the Lord's Supper was administered, and forty-three received into the church. It was a soul-refreshing season. Our pastor's labours have been signally blessed. From almost every sermon we hear of numbers converted.

LIVERPOOL, Stanhope-street, Toxteth-park, March 29—Four, by Mr. R. Evans. One of the above had been thirty-four years a member with the Wesleyans.

LONDON, East-street, Walworth, March 28—Six by Mr. W. Alderson. One of the candidates the pastor's eldest son, and another his niece.

Metropolitan Tabernacle, March 26—Thirteen; April 2, Eleven; April 16, Eighteen, by Mr. Spurgeon.

New Park-street, Southwark, April 1—Six by Mr. J. Collins.

Grafton-street, Chapel, Fitzroy-square, Dec. 22—Nine; March 26, Seven, by Mr. C. Marshall, at Shouldham-street chapel, kindly lent by Rev. W. A. Blake.

Hackney-road, Providence Chapel, March 29—Five, by Mr. Russell. Eight were received in fellowship at the Lord's table on April 5.

MARLES, Pembrokehire, April 12—Three, by Mr. J. Walker, the pastor.

MORIAH, Radnorshire, March 15—One, by Mr. T. T. Phillips. The Lord's work is progressing here; we live in love and peace.

NEWPORT, Mon., Stow-hill, April 10, after a sermon by the Rev. E. Thomas, Seventeen, by Mr. Williams.

PADIHAM, Lancashire, March 29—Four, by Mr. R. Brown. The Lord is greatly blessing our pastor's labour among us. We pray that other churches may share the same privilege.

PETERHEAD, Aberdeenshire, April 12—Four, by Mr. M'Gowan, of New Pitts, Sligo.

PINCLAWDD, Glamorganshire, March 8, after a sermon by Mr. Stock, Two, by Mr. Williams; April 5, after a sermon by Mr. Evans, Two, by Mr. Williams.

PORTADOWN, April 5—Three, by Rev. H. H. Bourne.

PRESTON, Pole-street, March 29—Fourteen, by Mr. R. Webb.

SALISBURY, April 8—Eight, by the pastor, Mr. Bailhache. Five of these were from the Sabbath-school. Mr. Morris, of Whitchurch, preached on the occasion.

SEMLEY, Wilts, April 5—Seven, by our pastor, Mr. King.

SHEEPSHEAD, Leicestershire, March 22—Two, by Mr. Lacey, of Loughborough.

SHOTLEY BRIDGE, March 29—Three; 31, Two, by Mr. Whitehead.

THAXTED, Essex, Park-street Chapel, April 2—Nine, by Mr. J. O. Fellowes.

TRETTFORD, Norfolk, Feb. 22—Two, by Mr. G. W. Oldring.

THURLEIGH, Beds., April 12—One, by Mr. W. K. Dexter.



## THE CHURCH THE WORLD'S HOPE.\*

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"Lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."—Acts xxvii. 24.

OUR Apostle Paul had given some very good advice to the mariners of this ship. They had thought fit to reject it. What then? Now some of us are of such short temper that if our good advice should be rejected we should be in a huff, and never offer any more, and we should feel some sort of pleasure in seeing those persons get into mischief who were so foolish as not to take our sage counsel. Not so the Apostle Paul. After he had prudently abstained for some time from saying anything—for there is a time to be silent—he at length gave proof of his unabated affection to them by the good advice which he offered. Let us take a lesson from him, and let us forgive our brethren even to seventy times seven; and if, after having done our very best, we still find our advice rejected, let us persevere in our work of love. One other remark. Note the comfort that was given to our apostle. He had been long out at sea, and with the rest had suffered much. The comfort given him was, "Fear not, Paul, for thou must stand before Cæsar." No very great comfort, you will say. It seems no more comfort than if the angel had said, "You can't be drowned, for you are to be devoured by a lion." Some such comfort Bishop Ridley took to himself when, being rowed up the river to the burning, a little storm coming on, and the waterman being much afraid, he said, "Fear not, boatman, the bishop that is doomed to be burned cannot be drowned." Yet there is real comfort in the words of the angel, for it was the apostle's intense desire to preach Christ before Nero. He wished to proclaim the Gospel at Rome; he had had great trouble of heart for those that had not seen his face in the flesh; and therefore, whether Nero be a lion or not, he was but too glad to beard him for Christ's sake. And when a man has no self remaining, but has given himself up as a living sacrifice for Christ, that which would be a terror to another man becomes a comfort to him. "I am now ready to be offered up," said the apostle; and it was given to him even as a comfort that he must be offered up by some bloody death, and not escape by the milder method of a passage to heaven by sea. Now our apostle found a comfort in the fact that those with him would be preserved. It had been the subject of his prayer, so that he was cheered not only with the prospect of himself prophesying at Rome, but with the hope of seeing all his comrades safe on shore.

But I have two or three things to talk of to-night; let me go to them at once.

I. The first practical observation founded upon my text is this—a goodly man may often be thrown into an ill position for the good of others. Paul was put into a ship—into a ship among thieves and criminals—into a ship among sailors and soldiers, who were none of the best in those days, but he was put there for their good. Now, I lay it down as a general theory that there are multitudes of Christians who are in places very uncomfortable, and, perhaps, very unsuitable for them, but who are put there for the good of others.

If they were not so placed they would not be like their Lord. Why was Christ on earth at all but for the good of sinners? Why does he sit there at a publican's table? Why eats he bread with a harlot? Why does he permit an unclean woman to come and wash his feet? As for himself 'tis pain to him—pain to his holy nature, to come into contact with evil. But our Lord was the Physician, and where should a physician be but among the sick? Now, as you and I are to be made like our Lord we must not marvel if sometimes we are thrown, as he was, into company which we would not choose for its own sake, but into which Providence puts us that we may do good.

Moreover, is not this just the reason why the saints of God are on earth at all?

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Why does he not send an express chariot to take them at once to heaven? There is no necessity for saints being on earth that I know of, except for the good of their fellow-men. Sanctification might be completed in a moment: as for all the rest it is done. He hath made us "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." Why stay we here, then, at all, but that we may be salt in the midst of putrefaction—light in the midst of darkness—life in the midst of death? The Church is the world's hope. As Christ is the hope of the Church, so the Church is the hope of the world. The saints become, under Christ, the world's saviours. Then we must not marvel, being here for this very purpose, if Christ did throw us like a handful of salt just where the putrefaction is the worst; or if he should cast us, as he hath often done with his saints aforetime, where our influence is most needed.

And will you please to recollect, dear friends, that there have been special cases in Scripture where the putting a person into an unpleasant condition has been a great boon to his fellow-men? There is Joseph in the dungeon. What is he there for? Why, with his haggard look and shaggy beard, is he sitting down in the round dungeon tower of the chief of the slaughter-men? He is put there that he may relieve the baker and the butler of their distress, and, yet more fully, that he may provide food for his ungrateful brethren who had sold him for a slave. The salvation of Israel's offspring depends upon Joseph being put in prison. Look at a more majestic case. There, upon the ruins of a once glorious temple, sits a grand old man, weeping as though he had been a masculine Niobe; tears flow down both his cheeks, and these are the words he cries:—"O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!" It is old Jeremy. Why is he there? why is he not in Babylon? why is he not in some place where he could be comfortably cared for? Israel wants him. The women that flock around him like stricken deer need his comfort, and the sinners in Zion, that hide their faces from his weeping eyes, need him to pour out those burning syllables which make their consciences start, seared though they be. If you should say that these are two instances which are above your level, let me ask you why was that little maid taken prisoner by the Syrians and carried away from her country? Not a pleasant thing, for a child to be torn away from her family and to become a slave, even though it be in the house of good Naaman. Why is she there? Naaman the leper must be healed; the Syrian king must know that the Lord of Israel can work wonders; and, therefore, that little maid must be carried away, and she must be where otherwise she would not wish to be placed.

I need not give any more proofs that such has been often the case. Instead of that, let me give instances. There is a young man here—he is hardly a man yet—whose father in binding him apprentice made a mistake. Parents should be very careful whom they choose to be the instructors of their sons. They should not wantonly put a youth, who has been trained under pious influences, under subjection to an ungodly man, however business-like he may be. Well, evidently your parent made a mistake, and you are now in a family where religion is lightly spoken of. You get out on the Sabbath; you don't get out at other times; and if you mention religion you are met either with a sneer or, perhaps, with something worse. Well, young believer, this is a hard trial for you. We do not generally send our lads to battle, but our Master knows how sometimes to do the greatest feats by the feeblest instrumentality. What if God should intend to bless your master's family through you? What if he has ordained to send you to that house on purpose, that in the garb of an apprentice there may be a missionary of the cross? It may be so. Opportunities will occur to you; there will be fitting occasions for your use of them; and you will see God's wisdom even in your father's mistake. Another of you happens to be one of a family, not by mistake, but by the common course of providence. Electing love has lit on you and has left an ungodly parent behind, and brothers

and sisters run the downward road. Don't be too sad over this. I don't know whether this may not be a cause for joy to you. God has this day lit a lamp in your father's house. It may never go out. Inasmuch as you are converted, salvation has come to your house. O! watch for your brother's soul; pray for your sister's conversion; take your parents in the arms of faith before God; and who can tell but that it shall prove to be the best thing in your life that you were thus placed in a family where Christ was not feared? Or you are a workman—I know a great many instances—and perhaps you have come up from the country for the sake of better work. It may be that in the country you worked in some little shop where there was a godly man with you, and now you have come into one of our large shops in London, and got some work. There is a deal of swearing on both sides of you, and if you are known to go to a house of prayer the other men mark you out and call you some odd name or other. I know you say, "I wish I could get into another place; I will throw up my work: I must—I will throw up my work, and I will go somewhere else." Don't—don't do so. It is very likely God has sent you there—just as he sent Paul into the ship. Instead of leaving, gird up your loins like a man, and cry to God that he would give you all them that sail with you, that they may yet be saved. Your advent into that workshop may be as if an angel had come straight from heaven and gone down to the vilest place to make it ring with the songs of joy. Possibly, dear friends, to multiply instances—some of you may happen to live in a very low locality. In such a crowded place as London, and especially now that the railways make the houses of artisans so scarce, you may have to live where you do not like to live. On both sides of you, you know, the houses are not what you would wish them to be; and down in the court on Sunday what a scene there is! You went home this morning, and you saw people in their shirt-sleeves lolling about, and waiting at the corner till the public-house was opened, that they might go in and drink. And you will go home to-night and see what you do not like to see. Now, I do not know that you should be in a hurry to get out of that place. It is just possible that you are put there for some end or design. Who can tell the benefit your good example may be? And if you are bold enough to speak a word for Christ there may be a neighbour in that court, or in that alley, who, though he never did go up to the house of God before, will go with you. It may have been written in the book of God's predestination that you must needs pass through that Samaria that you might find that fallen woman, and that she might be brought to Christ—who knows? And there are some of you going to emigrate. Some dear friends who have been among us for years find it best to cross the seas. I would not weep, my brethren—I would not sorrow at your departure, for who knows, unpleasant though it be to rend oneself from one's connections, and to leave one's native land, you may go forth to carry seed that shall be wafted over a continent, and bring forth fruits in years to come? Put a Christian where you may, however unpleasant to himself, he cannot be out of place. If Providence thrusts him there it is well. Ay, and if what some of you dread so much should ever come to pass—if in your old age the workhouse should be the only place that is to receive you—ah! it is not pleasant to look forward to it; but I can conceive a Christian pauper doing more good for God in the house of poverty than many a peer has been able to do in Parliament. I can conceive you shedding a light and lustre along those walls which shall rebuke the harshness of those who are masters, and kindle light, and love, and hope in some bosoms that had grown strangers to all those heavenly things. Good Master! if thou cast us into the ship we will ask thee to give us all that sail with us, and if thou put us anywhere we will look about us to see what we can do that we may honour thee!

I must not leave this point, even though time should fly, until I have just made one or two remarks rapidly.

Do not get into these places of your own choice. "Put your finger in the fire,"

said one to a martyr once, "and see whether you can burn." "No," said he, "I don't see the use of that. If I put my own finger into the fire I have no promise from God; but if he calls me to burn for his sake I have no doubt he will give me strength to do it." You have no business to go and pick bad places to live in; you have no right to expose yourself to danger. That is a foolish thing; but if God shall do it take the next remark—do not be in a hurry to undo it. You may leap out of the frying-pan into the fire. You may go from bad to worse. It is just possible that if the present place has one temptation the next may have another set. For my part I do not like changing temptations. I know my old temptations—not as well as I would like to know them, but still if the Devil could change the whole set of my temptations I do not know what would become of me. Better keep the old ones, I think. You have been tried in one point, you have got used to it, and are growing stronger in that point. No need to run after a fresh ordeal, but if God has placed you there be like Paul—be very prudent. Do not talk very much. There is wisdom in holding your tongue. Paul gave his advice, but he abstained a long time before he gave it again. He timed himself; and there is nothing like watching opportunities. You young people especially, if you live in families, and want to do them good, take care that you are willing to do good in temporal things. Lend a hand when they want your help. Paul and Luke helped to throw the tackling into the sea, so the chapter tells us—ay, and the sailors liked them all the better for it. They said, "There is Luke, a passenger, and here is Paul, a prisoner; they are neither of them bound to work, but they have buckled to and helped us: we will listen to them, for they are very handy fellows." Young man, just try and make the best use of yourself. If you are placed in a family that is irreligious make them value you; just show them that you will do anything you can to serve them. They will not believe the reality of your spiritual affection unless you show a temporal affection too. And when the time comes do not hesitate to speak, but let your speaking mainly be your actions. The best sermon Paul preached was when he took bread and gave thanks. He did not do that for show. It was just in the daily course of his habitual godliness that the man of God came forth boldly before their eyes. Do not conceal your godliness from those around you. Though at first they may laugh at you and despise you, who can tell but that like Paul you may gain influence till they will do anything you tell them, and like Paul, by means of that influence you may save all that are in the house, and so the text may come true of you, "I have given thee all them that sail with thee"?

II. A second lesson suggested to us is this. Wherever we are cast we should anxiously ask of God all the souls that sail with us.

God says he gave the souls to Paul; therefore I conclude Paul had asked him. How many were they? Some two hundred and seventy; and yet he gave them all. Father, some seven or eight make up your family; or if it be of larger dimensions, at least you have not in all your kinsfolk, I should think, so many as the two hundred and seventy. Do not, therefore, in your prayers leave out one child, nor one connection, nor one friend. Pray to God for them all. Now, they will be of all sorts. Let me describe those that sailed with Paul. There was one good one: that was Luke. Well, Luke was saved. You have got one pious son—you have one converted daughter. Continue in your prayer till you see that child safely landed with you in heaven. Perhaps you have one courteous passenger with you in the ship, like Julius the centurion, of whom we read in the third verse of the chapter; that he entreated Paul courteously. Be very earnest in prayer, for those who are willing to hear the Word. O, how good it is if we have in our families brothers and sisters, or servants, or master, who treat the Word of God with deference and respect. Let not these be omitted in our supplication. Anxiously pray for them. Perhaps you have among your connections some knowing ones. Paul had. There was the master of the ship; he knew better than Paul, or at least he

preferred his own conceit to Paul's counsel. Do not give up the self-conceited; the suspicious, the cavilling, the sceptical. Pray for them till you have all in the ship. Possibly—nay, certainly—you have some worldly friends. You have a son, perhaps, that is exceedingly careful about this world, but careless of the next. Do not give him up. There was the owner of the ship on board. All he cared about was getting his corn to Rome in time to catch the next market. He did not care what became of the sailors, or what became of Paul. So pray for worldly relatives; do not be satisfied to leave any of them out. And then it may be you have on board, in connection with you, some that are very careless, and some who add to this carelessness even cruelty and a want of gratitude. Such were the soldiers. They counselled to kill Paul—Paul who had preserved them; but nevertheless Paul prayed for the soldiers. Do not, I pray you, leave out the most unkind, the most flinty-hearted, the most ungenerous, of your friends and neighbours. Or it may be you have a cunning and selfish friend. Do not forget him. Such were the sailors. Under pretence of casting anchors out of the foreship they were attempting to get into a boat, and escape, and so leave the ship, and its hundreds of passengers, to perish in the storm. He prayed for the sailors. Do you the same. Now, there were many of them that could not swim, but still he prayed that those who could not swim might be saved; and there were some that could swim, but he prayed for them quite as much as for those who could not. So you have some that are converted and some that are not; you have some that are moral and some that are not; but yet plead for all, and let not the Lord curtail his Word till he has given you all them that sail with you.

Now, I want you to notice—specially you that are parents—something that the apostle did *not* pray for. I do not read that he ever prayed, “Lord, save the ship.” No. Now, the ship is like your family name—like your family dignity. Do not be praying about that. “Lord, give me my children's souls, and let my name be blotted out, if thou wilt, so long as their souls are saved.” And I do not find that the apostle even prayed about the cargo. He let them fling the wheat out, and never cared for that. So you need not pray about your wealth. Put that into God's hand, and say, “Lord, do as thou wilt with my sons and daughters—save their souls. I don't ask fortunes for them; I ask grace. I would, if it were thy will, that they might have food convenient always, and never need bread; but still, Lord, I would rather see their souls saved and see them in poverty, than see them rich and be lost.” Moreover, I do not find that Paul made any condition about it. He did not tell the Lord *when* he wanted these people saved; so you are not to expect that God will save your children just when you please. You may never live to see it; it may be when you are dead and gone; but still, do be earnest that God will give you all of them. And Paul did not make a stipulation as to *how* it should be done. I recollect my mother saying, “I prayed that you might be saved, but I never prayed that you might be a Baptist;” but, nevertheless, I became a Baptist, for, as I reminded her, the Lord was able to do for her “exceeding abundantly above what she could ask or think,” and he did it. She expected, of course, that the child would be an Independent. Well, as long as your children are saved you need not put in any conditions as to the mode. Sooner see your son and daughter go to the Established Church saved, than see them go to your own place of worship and be lost. We like to see them go with us to our place of worship. I think it is right they should; and it is a great joy to a Christian's heart to see all his children walking with him to the same sanctuary; but O! that is a mere trifle compared with the solemn matter of seeing them saved. And, once more, though Paul did get them all saved, yet he did not ask God to save them without means; nor did it please God to do so either, for though the means were contemptible, yet they were means—“Some on boards, and some on broken pieces; and so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land.” O, we must try to put the “boards and broken



pieces of the ship" in the way of those we wish to be saved. We must try to give them a plank to swim to shore on in our earnest instructions, and our indefatigable exertions to bring them to know the Lord.

Now, dear friends, having pointed the arrow, I will try to shoot it. Surely you, who love the Lord yourselves, will take up this matter from this time forth, and ask the Lord to give you all them that sail with you.

III. As we should ask for all, so we should labour for the conversion of all that sail with us.

There were two Athenians who were to be employed by the republic in some great work. The first one had great gifts of speech; he stood up before the Athenian populace, and addressed them, describing the style in which the work should be done, and depicting his own qualifications and the congratulations with which they would receive him when they saw how beautifully he had finished all their designs. The next workman had no powers of speech, so, standing up before the Athenian assembly, he said, "I cannot speak, but all that So-and-so has said I will do." They chose him—wisely chose him—believing that he would be a man of deeds, while the other might probably be a man of words. Now, if you are men of deeds you will be the best men. He that only prays for a thing, but does not work for it, is like the workman that could talk well. He that can work as well as pray is the best workman to be employed in the Master's service.

It may be you will say, "But what am I to do? How can I be the means of saving all them that sail with me?" Well, the first thing you can do is to begin early with good advice. Paul gave his advice before they set sail. As soon as ever your children can understand anything let them know about Christ. Begin early. A certain minister called some time ago to see a mother, having heard that a child about twelve years old was dead. The mother was in very deep distress, and the pastor was not at all surprised at that. He talked to her about the Lord's giving, and the Lord's taking away, when she suddenly stopped him, and said, "Yes, sir, I know the consolations which may be offered to a mother who has lost her child, and I appreciate them all; but I have a sting that you cannot remove. There is a venom in my grief that you cannot cure." He asked her what that was. Said she, "I have had it on my conscience to speak to my boy solemnly and privately about his soul for this last year past, but my deceitful heart has always said, 'Do it to-morrow;' and I thought"—(here she burst into tears,—the pastor had to wait awhile till she could resume the story)—"I thought that, as his mind was opening, and he was twelve years of age, I would now do it. Yesterday morning I meant to do it—the very morning he took ill I thought I would do it, and when I heard him say that he had a head-ache I was glad of it, thinking that while I was soothing him he would be more ready to hear a mother's words; but, O! sir, before I had an opportunity of speaking to him he was much worse, and I had to take him to bed; and when he was in bed he fell asleep. I sent for the physician, but my child had soon fallen into unconsciousness, and he was shortly after removed from me; he has gone before God, and I never solemnly and privately talked to him about his soul. That is a grief you cannot remove. O, mothers and fathers, never have that sting! Your children may die: begin with them now, that they may not die before you have had an opportunity of telling them the way of salvation. But after having given this early advice you must not think the work is done. Your boy may forget it. He may turn out a wild youth, and run quite away from you; but do continue in prayer. And let me say to you, do continue in family prayer. I do think, if we should look into those cases where the sons and daughters of Christian people turn out badly, it would be found to be usually the parents' own fault. I think you would find they neglect to pray with their children. O! dear friends, there can be no ordinance more likely to be blessed than that heavenly institution of family prayer, when you can gather together, and, in the presence of the child, pray for his soul,

and mother and father can unite hearts together in the desire that their offspring may live before God. Paul continued to pray. Take you Paul's example, and you may hope to see God give you all them that sail with you.

And then remember, dear friends, if you would have your children saved there is something you must not do. If Paul had prayed for these people, and then had gone down below into the hold with an auger, and had begun boring holes in the ship, you would have said, "O, it is no use that scoundrel praying, for see, he is scuttling the ship; he is praying to God to save them, and then going straight and doing the mischief." You parents that are inconsistent—you mothers that don't keep your promises—you fathers that talk as you ought not to talk—especially careless, prayerless parents, I do not ask you to pray for your children. Pray for yourselves first. It were an awful mockery for you to talk about seeing your children go to heaven. You are dragging them to hell—you are dragging them to hell now. You may think that your son will not swear. Why not swear, if the father does? Do you think the young cubs will not roar if the old lion sets the example? Of course they will. You will see your children multiplied images of your own iniquity. Let our conduct be consistent; let our every-day life be pure and holy: so shall we hope to see our children and our connections saved. And I do think, dear friends, as the Apostle Paul was very anxious to point them the way by which they might be saved, telling them that the sailors must abide in the ship, and they must do this and that, so we should be very careful to explain to our children, neighbours, and connections the way of salvation; and I think we ought to do this, as much as possible, in private ways. I will tell you an anecdote:—A good bishop of the Methodist Church, Bishop Arsbury, in travelling on horseback through South Carolina, about a hundred years ago, saw a negro sitting quite close by the edge of a forest fishing with a line. This negro was an old man, called Punch, well known for his dissolute conduct and his filthy speech. The bishop, as soon as he saw him, proceeded deliberately to dismount, tied his horse up to a tree, and went to sit down by the bank, letting his feet hang over the edge, like Punch. Finding that the negro was willing to talk, and pleased with his affability, he began to talk to him about his soul's concern. He told him about the ruin of the fall, about the result of sin, about the Redeemer, about faith, and about the sweet invitations of Christ to the sinner to come to him and live. Punch had never heard anything like it; and when the bishop had done he said, "Now, I will sing you a song," for Punch was mightily fond of songs, and he sang with him that hymn beginning:—

" Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,  
 We helpless sinners lay,  
 Without one struggling beam of hope,  
 Or spark of gleaming day.  
 With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace  
 Beheld our helpless grief,  
 He saw—and, O, amazing love!—  
 He ran to our relief.  
 Down from the shining seats above,  
 With joyful haste he fled,  
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
 And dwelt among the dead."

When he had sung through the hymn he went on his horse and resumed his journey as a bishop should do having done his work. The negro went home, and masticated and digested this, and if you had been on the plantation some months after you would have seen the poor old hut where the negro lived crowded full of the poor neglected sons of Africa; and who was preaching? Why, the negro that was fishing by the river's bank had now become a fisher of souls. Months went on; the holy flame had begun to spread; the overseer was alarmed; and he went down to Punch's cabin to put a stop to it. Punch was preaching. He stopped outside to listen to what was said: conviction pierced his heart. He went in; he fell on his knees, and

joined in prayer; and throughout that province the Gospel mightily spread and prevailed. O, what you might do, dear friends, if you would talk like this! You men and women—you do not need to be preachers in order to do good. I don't know—but I can think—why the devil ever invented pulpit gowns and bibe, and all that sort of distinction between clergymen and laymen. I am no clergyman. I know of nothing of the kind. There is no such distinction in the New Testament. We are all Christians if we are converted, and there is no distinction in them. We are either brethren in Christ or else "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel." It is sometimes asked, "Ought laymen to preach?" Nonsense! any man may preach if he has the ability. There are no such things—I do believe in my soul that there is no such thing intended as saying, "There, these people are to preach—these people are to talk of Christ; and all the rest of you are to hold your tongues, and listen." No, no, no! Let every man of you preach; let every woman among you in her own sphere talk and tell of what the Lord has done for her soul! I do believe it is the invention of Satan—I repeat it—to lift up some few above the rest, and say, "Only some of you are to fight the Lord's battles." Up guards, and at them! not your colonels only, but every man in the ranks—not here and there a lieutenant, but every man! "England expects every man"—not the captains merely, but every man—"to do his duty;" and Christ expects every man—not here and there one that is paid for doing it—the minister—but every man—to tell what God has done for his soul. Do you this, and who can tell what good may come of it?

Still—and here I shall conclude—never be satisfied without clenching the whole work with prayer. You see, Paul did not get those that were in the ship by his works, God gave them to him. Everything is of grace. Paul may pray, and Paul may preach, but Paul does not purchase. That is Christ's work. God gives—gives freely; and if you see friends and connections saved it must be the gift of God's grace to you. Just as much as your own salvation was God's gift to you, so the salvation of friends and dependents must be a gift from God to you. What then? Be much in prayer. I wish some of you mothers would meet together sometimes and pray for your children. I think it would be a noble thing for a dozen of you, perhaps, to come together only for prayer, if any of you have got unconverted children. And you fathers sometimes, when you meet, if you have children who have not yielded to Divine grace, couldn't you say, "Come, friend So and So, you and I have got the same burden; let us hear it together"? Just at the back of that boarding there, while this place was in building, there was a prayer breathed one night by two souls, that God would bless this place. There were only two, and nobody knew that that supplication went up to heaven; and I for one have felt strengthened by their prayer ever since. It was but a "chance" meeting, as we say. It was night, and they both looked in at the same time, and met each other. "Ah, friend So and So," said one, "let us go up yonder in a quiet nook and pray, 'God bless the Tabernacle.'" And God has blessed it, and will bless it still. Now, you may all of you do something like that. I was walking down the Old Kent-road one day, and I was met by an excellent clergyman not now in this neighbourhood. He said to me, "Our places are close to one another, but we don't often meet; come in and pray." We entered his house, walked across the hall into the library, and there down went the two ministers. One prayed, and then the other prayed. We then rose, shook hands, and parted. It took us but ten minutes, but it was worth I know not how much to us both. We went to our work refreshed, for we had been with God. When we meet for this purpose God will be with us, and he will give us all that are in the ship if we will but ask him; for it is by prayer, prayer, prayer, that we shall prevail. Let us wrestle and agonize until he gives us our desire.

Ah! there may be some of you that are praying for yourselves, but have not got the answer yet. There was a mother who went to hear George Whitefield preach—that mighty man of God. After the sermon was over

the mother was convinced of sin. In deep anguish of spirit she went home. Her husband was dead, and she had only a little girl, and having no one else to talk to she told the girl about her convictions. The little girl—you will think it strange perhaps—under the recital was made to feel the same. Mother and child wept together under the same sense of sin. Upstairs they went and prayed. They neither of them found peace for some months; but it pleased God at last to give mother and child, who had prayed together, peace at the same time. While the mother was rejoicing, the child, just like a babe in grace, said, "Mother, O, what a joyful thing it is to be pardoned! What a blessed thing it is to be saved! I would like to run and tell our neighbours." "No," said the mother, "that would not be wise, child: they don't care about these things; they would not understand; they would laugh at you; and we must not cast pearls before swine. We will do it by and by." "But, mother," said the child, "I can't leave it: I do feel so happy, mether, I must tell somebody; so I will just run across the street to the shoemaker, and tell him." The shoemaker was at work with his lapstone, and the little one began with saying, "Do you know you are a sinner? I am a sinner, but I am a pardoned sinner. I have been seeking Christ, and I have found him." She then set forth the tale with tears in her eyes till the shoemaker laid down his hammer to listen, and stopped his work awhile. He became converted, and the story was told abroad, and through the conversion of that man the work spread, a meeting was established, and the means of grace were soon set up, and there arose a flourishing church in that town, where not a believer in Christ had been known to live before. Ah! you young converts, you may tell the tale; even you that are under conviction of sin—you may tell it to your children. Do not hesitate to let the light shine, I pray you—any of you; but I do conjure you by the blood and by the wounds of him who was crucified for our sins—by him that lived and died for us, never to cease praying till God gives you all them that sail with you. O! my dear friends, pray for the congregations that come to the Tabernacle. Make this be the burden of your never-ceasing cry—"Give us all them that sail with us!" The Lord add his own blessing for Christ's sake! Amen.

### Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

#### WORK, POWER, AND UNION.\*

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF  
CHELTENHAM.

THE great thing in religion is power, the power of the Holy Ghost. It is that which changes the heart, rules the will, and moulds the character. Without this power the Word is preached in vain, and ordinances yield no profit. We are absolutely dependent upon it, and in order to be useful we are shut up to it. It clothes God's servants with authority, fires them with holy zeal, and renders them burning and shining lights. All believers should pray much for this

power, for it made the apostles what they were, and enabled them to achieve the wonders that they did. Hence we read in reference to their most successful and happy time, "*And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus; and great grace was upon them all,*" Acts iv. 33.

**THEIR WORK.** This was to bear witness to a fact, which they knew, and were commanded to publish; a fact necessary to be made known for the glory of God, the honour of Christ, and the salvation of men. That fact was the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, which proved him *truthful*, for he had said, "I will arise again the third day." It proved him *Divine*, for he claimed equality with the Father; and if he had not been entitled

\* We have great pleasure in stating that the Rev. J. Smith, of Pontesbury, has kindly furnished us with interesting papers by his late revered father; so that, though dead, he will yet speak to our readers as heretofore.—Ed.

to it he would not have been raised by the glory of the Father, as he was. It proved him *victorious*, for if every enemy had not been conquered he could not have burst his bonds, thrown open his prison, and come forth into open day. It proved him *the Saviour*, who can save, who alone can save, by whom all must be saved or perish. On this fact rests the truth of the Gospel, the character of the Saviour, and the salvation of man. How necessary then that it should be well attested, and publicly proclaimed!

**THEIR ENERGY.** "*With great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus.*" They spake with authority and with boldness, and the power of the Spirit accompanied their testimony. This power had been *promised*. Jesus said, "Ye shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you." It had been *prayed* for: for ten successive days they met and pleaded with God for the blessing. It was *obtained*, for on the day of Pentecost they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. They were now *employed*, for being qualified and commissioned, they spake boldly in the name of the Lord Jesus. The power they received was effectual, for it subdued sinners by thousands, it fortified the preachers against all opposition, and it cemented and bound believers together, so that they had but one heart and one soul.

**THEIR CROWN.** "*Great grace was upon them all.*" This made them *holy*, for it conformed them to Jesus. It made them *humble*, and they had low thoughts of themselves. It made them *loving*, and they deeply sympathized both with saints and sinners. It made them *active*, and they were willing to do, or give, anything they could. It *united* and made them one, so that no one said that aught that he possessed was his own. It made them *graceful*, so that the multitude admired, and the magistrates wondered at them. There was a

beauty stamped upon them, a generosity displayed by them, and a happiness experienced within them, which reflected honour on their principles and profession.

Brethren, see *what we ought to do*. We should witness to God's truth, in order to which we must know it, enjoy it, and feel its power. We should witness to Christ's victory, who spoiled principalities and powers, conquered death and the grave, and is now crowned with glory at God's right hand. We should witness to the Gospel's claim. It claims the credit, the confidence, and the obedience of every human soul. It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance — worthy of being believed, received, and obeyed by all. See, also, *what we should seek*. Power, great power. We know the facts of the Gospel, we have an opportunity to publish the Gospel, we continually preach the Gospel, but we want power—the power of the Holy Ghost. Let us then be deeply convinced of our need of it, let us strongly and ardently desire it, and then let us individually, unitedly, and importunately pray for it. We may have it, but, if we would, we must seek it. We may have it, but if we would, we must make up our minds that we will not be put off without it. God has it, God has promised it, God is prepared to give it, but are we prepared to receive it? If so, we shall ask and receive, and then our joy will be full. See *what will unite, elevate, and adorn the churches*—great grace, great grace being on all who believe. Grace in God is his glory; and grace from God will make us glorious, even as God is glorious. Men have tried many things to make the Church united and uniform, but all have failed. Creeds will not do it. A particular form of Church government will not do it. Pains and penalties will not do it. But grace will. If there is great grace there

will be great affection, great humility, and great activity in Christ's cause; and where these are, contentions will cease, divisions will be unknown, and all will be harmony and love. Gracious God, give great grace unto thy people, that they may resemble thee, and reflect thy glory! Gracious Saviour, give great grace to those whom thou hast saved by thy blood, that they may become one—one in heart, one in purpose, one in aim, one spiritually, and one openly and publicly! Gracious Spirit, give great grace to all who have been quickened by thee, that they may live in the Spirit, walk in the Spirit, and be one, as the Father, the Son, and thy blessed self are one!

### THE CHURCH MEMBER DIRECTED.

BY THE REV. T. W. MEDHURST.

"Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church: but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican."—Matt. xviii. 15-17.

To desire intercourse with our fellow-creatures, is inherent to us all. We all, more or less, like society. Communion one with each other is man's universal want. Christianity meets, and fosters, and abundantly supplies this want. The Lord Jesus has ordained that all Christians should be united, and that they should hold fellowship one with each other. They are commanded not to forsake the assembling of themselves together; but to exhort one another (Heb. x. 25). Christians are all alike the special objects of the Father's love, of the Son's redemption, and of the Spirit's quickening. The Spirit of God dwells in each, they all have one aim, they are all travelling to one home, therefore they should love one another from a pure heart fervently, and should seek to associate one with

each other. To the attainment of this end, and for the advancement of pure religion in the world, Jesus has instituted church fellowship. A church of Christ on earth, is an assembly of believers associated together for the purposes of mutual fellowship with each other, and for the spread of the Gospel. All its members are bound together by love, and, in accordance with the law of Christ, seek to be guided in their fellowship by that which is noted in the Scripture of truth. The members of a Scripturally-constituted church are in subjection to Christ, and to each other for his sake. Jesus is their only lawgiver, and beside him they will call no man Master. The laws of Christ, as laid down in the New Testament Scriptures, are their sole guide and directory in all things pertaining to faith and order. They submit to be governed in their assemblies by the Word of God alone.

In the Church of Christ offences sometimes arise. To meet such offences Christ has instituted discipline. Church discipline, according to the Scriptures, must have for its objects—1st. The glory of God—2nd. The welfare of the Church—and 3rd. The good of the offender. Where these objects are not kept in view Church discipline fails in accomplishing its desired effect, and degenerates too often into a party spirit. The spirit in which discipline is exercised should be one of pure love. Love is the only bond of real union in Christ's Church. Love to the Church is what the main-spring is to the watch—its moving power. Let love be absent, and life will soon be extinct. Christian love among Church members should be carefully watched and jealously guarded. Love, pure and unadulterated love, should especially be the ruling principle in all cases of Church discipline. When we are offended there is a danger lest pride prompt us to resist the offence, instead of love urging us to seek the

restoration of our erring brother. Here we need double watchfulness that we be not led by mere feeling, but solely by the will of Christ. The laws of Christ must be our only rule of conduct in the matter. Let prayer and a careful study of the inspired Word guide us in all our movements. Let our principal thought be, how shall I best bring this offending brother back to repentance?

Mark diligently the carefulness of our Lord with regard to this matter, in Matt. xviii. 15-17, "Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between him and thee alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church: but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." How beautiful and simple is all this! O that it were acted upon at all times! what disputes would then be spared the Church of Christ! We will briefly meditate on these plain directions. Holy Spirit, be pleased to guide us, that we may meditate aright and to profit.

*Who is it that has offended us? "Thy brother."* By nature we are all brethren. All mankind, having sprung from the loins of Adam, have one common origin, and in this sense all are brethren. But, *spiritually and specially*, only those are here intended who have like precious faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—all who are born again, not by natural generation, but by spiritual regeneration—all who are born again—all who are by adoption brought into the family of God. These all have God to be their Father, Jesus to be their Elder Brother, and the Holy Spirit to be their abiding Comforter. Such we are bound to reprove. Says the inspired apostle,

"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ," Gal. vi. 1-2. How deeply is it to be deplored, so many Christians lose sight of this "*law of Christ*," and neglect to "*fulfil*" it!" How much unkindness of feeling and bitterness of soul would be spared the members of Christ's Church if "the law of Christ," were fulfilled by them. Hear what another portion of Scripture says, "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins," James v. 19-20. No one member in God's family can by any possibility suffer alone. Therefore, no matter how unthankful the task may be, we must honestly and faithfully reprove the erring one, and thus seek to win him back to the straight path. I say, *win* him back, because love will succeed, though harshness will only drive him farther off. When one who has known the truth is led astray, the faithful should diligently seek his restoration. We may "err from the truth," in like manner, therefore we should consider ourselves, lest we "also be tempted." Let the desolate loneliness of the poor backslider's heart, coupled with the remembrance, he is "thy brother," move thee to pity and prompt action, that you may have the joy of rescuing such an one. Seek to bring back the strayed sheep to the fold, the lost child to the bosom of his family. This is your work, my fellow-Christian; see you neglect it not; you are to seek to reclaim your erring "*brother*."

*Why are we to be thus solicitous for our brethren?* "Considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." "Do unto others

as ye would that they should do unto you." "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Our brother is our neighbour, our near dweller, and if we neglect to warn him, or in anywise suffer sin upon him, we shall surely be involved in his punishment. The Israelites were smitten at Ai, because sin was found in one of their number. Achan "saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels' weight." His heart coveted these things, notwithstanding they were "accursed" of the Lord. He put forth his hand and took them; they were found "hid in the earth in the midst of his tent." And it was for this Israel was smitten from before the face of her enemies. Thus shall it be also with us, unless we separate ourselves from all evil, both in ourselves and also in our brethren. Jesus says, "Take heed to yourselves: if thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. And if he trespass against thee, seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again unto thee, saying, I repent, thou shalt forgive him," Luke xvii. 3, 4. This is hard to the flesh, but the flesh must be crucified. We have need to pray with the apostles, "Lord, increase our faith." The Mosaic dispensation enjoined upon the Israelites the duty of rebuking an erring brother. "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart: thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him," Lev. xix. 17. Eli was involved in the punishment of his sons, because "he restrained them not." "The Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel," because sin rested upon David. The sea wrought tempestuously against the rowers, because Jonah was in the ship. And the Church of Christ shall suffer in like manner, if sin be permitted to pass unrebuked in any of its members. Further, the "trespass" against God is,

also a "trespass against" each individual member of Christ's Church. "If thy brother shall trespass against thee." This is not to be confined to *personal* offences, inasmuch as sin against God is sin against all the members of his family. God's enemies are the enemies of God's children. Transgression of a father's law is transgression against the obedient children in the family. Hence we apply the command to reprove sin in a brother to all sin. Sin against one member of the family is sin against all the members of the family. The honour of one involves the honour of all. We are members of one body.

(To be continued.)

Glasgow.

#### MEMOIR OF THE REV. WILLIAM VARLEY, BIRMINGHAM.

It is mournful to have to record the death of a brother beloved, and a standard-bearer in Israel, but pleasing to have to chronicle the main incidents of his religious career. Every man has a history, but our brother did not leave behind him many written materials which can be woven into a biography. He had a journal, it is true, but he spent his time in working for his Master, and not in writing about himself.

Mr. Varley was born at Farsley, near Leeds, in the year 1826, of respectable parents. He enjoyed the advantages of a pious training under the auspices of the Baptist church in his native village, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Jonas Foster. Mr. Jonathan Marshall, a deacon of the church, took a deep interest in his young friend, and, for several years, directed his secular and theological studies. That gentleman says, "I look back over a period of twenty-five years, and, in my imagination, see William Varley a bright, active, intelligent scholar in a Bible class in our Sunday-school."



Mr. Varley was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth in 1839. When he was thirteen and a-half years old, it was the happiness of Mr. Marshall to direct him to the Lamb of God. At that time he was very anxious about his soul, and frequently conversed with his teachers about the things of the kingdom of God. The reality of his conversion, and the sincerity of his desire to serve and glorify God, none could question.

In February, 1840, Mr. Varley put on Christ by baptism, and joined the church, and, by Divine grace, he ever held fast the profession of his faith without wavering. Doubtless he had his failings in common with other Christians, but his excellencies were so numerous and conspicuous that his defects appeared to be very few.

Mr. Varley was soon influenced by a burning desire to preach Christ crucified, and often expressed a wish to his friend and guide to be employed in missionary work in the Island of Jamaica. In his eighteenth year he began to address small congregations, and was encouraged in a work which was so delightful to him. In 1844 he was authorized by the church to preach whenever a door of usefulness opened to him, and he was seldom disengaged.

In the same year Mr. Varley went to a boarding-school at Sutton-in-Craven, where he assisted in teaching, and was himself instructed in higher branches of knowledge. After the lapse of twelve months the proprietor of the school gave it up, and the pupil teacher passed into a dark cloud of disappointment, which grew darker as symptoms of consumption made their appearance, and especially as that fearful malady had swept his father and several brothers into a premature grave. Happily, however, Divine Providence interposed, and the young preacher's life was spared for extensive usefulness.

The church at Slack-lane, about fifteen miles from Farsley, invited him to supply their pulpit, and ultimately prevailed upon him to take the oversight of them. He soon began to recover under the influence of the bracing air of that locality. There, too, God eminently blessed him to the saving of his hearers, who were on earth his joy, and in heaven will be his crown of rejoicing. A venerable man in that neighbourhood, after hearing of his death, said, with flowing tears, "I am his Timothy—he was my spiritual father." Mr. Varley found it was not good to be alone, and found a help-meet in a daughter of John Craven, Esq., a member of the church at West-lane, Haworth. But although his ministerial course was exceedingly happy and prosperous at Slack-lane, he resigned his charge at the close of the sixth year of his labours, and accepted an invitation to settle at Knaresborough-by-Harrogate, with a view to raise the Baptist interest in that beautiful district. That step, however, was one upon which Mr. Varley could not reflect with much satisfaction, for he did not succeed to the extent of his wishes, some of the people being very fond of high and dry Calvinism. Discouraged by the materials upon which he had to work, he relinquished the post early in 1854.

At that time the church at Colne, in Lancashire, invited Mr. Varley to the pastoral office; but after supplying there several Sabbaths he found the locality was too elevated and bleak to suit his health, and he was, therefore, compelled to decline the unanimous call of the people. During the months of spring and summer he supplied various pulpits.

In the autumn of 1854 Mr. Varley was requested to go to Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay, South Africa, to labour in the twofold capacity of a pastor and a missionary. With that request he readily complied, in the hope that the

climate would be congenial to health and the sphere agreeable to his long-cherished wishes. On the voyage he wrote two or three interesting letters, which were published in the *Primitive Church Magazine*. He left England in October, and reached his destination in December. Temporally, the enterprise was exceedingly unfortunate; but spiritually, it is to be hoped, it was not so; for though Mr. Varley had to cope with considerable difficulties, he was the means of erecting a chapel, and, to some extent, of consolidating the small Baptist interest there. While in the colony he won the esteem of persons beyond his own denomination by his character and labours. A proposal, highly advantageous in respect to worldly matters, was made to him to take charge in another section of the Church of Christ; but his Calvinistic and Baptist principles rendered it impossible for him to entertain it. The following extract from his journal may not be uninteresting or unprofitable:—"Port Elizabeth, Nov. 25, 1856.—In Africa long sermons are disliked, and hence I hereby make the following determination:—1. That I will not, to my own people, preach a sermon longer than thirty minutes. 2. That I will not preach a sermon longer than forty minutes in any other chapel in the colony." In March, 1858, Mr. Varley and his family left Africa, and in May reached this country. In July the church at Golcar, in Yorkshire, gave him a cordial invitation to the pastorate, which he, after due consideration, declined.

The church at Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, having heard of Mr. Varley, invited him to supply a few Sabbaths, and in November unanimously requested him to settle among them. He accepted their invitation in January, 1859, with the prospect of raising the cause, which was then in a very low and feeble condition. On the 31st of December in that

year he made this entry in his journal: "I am this day thirty-four years of age. Thankful that my life has been so far prolonged, I desire and pray to be made eminently holy and abundantly useful. Whether my life be long or short may I sincerely and constantly glorify God. As a father I feel deeply interested in the physical, intellectual, and spiritual welfare of my children. As a husband I wish more and more to love my partner and consult her happiness and comfort. As a Christian I am anxious to grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ. As a minister of the Gospel I am determined to be more earnest and faithful. As a pastor it is my heart's desire that the church under my care may be eminently spiritual and prosperous, and that every sermon I preach may be accompanied by the power of the Holy Spirit." On the 4th of March, 1860, he wrote thus: "I desire to record a special display of God's goodness. As a family we were without a single farthing in our house, and needed a little money. After preaching this morning a widow put one pound into my hand. With tears I owned the good hand of God upon us. May thy goodness, O Lord, produce greater consecration to thee." At Stourbridge Mr. Varley was much beloved, and the removal was a source of mutual pain to minister and people. Pecuniary circumstances, however, rendered that event imperative, and an opening opportunely presented itself in Birmingham. The church in Baggot-street, Aston-road, had recently been left destitute by the death of the Rev. John Burton. To that wide sphere Mr. Varley was earnestly invited, and he removed in the latter part of 1860.

One of the principal objects for which he laboured there was to obtain for the church and congregation a freehold building for Divine service. The place in which they met when he went among them was a hired room, very low and

unhealthy. Eventually he secured a large plot of ground in Yates-street, in the same road, upon which a spacious room was built last year. It is the hope of the church ultimately to erect a good chapel on the land adjoining, which is their property. During the last nine months of his life Mr. Varley applied himself most indefatigably to the raising of the funds to pay for the premises. There is no doubt that excessive labour greatly increased his weakness and accelerated his complaint. He bore up, however, as well as he could, and succeeded so far that only £200 remains to be raised.

In March he was obliged to succumb to his malady and take rest. On the 20th he went to Matlock Bath, hoping to recruit his health by residing two or three months in the establishment of Dr. Cash, and submitting to the treatment of that gentleman. For a day or two the change was advantageous; but he was too far reduced to reap permanent benefit. For nearly two years he had suffered from diabetes, and this, with the cause already mentioned, had brought him down to a mere skeleton. He buoyed himself up, however, with the hope that he would be spared to his family, and soon be able to resume his work. But on the morning of the 25th he was suddenly attacked with a fit of illness, after which he appeared to suffer intensely, but never uttered a word, and died on the following morning without a sigh or a groan. How true it is that man proposeth and God disposeth! At the place where our brother hoped to make a new start in life he was called to surrender it unto him who gave it. Yet God did more for him than he expected.

He trusted to leave Matlock with resuscitated bodily health, but he left it with a fully invigorated and sanctified spirit. He desired to love his Lord with greater constancy and efficiency on earth, but he was removed to the heavenly

state, where the inhabitants never say, "I am sick," but engage for ever in the sublime occupations of that blessed world without one drawback or imperfection.

We regret our brother was not permitted to leave behind a dying testimony, although we have no doubt of his safety. We judge of his present state not by his death, but by his life. The Rev. George Whitefield had a presentiment that he would die silently, as there would not be anything for him to say in a dying hour after all the Lord had said by him in his public ministry.

On Monday, the 30th, the remains of Mr. Varley were buried at Farsley, in the sepulchre of his fathers, the Revs. E. Parker, J. Lee, and W. Goodman taking part in the solemn services. Funeral sermons were preached at Farsley by the Rev. J. Foster (Mr. Varley's pastor); at Birmingham and West Bromwich by the Rev. T. Hanson; at Stourbridge by the Rev. B. Bird; at Slack-lane by the Rev. Job Lee; and at Bilston by the Rev. W. Jackson.

Mr. Varley has left a widow, five small children, an infant church and a large circle of friends to deplore his loss.

As a theologian our brother was a strict Calvinist, holding firmly the doctrines of sovereign grace and human responsibility. Both his eyes were open, so that he could see Divine truth in its various aspects and bearings, and did not shun to declare all the counsel of God.

As a preacher he was clear, interesting, and useful. His favourite themes were the atonement, the Christian graces, Divine Providence, and the glories of heaven. He preached two thousand one hundred and thirty-six sermons. His last sermon was on regeneration, John iii. 3.

As a pastor he was grave and affectionate; faithful and prudent. It was

his earnest aim to preserve the purity and to promote the prosperity of the church. His last act as a pastor was the immersion of a candidate only fourteen days before his death.

As a friend he was transparent and constant. Mr. Marshall his former teacher knew him better than any other man, and he says, "I have had to do with him in the capacity of a friend nearly twenty years. I have tried—proved—trusted him. He was the real genuine, unadulterated article. Inwardly, outwardly, top, bottom, middle, honest. I shall be thankful through time and for ever for his acquaintance."

The compilers of this brief memoir have known the deceased more than

fifteen years, and spent hundreds of happy seasons with him in fraternal intercourse, and therefore write what they do know and testify of what they have seen. None more deeply lament his departure, because none more truly valued his friendship.

Captain and Saviour of the host  
Of Christian chivalry,  
We bless thee for our comrade true,  
Now summoned up to thee.

We bless thee that he followed thee  
So well and faithfully,  
And now through Jesus' merits wears  
The crown of victory.

We bless thee that his humble love  
Hath met with such regard;  
We bless thee for his blessedness,  
And for his rich reward.

T. HANSON, West Bromwich.

W. JACKSON, Bilston.

## Our Denominational Meetings.

ACCORDING to our usual custom, we give condensed accounts of the meetings held during the month of April. Upon the whole, the retrospect of last year was a cheering one. We regret that the attendance was hardly equal to that of former years. We trust it does not arise from any want of sympathy with our institutions.

### THE BAPTIST BUILDING FUND.

The thirty-eighth annual meeting of the Baptist Building Fund was held in the Baptist Library, Moorgate-street, on Wednesday evening, April 22nd. The Rev. W. BROOK presided. There was a very good attendance.

Mr. J. BENHAM, one of the secretaries, read the annual report: the following is a summary:—"The committee report, in reference to the general fund, that they have made three loans of £200 each, eight of £100 each, and three of smaller amount, and numerous applications were still before the committee. To meet these pressing wants the ordinary income of the society does not exceed £1,600 per annum. With regard to the special fund, the committee had been enabled to vote a loan of £500 to the new chapel in Park-road, Peckham, and to promise £200 to Greenwich. The Rev. James Blake has been appointed

travelling agent and collector, and the committee propose that Joseph H. Allen, Esq. (treasurer), Joseph Gurney, Esq., and W. H. Watson, Esq., should be appointed trustees of the society. The capital of the general fund amounts at present to £7,974, that of the special fund to £469. The following cases have been assisted during the past year:—1. Earby, Yorkshire.—A loan of £100 in aid of building a new chapel to accommodate 550 persons at a cost of £1,400, of which £800 had been raised when the loan was made. 2. Beccles, Suffolk.—A loan of £200 in aid of building a new chapel to accommodate upwards of 500 hearers, at a cost of £1,570, erected on land generously given by Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M.P. 3. Swaffham, Norfolk.—A loan of £200 in aid of building a new chapel to accommodate 650 persons (with galleries), at a cost of about £1,500; also the conversion of the

old chapel into school-rooms. 4. Ilfracombe, Devon.—A loan of £100 in aid of building a new chapel (without galleries), to seat £250 persons, at a cost of £1,200. 5. Aston Clinton, Bucks.—A loan of £100 to aid in the enlargement of chapel, &c., on the nomination of Joseph H. Allen, Esq., under Rule III., who contributes £50 to the fund. 6. Llangollen, North Wales.—A loan of £100 to aid in the purchase of a chapel for an English church. 7. Newland, Northampton.—In aid of the extinction of a debt of £550 on a chapel erected in 1860, which cost £1,600, and will seat about 500 persons. 8. Treddyn, North Wales.—A loan of £100 towards building a new chapel in this mining district, where a new church has arisen under very interesting circumstances. 9. Meare, Somersetshire.—A small church doing a "mission work," a loan of £50, which will place the church free of debt, except the repayment of the easy instalments to the fund. 10. Burwell, Cambridgeshire.—A loan of £50 towards an old debt of £100, which the committee have reason to believe will enable the church to get free of the whole debt. 11. Heath and Reach, Bedfordshire.—A loan of £30 in aid of a recent enlargement of the chapel, which cost £100; the loan will leave the small church almost free of debt. 12. Needingworth, Hunts.—A loan of £100 in aid of a newly-erected chapel, costing £800. 13. Clipstone, Northamptonshire.—A loan of £100 in aid of the substantial repair and enlargement of the chapel. 14, 15, 16, 17. Three small grants, viz., £10 to Southminster, in Essex; £10 to Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire; and £15 to Woburn, in Bucks."

Mr. J. H. ALLEN, the treasurer, read the cash account, which showed an income from donations and subscriptions of about £372, and from the repayment of loans of £1,350—total, £1,722 6s. 1d.—and a balance in hand of £45. The

income of the special fund amounted to about £480.

The following ministers addressed the meeting:—Rev. F. Trestrail, Rev. F. Tucker, Rev. W. Robinson, Rev. J. J. Brown, Rev. J. T. Brown, Rev. N. Haycroft, Rev. J. Stock, Messrs. Patterson, Bowser, Heaton, and Watson.

#### BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY.

The 23rd anniversary of this society was celebrated on Thursday evening, April 23rd, at Kingsgate-street Chapel. The Rev. JOSHUA RUSSELL took the chair.

The Rev. W. K. RYECROFT offered prayer.

The Rev. W. W. EVANS read the annual report, from which it appears that the sum of £1,819 11s. 4d. has been realized during one year, making a total since the commencement of the society of £48,578 12s. 3d. £1,300 has been voted in aid of the various versions of the Scriptures, which have been printed at the Baptist Mission Press, Calcutta, and £50 towards a New Testament in the Origa dialect. The works carried through the press during the past year count of several thousands of copies of the Gospels, Psalms, Acts, &c., in Hindustani, Bengallee, and Sanscrit, and several important translations are now in progress. Mr. Cartar, of Ceylon, has prepared and issued a revised edition of the New Testament in the Singhalese, which had occupied more than three years in the translation. It was mentioned as an interesting fact the Scriptures, the vocabulary, and elementary school books used in the West African mission have all been printed on the spot chiefly by native lads trained in the mission.

Interesting addresses were delivered by the Rev. F. Trestrail, the Rev. C. Cartar, of Ceylon; Rev. T. Goadby, and Rev. J. Makepeace, and after a vote of thanks had been passed to the Chairman

the benediction was pronounced and the meeting terminated.

### THE BAPTIST UNION.

On Friday morning, April 24, the annual meeting of the Baptist Union was held in the Mission-house, Moor-gate-street; the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., in the chair. There was a good attendance of ministers and delegates. After a short devotional service,

The CHAIRMAN delivered the annual address on the present aspect of the Baptist denomination in reference to union.

At the close of this address a vote of thanks to Mr. Hinton was moved by E. B. UNDERHILL, Esq., one of the secretaries of the Baptist Missionary Society, and seconded by the Rev. Dr. ANGUS, and a request was added that the manuscript should be placed at the disposal of the committee for publication with the minutes of the assembly. This motion was cordially adopted, and responded to in very feeling terms by the venerable chairman.

The next business was the consideration of the annual report, which was read by the Rev. J. H. MILLARD, M.A., the secretary. The report stated that the clear increase in the number of members of the denomination during the year had been 4,964, or at the rate of about 4½ per church. This increase was 646 in advance of the previous year. The meeting was addressed by Rev. J. Drew, Rev. Dr. Evans, Rev. W. Robinson, Rev. H. Brown, Rev. F. Trestrail, Rev. S. Green, Rev. W. Barker, Rev. W. F. Burchell, Rev. W. H. Bonner, Rev. N. Haycroft, Messrs. Bowser and Heaton.

### SOIREE AT REGENT'S-PARK COLLEGE.

Some hundreds of ladies and gentlemen connected with the Baptist churches assembled at the Regent's-park College, on Saturday, April 25, to witness the

pleasing ceremony of the presentation of their portraits to the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., and the Rev. Dr. Steane, on their retirement from the secretaryship of the Baptist Union; and to receive reports of the progress of the denomination since the beginning of the century. Several hymns having been sung and prayers offered, after tea, Sir Morton Peto, M.P., took the chair, and on presenting the life-size portraits to the two venerable ministers, spoke in the highest possible terms of the value of their services to the cause of religion in this and other lands—remarks which the company loudly applauded. Mr. Hinton and Dr. Steane, with much feeling, thanked the subscribers and accepted the paintings, permitting them, however, to be permanently placed in the library of the Mission-house, Moor-gate-street. An interesting paper was afterwards read by Dr. Angus, president of the college.

### BAPTIST HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society was held on Monday evening, April 27, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Mr. J. C. MARSHMAN presided. The Rev. J. H. Hinton offered prayer.

The Rev. S. J. DAVIS, the secretary, instead of reading the report, stated very briefly its substance. The number of central stations is 66; and of sub-stations 62. The number of additions by baptism during the year is 457; an average of rather more than six to each central church. There are 60 Sunday-schools, 607 teachers, and 4,584 scholars. The schools are uniformly described as in a healthy and encouraging condition. Several of the missionary brethren preached in the open air in the course of the summer to large numbers of hearers; and they express their earnest purpose to engage in the same kind of labour when the appropriate season shall return.

The committee regret to say they are in debt—partly from an over-liberal extension of their operations—partly because they have received no bequests in the course of the year—and partly through the influence of the Lancashire distress. The amount of deficiency—about £200—would have been much more serious, but for the second liberal donation received of a friend who is desirous of making some provision for a station where for some time he was a worshipper. The total income for the year was £1,700.

The Rev. R. P. MACMASTER, of Bristol, moved the first resolution:—"That this meeting regards with fraternal sympathy the honoured brethren who are endeavouring to carry out the benevolent intentions of this society, both in the rural districts and in large towns; and desires to express its gratitude to Almighty God for the measure of success which has attended their labours during the past year." The agents of such a society, as this certainly deserved the sympathy of the churches. They were men for the times, who aimed at nothing less and nothing more than the conversion of their fellow-saints; their aim, salvation—their instrument, truth—and their inspiration, love. They often laboured under most depressing circumstances, especially in the agricultural districts, and needed all the sympathy that could be extended to them, in order to prevent them losing heart altogether.

The Hon. and Rev. BAPTIST W. NOEL set out by paying a tribute of respect to Mr. Spurgeon, remarking that he honoured the man who, beginning with nothing but his own firm will, strong understanding, and high Christian character, could so act upon his fellow-men as in process of time to build such a massive fabric as that in which they were assembled; but who still only regarded that as a means to an end—the training of souls for that building of God not made with hands, eternal in

the heavens. But those Christian labourers whose spheres were contracted, deserved no less honour and respect, who, under more depressing circumstances displayed fidelity and perseverance. (Cheers.) Dwelling upon the intimate and necessary relations subsisting between home and foreign missions he especially insisted upon this—that they must be alike sustained by the personal zeal and godliness of the membership of the churches.

The Rev. S. J. DAVIS, in the absence of the Rev. John Graham, who was detained at home by illness, moved the second resolution:—"That while this meeting is thankful for the Christian agency employed by this kindred institution on behalf of previously unreached portions of the population, and for the measure of success which has attended their operations, it cannot but deplore the ignorance and afflictive estrangement from God which still characterize vast numbers of inhabitants of Great Britain; and would earnestly recommend the churches both to relieve the committee from its financial embarrassment, and supply it with the means of extending its operations for the evangelization of the people."

The Rev. C. STOVEL seconded the resolution. The times, he contended, were such as imperatively demanded the earnest and extended prosecution of home missionary work, and he therefore besought the churches to give a far more ample support to this society, and to make all its devoted agents feel that there were Christian brethren who thought of them, sympathized with them, and were ready to afford all the help that was required.

The resolution was adopted, and a vote of thanks to the chairman, followed by the Doxology, concluded the proceedings.

#### BAPTIST IRISH SOCIETY.

The anniversary of this society was

held on Tuesday evening, April 28th, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mr. Alderman **ABBISS** in the chair. Prayer was offered by Mr. Stock, of Devonport.

The Rev. C. J. **MIDDLEDITCH**, the secretary, stated the substance of the report, and gave an abstract of the cash statement.

The Rev. W. L. **GILES**, of Dublin, rose to move the first resolution, which was to the following effect:—"That the measure of success with which the operations of the Baptist Irish Society has recently been attended, calls for devout gratitude to God, and fully warrants continued efforts to establish and strengthen churches in cities and large towns, in order that they may become self-supporting, and that the society's agency may be employed in the introduction of the Gospel into other parts of the world."

The Rev. J. A. **SPURGEON** (of Southampton) said it was remarked by an old writer that we read in the Bible a great deal about the *acts* of the apostles, but nothing at all about their resolutions. He supposed this must be because the Church in that day carried out so speedily and promptly all the good resolutions of the apostles, that the sacred historian had nothing else to do than to record the fact of their having been executed. Although he held in his hands a very important resolution, he should be quite content to let it sink into oblivion provided the meeting carried it out, and enabled the society to chronicle the fact as one of their acts. The resolution he had to propose was—"That the numerous and favourable opportunities for enlarging the society's operations in Ireland call for an increase of its agents, and that the approaching jubilee of its institution furnishes an appropriate occasion for earnest appeal to British Christians to enable the committee to enter on such additional fields of missionary labour."

The meeting was also addressed by Rev. N. Haycroft and William Heaton, Esq.

#### THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Society for Foreign Missions held its seventy-first anniversary at Exeter-hall on Thursday, the 30th. The platform was, as usual, crowded with ministers and leading laymen, both of London and of the provinces. Mr. **JOSEPH TRITTON**, the banker, occupied the chair, and made an earnest speech. The report, read by the Rev. F. **Trestrail**, showed that the mission had been prosecuted during the year with zeal and success. It stated that in all the various mission fields there are indications of Divine blessing; that their work is not in vain in the Lord. For several years past the committee have had the pleasure to report a steady increase in the society's income, whereby they have been enabled to meet an expenditure which, by the occupancy of new fields of missionary labour, has been constantly enlarging. This increase of income has arisen, not only from the liberal gifts of individuals, but also from the augmented contributions of the churches; and this has permitted the treasurer to keep a considerable balance in his hands, to commence the operations of succeeding years. It is, therefore, with feelings of deep concern and regret that they inform their constituents of a serious falling off in the total receipts for the current year, and that there is now a balance due to the treasurer of £548. The entire income of the society for the present year, from all sources, is £27,189 3s.; the expenditure £32,073 8s., being a difference of £4,884 5s. But as there was a balance in the treasurer's hands, March 31, 1862, of £3,707 14s. 7d., this difference between the income and the expenditure is reduced to £1,176 10s. 5d. As, however, the balance of



1862 is absorbed, and there is this debt besides, the committee deem it right to enter into some explanations which are alike due to themselves and to their constituents, so that the real facts of the case may be known; and the anxiety which will naturally arise may be prevented from running into an excess of apprehension. There were several receipts in 1862 which were exceptional; as, for instance, the compensation from the Spanish Government, the Indian Famine Fund, the treasurer's contribution to half the expenses of the deputation to Jamaica, amounting together to nearly £2,400. If to these be added the late Mr. Robinson's donation of £3,000, and the difference between the receipts in the two years, on account of the China fund, legacies, translations, and Indian stations, amounting to over £4,500, the decrease in the present year, with every other allowance that can be made on these variable items, is at once accounted for. The actual decrease in the general purpose account is £889 10s. 8d. While, in common with the friends of the society, the committee lament any diminution whatever of the funds placed in their hands, they cannot regard the present deficiency with serious apprehension, as indicating a decline of the missionary spirit in the churches, or a want of confidence in the general management of the society's affairs. Indeed, they lay the accounts of the society before its friends with something like a feeling of relief; and they hope the explanatory statements which have been made will lead them also to rejoice that the result, considering the peculiar circumstances of the country just now, is no worse. Speeches were made by Sir Morton Peto, and by the Rev. J. S. Sale, of Calcutta; R. W. Dale, J. H. Millard, and J. Makepeace. At the meeting £520 were subscribed to meet the actual deficiency in the receipts.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—The anniversary of this auxiliary to the Baptist Missionary Society was celebrated on the evening of the same day at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. A numerous company assembled. Charles Reed, Esq., presided, and delivered an animated and encouraging address. Mr. Keen gave a report of the year's proceedings, and the meeting was also addressed by the Revs. A. Hannay, W. Brock, jun., S. Coley, and N. Haycroft.

#### BAPTIST TRACT SOCIETY.

The twenty-second annual meeting of this society was held on Wednesday evening, April 29th, at Kingsgate-street Chapel, Holborn. The Rev. D. WASSSELL, of Bath, presided.

After prayer by the Rev. W. Frith,

The SECRETARY read the report, and the Treasurer explained at some length the state of the finances.

The first resolution was moved by the Rev. N. THOMAS, of Cardiff, who said—I rise with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret; I was gratified with the report, but the treasurer's account is not so satisfactory. This society, on the face of it, bears a denominational, and to some extent, exclusive character, and is, therefore, considered by some to be narrow and bigoted. I admit the first; but deny the latter. We are not at all antagonistic to the Religious Tract Society; but as there are important truths which that society from its peculiar constitution cannot publish, it is a matter of importance that the Baptists should have publications of their own, by which to explain, defend, and disseminate their principles.

The resolution was seconded by the Rev. J. TEALL, of Woolwich. In the course of his address Mr. Teall observed,—I like to be identified with this society because one of my oldest friends, who took the deepest interest in my welfare, was one of the contributors to this society

as a writer—I mean the late Mr. Smith, of Cheltenham. I also like the title of this society. Baptism or immersion is either right or wrong—if right, let us never be ashamed of it. Other societies are indirectly helped by this. Many will not come to hear the Gospel; let us endeavour to place it in their hands and before their eyes.

The second resolution, moved by the Rev. W. K. RYCROFT, of the Bahamas, was as follows:—"That this meeting mourns over the strenuous efforts now being made against the truth of God, both within and without the professing church; and would therefore call upon their brethren throughout the world to aid the Baptist

Tract Society in its efforts to maintain the doctrines and ordinances of the Gospel as once delivered to the saints." Mr. Rycroft observed—It is a mournful resolution: we grieve over error in the world, but more especially in the church. Why should we ever apologise for our name, Baptist, since it is Scriptural, hallowed, and most ancient? The spirit of the society is, "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." I have myself received a grant of tracts from the committee, and intend to distribute them in the Bahama Islands and in San Domingo.

The resolution was seconded by the Rev. E. PARKER, Leeds.

## Poetry.

### MAY MEMORIES.

Joy! for the sweet May-flowers once more are wreathing  
 Their beauteous garlands o'er the sun-bright land;  
 Through the calm evening air, their fragrance breathing,  
 O'er upland heath and vale, o'er mead and strand;  
 The sheeny waves dance glittering; and the silent sky  
 Is pure and stainless, as the day-beams sink and die.

Joy! that we greet the pleasant May once more,  
 The time of carolling birds, of leafy green,  
 Of tenderest hues that deck the wild wood o'er,  
 Of golden light beneath the verdurous screen,  
 Of childlike mirth and joy in all its tameless glee,  
 Lifting the music of its voice among the hills so free!

Joy on the shore, where the broad waters flashing  
 Fling up their gem-like spray in dazzling light,  
 Where, over fretted rock, the billows dashing,  
 Sing their loud anthems all the day and night;  
 And joy on breezy plains, on mountain peak and brow,  
 And in the cool, lone valleys where pure lilies blow!

And joy within the crowded city's walls,  
 Within her temple-gates, beneath her domes;  
 Joy in her palaces and lordly halls,  
 And joy as full and sweet in meaner homes;  
 Yet not the joy new-born of May's fair clustering flowers,  
 Of sunlit waves, or song, or glee, in beauty's bowers.

Far deeper is their joy who gather now,  
 Greeting the Master's heralds as they stand,  
 With kindling eye and earnest thoughtful brow,  
 Bearing the trophies of a distant land;  
 The banners of the Cross, unfurled for evermore,  
 Till Jesus' name is sweetly sung from shore to shore!

O! listen; for they tell of conquests won  
 In savage wilds, in islets of the sea;  
 New kingdoms bow to God's Eternal Son,  
 And hymn his praise, and own his Majesty.  
 The tide of time flows on—the swift years roll away,  
 And lo! where darkness brooded deep out shines celestial day!

Amid the whispering of the palm-trees' shade,  
 Where snow-crowned mountains pierce the orient skies,  
 Where the red gold gleams forth in southern glade,  
 Where the wild hunter 'neath the cedar lies;  
 Where'er man's footsteps tread, where'er his voice is heard,  
 The soldiers of the Cross proclaim their Master's Word.

Swift fly the glorious tidings, and the hills  
 Wake up exultant to the heavenly strain;  
 Mercy and truth, in ever-flowing rills,  
 Make glad the desert wastes, the arid plains;  
 The barren wilderness doth blossom as the rose,  
 The Day-star rises o'er the land—the radiance grows!

Make haste, O Lord! Let thy name, only thine,  
 Be feared and honoured all the wide world o'er;  
 And bid the heathen worship at thy shrine,  
 Let Jesus reign from furthest shore to shore;  
 Bless thy true servants' toil. To thee alone be given  
 Eternal praise and glory, King of earth and heaven!

E. J. W.

## THE LIVING, REIGNING SAVIOUR.

Written after reading *Meditations on the Office Characters of Christ* in "The Gospel Standard," 1862.

## PART II.

Christ lives and reigns upon a throne of grace,  
 To hear and answer prayer,  
 To help and sympathize in every case  
 His saints to him may bear.

He reigns—his people's Head of life and health;  
 God doth their needs supply  
 From out his fulness—glorious mine of wealth,  
 And fountain never dry.

All Jesus' gracious acts no pen can tell—  
 Crowds wait on him each day;  
 He heals their wounds; he deigns their fears to quell,  
 And smiles their tears away.

O Lord, we want the sweet assurance given,  
 That Christ, exalted thus  
 As Prophet, Priest, and King in yonder heaven,  
 Lives, reigns, and pleads for us.

Cause us to feel that Jesus for our sakes  
 His priestly office bears;  
 That he with his "much incense" fragrant makes  
 Even our feeblest prayers.

May Christ as Prophet unto us be dear,  
 And may we take our place  
 Low at his feet, to learn of him and hear  
 His words of truth and grace.

O be it ours in faith to say—"We know  
 For us the Saviour lives,  
 For as vine juices to the branches flow,  
 His life to us he gives."

And may we be assured that Jesus reigns  
 By feeling that within—  
 He by his Spirit rules, and puts in chains  
 Each inbred lust and sin.

If Jesus be our Saviour and our King,  
 This thought may be enjoyed—  
 Satan is fettered, death has lost its sting—  
 Both virtually destroyed.

If we are Christ's, we'll bid with dying breath  
 Farewell to sin and pain,  
 And our glad souls, redeemed from endless death,  
 With him shall ever reign.  
*Wellingtonborough.* THEODOREA.

THEY ARE GONE OVER THE PASSAGE.  
(Isaiah x. 29.)

"They are gone over!" See, the gates of gold  
 Are flung wide open to the welcome guest;  
 There is the happiness no pen has told,  
 Who the wide streets of Paradise have prest;  
 They are all blessed, they have no more sin,  
 They are with Jesus, no dim veil between.

The passage lies between us. On this side  
 Are sin and sorrow, darkness and the grave;  
 On that the ransomed by life's river glide  
 And rest in rapture by its silvery wave.

That world and this—the difference how great!  
And by how slight a passage separate!

Who are gone over? Those who loved and served  
The greatly good, the noble, and the true  
Who from the Master's footstool have not swerved,  
Who kept, 'mid din and discord, heaven in view.  
The earth is poor without them, but we know  
They have enriched the home toward which we go.

They are gone over. We are on the shore:  
Their loving fingers beckon us away,  
Shall we not soon be with them evermore,  
Amid the brightness of the unfading day?  
Fear not the passage those we love have trod,  
The darkened river beareth us to God.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

#### ACROSTIC.

J esus, Judge of all the earth,  
E verlasting Priest and King,  
S earcher of all hearts on earth,  
U nto thee our praise we bring—  
S way thy sceptre, glorious King.

C hrist is coming from the sky,  
H eavens, divide, and let him come,  
R oll away, ye clouds on high,  
I nto smoke shall ye consume—  
S un, and moon, and stars bedim,  
T he saints and angels sing, "AMEN."

Glasgow.

MARIANNE MEDHURST.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

SHAFTESBURY HALL, ALDERSGATE-STREET, CITY.—On April 14 the Rev. A. Searl, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, was publicly recognized as the pastor of the church worshipping at the above place—the services being held in the Welsh chapel, Jowin-crescent, kindly lent for the occasion. The afternoon service was commenced by the Rev. S. Brawn, of Loughton, who read the Scriptures and prayed. The Rev. F. Wills, of Kingsgate-street Chapel, then gave an address on the constitution of a Christian church. The Rev. B. Davies, of Greenwich, offered prayer on behalf of pastor and people; after which the Rev. G. Rogers, tutor of the Metropolitan College, gave the charge to the minister. After tea, a public meeting was held at seven o'clock in the Welsh chapel, the chair being occupied by Wm. Olney, Esq., who called upon the Rev. J. Cubitt to supplicate the Divine blessing. The chairman having briefly addressed the meeting; a report of the past year's success was read, from which it appeared that the little band of sixteen members of the Metropolitan Tabernacle who were formed into a separate church by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon that day twelvemonths had increased to seventy-eight members—nineteen having been received from other churches, and forty-three added by baptism; and still there were many inquirers, and some standing proposed for church fellowship. The congregations were very encouraging. Addresses were given by the Revs. F. Hibberd, of Melbourne; E. G. Gange, of Portsmouth; P. Gast, of Spencer-place Chapel; J. Boyle, of Barbican; J. Hobson, of Salter's Hall Chapel; and A. Searl. The Rev. Wm. Howieson, of Walworth, preached to the church on the following Sunday evening on its duties in relation to the pastor.

### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

ROSS, HEREFORDSHIRE.—On April 27, an interesting service was held in the Baptist Chapel, Wilton-road, to take leave of the retiring pastor, Rev. J. M. Camp. The meeting was numerously attended, and very animated addresses were given by Rev. W. F. Buck, J. M. Camp, and Messrs. Hill, Fenner, and Cropper. At the conclusion of the service a purse of gold and an elegant gold pencil-case were presented to Mr. Camp as a testimony of grateful esteem.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.—On Wednesday evening, March 4th, a social meeting was held in the Baptist school-room, George-street, to commemorate the erection of the new chapel, and at the same time to present to the Rev. J. B. Little, the pastor, a handsome silver inkstand, as an expression of the continued esteem and affection of his friends, and of their grateful appreciation of his unwearied exertions in the erection of their beautiful edifice. The meeting was addressed by several friends, and its proceedings throughout were characterised by the most cordial good feeling.

VERNON CHAPEL, BAGNIGGE WELLS-ROAD.—On Monday evening, May 11, an interesting meeting of the church and congregation was held; and after most fervent prayers had been presented to Almighty God, for his gracious blessing upon the Rev. Standen Pearce (who has resigned the pastorate), and earnest pleading that he would graciously send a suitable minister to build up the church and congregation, Mr. Williams, one of the deacons, presented to Mr. Pearce a purse of money contributed by all the members (even the poorest), as a mark of their affection and esteem.

### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

BEXLEY HEATH, KENT.—The anniversary of the

above chapel will be held (D.V.) on Wednesday, July 1st, 1863, when Rev. J. Bloomfield, of London, will preach two sermons, that in the afternoon at 3 o'clock, in the evening at half-past 6. Trains from London-bridge at 12 meet the omnibus at Abbeywood. Tea provided at 6d. each. Collections after each service.

QUEEN'S-ROAD, BUCKHURST-HILL, ESSEX.—The second anniversary will be commemorated on Tuesday, 2nd June, 1863, when Mr. John Hazelton, of Mount Zion Chapel, Chadwell-street, Clerkenwell, London, will preach (D.V.) in the afternoon, and Mr. Samuel Milner, of Keppel-street Chapel (Russell-square), in the evening. Services: afternoon, quarter before three; evening, quarter past six. Tea will be provided.

CRANFIELD, BEDS.—The eighth anniversary of Mount Zion Baptist chapel will be held (D.V.) on 28th June, 1863, when three sermons will be preached by Dr. T. G. Bell, of Lynnmouth, North Devon. Morning at half-past 10 o'clock; afternoon, 2; and in the evening at 6. Collections will be made after each service on behalf of the Chapel Building Fund. On the following Monday, a public tea at half-past four o'clock; tickets 6d. each. After which Dr. Bell and others will deliver addresses.

EAST-HILL, WANDSWORTH.—On Monday, June 1st, the opening services of the new chapel (Rev. J. W. Genders, pastor), will be continued. A tea-meeting will be held at 5 o'clock in the Assembly-rooms, after which a public meeting will be held, J. Stiff, Esq., in the chair. The meeting will be addressed by the Revs. C. H. Spurgeon, R. E. Forsaith, P. H. Davidson, of Wandsworth; W. Balh, of Wandsworth; I. M. Soule, of Battersea; W. J. Hutton, of Wandsworth; and Joseph Payne, Esq. On Tuesday, June 2nd, two sermons will be preached by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon—in the afternoon at 3 o'clock; evening at 7. Tea will be provided at 5 o'clock in the Assembly-rooms. On Thursday, June 4th, a sermon will be preached by the Rev. W. Brock, of Bloomsbury Chapel. Service commencing at seven o'clock. Tickets for tea, 1s. each. Collections after each service in aid of the building fund.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE articles on the "Customs of the Dissenters," which have been appearing in the *Christian Spectator* during the last six months, and which have drawn so much attention in the Nonconformist world, are to be published in a separate form by Mr. Elliot Stock, of Paternoster-row.

NEWTON ABBOTT.—We are very glad to find that the new Baptist chapel at this place is approaching completion, the opening services being expected to take place in June. Of £1,300, the estimated cost, £250 remain to be raised. One friend has very generously offered £350, on

condition that the remaining sum is raised. If any of our brethren can help the friends here they will be doing good service.

MILE-END.—HEPZIBAH CHAPEL.—This place, which had been closed and the church formerly meeting there dispersed, is now taken for the use of a Particular Baptist church under the ministry of Mr. C. Gordelier, a member of the Baptist church, Bow. It was re-opened on Lord's-day, the 19th April. The Rev. C. J. Middlelitch preached in the morning; and in the evening the Rev. P. Dickerson. The attendance was very encouraging.

UXBRIDGE.—Interesting services were held in connection with the anniversary of the Baptist cause in this town on Tuesday, April 14th: In the afternoon the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B., preached from Psa. xliii. 5; Rev. Francis Tucker, B.A., preached in the evening from Isa. xl. 31. A large number of friends partook of tea in the schoolroom. The following ministers were present:—Revs. J. Mountford; J. Goucher, Harlington; J. Gibson, West Drayton; J. Stephens, and G. Rouse Lowden (pastor).

GILDERSOME, YORKSHIRE.—The friends connected with the Baptist chapel here, suffering from want of a more commodious chapel and school-room, are anxious to erect a larger chapel more commensurate with the wants of the rapidly-increasing population of the village. A meeting was held on Monday, May 4, when plans of a new chapel were presented, which had been adopted by the building committee who had been chosen at the previous meeting; and it was announced that about one-third of the estimated cost had been promised.

THE COTTON FAMINE.—The Rev. Richard Webb, of Preston, writes as follows:—"Will you kindly allow me again this month (through the medium of your welcome MESSENGER) to thank those kind friends who have helped us in our distress?—Miss Keating, Tottenham, £10; Mr. McCall, London, £1; Rev. W. Elliot, Letterkenny, Ireland, 10s. We have still a large number of suffering poor in our church and congregation."

MELBOURNE, CAMBS.—On Tuesday, May 5th, two sermons were preached at Zion Chapel, Melbourne, by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, to large audiences. Collections were made after both services to liquidate the debt remaining on the chapel. During the interval of service a tea-meeting was held, the trays of which were kindly given by members of the church and congregation. About 300 friends sat down to tea. The collections and proceeds from the tea amounted to £31. We confidently believe that the powerful appeals made during the discourses will leave a lasting impression behind.

GROSVENOR-STREET, COMMERCIAL-ROAD, E.—In February, 1861, the church worshipping in the chapel at the above place received the Rev.

**J. Harrison** from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College on probation, the church at the time numbering some twenty or thirty. At the end of the year he accepted the unanimous call of the church, and became their pastor on the first Sabbath in January, 1862. The church now numbers 130, half of whom have been baptized by him. The chapel being so crowded that many are unable to gain admittance, a site of ground eligibly situated on Stepney-green has been chosen for a new chapel. The difficulty of accommodating the public in the meantime has been overcome by hiring the Beaumont Institution, Stepney, for Sunday evening services, the hearers averaging 1,000. A tea and public meeting was held in the above place on Monday, May 11th, in aid of the building fund, when various rev. gentlemen, a deputation from Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and others, addressed the meeting.

## BAPTISMS.

- ASTLEY-BRIDGE**, May 8—Four, by Mr. T. W. Handford, of Rawdon College. Others are inquiring the way.
- AYLSHAM**, Norfolk, April 23—Six; 27, Seven, by Mr. Timothy Harley.
- BERTHLWYD**, Glamorganshire, Welsh Baptist chapel, April 5—Three; May 3, One, by Mr. Thomas.
- BRYNMAWR**, Tabor, April 19—One; May 17, Three, by the Rev. M. Phillips.
- BURTON**, Somerset, April 20—Three; May 4, Two, by Mr. J. Merchant. Two of the above were husband and wife.
- CALSTOCK**, Cornwall, April 12—Four, by Mr. J. Thomas. Others are expected to follow the Lord soon.
- CARDIFF**, Tredegarville Chapel, May 3—Ten; 17, Two, by Mr. Alfred Tilly.
- CHIPPING SODBURY**, Gloucestershire, on Lord's-day, April 5—Three, by Mr. F. H. Roleston. One a young female, formerly a scholar, now a teacher in the Sabbath-school, and who was seriously impressed at a previous baptism; another the grandmother of the above.
- CHESHIRE**, Hill Cliff, May 3—Five, by Mr. A. Kinworthy, pastor, making twenty-one added during the year.
- COLNE**, Lancashire, May 3—Five, by Mr. J. Bury. We have the Divine presence and blessing in our midst. Many are seeking Jesus.
- CREWE**, Cheshire, May 17—One, by Rev. E. Morgan.
- CROCKERTON**, Wilts, May 10—Three, by Mr. J. C. Dew.
- GILDERSOME**, Yorkshire, April 5—Five; May 3, Three. One a young man from the Independent body.
- GLASGOW**, Blackfriars-street, April 19—Nine, by Mr. R. Glover.
- GLASGOW**, North Frederick-street, April 17—One; May 3, Nine, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst. One of the above is a sister who has gone to New Zealand, for whom prayer is requested.
- GRANTHAM**, April 24, at Bottesford—Three, by Mr. Henry Watts, of Golcar. The friends at Grantham have to travel seven miles by rail to obey the Lord's commandment. Increased prosperity, however, necessitates the erection of a new chapel. It is hoped that the inhabitants of this neat little town will shortly have the privilege of witnessing the celebration of this Divine ordinance in their midst.
- GRETTON**, Northampton, May 5—Four, by Mr. W. Hardwick.
- HALIFAX**, Trinity-road Chapel, Dec. 23, 1862—Five; Jan. 31, Eight; Feb. 22, Four; March 29, Four; April 26, Six, by Mr. J. Bastow, B.A., of Madison University, New York, who is at present supplying the pulpit at the above place.
- HASLINGDEN**, Pleasant-street, May 10—Six, by Mr. Prout.
- HIGH WYCOMBE**, Zion Chapel, April 5—Seven; May 3, Two, by Mr. H. W. Stemberidge.
- HOLYHEAD**, May 17—Six, in the sea, by Mr. J. Williams. There are many inquirers before the church.
- LIVERPOOL**, Great Crosshall-street, March 1—One; April 19, Six; May 10, One, by Mr. W. Thomas.
- LONDON**, Grosvenor-street, Commercial-road, Feb. 19—Five; April 30, Six, by the pastor, Rev. J. Harrison.
- , Metropolitan Tabernacle, May 14—Twelve; May 18, Thirteen, by Mr. Spurgeon.
- NARBERTH**, Pembroke, April 26—Two, by Mr. J. Williams, B.A. The cause of Christ is steadily progressing here.
- NEW RADNOE**, April 19—Four, by Mr. Phillips, of Evenjobb.
- OKHAM**, Rutland, May 3—Six, by Mr. Jenkinson.
- OGDEN**, near Rochdale, March 1—Six; March 22, Two; April 5, Three, by Mr. Nuttall. Six of the above were from a branch school connected with the above place.
- PAINSEASTLE**, Radnorshire, March 8—Two, in the Bachowy river, by Rev. T. T. Phillips; one from the Independents.
- PORTSEA**, Lake-road Chapel, April 26—Ten, by Mr. E. G. Gange. It is a pleasing feature in the revival at Lake-road that so many men and their wives are among the converts, and also a goodly number from the school.
- PRESTEIGN**, March 1—One; April 2, Two; May 10, Three, by Mr. W. H. Payne.
- PRESTON**, Pole-street, April 26—Eight, by Mr.

Webb. Our gracious Father continues very mercifully to bless us.

**RYDE**, Isle of Wight—Six, by Mr. J. B. Little. **SOUTHAMPTON**, Carlton Rooms, May 7—Eight, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon.

**SPEEN**, Bucks, May 3 (the baptistry being kindly lent by the friends there)—Two, by Mr. Geo.

Hudgall: additions to the church meeting at Lousley-row, and the fruit of his labours there.

**TREBURY**, Gloucestershire, April 26—Two, by Mr. T. H. Jones, pastor.

**THURLBIGH**, Beds, May 3—Two, by Mr. W. K. Dexter. One a Sabbath-scholar.

**WOOLWICH**, Queen-street, April 28—After a sermon by the Rev. J. Bailey, of Cardiff, Four by Mr. Teall.

**YARMOUTH**, Isle of Wight, April 5—Three; April 26, Five, by Mr. W. W. Martin.

**DEATHS.**

On March 17, at Ditton House Gardens, near Maidenhead, aged 44, Mary Anne, the beloved wife, of Mr. John Willingham, after a long and painful illness, endured with Christian patience and resignation. The deceased was converted 20 years since, under the ministry of the Rev. C. Elven, Bury St. Edmunds, and she has left her husband, two sons, and one daughter to mourn their loss.

On April 22, at Torquay, John Smith, Esq., of Glasgow, in the 40th year of his age. The departed was for many years an honourable member and deacon of High John-street Scotch Baptist Church. He had taken a prominent part in the revival movement which began in 1859, in connection with which he laboured assiduously up to the time when he was seized with that disease of which he died. He was highly esteemed and

respected by all who knew him. His end was peace.—T. W. M.

On May 1, at her residence, Bower Cottage, Eynsford, Kent, in the 88th year of her age, Ann Jewell, who for many years was a member of the Baptist Church in this place. She was truly "a mother in Israel," her home the resort of the lambs of the flock, and her counsel sought by all. For some time she has been the Lord's prisoner, and in her sore affliction no murmur escaped her lips, but with cheerfulness she would say, even when the pain was most acute—"It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." Her last moments were spent in prayer for her relatives, and the church at Eynsford, and, after waving her hand in triumph, she said—"Happy! happy! Father, take thy child home," and then fell asleep in Jesus.

On May 7, at Blankedy Farm, Penclawdd, near Swansea, in the 80th year of his age, Mr. Henry Richards, for upwards of fifty years the deacon of Mount Hermon Baptist Chapel. He had the satisfaction of seeing nine of his children out of ten baptized. He died trusting solely in the finished work of Christ. On Sunday evening Mr. Stock, of Brynhir House, preached his funeral sermon, from Rev. xiv. 13.

On May 12, at the Hymn Farm, Radnor, after protracted illness, borne with great resignation, Miss Susannah Knight, member of the Baptist church at Evenjobb. Her end was peace.

**NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

Baptism and Notice from Peterhead too late for insertion; not received till 23rd.

Two or three articles are in type; but pressure upon our space obliges us to omit them in our present issue.

**PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.**

PRESIDENT—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Students for the Ministry, 50; Evening Classes, 120.

**MINISTERS SETTLED SINCE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR.**

Mr. A. Tessier ..... Coleraine, Ireland.

Mr. B. May ..... Buxton, Norfolk.

Mr. T. Harley ..... Aylsham, Norfolk.

Mr. F. Cockerton..... Lymington, Surrey.

*Statement of Receipts from April 18th to May 18th.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Codling .....	0	10	0	The Baron and Baroness Van Boetzel	25	0	0
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## SIMPLE, BUT SOUND!\*

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."—John ix. 25.

DID it ever strike you how wonderfully calm and collected our Lord must have been at this time? He had been preaching in the Temple, talking to a multitude of Jews. They grew furious with him; a number of stones which were used in repairing the Temple were lying about on the floor, and they took up these stones to cast at him. He, by some means, forced a passage, and escaped out of the midst of them; and when he came to the gate of the Temple with his disciples—who seem to have followed him in the lane which he was able to make through the throng of his foes—he saw this blind man; and as if there had been no blood-thirsty foes at his heels, he stopped—stopped as calmly as if an attentive audience had been waiting upon his lips—to look at the blind man. The disciples stopped too, but they paused to ask questions. How like ourselves! We are always ready to talk. How unlike the Master! He was always ready to act. The disciples would know how the man came to be blind, but the Master would deliver the man from his blindness. We are very apt to be entering into speculative theories about the origin of sin or the cause of certain strange providences; but Christ is ever for seeking out, not the cause, but the remedy, not the reason of the disease, but the way by which the disease can be cured. The man is brought to him. Christ asks him no questions, but spitting upon the ground—upon the dust, he stoops down, and works the dust into a clod of clay—a mortar, and when he had done this, taking it up in his hands, he applied it to what Bishop Hall calls the eye-holes of the man (for there were no eyes there), and plastered them up, so that the spectators looked on and saw a man with mud—with clay—upon his eyes. "Go," said Christ, "to the pool of Siloam, and wash." Some kind friends led the man, who was too glad to go. Unlike Naaman, who made an objection to wash in Jordan and be clean, the blind man was glad enough to avail himself of the Divine remedy. He went; he washed the clay from his eyes, and he had sight—a blessing he had never known before. With what delight he gazed upon the trees! with what delight he lifted up his face to the blue sky! with what pleasure he beheld the costly stately fabric of the Temple; and methinks, afterwards with what interest and pleasure he would look into the face of Jesus—the man who had given him his sight.

It is not my object to expound this miracle to-night, but well it setteth forth in sacred emblem the state of human nature. Man is blind. Father Adam put out our eyes. We cannot see spiritual things. We have not the spiritual optic—that has gone—gone for ever. We are born without it—born blind. Christ comes into this world and his Gospel is despicable in men's esteem even as spittle—the thought of it disgusts most men. Gentility turns on its heel and saith it will have nothing to do with it, and pomp and glory all say that it is a contemptible and base thing. Christ puts the Gospel on the blind eye—a Gospel which, like clay, seems as if it would make men more blind than before, but it is through "the foolishness of preaching" that Christ will save them that believe. The Holy Spirit is like Siloam's pool. We go to him, or rather he comes to us, the convictions of sin produced by the Gospel are washed away by the cleansing influences of the Divine Comforter; and behold, we who were once so blind that we could see no beauty in Divine things and no excellence in the crown jewels of God, begin to see things in a clear and heavenly light and rejoice exceedingly before the Lord.

The man no sooner sees than he is brought before adversaries, and our text is a



part of his testimony in defence of the "Prophet" who had wrought the miracle upon him, whom not as yet did he understand to be the Messiah.

"One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." Although the parable would furnish us an admirable topic, we prefer to keep to this verse, and linger upon the various reflections it suggests.

I. We have before us in these words an unanswerable argument.

Every now and then you and I are called into a little debate. Persons do not take things for granted in this age, and it is quite as well they should not. There have been ages in which any impostor could lead the public by the nose. Men would believe anything, and any crazy maniac, man or woman, who might stand up and pretend to be the Messiah would be sure to have some followers. I think this age, with all its faults, is not so credulous as that which has gone by. There is a great deal of questioning. You know that there is some questioning where there should not be any. Men that stand high in official positions and ought long ago to have had their faith established or to have renounced their position, have ventured to question the very things they have sworn to defend. There is questioning everywhere, and to my mind it seems, brethren, that we need not be afraid. If the Gospel of God be true, it can stand any quantity of questioning. I am more afraid of the deadness and lethargy of the public mind about religion than any sort of inquiry or controversy about it. As silver tried in the furnace is purified seven times, so is the Word of God, and the more it is put into the furnace the more it will be purified, and the more beauteously the pure ore of revelation will glitter in the sight of the faithful. Never be afraid of a debate. Never go into it unless you are well armed, and if you do go into it mind you take with you the arm I am giving you to-night. Though you may be unarmed in every other respect, if you know how to wield this you may, through grace, come off more than a conqueror. The argument which this man wielded was this, "Whereas I was blind, now I see."

It is forcible, because it is a personal argument. I heard a person the other day use a similar argument. I had been laughing at a certain system of medicine—and really it seems to me pardonable to laugh at all the systems, for I believe they are all almost equally as good or bad as the others. The person in question said, "Well, I can't laugh at it." "Why?" I asked. "Because," said he, "it cured me." Of course I had no further answer. If this person had really been cured by such-and-such a remedy, it was to him an unanswerable argument, and to me, could he produce many other cases, it would be one that I would not wish to answer. The fact is, the personality of the thing gives it power. People tell us that in the pulpit the minister should always say "We," as editors do in writing. We should lose all our power if we did. The minister of God is to use the first person singular, and constantly to say, "I bear eye-witness for God that in my case such-and-such a thing has been true." I will not blush nor stammer to say, "I bear my personal witness to the truth of Christ's Gospel in my own case." Lifted up from sin, delivered from bondage, from doubt, from fear, from despair, from an agony intolerable—lifted up to joys unspeakable, and into the service of my God—I bear my own testimony; and I believe, Christians, that your force in the world will be mightily increased if you constantly make your witness for Christ a personal one. I dare say my neighbour over there can tell what grace has done. Yes; but to me, to me, to my own soul, what grace has done for me will be more of an establishment to me for my faith than what Christ has done for him. And if I stand up and talk of what God's grace has done for this or that brother, it may do very well; but if I can say, "I myself have proved it," here is an argument which drives in the nail—ay, and clenches it, too. I believe, Christian men, if you would prevail when you have to argue, you must do so by bearing a personal testimony to the value of religion in your own case, for that which you despise yourself you can never persuade others to value. "I believe; therefore have I spoken," said David. Luther was a

man of strong faith, and therefore he kindled faith in others. That man will never move the world who lets the world move him; but the man who stands with an "I know, I know, I know such-and-such a thing, because it is burnt into my own inner consciousness"—such a man's very appearance becomes an argument to convince others.

Moreover, this argument was an appeal to men's senses, and hardly anything can be supposed more forcible than that. "I was blind," said he, "you saw that I was; some of you noticed me at the gate of the Temple; I was blind, now I see. You can all see that I can look at you; you perceive at once that I have eyes, or else I could not speak of you in the way I do." He appealed to their senses. The argument which our holy religion wants and needs at the present moment is a new appeal to the senses of men. You will ask me what is that? The holy living of Christians. The change which the Gospel works in men must be the Gospel's best argument against all opposers. When first the Gospel was preached in the Island of Jamaica some of the planters objected grievously to it. They thought it an ill thing to teach the negroes, but a missionary said, "What has been the effect of your negro servant Jack hearing the Gospel?" and the planter said, "Well, he was constantly drunk before, but he is sober now. I could not trust him; he was a great thief, but he is honest now. He swore like a trooper before, but now I hear nothing objectionable come from his mouth." "Well," said the missionary, "then I ask you if a Gospel that has made such a change as that in the man must not be of God, and whether you ought not rather to put your influence into its scale than to work against it?" When we can bring forward the harlot who has been made chaste, when we can also show the drunkard who has been made sober, or, better still, when we can bring the careless, thoughtless man who has been made sedate and steady; the man who cared not for God nor Christ, who has been made to worship God with his whole heart and has put his confidence in Jesus, we think we have then presented to the world an argument which they will not soon answer. If our religion does no more in the world than any other, well then despise us; or if men can receive the Gospel of Christ and yet live as they did before, and be none the better for it, then tell us at once that we may be undeceived, for our Gospel is not wanted. But we bring you forward proofs. I hope, my brethren, there are scores and hundreds here who are yourselves the proofs of what the living Gospel can do. Many and many a story could I tell of a man who was a fiend in human shape, a man who when he came home from work made it an hour of peril, for his wife and the children fled upon the stairs to hide from him; and that man now, see him when he goes home, how he is welcomed by his wife, how the children run down to meet him; you shall hear him sing more loudly now than ever he cursed before, and he who was once a ringleader in the army of Satan has now become a ringleader in the army of Christ. I shall not say where he is sitting to-night. I should want many fingers if I had to point out all such who are here. The Lord's is the glory of it. That is the argument, "Whereas I was once blind, now I see." Do we not know of some who, when they came to make their profession before the church, said, "If any one had told me I should be here three months ago, I should have knocked them down. If any man had said I should make a profession of faith in Jesus I should have called him all the names in the world. I become a canting Methodist! Not I!" But yet grace has changed the man; the man's whole life is different now. Those who hate the change cannot help observing it. They hate religion, they say, but if religion does such things as these the more of it the better. Now we want, dear friends, in the dark lanes and alleys of London, ay! and in our great wide streets, too, where there are large shops and places of business, we want to give the grovelling world this argument, against which there is no disputing, that, whereas there were some men blind, now they see; whereas they were sinful, now they are virtuous; whereas they despised God, now they fear him; we believe this is an answer to

an infidel age. What a deal of writing there has been lately about and against Dr. Colenso! You need not think of reading the replies to his books, for most of them would be the best means of sending people to sleep that ever have been invented, and after all they don't answer the man; most of them leave the objections untouched, for there is a speciousness in the objection which is not very easily got over. I think we should be doing much better if, instead of running after this heathenish bishop, we should be running after poor sinners; if instead of writing books of argument and entering into discussions we keep on each, in our sphere, endeavouring to convert souls, imploring the Spirit of God to come down upon us and make us spiritual fathers in Israel. Then we may say to the devil, "Well, sir, you have stolen a bishop, you have taken away a clergyman or so, you have robbed us of a leader or two; but by the help of God we have razed your territories, we have stolen away whole bands—here they are, tens of thousands of men and women who have been reclaimed from the paths of vice, rescued from the destroyer, and made servants of the Lord." These are your arguments; there are no arguments like them—living personal witnesses of what Divine grace can do.

II. We will change the subject now. Our text presents us with a satisfactory piece of knowledge. "One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see." An affectation of knowledge is not uncommon. The desire for it is almost universal; the attainment of it, however, is rare. But if a man shall attain the knowledge of Christ, he may take a high degree in the Gospel, a satisfactory degree, a degree which shall land him safe into heaven, put the palm-branch in his hand, and the eternal song in his mouth; which is more than any worldly degrees will ever do. "One thing I know." The sceptic will sometimes overwhelm you with his knowledge. You simple minds, that have read but little, and whose business occupations take up so much of your time that you probably never will be very profound students, are often in danger of being attacked by men who can use long words, who profess to have read very great books, and to be very learned in sciences, the names of which you have scarcely ever heard. Meet them—but be sure you meet them with a knowledge that is better than theirs. Don't attempt to meet them on their own ground; meet them with this knowledge. "Well," you can say, "I know that you understand more than I; I am a poor unlettered Christian; but I have a something in here—in here!—that answers all your arguments, whatever they be. I do not know what geology saith; I may not understand all about history; I may not comprehend all the strange things that are daily coming to light; but one thing I know—it is a matter of absolute consciousness to me—that I, who was once blind, have been made to see." Then just state the difference that the Gospel made in you; say that once, when you looked at the Bible, it was a dull, dry book; that when you thought of prayer it was a dreary piece of work; say that now the Bible seems to you a honey-comb full of honey, and that prayer is your vital breath. Say that once you tried to get away from God, and could see no excellence in the Divine character, but that now you are striving and struggling to get nearer to God. Say that once you despised the cross of Christ, and thought it a vain thing for you to fly to, but that now you love it, and would sacrifice your all for it. And this undoubted change in your own consciousness, this supernatural work in your own innermost spirit, shall stand you in the stead of all the arguments that can be got from all the sciences; your one thing shall overthrow their thousand things, if ye can say, "Whereas I was blind, now I see."

Says one, "I don't know how that can be." Let me suppose that some one has just discovered galvanism, and I have had a galvanic shock. Now twenty people come and say, "There is no such thing as galvanism, no such thing, I don't believe in it for a moment," and there is one gentleman proves by Latin that there cannot be such a thing as galvanism, and another proves it mathematically to demonstration, and twenty others prove it in their different ways—I should say, "Well,

I cannot answer you in Latin, I cannot overthrow you in logic, I cannot overcome that syllogism of yours, but one thing I know—I have had a shock of it—that I *do* know;” and I take it that my personal consciousness of having experienced a galvanic shock will be a better answer than all their learned sayings. And so, if you have ever felt the Spirit of God come into contact with you (and it is a something quite as much within the reach of our consciousness as even the shock of electricity and galvanism) and if you can say of that, “One thing I know, which cannot be beaten out of me, which cannot be hammered out of my own consciousness, that whereas I was blind, now I see;” if you can say that it will be quite sufficient in reply to all that the sceptic may bring against you. How often, dear brethren, are you assailed not only by the sceptic but by our very profound doctrinal brethren! I know some very great doctrinal friends, who, because our experience may not tally with theirs, will sit down and say, “Ah! you don’t know the power of vital godliness;” and they will write very severe things against us, and say that we don’t know the great secret—don’t understand the inner life. You never need trouble yourself about these braggarts; let them talk on till they have done. But if you do want to answer them, do it humbly, by saying, “Well, well, you may be right, and I may be mistaken; but yet I think I can say, ‘One thing I know: that whereas I was blind, now I see.’” And I have known them sometimes go to the length of saying, if we don’t hold all their points of doctrine, and go the whole eighteen ounces to the pound, as they do—if we are content with sixteen, and keep to God’s weights and God’s measures—“Ah! those people cannot be truly converted Christians; they are not so high in doctrine as we are.” Well, we can answer them with this, “One thing I know: that whereas I was blind, now I see.” And you young Christians sometimes meet with older believers, very good people too, but very wise, and they will get putting you into their sieves. Some of our brethren always carry a sieve with them, and if they meet a young brother they will try to sift him, and they will often do it very unkindly—ask him knotty questions. I always compare this to a man’s trying a new-born child’s health by putting nuts into his mouth, and if he cannot crack them, saying, “He is not healthy.” Well, I have known very difficult questions asked about such things as sublapsarianism, or superlapsarianism, or about the exact difference between justification and sanctification, or something of that sort. Now, I advise you to get all that sort of knowledge you can; but putting all of it together, it is not nearly equal in value to this small bit of knowledge, “One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.” Many and many an old Puritanic book have I studied and tried to enrich my mind with the far-sought lore of the writers of them; but I tell you there are times when I would give up everything I have ever learnt by nights and days of study if I could but say for a certainty, “One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.” And even now, though I have no doubt about my own acceptance in Christ, and my having been brought to see, yet, compared with this piece of knowledge, I do count all the excellency of human knowledge—ay, and all the rest of Divine knowledge too—to be but dross and dung, for this is the one thing, the one soul-saving piece of knowledge, “One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.”

My dear hearer, do you see a beauty in Christ? Do you see a loveliness in the Gospel? Do you perceive an excellence in God your Father? Can you see your title clear to mansions in the skies? You could not do this once. O! once you were a stranger to these things; your soul was dark as the darkest night without a star, without a ray of knowledge or of comfort; but now you see. Seek after more knowledge, but still, still, still, if you cannot attain it, and if you tremble because you cannot grow as you would, remember this is enough to know for all practical purposes, “One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.”

III. We will change the subject again now. This is a model confession of

faith. This blind man did not do as some of you would. When he found his eyes he did not use them to go and hunt out a quiet corner so that he might hide himself in it, but he came out boldly before his neighbours and then before Christ's enemies and said, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." Why, there are some of you that I hope have grace in your heart, but you have not courage to confess it; you'll not put on your regimentals. I suppose you call yourselves members of the Church Militant, but you are not dressed in the true scarlet; you don't come forward and wear the Master's badge and openly fight under his banner. I think it is very unkind of you, it is very dishonouring to your Master. There are not many that speak for him, and it is a shame that you should hold your tongue. If he has given you eyes I am sure you ought to give him your tongue. If he has taught you to see things with a new light, I am sure you ought not to be unwilling to confess him before men. After so much kindness in the past it is cruel ingratitude to be ashamed to confess him. You don't know how much you would comfort the minister. Converts are our sheaves, and you that are not added to the church do as it were rob us of our reward. No doubt you will be gathered into God's garner, but then we don't know anything about that; we want to see you gathered into God's garner here; we want to hear you boldly say, "Whereas I was blind, now I see."

You cannot tell besides how much good you might do to others. Your example would move your neighbours, your confession would be valuable to saints, and might be an answer to sinners. Your taking the decisive step might lead others to take it. Your example might be just the last grain cast into the scale, and might lead others to decide for the Lord. But I am ashamed of you, you that were once blind but now see, but do not like to say so. I pray you lay the matter to heart and ere long come out and say, "Yes, I cannot withhold it any longer. Whereas I was once blind, now I see." "Well," says one, "I have often thought to join the Church but I can't be perfect." Now this man did not say, "I was once imperfect and now I am perfect." O no! If you were perfect we would not receive you into church fellowship, because we are all imperfect ourselves and we should fall out with you if we did take you in. We don't want those perfect gentlemen; let them go to heaven; that is the place for perfect ones, not here. "Well," says one, "I have not grown in religion as I should like to do; I am afraid I am not a sanctified saint as I would desire to be." Well, brother, strive after a high degree of holiness, but remember that a high degree of holiness is not necessary to a profession of your faith. You are to make a profession as soon as you have any holiness, and the high degree of it is to come afterwards. "Ah!" says another, "but I could not say much." Nobody asked you to say much. If you can say, "Whereas I was blind, now I see," that is all we want. If you can but let us know that there is a change in you, that you are a new man, that you see things in a different light, that what was once your joy is now your sorrow, and what was once a sorrow to you is now your joy—if thou canst say, "All things have become new;" if thou canst say, "I feel a new life heaving within my bosom; there is a new light shining in my eyes. I go to God's house now in a different spirit. I read the Bible and engage in private prayer after quite a different fashion. And I hope my life is different. I hope my language is not what it used to be. I try to curb my temper. I do endeavour to provide things honest in the sight of all men. My nature is different: I could no more live in sin as I once did than a fish could live on dry land, or a man could live in the depths of the sea." This is what we want of you. Suppose now a person getting up in the church-meeting (and there are scores and hundreds here who attend church-meetings), and saying, "Brethren, I come to unite with you. I know the Greek Testament; I have also read a good deal in Latin; I understand the Vulgate; I can now, if you please, give you the 1st chapter of Mark in Latin or Greek, or the 2nd chapter of Exodus in Hebrew, if you like. I have also from my youth up given

myself to the study of the natural and applied sciences. I think I am master of rhetoric, and I am able to reason logically." Suppose he went on then to say what he knew about business, what a skilful tradesman he had been; and after going through that would say, "I have a great deal of theological knowledge; I have read the Fathers; I have studied Augustine; I could talk about all the ponderous tomes that were written in the ancient times; I am acquainted with all the writers on the Reformation, and I have studied the Puritans through and through; I know the points of difference between the great reformed teachers, and I know the distinction between Zwingle and Calvin"—I am sure, dear friends, if a man were to say all that, before I put it to the vote whether he should be admitted to church membership I should say, "This dear brother has not any idea of what he came here for. He came here to make a confession that he was a living man in Christ Jesus, and he has been only trying to prove to us that he is a learned man. That is not what we want;" and I should begin to put him some pointed questions, something like this, "Did you ever feel yourself a sinner? Did you ever feel that Christ was a precious Saviour, and are you putting your trust in him?" and you would some of you say, "Why, that's just what he asked poor Mary, the servant girl, when she was in the meeting five minutes ago!" All that learned lumber is good enough in its place; I do not depreciate it; I wish you were all scholars; I love to see you great servants in the Master's cause; but the whole of that put together is not worth a straw, compared with this—"One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." And this is all we ask you; we only ask you, if you wish to join the church, to be able to confess that you are a changed character, that you are a new man, that you are willing to be obedient to Christ and to his ordinances, and then we are only too glad to receive you into our midst. Come out, come out, I pray you, ye that are hiding among the trees of the wood—come forth. Whosoever is on the Lord's side, let him come forth. It is a day of blasphemies and rebuke. He that is not with him is against him, and he that gathereth not with him scattereth abroad. Come forth, come forth, ye that have any sparks of love for God, or else this shall be your doom—"Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

IV. And now, to conclude, my text may be used in a further way; our text sets before us a very clear and manifest distinction. You cannot all say, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." My hearers, solemnly as in the sight of God I speak to you; lend me your ear, and may these few words of truth sink into your hearts. Are there not some of you who cannot even say, "I was blind"? You do not know your own blindness; you have the conceit to imagine that you are as good as most people, and that if you have some faults yet certainly you are not irretrievably lost. You have no idea that you are depraved, utterly depraved, saturated through and through, and rotten at the core. If I were to describe you in Scriptural language, and say, "Thou art the man," you would be shocked at me for giving you so bad a character. You are amiable, your outward carriage has always been decorous, you have been generous and benevolent, and, therefore, you think there is no need for you to be born again—no necessity for you to repent of sin. You think that my Gospel is very suitable for those who have gone into foul, open sin; but you! O, you are too good! O, my hearers, you are stone-blind, and the proof that you are so is this, that you do not know your blindness. A man who is born blind does not know what it is to lose sight; the bright gleams of the sun never made glad his heart, and, therefore, he does not know his misery. And such is your state. You do not understand what it is that you have lost; what it is that you need. I pray God to do for you what you cannot do for yourselves—make you feel now, once for all, that you are blind. There is hope for the man that knows his blindness—

there is some light in the man who says he is all darkness—there is some good thing in the man who says he is all foul. If you can say, "Vile and full of sin I am," God has begun a good work in you. You know when the leper was afflicted with leprosy from head to foot the priest looked at him, and, if there was a single spot where there was no leprosy, he was unclean; but the moment the leprosy covered him everywhere then he was made clean; and so you, if you know your sin so as to feel your utterly ruined, lost estate, God has begun a good work in you; God will put away your sin and save your soul. Alas! there are many who do not know that they are blind.

And yet I know, to my sorrow, there are many of you who know that you are blind, but you don't see yet. I hope you may—I hope you may. To know your blindness is well, but it is not enough. It would be a dreadful thing for you to go from an awakened conscience on earth to a tormenting conscience in hell. There have been some who have begun to find out that they are lost here, and then have discovered that they are lost hereafter as well. O! I do pray you do not tarry long in this state. If God hath convinced you of sin, I pray you do not linger. I prayed to-night that the Lord would save us, and he is waiting now. The way of salvation—O, how many times I have preached this! and how many times more will it be necessary to tell you over and over again the same thing—the way of salvation is simply this, trust Christ and you are saved; just as you are, rely upon him and you are saved. With no other dependence, with no other shadow of a hope, sinner, venture on him, venture wholly, venture now. I hear the wheels of the Judge's chariot behind thee. He comes! He comes! He comes! Fly, sinner, fly! I see God's bow in his awful hand, and he has drawn the arrow to its very head. Fly, sinner! Fly! while yet the wounds of Christ stand open; hide thyself there as in the clefts of the Rock of Ages. Thou hast not a lease of thy life, thou canst not tell that thou shalt ever see another Sabbath-day to spend in pleasure, no more warnings may ever ring in your ears. Perhaps you will never have even another week-day to spend in drunkenness and blasphemy. Sinner, turn! God puts the alternative before some of you to-night—turn or burn. "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?" One of the two it must be—die or turn. Believe in Christ, or perish with a great destruction. He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy. And you that are aroused and convinced to-night, I pray you trust Christ and live. The whole matter is very simple, "Whereas I was blind, now I see." Dost thou to-night see that Christ can save thee? Dost thou believe that he will save thee if thou wilt trust him? Then trust him, and you are saved—you are saved. The moment you believe you are saved, whether you feel the comfort of it or not—ay, and the thought arising from the full belief that you are saved will yield you the comfort which you will never find elsewhere. Have I trust in Christ, O my soul? Thou knowest, O Lord, I have; thou knowest I have.

"Other refuge have I none—  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

It is written, "He that believeth is not condemned." Then I am not condemned. Perhaps I feel at this present moment no joy, but then the thought that I am not condemned makes me feel joy by and-by. I must not build on my joy. I must not build on my feelings, but simply on this, that God has said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." I, believing in Christ, am saved. And that is true of you—you in the aisle over yonder, you by that door there, and you behind me here; it is true of every man, woman, or child in this place who has now come to put trust in Christ; it is true of the man in the smock frock, who did not intend to come here to-night, but who, seeing the people, strolled in, and who has been saying in his heart, "I will believe; I will trust Christ too." Well, you are saved, your sin is blotted out, your iniquity is forgiven, thou art a child of God, the Lord

accepts thee—if thou hast really trusted Christ—thou art an heir of heaven. Go and sin no more; go and rejoice in pardoning love; and

“Go and tell to others round  
What a dear Saviour thou hast found.”

The Lord now bless you for Jesus' sake. Amen.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX,

Author of “Our Great High Priest.”

“I know not the day of my death.”—Gen. xxvii. 2.

“I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living.”—Job xxx. 13.

“For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”—2 Cor. v. 1.

THESE three passages were uttered by three remarkable persons—Isaac, Job, and Paul. Each person has a history full of wonders, and all were raised up by God to instruct men throughout all ages. Let us glance at the men, and then ponder their words. Isaac may be considered as the *waiting* saint. He is here revealed as waiting for his dismissal. There is less said of Isaac than of either of the patriarchs. Abraham and Jacob have many changes; but with the exception of the scene on Moriah, in which Isaac was passive rather than active, there is little striking in his history. But when we think of him as the child of promise, as a type of Christ, a representative of believers, and a pilgrim with God, we find much to instruct; and when we view him as a man of meditation, one who lived in the fear of God and who lived and died in the faith—Heb. xi. 13—we find much in him to imitate.

Job is presented to us as a *suffering saint*, and praised for his patience. God bore a testimony to his uprightness and perfectness, yet permitted Satan to tempt him, and all manner of sorrows to roll over him. This was in order still further to purify him, also that others, in all ages, might be benefitted by his trials.

Paul was the *labouring saint*. “In labours more abundant.” “Again,” he says, “I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.” He was also the prayerful, waiting, suffering, tempted

saint; but everything was subservient to his labours for God. “I *serve*” was the motto in which he glories, long before these words shone on any royal crest, Acts xxvii. 23.

From this glance at the three speakers we may learn in what various ways God honours himself by his saints. All are pilgrims, all must pray, all must live by faith; but some are called more especially to suffer, some to wait, and others to active and abundant service. The latter is, in some respects, easier than the former. Some who have shone in public amidst the bustle of active service, with the admiring eyes of others on them, have failed in private, when laid aside or eclipsed. There are graces for the shade as well as for the sunshine; and the great thing, after all, is a spirit and character such as God's eye can look at with approbation. Secluded, suffering Christian, whatever you may be shut out from, always remember that you are not shut out from honouring your heavenly Father. The real Christian life consists in the exercise of graces suited to the circumstances through which we are passing; and God makes and will make use of those who thus act, though little known by men. It may be, also, that a higher degree of Divine approbation and reward, may be the portion of some who in secret have brought forth much fruit. When the voice of human praise is silent, and God's voice of commendation alone is heard, no doubt “many first will be last, and the last first.” If we are favoured with opportunities of public and active service, let us seek grace to combine with zeal and diligence that self-renouncement and gentleness which shone so eminently in Paul, and triumphed perfectly in his glorious Master.

Let us now consider the words of these three saints. It is profitable thus to bring together the history and attainances of God's people who lived so far



apart. Similarities and contrasts are developed, and both are instructive. Each flower in the garden is beautiful; but when gathered and formed into a bouquet, each one makes the others appear more lovely. Thus we should go into the garden of truth and gather and arrange a vast variety of subjects which God has provided for us. We shall consider these three saints thus:—

I. *Contemplating their own mortality.*

II. *In communion with immortality.*

As regards the first, Isaac speaks of "the day of his death." Job refers also to death and to "the house appointed for all living." And Paul compares the solemn event of death and burial to the taking down of a tent, and the earthly house being dissolved. We shall take the words of Isaac as the basis, and use the other expressions as illustrations.

The declaration of Isaac is very commonplace and trite; *mortality* and *ignorance* are the two points in it. He knew he should die, he did not know when or how soon. This is an ignorance that is unavoidable, and therefore not blameable. It is an ignorance also that may prove instructive. "The day of my death!" It will come. The words *day* and *death* are both important. Here we have *time* and its termination. The birthday, the wedding-day are also much thought of. Births, marriages, deaths form a standing item in the daily journal, and what deep interest clusters round those brief cold notices! "*My death.*" The day of the death of others is marked; some in a world's chronology, others in a nation's calendar, and many more in the family register. *Mine* must be enrolled soon. I read the names of others, and mine will be read before long. I know not *when*, and it concerns me not; but this I know, "*Thou* will bring me there." "*My times* are in *thy hands.*" Only one thing more solemn than death itself—the glorious appearing of the Saviour—can prevent my soon becoming a dweller in the lonely grave. My house is decaying, the tent-poles will soon break, and the curious fabric must collapse. It may be slowly, or it may be suddenly; God will give the order about that, and will watch the process. Let me study the day of my death, in connection with the relations of life, and endeavour so to fill them that

I may be loved when gone. "It is infamy to die, and not be missed!" It will be wisdom also to think much on *responsibility*, and how at my dying day the account of my life will be made up and handed in to God. Ah! that would be a fearful thought, if I could not think on *redemption*, and how the blood of Jesus cleanseth; on *relationship*, and how God is a pitying Father, even though "without respect of persons he judgeth every man's work." Though I am a sinner and must die, I will not despair, for Jesus died; but though saved, I must not be careless of my walk, for he will "reckon with his servants."

Then let me tread the days of life on—on to the day of my death, realizing responsibility, rejoicing in redemption, and studying the volume of revelation. Remember, dear fellow-immortal, that we must enter eternity as responsible for the right use of God's holy book. Ah! what are we doing with the Bible? Is it "the light to our feet, and the lamp to our path;" our daily companion; our friendly star to lead us to Jesus? Are its promises our wedding ring, to assure us of our union to the absent one, and a pledge of his coming again to receive us to himself? The certainty of the event, and the uncertainty of the time, should both powerfully influence us, yet for this we need Divine teachings. How many fearfully and fatally abuse that uncertainty! If they were sure of dying in seven days, how different would many act! Yet, who is sure of living seven minutes?

Some instruction may be gained by considering what was the design of Isaac in making the declaration. There was something personal in his case, which conveys a lesson to us. *There was one thing important to be done; and the uncertainty of life stirred him up to do it at once.* This special object was to bless his son. His partiality led him to choose the wrong person; through his blindness he was imposed on by his wife and younger son; all this was over-ruled to fulfil God's purposes, while the deceit was heavily punished. Isaac lived forty-four years after this, to see the fruit of his blessing in both his sons (Gen. xxxiv. 27-29), but these points we can only mention. The great lesson for us to learn is, to endeavour, while life lasts, to

be the means of communicating blessings to others. As children of Abraham, we are interested in the promise, "I will bless thee and make thee a blessing." What an honour, to be the instrument of imparting happiness to others! Let us be willing to do this according to God's will, and not like Isaac, seek to do what pleases ourselves; lest we, like him, should be cheated by the wily tempter. This is our calling, to inherit a blessing (1 Peter iii. 9), and to impart it. To realize that blessing, and to respond to the loving requirement of him who hath blessed us, will make life happy, death blessed, and eternity glorious. Spirit of all grace, to thy guidance may we ever yield ourselves.

Before leaving Isaac, we cannot help taking a glance at *him* whom he feebly prefigured. Jesus, the only begotten Son of God, whom the Father spared not, *knew* the day and hour of his death, John xiii. 1-3. "And he said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee." And in the anticipation of that hour, he said, "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is called day." How willing was Jesus to die! how resigned to all the terrible circumstances of that wondrous efficacious death! "Knowing all things that should come upon him, he went forth." How sublime is all this! How satisfying that one death to God! How sanctifying to all who trust in him that died! Here we find the one infinite propitiation, and the one perfect pattern.

"O! give me of his heart and powers,  
Who chose the thorns, yet loved the flowers,  
And filled for me the twelve sad hours  
Of his great day."

Contemplating not only mortality, but him who became mortal for us, and who now hath "the power of an endless life," we pass on to our second point.

II. *Communion with immortality.* In those far back times, amidst the twilight of patriarchism, both Isaac and Job had some degree of communion with immortality. The testimony of the apostle in Hebrews xi., respecting Isaac, is very full to the point. He was one of the patriarchal pilgrims, "who looked for a city that had foundations;" who saw the promises afar off, yet embraced them; who confessed himself to be a pilgrim;

whose confession God endorsed by becoming his God; and who ended his pilgrim course by "dying in faith."

Here is enough; else we might add, that if "Abraham saw Christ's day and was glad," we may be sure he would not hide the glad tidings from his son Isaac. We might be also sure that he was not ignorant of the first promise (Gen. iii. 15), which revealed the coming Saviour "as human, as a sufferer, and a conqueror." To this Great One Job refers in well-known and noble testimony—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c. We believe, also, that when he asked the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" he obtained an answer in the affirmative, which satisfied his soul, and enabled him hopefully to wait.

But "life and immortality are brought to light through the Gospel." That is, illustrated, clearly and fully revealed. Instead of the scattered rays that shone amidst the gloom, we have a glorious sun of truth. May we so have to do with it as to find it to be cheering, enlightening, and life-giving; so that we may "walk as children of the light," "looking at the things not seen!"

"God only hath immortality." In him it is underived and eternal. What a contrast do the words of Isaac, which we have been considering, suggest between man and God! In man we trace mortality and ignorance, in God eternity and knowledge. Let us adore the Immortal One, even "God only wise," and adore him the more because he stoops to us, who are but dust, in order to bring us into communion with, and conformity to, himself. How humble should we, who came from the dust, and are but of yesterday, appear before him! How should we abstain from sitting in judgment on him who is the everlasting God and perfect in knowledge! How should we seek union to him, the living One; and guidance from him, the wise and condescending One! He sent his beloved Son to tell us of his loving heart and glorious house, and he has provided the Comforter to bring us to that heart of love now, and lead us into that home of bliss hereafter.

"Yes, the good Spirit of our God  
Reveals a heaven to come;  
And beams of glory in his Word  
Allure and guide us home."

Let us gaze at one of these beams of glory; yea, let us seek to rise by this wing of the morning, and soar up to communion with immortality.

The words of the apostle (2 Cor. v. 1) should be joined on to the preceding chapter. He had been speaking of the outward man, or the body, decaying, and now he supposes it really decayed or dissolved. Some of the Lord's people will not die but be changed; *most* of the redeemed will die and rise again. It is the will of God, and we are sure it is most for his glory, that the vast majority of his saved must pass through death to life. Let us, while we contemplate mortality, have communion with immortality. We do not love death, or admire the grave; we are not told to do so. We should be *willing* to depart, but *long* to be "clothed upon." And what a contrast is there between the believer here and hereafter! Here mortal, tending towards the grave; there "mortality swallowed up of life;" "neither can they die any more." To die will be impossible then. Here we are ignorant of many things, and among the rest of the "day of our death;" there we shall know even as we also are known; and there will be no uncertain future for imagination to brood over and hatch torment from. But not yet; therefore, let us turn to the sure word of truth for comfort.

A question has often been raised, and yet remains to be clearly and satisfactorily answered—to what does 2 Cor. v. 1, &c., refer? Does the Holy Spirit here point to that happy state upon which the soul enters at death, or to that more glorious and perfect condition which commences at the Lord's coming and the resurrection of the body. Much may be said for either of these views; and objections may be raised against confining the passage to either which are very difficult to answer. That the state of the soul after death is *referred* to, is we think clear from the connection of the first verse with the preceding chapter. Some writer well observes, "Now the question is, when the outward man is entirely decayed, what becomes of the *inner man* (the soul) which has been renewed day by day, and has been fitting for eternal glory? This the apostle proceeds to answer, 2 Cor. v. 1-8, which thus concludes, "Absent from the body, pre-

sent with the Lord." Still in these verses there are words which seem to point forward to resurrection glory, such as "clothed upon," "mortality swallowed up of life;" and just after them the Lord's coming, which includes resurrection, is spoken of.

This we know, that both these blessed facts, even the perfect happiness of the renewed soul after death, and the full glory of body and soul at the resurrection, are clearly taught in God's Word, and form part of that immortality with which we are invited to have communion. It may be, as some suppose, that immediately after death the soul will be clothed on with some celestial vehicle; but if so this will not be instead of that body which was "sown in corruption and is to be raised in incorruption;" but all this we may safely leave with him who, when dying, committed his spirit to his Father's hands, who stood to receive the departing spirit of Stephen, and who will receive ours also if our hearts can say—

"Lord, when I quit this earthly stage  
Where should I fly but to thy breast,  
For I have sought no other home,  
For I have found no other rest."

And then, till the morning of deliverance dawns upon the tomb, it will be joy enough to realize

"There shall we see his face,  
And never never sin;  
There from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in."

Certainly the agreement between 2 Cor. v. 1-8 and Phil. i. 21-23 seems decisive that the state of blessedness which follows immediately after death is here *referred* to. These and many similar passages afford us much blessed facility for communion with immortality.

Without attempting minute exposition of 2 Cor. v. 1, or asserting positively what is the meaning of the apostle as regards the separate or the resurrection state, we may safely observe that three things are included in these sublime words.

*There is a defiance of death.* Let death do his utmost; let him overthrow the tent, pull down the house—what then? He is only making way for something "better." Yes; better than life, with all its joys, relationships, and hopes, will the soul's condition be who is "with Christ." "Death (says one) will put it out of the believer's power to do himself

any more harm." Sin will be for ever a thing gone by. Holiness will be the soul's element, and love its dwelling-place. "O Death, where is thy sting?" "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Here is a *description* of the life to come. This beautiful verse brings out three glorious characteristics thereof. It will be *Divine* in its origin, "A house not made with hands." It will be *eternal* in its duration, and *heavenly* as regards its *locality* and *associations*. Wondrous words! ETERNAL IN THE HEAVENS. How many like words have we in other places! "An inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." "A far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," and then to close and crown all, that city so strong, so fair, so full of blessing, so bright with glory, which stands pourtrayed on the last page of God's Word, shining with the effulgence of him who is the light, the glory, and the temple thereof. Again we say, what facilities have we for communion with immortality!

Observe, also, the *declaration of faith and hope* found in these words, "*We know.*" Blessed certainty, glorious assurance, fruitful expectation. We may be and we are ignorant of many things, but we know many others. We know that the Saviour has come. "We know in whom we have believed." "We know that when he shall appear we shall be like him." "We know that all things work together for our good," and we know that in spite of death and the grave "we have a house not made with hands." See 2 Cor. v. 14, with 1 Thess. iv. 14. Yes, Jesus is our foundation, and on him who died and rose again we build our hopes of immortal life. He cannot fail, and we shall not be deceived. Come what will in life, or let death come when he will or how he will, "we shall live together with him."

Nor let us overlook this one element of our joy, found in the use of the plural "*we.*" Isaac and Job speak in the singular, Paul in the plural. This is his habit when speaking of the coming glory, even as it was with others. "We shall be like him." "We shall be caught up together with him." "We shall see him as he is," &c. Here is "the communion of saints," which is now a part of the special glory of this dispensation. The saved

will be a body composed of many members—a flock including many sheep—a temple built up of many lively stones—a firmament of glory studded with many stars. Dan. xii. 3. There will still be individuality; but there will be sweet fellowship. Each will impart, each will receive. Each will add to the joy, and each will receive from the ocean fullness. Well and wisely therefore did the apostle, after describing the coming of the Lord and the resurrection of the saints, and having closed all with the satisfying assurance, "So shall we ever be with the Lord;" add, "Wherefore comfort one another with these words." Yes, while we sorrow over our departed friends, and while we feel our earthly house creaking and giving way, let us talk of the better land, of the rest that remaineth; of the city which hath foundations, of the Father's house, of the inheritance, and the glory, the life, the crown, the blessing; and as we commune with and comfort each other, let us exhort one another with—"What manner of persons ought we to be," and seek to catch the spirit of Peter when he was nearing the goal, 2 Peter i. 14-18; and like his beloved brother Paul, live looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.\*

*Ipswich.*

#### A VOICE FROM THE SHEPHERD'S TENT.

Many years ago I had a member of our church who was a shepherd. He had received little or no education from man, but was well taught by the Spirit of God. His occupation deprived him very much of the public and social means of grace; and at one time especially his lot was cast, both literally and morally, in a barren, lonely desert, where he had the care of a large flock, and thence he addressed to me various letters, which, though plain and simple, evinced considerable natural talent and genius,

\* The above is the substance of a sermon preached to improve the death of Mrs. Swindell; who fell asleep in Jesus after a short illness on April 27. She was very partial to the *BAYLOR MESSENGER*, and at Mr. Swindell's request this outline is now published.

which, if cultivated, would have made him a man of mark in the Christian world. The following specimen may not be uninteresting to the readers of the BAPTIST MESSENGER:—

My dear Pastor,—God has, in his all-wise providence, pitched my tent in such a lonely place, that I am almost entirely shut out from Christian communion, and the means of religious instruction. Yet with my Bible and a throne of grace, I often find, in this solitude, the presence and preciousness of the Lord; and my dear partner and myself often sing the song of Zion in our shepherd's tent. Not only so. I gather much instruction while tending my flock, surrounded, as I am, by emblems of spiritual things. The waving corn, the blighted ear, the barren heath, the lonely flower, the green pastures, the flowing stream, and the crumbling clod, all teach me lessons I hope never to forget. But *one lesson* especially I have learned from observation in my daily calling, which, with the hope it may be interesting to you and our Christian friends, I will endeavour to communicate. It may be called "*The Tale of the Spotted Sheep*," which seemed to me to be the picture of an unstable, backsliding, unhappy Christian.

Hearing one day an unusual noise in the fold, I hastened to the spot whence the sound proceeded, and discovered that one of my flock, the poor spotted sheep, had attempted to get out, and having got its silly head through a place in the hurdles, it was unable to release itself either backward or forward.

Now this, I thought, represented the character and condition of some unstable Christians, who, instead of being happy, as they might be, feeding with the flock in the green pastures of a Gospel ministry, prayer-meetings, and the communion of saints, first get as near to the world as they can; not exactly out of the fold, and hardly within it, and then they get like my poor sheep entangled in the hurdles, that is, in worldly company, love of money, love of strong drink, or some other easy-besetting sin: with this comes dissatisfaction with the shepherd and the flock. They seem halting between the world and the Church; the devil and their own wan-

dering hearts pulling them one way, and conscience the other, and so they are in a miserable plight. Yet the poor sheep was alive, as I found by its piteous moan, as if calling for help, and glad was I to use the best means I could to set it free, and get it back into the fold again, but it was sadly bruised and sore, and with its torn and ragged coat seemed ashamed to look the other sheep in the face. Now this, I thought, showed how a poor backslider has to suffer for his folly, and how he is made to cry out when he gets entangled between his conscience and his sins. Well might such an one say, "O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure; for thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore." And surely, I thought, as I released my poor sheep, even so the heavenly Shepherd would hear the cry of a poor wandering backslider—would set him free, and receive him into his fold again.

One thing I observed was, this sheep was a spotted one, something I suppose like Jacob's speckled ones, and it was then the only one in my flock of that kind. And though I had released it and would have had it feed with the rest, the other sheep which had white wool seemed to look very shy upon it, and evidently shunned it, as though they would say, "Stand by, we are whiter than you, with your spotted fleece." So I thought when a Christian gets his garments of profession rent and spotted through neglect of watchfulness and prayer, others are too apt to look cool upon him, and will even sometimes magnify the spots, and putting their fingers into the rent, make it worse. Surely we ought to be careful how we deal with the spotted sheep; we may show that we are grieved by their conduct, and express tenderly our displeasure at sin; but we should not "break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax;" we must be careful not to crush the backslider's bleeding heart nor drive him away from the fold.

Then I observed again the poor bruised and alighted sheep kept much by itself, either behind or on one side of the flock, and it looked very thin and sickly as it now and then plucked a little grass out of the hedge by the way-

side, while the rest were lying down in the green pastures or feeding in the rich clover. This made me think of a poor fallen brother, who with a wounded conscience felt he was not worthy of church privileges, and so absented himself from the Lord's table and other means of grace, like a wounded deer retiring from the herd to seek for death in distant shades, yet sometimes gets a little refreshment by the way-side, just enough to preserve life. The sight made me feel what an evil and a bitter thing it is to sin against God, and I was constrained to say, "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe." How few of us I fear have kept our "first love;" and if we have not gone so far away as to get entangled and spotted like my poor sheep, if our feet have not slipped yet our hearts have gone astray, and while we admire the forbearance of the good Shepherd, we hear his voice, saying, "Go thy way and sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

But to continue my tale. This sheep was still a great deal of trouble to me, for though I had set it at liberty and dressed its self-inflicted wounds, it would often get entangled again, and sometimes get right away, so that I had to seek after it, with many a weary step, to bring it back; and I bore with it a long time, because, after all, it was a sheep—though a spotted and a troublesome one—and not a goat; for when it went astray it never seemed happy, and was often seen and heard bleating round about, though outside the fold, which made me take pity on it so long. At length, however, I was constrained to go and complain of it to the owner, for now and then it would draw another after it, and its example was injurious to the flock; so I asked permission to put it out of the fold altogether. Just so, I thought, my dear pastor, how grieved you and all faithful under-shepherds must be with some of your members, who, though they profess to have received Christ, do not "walk in him;" and though the gracious Lord, in answer to prayer, speaks peace to them, are yet so prone to "turn again to folly."

Well, at last the troubler is put out of the fold, and being very sickly, is shut up in the master's premises till death. But O! to have heard the bleating and

moaning of the poor outcast. So, I thought, if a member of the church, having yet "the root of the matter within him," compels the brethren to withdraw from him, he will be shut up in Doubting Castle, and heavily chained by conscious sin, and sorely beaten by Giant Despair, so that he will cry, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name."

Now the end drew near. I was sent for at the death of the poor wandering sheep. It looked up at me very piteously, its dying moans seemed full of meaning, suggesting to my mind the case of a backsliding unstable Christian, who, from infirmity of temper and unsteady walk, had long been a "troubler in Israel;" now a prisoner in the chamber of affliction; and, as he finds his end drawing nigh, he sends for his minister, who, although he has been sorely grieved by that poor man, hastens to the house of mourning, and finds him drowned in tears, crying, "When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Yet there is a cloud and darkness upon his soul, for although God hates putting away, the Comforter has been grieved, and while there is hope there is not joy, which makes the poor sufferer cry, "Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice;" and then again, "Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me." Then there is a little lighting up of the countenance as the quivering lips utter the last prayer, "Lord, remember me." And then the scene closes; such an one could hardly expect to enter heaven full sail, but we hope that "on a board or broken piece of the ship he gets safe to land."

One thing more I observed: when the death pang was over, and the spotted coat was taken off, its inside was fair and sound. So, I thought, when we put off our mortal clothing the leprous spots on the old garment of flesh are removed, when, washed in a Saviour's blood, and clothed in his righteousness, we hope as the sheep of his pasture to dwell with him in the fold above for ever. From the whole we may surely learn, although the backslider is pardoned at last, and "saved as by fire," "the way of transgressors is hard;" for our own peace

therefore, for the comfort of the church, and for the honour of Christ, let us seek for grace to walk worthy of our high calling—that we may live honourably, die joyfully, and be eternally happy with the Lord.

If, Mr. Editor, you consider the above calculated to benefit your readers, its insertion will oblige yours sincerely,

CORNELIUS ELVEN.

*Bury St. Edmunds.*

## DIVINE PROTECTION.

BY THE REV. J. TEALL.

"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever."—Psalm cxxv. 2.

My brethren, the readers of the BAPTIST MESSENGER, have glanced with me at the "Individuals especially alluded to" in this passage. They have seen that by "his people" the "Divine choice is reciprocated."

"Chosen of him e'er time began—  
They choose him in return."

Well, this "surrender," this "confidence," are fully rewarded, for we have secondly—PROTECTION ESPECIALLY PROMISED. Hence, as intimated in our last, let us briefly survey this interesting theme. And our first remark shall be this. This protection is afforded to the whole Church universally. The mountains are said to be "round about Jerusalem." It was a mountain, or rather several small eminences upon which the devoted city was erected. Here, as we think, it was a remarkable type of Zion the Church. "The people of the Most High God." His foundation is in the holy mountains." This Church stands upon one changeless—one immovable eminence. Upon this rock will I build my Church." The psalmist, however, refers here to the mountains that were outside the distinguished city, enclosing in their embrace every portion of the sacred allotment, preserving Jerusalem, and its environs also, from invasion and destruction. And, brethren, just such is the protection afforded to the Church of God. The mountains are "round about." They enclose the whole of the Church. There is not a single member thereof too small, too insignificant, to attract the notice of the Divine Protector. Think of this, ye

pious cottagers; sit ye beneath the thatch of your secluded dwelling, and content to be unknown, unnoticed by the noble around you. Just try to remember that "The angel of the Lord encampeth about them that fear him, and delivereth them." "I will make them, and the places round about my hill, a blessing." "For I, saith the Lord, will be unto Jerusalem a wall of fire round about." Thus, brethren, every portion of "his people" are preserved and protected by Jehovah. It is true they are widely scattered: yes, upon almost every land dwells some portion of the favoured tribe; still the arms of the Divine mercy surround the sacred band, for in this protection "the rich and poor meet together." Ah! the persecutors of the Immortal Dreamer had overlooked the passage upon which I write when they locked him up in a "chamber whose window opened towards the sunrising. The name of the chamber was Peace," Blessed truth! the "Divine protection" can penetrate into Bedford cell!

Let us observe, farther, the protection here promised to the people of God is conferred upon the Church exclusively. Mark you, the Psalmist does not say that "the mountains were round about Judea," but "round about Jerusalem," thus teaching us that the favoured city only was thus protected and secure. Yes, brethren, and precisely such is the case now. This protection is promised to all the Church. Every citizen of this distinguished community is included here, but not one beside. No. Professors, having "lamps" only, are not within the inclosure. Sinners, who have no interest in the "great salvation," have "neither part nor lot in this matter." It is "the Israelite indeed" who is thus surrounded by the favour of heaven. O, beloved, here the words of the great Apostle Paul appear to roll around us as though coming from the trump of the archangel—"For he is not a Jew which is one outwardly, neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Jew which is one inwardly, and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men, but of God." Noah, to have the protection of his God amid the universal desolation of the deluge, must be within the ark. The

man-slayer, to escape the hand of the avenger of blood, must be "within the borders of the city of his refuge." And so it is here. These mountains surround the Church, but they extend no farther. O my soul, dost thou know this? Is Jesus thy foundation? Hath God thy Father built for thee? And doth the Holy Ghost set his almighty hand to the work? O, the blessedness of knowing this—of living already in its enjoyment!

My reader will take another view of the protection here promised to the people of God. It is *impregnable*. It can never be broken through. Think of the figure employed—"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem." Some of us have stood upon the borders of the mighty ocean. We have looked upon our daring, craggy coast. We have heard the roaring of the angry waters. We have listened to the noises that accompany the rolling of the surge, and at times it would appear that its fury would find no limits, but that all would give way to one devastating sweep. However, as we have looked on, silently admiring the majestic grandeur of the scene, the storm has spent itself in its own fury. Yes, for it has come in contact with that venerable, immovable "mountain" there—a rock over whose bare summit a thousand such storms have raged, and a thousand more may rage again, for—

"The rock stands settled as before."

It was just so with the mountains around Jerusalem; the enemy was compelled to scale them before he could take the devoted city. He could make no way through defence invulnerable. Brethren, all this is true of the protection afforded to the Church; this is evident from its own history. Had it been otherwise, long ere this all would have been destroyed. Moreover, this protection has always been communicated exactly as it has been required. Fiery, indeed, have been the trials through which some of God's "people" have passed. Behold this in the experience of Joseph, Daniel, Paul, the martyrs. It is true that God has not always prevented the execution of the malicious designs of their enemies, still he has never forsaken them; and earth and hell combined are unable to

make a way through these "mountains round about" the Church of God.

"Bulwarks of mighty grace defend;  
The city where we dwell;  
The walls, of strong salvation made,  
Defy th' assaults of hell."

There is one remark more, which is this: the protection here promised to the Church is *constant, changeless, abiding*. "The Lord is round about his people, from henceforth even for ever." The meaning is—now, and at all future periods. In this particular no figure can do Jehovah justice. These "mountains" could not be broken through, but history tells us that, when the warriors came against the city, one of the generals told his men that the first soldier who could climb over them should have the command of the entire army. This was done by Joab, the son of Zeruiah, who, having climbed to the summit, called out to the king, and claimed the command. Thus their defence gave way, but "the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever." We have seen it so thus far, yes, writers inspired and uninspired chronicle the fact. "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us what works thou didst in their days, in the times of old."

"Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen  
How well our God secures the fold  
Where his own sheep have been."

So, too, we have enjoyed it ourselves, and we shall enjoy it again. "From henceforth even for ever." Our enemies may assail. Yea, we do not expect to escape them all. No. "Silver slippers" will not wear long as the pilgrim pursues the thorny, rugged path that conducts him to the city of his God. "Shoes of iron and brass" are necessary, for

"No traveller e'er reached that best abode,  
Who found not thorns and briars on the road."

Well, be it so, here is our protection. Many of us fear dying. We may not fear death, but we do fear dying. "The pains, the groans, the dying strife." The separation of soul and body; the consignment of the flesh to corruption and worms, all this makes me say, with good Dr. Conyers, "I am not afraid of death, but of dying." We resemble the man whose beloved family is abroad. He would rather be with them, but, while he



feels the attraction, he shudders at the sea and the sickness. So we love the Canaan beyond, but dread the Jordan between. But why? Protection is "from henceforth even for ever." So that we may truly say, in the valley, and through the valley, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." The hosts before the throne felt all this. "Ah," said Dr. Goodwin, "ah, is this dying? O! how have I dreaded as an enemy this smiling friend! With such views, let who will be miserable, I will not—I cannot." "Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord!"

*Woolwich.*

### THE CHURCH MEMBER DIRECTED.

BY THE REV. T. W. MEDHURST.

(Concluded from page 151.)

"Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church: but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican."—Matt. xviii. 15-17.

*How are we to reprove? Be sure the brother has committed the fault. Do not trust to the report of tale-bearers. Be more ready to disbelieve an evil report than to credit it. Prove the report to be true before you believe it. Love beareth long, and thinketh no evil. When you are certain your brother has sinned do not be hasty in judgment. Inquire whether the sin is as bad as you imagine it to be. See what allowances can be made. Find out all the circumstances of the case, not from prying curiosity, but with an earnest desire to discover something extenuating in the case. Inquire whether the reproof when administered is likely to benefit, for, "though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him," Prov. xxvii. 22. Pray before you enter on this critical work, that you may have wisdom from above, and the Holy Spirit's teaching, to discover, when, how, and whom to reprove. Handle the erring one tenderly. Hearts are broken with velvet hammers. Love will dissolve*

the heart of stone. Say, "To-day my brother has trespassed against me, to-morrow I may trespass against him; I will therefore treat him to-day as I would wish him to treat me to-morrow, were I in his case." Season your reproof with the salt of grace. Soften your speech with the marrow of kindness.

"Go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone." Go yourself, do not send another. Do not wait till he comes to you, but go you to him. Do not send for him to come to you, for who would willingly come to be rebuked, and what right have you to assume the magisterial bench? Go to him "alone;" do not take any other with you. Let him see you desire to bring him to contrition, and not to expose him; that you would like to cover his sin with the mantle of love from the eyes of others, though you would uncover it to his own eyes. Do not write to him. As one has well said, "A piece of paper is a dead, unanimated thing, and hath no persuasive eloquence." Besides, what mischief has letter-writing occasioned! How often it has raised false impressions, and, without intention, has alienated once loving hearts! No, don't write, but do as Jesus bids you, "Go and tell him his fault between him and thee alone." Seek out a suitable day, then go yourself to your brother. "The Lord God forbade to call our first parents to account for their ungrateful rebellion against him, till the cool of the day—till they found that they were naked, and saw the miserable condition to which sin had reduced them; then he appeared among the trees of the garden to reason with them, and to reprove them for their sin." Be ye followers of God as dear children. There is a time to reprove, and a time in which "the prudent shall keep silence," Amos v. 13. Be not like the unwise, in whose mouth is always an unseasonable tale. Joseph told his brethren of their sin, when he and they were alone. God rebuked Cain when he was alone. Go you and do likewise. If thy brother's trespass be private, take heed thou dost not make it public. Bury your brother's fault in your own bosom. Neither intreaties nor tears can bring back the dead from the bosom of the grave, so, in like manner, do thou bury thy brother's sins.

The above direction only bears upon faults committed in *private*; such are not to be made known while there is the least likelihood of the brother being brought to repentance. The case is different when the sin is *public*; then the rebuke should be public likewise. This is in accordance with apostolical teaching: "Them that sin rebuke before all, that others also may fear," 1 Tim. v. 20. "Some men's sins are open beforehand;" such should be dealt with openly. If the crime be notorious, let the rebuke be equally notorious, that others, hearing, may fear.

*Look well to your motive.* "If he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother." Let this be your one desire—to *gain* your brother, to bring him to a knowledge of the sin he has fallen into, to lead him to penitence, and to work within him godly sorrow. Let your motives be God's glory and your brother's good. Be impartial in your reproofs as to persons. Do not be forward in reproving the poor, but backward in reproving the rich. The rich have often no faithful friend, who will be so kind as to tell them of their faults when they do wrong. "May God have pity on them: for they have no earthly friend who will show them any, or declare the truth unto them." While, however, you reprove all who deserve reproof, of some have compassion, making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire, Jude xxii. 23. Be pointed in your rebuke. Avoid beating about the bush. Say, with Nathan to David, "Thou art the man."

In reproving others, see to it that you are *free from blemish* yourself. The *snuffers* of the sanctuary must be made of *pure gold*. First sweep the refuse from your own door, then, but not till then, you may sweep before the door of your neighbours. You who dwell in glass houses take heed how you throw stones. "When vice corrects sin, sin will but smile at the conceit or wonder at its effrontery." Go to him alone, and faithfully tell him his fault; perchance you may discover he has erred *unintentionally*, or if not that, he may be brought to *confess* his fault and to *repent* of his sin. If so, let the matter drop; "thou hast gained thy brother." If, however, "he will not hear thee, then

take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established." If this be of no avail, "and if he shall neglect to hear them," then—but mark, not till then—"tell it unto the church," that is, the Lord's *ecclesia*, the called-out assembly; "but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." There is no higher court of appeal known to Scripture than the church of Christ. If he still remain obdurate, and refuse to listen to the voice of the church, then he is found to be walking disorderly, and from such we are bound to withdraw ourselves. The church is Christ's executive upon earth, and when it is found rigidly adhering to the stern simplicity of the Scriptures in all matters pertaining to its faith, order, and social worship, it is true concerning its decisions, as it was said to the apostles by Christ himself, "Verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Again I say unto you, that 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," Matthew xviii. 18-20.

Fellow-members in the Church of Christ, diligently give heed to all that is "noted in the Scripture of truth." Never deviate therefrom. Be not afraid of the consequences. Leave the consequences of doing right with God. Hesitate, yea, tremble, before you do evil that good may come. Either Scripture is sufficient or it is not. If sufficient, then adhere to it, and God will bless you. Whatever is not found within the covers of the Book is all moonshine. We have no faith in the spurious charity of the present day, which hesitates to pronounce evil to be evil because committed by "a good man." Sin in the Christian is more to be spoken against than sin in others. Where God's Word speaks, there may you speak; but where God's Word is silent, be you silent likewise.

*Glasgow.*

## THE GOLIATH REFORMER.

A STUDY FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD LEACH,

Author of "Rev. James Hervev, the Model Minister and Christian," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER VI.—LUTHER SUMMONED.

"In a few days this presumptuous monk shall be annihilated," was the miserable prophecy of the indignant, bloated priestocracy. Great revolutions are generally threatened with extinction in a trice. Ten days could not quench even a struggling, oppressed nation to free itself from the Russian knout, or blast the inherent love for humanity's common liberty. Nor shall the blatant voice of a demoralised, rotten-cored superstition and tyranny be able to snuff out the genius of an uprising burning flame of liberty and religious privilege. "Annihilation" and "putting down" are fine commands, but hard to execute. The commotion which the friar of Wittenberg raised was not to be cooled by the curses or maledictions of the priests of Rome. The vengeance which they threatened with such energy and show only infused fresh and more vigorous blood into the veins of Luther. He continued preaching and teaching. A reformation, such as Rome never saw before, was prophesied by the noble reformer. Said he, "The Church needs to be reformed," but he did not seek its overthrow. "The dyke is broken, and to restrain the flood now pouring in is no longer in our power." The cause of God is as a mighty torrent rolling in powerful cataracts down the ocean of time. Can such feeble straws as men dam up its course? Can reeds, which shake before the wind of heaven, turn the current of a running, powerful stream? The work was of God, and the instruments of it must be preserved.

Albeit, Rome must whet its sword—the butcher's knife must be sharpened—the curse of man must be vaunted—the blow must be attempted. 'Tis but the whetting, 'tis not the bleeding; 'tis but the sharpening, 'tis not the killing; 'tis but the vaunting, 'tis not the conquering; 'tis but the attempted blow, 'tis not the eternal silencing. Out of the great battle of truth and error, of might and right, of godliness and iniquity, shall spring glory, and honour, and majesty,

and power unto the God that sitteth in heaven. The princes of Germany were peculiarly sensitive as regarded their orthodoxy. With them "orthodoxy" was a fine word, it was a soft point in their conscience. Heresy would be to them as hateful as "sectarianism" is, at the present day, discredit and unrespectable to those whose cowardly natures dare not brook the open light of the world. How, then, could the Elector of Saxony, under whose government poor Luther was, be touched with compassion for the Church; how best stir up the violent passions of his orthodox soul against the rabid heresy of the dandled monk? Touch his tender point! Ah, that's it! We know well enough what it all means. When people wish for a loan, the soft place is—your invariable benevolence; when a favour is desired—a little sprinkling of perfumed compliments does it all. So the Elector was written to—his orthodoxy was paraded before his mind—the fearful results of the continuance of the life of Luther was depicted in burning language—and by the aid of much sneaking and more fawning, his tender mind was counselled to beware of sheltering this terrible heretic. But Frederick had genius, and spirit, and courage enough to see through this tangled skein of hidden hypocrisy. Besides his intellectual attainments, he had the real heart of a Christian—a soul that could not brook slavery to man—a heart violent in the face of persecution and ignorance—"he submitted himself to God," as Melancthon prettily said. There were, too, in the writings and in the mind of Luther, peculiar charms that riveted his attention, even as they fascinated the Christian believer. And there were not a few—nay, there was a phalanx of soldiers who were ready to fight the great battle of truth with the heroic monk. By them Luther was encouraged, as by the love and unity of the Christian brotherhood each hero has ever been strengthened in his noble exploits for God and truth. Much of the success of the Reformation was due, under God, to the prayers of lowly cottagers and hardy sons of toil. I think it is Melancthon that acknowledges how peculiarly he and Luther were strengthened by the fervent prayers of the Christian poor. They clustered

around the Reformers, and though they could not help them in fighting for the cause of truth, they stood by with uplifted hands invoking the blessing of Israel's Father. Those engaged in the thickest of the fight are none the less dependent upon the soldiers in the rear ranks. These humble, lowly ones proved like solitary skirmishers; but they nobly performed their duty. Let the mean and comparatively insignificant Christians of the nineteenth century remember that their prayers can uphold those who are captains in God's army. "For all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel that I may do it for them."

The Elector of Saxony proved afterwards to be Luther's quiet, but unmistakable, friend in the midst of the ravings of the ravenous wolves of Rome. At the repeated cries of the priests, the Pope instituted an ecclesiastical court at Rome, to which Luther was cited to appear. Now, what was his duty in the midst of this crisis? If he staid at home, he would be branded as a coward; if he went, he might never return. His friends were greatly alarmed and excited. Should Luther visit Rome, "that city drunk with the blood of God's saints" would never allow him to reassert his doctrines or preach against iniquity. "See what snares," said Luther to Staupitz, "they are laying for me, and how I am surrounded with thorns. But Christ lives and reigns, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." The university interceded on behalf of the Theological Lion, and, by the influence of the Elector, it was resolved that he be examined at Augsburg.

The Pope's brief, for which—interesting as it is—I have no room here, is a fine sample of the judicature of Popery from the days of Hildebrand to the *effete* and miserably-weak pontiff of 1863—Pope Pius IX. In this injunction, we have Luther proclaimed a heretic; and that, be it remembered, *before* the trial. This remarkable clause appeared in it: "If he persist in his obstinacy, and you cannot secure his person, we authorize you to proscribe him in every part of Germany; to banish, curse, and excommunicate all those who are attached to him, and to order all Christians to flee from their presence." The pith of the

whole brief is simply this—Luther is a heretic; question him, get him to retract if you can; if not, excommunicate, curse, condemn, and banish him, and also all who are affected by him or seek to shield him. This truly unloving epistle wound up in the usual style of benediction—for Pontifical curses have no effect unless a charitable blessing be mixed with them.

At this period, when in most need of a sound, skilful, dispassionate adviser, that tender, affectionate, and learned Melancthon, whose name stands prominently in the records of this tremendous struggle between heresy and truth, appears; and the two men—one in heart and in purpose—find a united interest, and a communion and common sympathy, in each other. Melancthon was born on the 14th of February, 1497; his father was George Schwartzerd, a master-armourer of Bretten. The armourer was a godly man. Melancthon's mother was a rhymester, and sang as follows:—

"Almsgiving impoverisheth not.  
Church-going hindereth not.  
To grease the car delayeth not.  
Ill-gotten wealth profiteth not.  
God's Word deceiveth not."

Philip's father died when the former was twelve years of age. He then went to the University of Heidelberg, took his bachelor's degree at fourteen, attended at fifteen years of age the lectures of the learned doctors of Tübingen, read the Bible at church instead of listening to the parson; made doctor of philosophy at seventeen; and four years after settled at Wittenberg, surprising every one at that university by his erudition. He loved learning and virtue. Some good men of his time were stupid enough to hate the first: he strove, therefore, to conciliate them. His amiability, tender sympathy, loving, wooing manners engaged the admiration of every one. The alliance between these two friends was excellent, it was a well-matched friendship. When a man is all spirit, fire, impetuosity, burning zeal, and unceasing energy, it is well to have a friend to check, to neutralise, to impart a mildness to the otherwise turbulent temper. Such a friend was Melancthon. By his gentle, mild disposition and example Luther's harsher propensities were considerably softened. On the other hand Luther soon

Lutherised Melancthon by imparting a little valuable energy to him. Calvin prayed once for Melancthon as follows: "May the Lord give him a more determined spirit, lest, through his timidity, our posterity suffer a serious injury." But he never disgraced the noble cause with which he was associated. Perhaps he effected as much as Luther did: the one was by gentle means, the other by powerful, heavy blows.

Luther now prepares for the journey

to Augsburg, for examination by the Pope's legate. He expressed his wish that he should be delivered alone into the hands of his adversaries. "Let him (the Elector) allow the whole storm to burst upon me." This Scripture especially nerved him, "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven."

AND LUTHER FLOODED ON HIS WAY TO AUGSBURG.

London.

## Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," &c.

### S U M M E R - W O R K .

"And of Benjamin he said, The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between his shoulders."—Deut. xxxiii. 12.

It was on a slip of paper—this beautiful promise text—and had lain unnoticed in the desk for many a day. It was copied in a fair hand-writing, but the ink was faded and the paper had turned yellow. The young man who was assorting the accumulated letters of months seemed to find it by accident, and as he unfolded the slip of paper and read the words a strange look of surprise and joy flashed over his face. The sight of that relic took him back to brighter years, when the world was all fair to him. Too well he knew the writing—dear to him had been the hand which had guided the pen—a hand long since stilled by death. And this text in its wondrous beauty was as a message from the other world to cheer the spirit which had grown weary below.

He read it, lingering on every word with tears of joy in his eyes and deep thanksgiving at his heart. For not unneeded was the promise which had been sent so opportunely. He was yet a young man, and life is ever sweet to us. Moreover, God had prospered him so that his business and efforts of usefulness had alike been successful. But his medical adviser was faithful, and from his lips he had heard that at most a few months were all he might look forward to on earth. There was a morbid fear of the article of death in his heart, a sorrow at leaving the world which was so fair; he clung to life, notwith-

standing the many ills it had brought. And this text, these blessed words of assurance, comforted him as nothing else could. How long it had lain in his desk he knew not, but now, when he needed it most, God had sent it to him.

"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him." His load of despair rolled off as he read those words. He felt that he who loved him would not—*could not* allow him to be injured. Living or dying he was safe in the "Everlasting Arms."

A few days after he was at the seaside inhaling the breezes which the doctor had said might prolong his life. His spirit was calmer than it had ever been before. The Father's hand had quieted the storm, and all was peace. He wished he could tell others of his great tranquillity—the heaviest part of his trouble now was that he could not actively serve his Master as before. He asked himself, "Was there nothing he could do?" and at length his busy mind suggested a plan.

He had a large number of copies of that text printed, and resolved to distribute them among the visitors. There were many who like himself had the seal of *death* upon them; and he felt confident that the words which had been so blessed to him must also comfort them.

Every day, therefore, as he slowly walked along the beach, the little slips

of paper were prayerfully scattered. Whenever a person marked with sickness passed him—crippled children, old men, ladies with the hectic flush of consumption upon them, he politely handed them a paper.

His gentlemanly manner, together with the pallor of his face and palpable weakness of his frame, disarmed suspicion; the papers were taken as courteously as offered, and a silent prayer accompanied each.

This was Alfred Allen's last summer-work. He knew it would be. His life was ebbing away as surely as the tide he loved to watch. Whether God would bless this his last effort, he never expected to know in this world. But it comforted him greatly to be able to do it. Freely he had received, freely he gave of what God had made to be his soul's very life and peace. And the Master did bless it most abundantly.

There came a day when he was too ill to go out, and had to lie and listen to the sighing waves which he no more might see. And another when his friends saw that he was dying. He had lain some hours without speaking, or seeming to take any notice, when a letter was brought into the room. It was for him, but they feared to disturb him with its contents. One friend, however, who knew him well, ventured to read it aloud. "Friendless and forsaken I came here to die. But God sought me even here. The text you gave me caused my heart to yearn after him, and he did not hide his face. I too am now 'the beloved of the Lord.' We are strangers here, but we shall meet in heaven."

Nothing else could have kindled such rapture in the face of the dying man. No other news could have affected him who was so near eternity. But the hands which had been powerless before were clasped now, and the silent lips moved once more to utter an earnest "Father, I thank thee!"

Dear Friends, if we could have witnessed that death scene, we should be very earnest to find and to do some summer-work. Perchance, this may be our last summer. How shall we spend it? It may be pleasant enough to be careful only for our own comfort, to indulge ourselves, and spend the hot days resting in shady places. But if we would *die* happily let us do *some good first*. Let us comfort some sad spirit, warm some careless heart, point some seeker to Jesus.

I trust we shall all be permitted to enjoy the intense loveliness of the summer-time—that the beauty of green leaves and flowers, the music of whispering tree-tops and singing birds may pervade our weary spirits. But let us not forget our Saviour wherever we go. Cannot we in some way speak to the stranger about him? Cannot we circulate some text that shall spread the knowledge of him?

O! let us serve the Saviour  
Amid the fragrant hours;  
For o'er our way he flingeth  
His love's unfading flowers.

Yes, let us serve the Saviour,  
Who gave his life that we  
May live in blissful mansions,  
The holy and the free.

Then, when the shadow falleth  
Upon the things of time,  
His voice will speak our welcome  
To the ever-sunny clime.

## Reviews.

*A Manual of the Christian Principles and Polity of the General Baptist New Connexion.* By Rev. DAWSON BURNS, Co-Minister of New Church-street Chapel, London. With an Introduction by the Rev. W. UNDERWOOD, President of the General Baptist College. London: J. Caudwell, 335, Strand.

A VERY clear and full exhibition of the doctrines and polity of that department of the Baptist Union known as "General Baptists." Much confusion has existed as to the signification of "General," many supposing it referred to the terms of communion, and not to distinction of doctrine. The phrase, however, was adopted to represent

their faith in general redemption, as opposed to that of particular or limited redemption. This manual, however, will supply all needful information—doctrinal, historical, and statistical—with regard to this section of the Baptist community. As the price is only threepence, it is within the reach of all, and may be consulted with confidence as a work of reliable information.

*The Sabbath-school from a Practical Point of View.* By JAS. HILLOCKS, Author of "Life Story," &c. London: John Snow.

A THOROUGHLY useful and suggestive treatise,

worthy of the consideration of all Sabbath-school teachers. Mr. Hillocks is a workman and not a visionary. We commend his work most heartily to all who believe the Sunday-school to be a mighty power for good.

*The Dying Command of Christ; or, the Duty of Believers to Celebrate Weekly the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.* By the Author of "God is Love," "Our Heavenly Home," &c. London: Virtue Brothers and Co., 1, Amen-corner.

AN eloquent, Scriptural, and unanswerable exhibition and defence of weekly communion by one who is a veteran in this department of sacred truth.

*The Three Creeds.* By Rev. CYPRIAN T. RUST. London: Wertheim and Co., 24, Paternoster-row.

THE "Apostles," the "Nicene," and the "Athanasian" creeds have here a liberal exposition and defence by the spiritual-minded author, who is obviously an orthodox and earnest clergyman of the Church of England. Of course, the whole subject is a wide one, and admits clearly of various views which need not affect the Christian charity of any.

*The Law of Christian Liberty.* A Sermon by the Rev. EDW. DENNETT. London: J. Heaton and Son.

A SCRIPTURAL illustration and enforcement of proportionate weekly contributions to the cause of God and humanity. Worthy of extended circulation.

*Tracts for the Thoughtful, &c.* No. VIII.—The Church and the World. London: W. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street.

THE question specially discussed in this thirty-six octavo-page tract is the duty of the Church to the world, and the necessity of thorough self-sacrifice on the part of Christians to do it. A

subject of immense importance, and worthy of profound consideration. We wish that all avowed Christians were imbued with the principles and sentiments here inculcated.

*Recognition of the Future Life.* By JAS. DAVIES, Minister of the Pithay Baptist Chapel, Bristol. London: Warren Hall and Co., Camden-road, N.W.

A CALM discussion of a most interesting theme, and very clearly and practically treated.

*The Communion of Saints.* By Wm. FAITH. London: J. Paul.

AN earnest defence of strict communion.

*Springs in the Desert.* A Series of Descriptive Poems on Sacred Subjects. By D. M'KEAN. Glasgow: Geo. Gallie.

SWEET, spiritual, and refreshing.

THE following have our cordial recommendation:—

*Gardeners' Weekly Magazine and Horticultural Cabinet.* May. E. W. Allen, 20, Warwick-lane.

*The Little Gleaner for May.* Houlston and Wright. The Sower for April. Same Publishers.

*Selection of Hymns for Sunday-schools and Cottage Preachers.* London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

*The Illustrious Bridegroom and Bride.* By Rev. J. E. CRACKNELL, of Dacre Park Chapel. London: J. Paul.

*True Happiness; or, the Priceless Treasures.* A Gathered Blossom. London: Wertheim and Co. Baptist Magazine for May.

We are glad also to see that the Rev. Newman Hall's cheap and excellent treatises are going through rapid and new editions—as "Stop the Leak!" "Ready to Perish!" "Scriptural Testotalism!" "Come to Jesus," &c. London: J. Nisbet and Co.

## Poetry.

### "COME, LORD JESUS."

"Come, Lord Jesus—"

Surely this prayer was breathed by saints of old,  
Living amidst the shadows of the law;  
Of Christ the Psalmist sang, and prophets told;  
The glories of his kingdom they foresaw.  
He came, obeyed the law, fulfilled each type,  
Died, and ascended to his heavenly home;  
But Jews, fast held in unbelief's stern gripe,  
Are praying still—"Messiah, quickly come."

"Come, Lord Jesus."

The seeking soul with earnestness cries out,  
"Was it for me, O Lord, thy side was riven?"  
In mercy come and banish fear and doubt,  
Say unto me, 'Thy sins are all forgiven.'  
The Saviour comes at the appointed hour,  
With sweet assurance then the soul is blest,  
Fees the atoning blood applied with power,  
And leans with joy on her Beloved's breast.

### "Come, Lord Jesus—"

This prayer God's children often use again,  
And look to heaven when troubles press around;  
"Lord, come to my relief, man's help is vain,  
O let me prove from thee my help is found."  
Jesus fulfills his troubled ones' desire,  
Sometimes at once he makes the trial cease,  
If not, his arm supports through flood and fire,  
And "I am with thee" fills the soul with peace.

### "Come, Lord Jesus—"

By dying saints this wish is oft expressed,  
When from the clay the soul would fain take  
flight,  
"Come, Lord, and bear me to thine endless rest,  
To dwell with thee in heavenly glory bright."  
The Master comes: the weary body sleeps  
To wake one day and in rare beauty rise;  
The ransomed spirit with its Saviour keeps  
A glad eternal Sabbath in the skies,

"Come, Lord Jesus."

The Church on earth prays now—"O Prince of peace,

Let thy blest away be felt throughout the world;  
Let crime and error, strife and bloodshed cease,  
And war's red flag for evermore be furled."

In person or in spirit Christ will come—

May we not thus conclude from God's own Word?

And earth will be a peaceful, happy home,  
Filled with the knowledge of the glorious Lord.  
THEODORA.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

**PILGWENLLY, NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE**—The Rev. Evan Thomas, of the Welsh Baptist church, Newport, has become pastor of the English Baptist church in this place, and with cheering prospects of success. Mr. Thomas preaches at present in the market-place. A chapel, however, is in progress.

### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**STONEHOUSE, DEVON**.—On May 17, Mr. James Pook, superintendent of the Ebenezer Baptist Sunday-school, was presented with an elegant illustrated Bible and handsome book-marker, by the Bible-class girls, as a mark of their sincere esteem.

### ASSOCIATION SERVICES.

**THE SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK ASSOCIATION OF STRICT CHURCHES** held its thirty-third anniversary at Battledon, on the 2nd and 3rd of June. Sermons were preached by the Revs. J. E. Bloomfield, of London; S. K. Bland, of Chesham; S. Collins, Grundesburgh; C. Hill, Stokosh; and C. H. Hosken, Gildencroft, Norwich. The circular letter on "The Glory of God, his Chief End in the Salvation of his People," by the Rev. C. H. Hosken, was read and adopted. Letters were read from thirty-three churches, which showed satisfactory progress. Baptisms about six per cent, or seven per cent, of membership. A spirit of love pervaded all the meetings. The association meets next year (D.V.) at Friston, brethren Collins and Hosken to preach the association sermons, and Cooper to write the circular letter.

### FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

**MINTLAW, ABERDEENSHIRE**.—The members of the Baptist church, Peterhead, residing in the villages of Tonyaside, Mintlaw, and Feterangus, being hindered by distance from enjoying the ordinances of Christ at Peterhead, and anxious to promote the cause of truth in their own locality, resolved to organize a church in Mintlaw; and having secured a suitable meeting place, they were, on Lord's-day, May 17th, formed into a church by Mr. Duncan, of New Pitsligo, who administered the Supper to ten persons. "May the little one become a thousand."

### LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

**CANTERBURY**.—On Tuesday, June 16, the foundation-stone of the chapel at the above place was laid by Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., M.P., in the presence of a large concourse. After singing and prayer, the Rev. C. Kirtland, pastor, gave a statement of the circumstances which led to the undertaking, and Sir Morton Peto laid the stone with the usual formalities. The hon. baronet then delivered a most appropriate and telling address. The Rev. H. Cresswell also spoke. The contributions on the occasion amounted to about £90. The following ministers took part in the

services:—B. C. Etheridge, Bamsgate; C. W. Skemp, Eythorn; Cresswell and Ward, Canterbury; and Ibberson, Dover. In the evening the Rev. W. Brock, of London, preached. An effort is being made to open the chapel free of debt. About £450 remains to be obtained, and it is hoped that Christians in all parts of the land will respond to the claim which the archiepiscopal city makes on their liberality, that the denomination may have a chapel worthy of the place. Contributions will be thankfully received by the Rev. C. Kirtland.

**WALWORTH-ROAD CHAPEL**.—On Wednesday, June 3rd, the foundation-stone of the above chapel, now in course of erection for the church and congregation at present worshipping in Lion-street Chapel, New Kent-road, was laid. The facts connected with such erection were stated in a paper read by Mr. J. E. Tresidder, the Secretary to the Building Committee. "The site is in every respect most eligible, being near the present chapel, and having a double frontage, the one in the Walworth-road and the other in a new street, by which facilities will be secured for the erection of school-buildings apart from the chapel, and for which a special fund has been opened. The chapel will have 800 sittings, besides pews for 100 Sunday-scholars. Adjoining the chapel will be built, on the ground floor, a lecture hall to hold 150 persons, with ministers' and deacons' vestries, and on the upper floor two large class-rooms and a ladies' vestry. In addition to the fund thus raised for the new chapel, a fund also exists called the Jubilee Fund of Sun-street Sunday-school, amounting to £900. This it is intended to expend in the erection of a school-room at the back of the chapel. This work will shortly be commenced." The Rev. W. Howieson made a short introductory statement. Mr. J. E. Tresidder then produced the bottle which was to be inserted in the stone, and described its contents as follows:—The history of the church at Lion-street; the history of the Sunday-school for fifty years; the account of Lion-street Chapel in 1862, containing reports of the institutions with list of the members. The septennial report of the building fund statement printed upon vellum, respecting the new chapel and the day's proceedings; documents connected with the young men and women's classes; cards of the architects, Messrs. Searle, Son, and Yelf, and of the builders, Messrs. Chinnok Brothers, and the silver and copper coins of the realm. Sir S. M. Peto came forward, and amid the intense watching of the spectators, successfully performed the work of laying the stone, after which he resumed his position upon the platform and addressed the meeting. The meeting was afterwards addressed by Rev. P. J. Turquand in a humorous speech, and by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who congratulated the pastor and the people upon the noble example they had set in the matter of prudence, foresight, perseverance, and unanimity. He believed God's blessing would rest upon such efforts; though not believing



in salvation by works, God always pours out his blessing upon works rightly done. His desire was that the building in its commencement be consecrated not as heathen temples were of old, but by the diffusion of the blood of Christ upon some who were then present. It would be a noble thing if some young men from that day's proceedings dedicated themselves to Christ's service. The pastor, Mr. Howieson, had said he was coming up to Olapham to see him on Friday next, and suspected what for; all he could say was, that Mr. Howieson might have anything in reason from him for the new Walworth-road Chapel. At the close of Mr. Spurgeon's speech the benediction was pronounced, and the company dispersed to congregate in the chapel and schoolroom of the present place of worship, where tea was provided. At half-past six the meeting commenced, and after singing and prayer J. C. Marshman, Esq., gave a congratulatory address. The papers already quoted from were then read by Mr. Tresidder. Addresses were also delivered by Revs. S. Green, J. Aldis, C. Stamford, J. Corderoy, Esq., and W. H. Watson, Esq. The total collections for the day amounted to above £100.

#### OPENING SERVICES.

**WANDSWORTH.**—The new Baptist chapel, East-hill, was opened on Lord's-day, May 31st, when three services were held, the preachers being the Revs. B. E. Forsyth, of Orange-street Chapel; J. W. Genders, pastor of the church; and Francis Tucker, B.A., of Camden-road Chapel. On Monday a tea-meeting was held in the Assembly-Rooms, after which a public meeting in the new chapel. J. Stiff, Esq., presided. The Revs. P. H. Davison, of Wandsworth; W. Ball, of Wandsworth; C. J. Evans, of Putney; expressed their sympathy with the pastor and their hearty good wishes for the future prosperity of the church. Joseph Payne, Esq., delivered a humorous address, full of wholesome instruction, concluding with a poetical tail-piece on the glorious first of June. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon made some practical remarks on what would be essential to success in this newly-opened place of worship. He spoke with much earnestness on the subject of giving of our substance to the Lord, observing that, while some thought it too worldly to have collections, he believed the loving offerings of God's people were as sweet music in the ears of the Lord. On Tuesday two sermons were preached by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and one on Thursday by the Rev. W. Brook, of Bloomsbury Chapel, after which the ordinance of baptism was administered. The amount realized by the opening services is over £200; to which Mr. Spurgeon and the church at the Tabernacle have generously added £100, making a total of £300. The entire cost is about £3,000, including £500 paid for the site, which is freehold. One-half the amount has been received, the other half has still to be obtained; contributions towards which will be thankfully received by the pastor, East-hill, Wandsworth.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**FOREST-HILL.**—Mr. J. E. Cracknell, of Dacre-park, Blackheath, will (D.V.) preach at the New Lecture-hall, close to the railway station, on Thursday evenings. Service commencing at seven o'clock.

**SHEEPSHEAD, LEICESTERSHIRE.**—On Lord's-day, July 19th, two sermons (D.V.) will be preached, in aid of the Baptist Sabbath-school, Charley Way, by the Rev. James Edwards, of Nottingham. Service to commence in the after-

noon at quarter-past two; in the evening at a quarter-past six.

**SHOULDHAM-STREET CHAPEL, CRAWFORD-STREET, BRYANSTONE-SQUARE.**—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon will preach in the above chapel on Thursday morning, July 23rd, in aid of the Metropolitan Training College. Service commencing at 12 o'clock. Admittance by tickets only, to be obtained of Rev. W. A. Blake, 85, South Bank, Regent's-park.

**EYNSFORD.**—On Lord's-day, July 12th, two sermons will be preached by the Rev. John Lewis, of Chatham. Services to commence at eleven o'clock a.m., and six p.m. On the following Tuesday, July 14th, two sermons will be preached by the Right Hon. Lord Teynham. Services to commence at half-past two, and six o'clock. Tea will be provided on each occasion. Tickets, 6d. each. A collection after each service.

**CAVE ADULLAK, OLD-ROAD, STEPNEY.**—The teachers and friends of the Sabbath-school, with the teachers and friends of Rehoboth Chapel, Shadwell, have made arrangements with the Great Eastern Railway Company for their 8th annual excursion by rail to the Old Rye House. Tickets—adults, 2s.; children, 1s. 3d.; belonging to the school, 10d. Tickets may be had of J. E. Moore, secretary, 31, Richard-street, Stepney, E.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**THURLIGH, BEDS.**—The Sabbath-school sermons were preached on the 24th May, by Mr. Wyard, Baptist minister, of Irthingborough. On the Monday a tea-meeting was held, after which a public meeting, when several ministers and friends gave addresses. There was a good attendance, and £10 10s. was collected.

**BOROUGH-GREEN, KENT.**—The anniversary of the Baptist church was held on Whit-Tuesday, when brethren Anderson, of London, and Brunt, of Colnbrook, preached. Upwards of 200 persons partook of tea; after which the chapel was filled in every part. Brethren Milbourne, of London; Camp, of Eynsford; Jull, of Ryarsh; Stephenson, of Sevenoaks; Brown, of Fressingfield, Suffolk; and Dalton, of Gravesend, took part in the services.

**GUTTING, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—The annual tea-meeting at the Baptist chapel in the above village was held on Tuesday, June 9, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Allen, of Oxford; and the Revs. K. Grace, Winchcomb; W. Omant, Stow; E. Edwards (Independent), North-leach; and G. M'Michael, B.A., Bourton-on-the-Water, took part in the services.

**SEER-GREEN, BUCKS.**—The anniversary in connection with the above place was held June 9th. The Rev. J. Teall, of Woolwich, preached on the occasion, after which a goodly number of friends partook of tea. A public service was held in the evening, Mr. J. Hall, of Amersham, occupied the chair. Addresses were given by Messrs. Young, of Beaconsfield; Darrill, of Wycombe; Spratley, of Amersham; the Rev. J. Teall, of Woolwich; and the Rev. J. Price, of Amersham.

**THE COTTON FAMINE.**—The Rev. Richard Webb, of Preston, writes to us as follows:—"Your monthly MESSENGER has not only been the bearer of precious truths and cheering intelligence to us in the time of our distress, but it has carried the sad tale of our suffering into many a Christian family, and has called forth therefrom the generous sympathy of not a few benevolent hearts. One of your readers has kindly sent £2 10s., and asks me to acknowledge it in your pages 'as a thank-offering for his first-born.'"

**GLASGOW.**—Anniversary services in commemoration of the opening of the North Frederick-street Chapel were held on Lord's-day, May 17th, when three sermons were preached. Morning, Rev. J. W. Boulding; afternoon, Rev. T. W. Medhurst; evening, Rev. H. S. Paterson. On Thursday, May 21st, a congregational *soirée* was held; the pastor presided. Earnest practical addresses were delivered by the brethren, J. Downie, sen., W. Bowser, sen., J. Irons, R. Brash, and J. Downie, jun. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

**NEWPORT, MONMOUTH.**—On Monday, May 25th, a tea meeting was held at the English Baptist Chapel. At 2 o'clock p.m. the Sabbath-school children sat down to tea; the public tea meeting was held at 4; and at 7 p.m. the meeting commenced. The chair was taken by Rev. Evan Thomas, who made some very appropriate remarks; after which several pieces were recited by the Sunday-school children, and the superintendent, Mr. D. Rees, gave a report of the school; addresses were given by Revs. J. Hughes, Ledbury; J. Morgan, St. Brides; E. Williams, J. Williams, Mr. T. Thomas, Mr. J. Jones.

**KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, S.W.**—On Wednesday, June 3rd, the last meetings were held in the old Baptist chapel previous to the rebuilding. Upwards of 200 persons sat down to tea, the tea being given by the ladies towards the building fund. After tea the chair was taken by H. Bidgood, Esq., of Surbiton, when suitable addresses were delivered by the Revs. L. H. Byrnes, A. Mackenall, and H. Bayley; also J. Carvell Williams, Esq., of Surbiton, and J. East, Esq. The new chapel and school-rooms will cost about £2,900. During the rebuilding the Rev. H. Bayley is preaching in the Regimental Drill Hall, kindly lent by Major Cochrane.

**RETNEY.**—On Monday, 1st June, the children attending the Sunday-school at the English Baptist Tabernacle were regaled with tea, &c., at the expense of the members. A numerous party of their Tredegar friends kindly came over to assist in the interesting entertainment. After tea suitable pieces were recited by the children, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Ingram, Powell, Roberts, and Davies. The chair was taken by Mr. Ingram, in the absence of the Rev. J. Lewis, of Tredegar, who was obliged to leave.

**MIDHURST, SUSSEX.**—The anniversary of the Baptist cause in the above place was held on Thursday, May 28. Lord Teynham preached a sermon in the chapel in the afternoon from Rev. ii. 7. A large number took tea together. In the evening a public meeting was held; T. Pewtress Esq., occupied the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Eyles, the pastor, C. J. Morgan, T. Davies, B.A., H. Kiddle, J. H. Milard, B.A., and H. Rogers. A number of useful and fancy articles having been given—the proceeds of which are to be appropriated to the repairing of the chapel—a bazaar was held in a booth erected near the chapel, which was tastefully decorated.

#### BAPTISMS.

**AYLSHAM, Norfolk,** June 4—Six by Mr. Timothy Harley.

**BATH, June 7**—In the river Avon, Seven by Mr. J. Huntley, after a stirring address by Mr. D. Wassell.

**BETHEL, Lower Chapel, March 22**—One; May 17, Two, by Mr. J. L. Evans, pastor. One of the last baptized was a daughter of the late Rev. G. Griffiths, for many years minister of Cwmifor, Carmarthenshire.

**BIRMINGHAM, Bond-street Chapel, June 7**—Five

by Mr. J. Davies, and four were received in by letter.

**BOVEY TRACT, June 7**—Three by Mr. Keller.  
**BRAMLEY, Leeds, May 3**—Three by Mr. A. Ashworth.

**BRISTOL, King-street Chapel, May 24**—Eight by Mr. Bosworth. Others are inquiring the way to Zion.

**BROMLEY ST. LEONARD, Middlesex**—The Rev. J. Sella Martin (a minister of colour), of Bromley St. Leonard, Middlesex, immersed three candidates in the Baptist Chapel, Bow, after an impressive sermon, on May 28th. Two of the candidates were husband and wife. The lecture-hall, Bromley, in which Mr. Martin preaches, is crowded with attentive hearers.

**BUXTON, Norfolk, Feb. 24**—Two; March 31, Two; April 28, Three; June 2, Three, by Mr. W. May.  
**CARDIFF, Tredegarville Chapel, May 29**—Fifteen; and June 3, Ten, by Mr. Alfred Tilly.

**COLCHESTER, Eld-lane, April 29**—Five, by Mr. B. Langford. Eight were received in fellowship at the table.

**EWIAS HAROLD, Hereford, April 19**—Three, by Mr. C. Burleigh, Oroop; June 7, Two, by Mr. T. Williams. In spite of much opposition the cause here is in a flourishing state. Though the vicar treats the people to promise never to go again to hear those "foolish Baptists," yet a large number assemble every Sabbath. Ground for the erection of a chapel has been purchased.

**FOULSHAM, Norfolk, April 19**—Six, by Mr. Gooch, of Fakenham; May 31, Three, by the pastor of the church, Mr. W. F. Gooch.

**GLASGOW, North Frederick-street, May 31**—Seven, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

**HACKNEY, Marc-street, June 4**—Six, by Mr. W. G. Lewis, for the pastor, Mr. D. Katterns.

**HANHAM, Gloucestershire, May 24**—After a sermon by Mr. H. A. Medway, Five, by Mr. Thomas Bowbeer.

**HIGH WYCOMBE, Zion Chapel, June 7**—Two by Mr. Stenbridge.

**ISLE ABBOTTS, June 14, in the River**—Three, by Mr. J. Chappell.

**ISLEHAM, Pound-lane Chapel, June 3**—Seven in the River Lark, by Mr. Cantlow. The address at the water was delivered by Mr. Claxton, of West-row. Mr. Lloyd, of Barton Mills, preached in the evening.

**KIDDERMINSTER, April 5**—Six, by Mr. Thomas Fisk; four of whom are Sunday-school teachers.

**LANDPORT, Lake-road Chapel, May 31**—Seventeen, by Mr. E. G. Gange.

**LIVERPOOL, Great Crosshall-street, May 31**—Five, by Mr. W. Thomas.

**LONDON, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, May 25**—Fourteen; May 28, Fifteen, by Mr. Spurgeon.

**MIDHURST, SUSSEX, June 3**—Three, by Mr. Eyles.  
**NEWPORT, Monmouthshire, English Baptists, May 19**—One, in Pont Ebbw River, by Mr. E. Thomas; May 27, Seven, at Commercial-street Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion. Many more are saying, "We, too, will go with you, because we see that God is in your midst."

—Stow-hill, May 28—One; June 4, Thirteen, by the pastor, Mr. Williams. This church, which was formed in October, 1860, of eighteen members, now numbers over three hundred.

**NEWTON ABBOTT, April 5**—Three, by Mr. F. Pearce. Others are waiting.

**NORWICH, Gildencroft Chapel, May 1**—Four, by Mr. C. H. Hosken. The four previous baptisms have not been reported. ["Why not?"—Ed.]

**PENZANCE, Clarence-street, June 7**—Two, by Mr. Wilshire. The Lord is blessing us.

**PRESHRAS**, Aberdeenshire, May 17—Four; May 20, One, by Mr. Peter Gibb, student.

**PORTADOWN**, May 18—Two, by Mr. Bradshaw, who is labouring at Tanderagee with great acceptance and success.

**PRISTON**, Pale-street, May 31—Seven, by Mr. Webb.

**RISBERY**, Beds, April 28—Two; May 31, One, by Mr. W. Wilson.

**RUBENNE**, Northamptonshire, May 31—Four by Mr. R. E. Bradford.

**SANDYHAVEN**, Pembroke, May 31—One, at Hickstone-bridge; June 14, Four, at Marloes; May 10, One; June 7, Four, all by Mr. J. Walker.

**SOUTHAMPTON**, East-street, June 7—Three by Mr. B. Caven. Two of them from the Bible-class.

**SNAILBEACH**, Salop, June 14—Three by Mr. E. Evans.

**SPALDING**, Lincolnshire, March 1—Nine; June 7, Six, by Mr. J. E. Jones.

**STAFFORD**, Greengate-street, May 17—One by Mr. W. H. Cornish, formerly of Hook Norton. Mr. Cornish has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the above place, and has commenced his labours under pleasing prospects. "We prize your MESSENGER very highly; it cheers and urges us on in the Christian race."

**STEPNEY**, Old-road, Cave Adullam, April 28—Three, by Mr. John Webster, making twenty-one thus added since the commencement of his labours there.

**THORPE-LE-SOKEN**, Essex, April 25—Four, by Mr. Crockerton.

**TRULLEIGH**, Beds, June 7—Four, by Mr. W. K. Dexter. Two were husband and wife.

**TREDEGAR**, English Church, April 5—Four; April 26, Eleven; May 25, Twenty, by Mr. Lewis.

**ULEY**, Gloucester, May 21—Three, by Mr. A. Ashworth.

**WALSALL**, Staffordshire, May 31—Nine, by Mr. W. Lees. Upwards of 140 have been baptized at the above place during the last three years.

**WANDSWORTH**, June 4—Eight, by Mr. Genders, in the new Baptist chapel. This was the first administration in the new chapel.

**WIMBORNE**, April 26—Two; June 3, Four, by Mr. Grove. The Lord is greatly blessing us.

#### DEATHS.

On 20th December, 1862, at Westbury Leigh, Bristol, in the 80th year of his age, the Rev. Zenas Clift, pastor of the Baptist church at

Crockerton, near Warminster. He was a devoted servant of Christ, and very useful in his ministerial capacity, also in visiting and conversing with all he knew and met with, urging upon them the claims of the Saviour. The Lord having blessed him with the means, he generously erected a comfortable dwelling-house on land adjoining the chapel, and at his death gave the same to the cause. The Lord rewarded him for his self-denying labours by permitting him to see the church prosper and increase, and the chapel improved at a considerable cost, which was all paid off before his death. During his last illness he was graciously supported by the presence of his Heavenly Father; very cheerful, and delighted to hear from those who visited him of the progress of the Saviour's cause, and frequently speaking of the goodness of God, until he peacefully yielded up his spirit into the arms of his Saviour. His remains were interred at the Baptist chapel, Westbury Leigh, on Monday, Dec. 23, and on the evening of Sunday, the 4th of January, his death was improved by the Rev. J. Sprigg at the same chapel, and by Mr. S. Scott at Crockerton chapel.

On May 7, 1863, at Guildford, the Rev. Wm. Cesar, aged 73 years. On the Tuesday following his fellow-labourers, Mr. J. Hillman and Mr. O. Slim, committed the body to its resting-place. On Lord's-day evening, the 17th, the solemn event was improved by Mr. Slim to the bereaved flock and a large and sorrowing congregation at Farnham, where for the last 10 years our brother had faithfully laboured in word and doctrine.

On May 23, at Balken-hill, Colchester, Mr. W. Turner, aged 23 years, a useful and zealous member of the Baptist church assembling at Eld-lane. After a long affliction, borne with Christian resignation, he fell asleep in Jesus.

On May 24, Mr. Thos. C. Dudley, at the Hotwells, Bristol, in the 59th year of his age. For nearly forty years he had been a preacher of the Gospel in connection with the Bristol Baptist Itinerant Society, and for several years he held the office of secretary to the society. Mr. Bosworth improved the solemn event at King-street Chapel on Sunday morning, May 31.

On May 24, at Spalding, Lincolnshire, Mr. Samuel Atkin, for more than seven years a deacon of the above church. Our esteemed friend is gathered like a shock of corn into the heavenly garner.

## PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

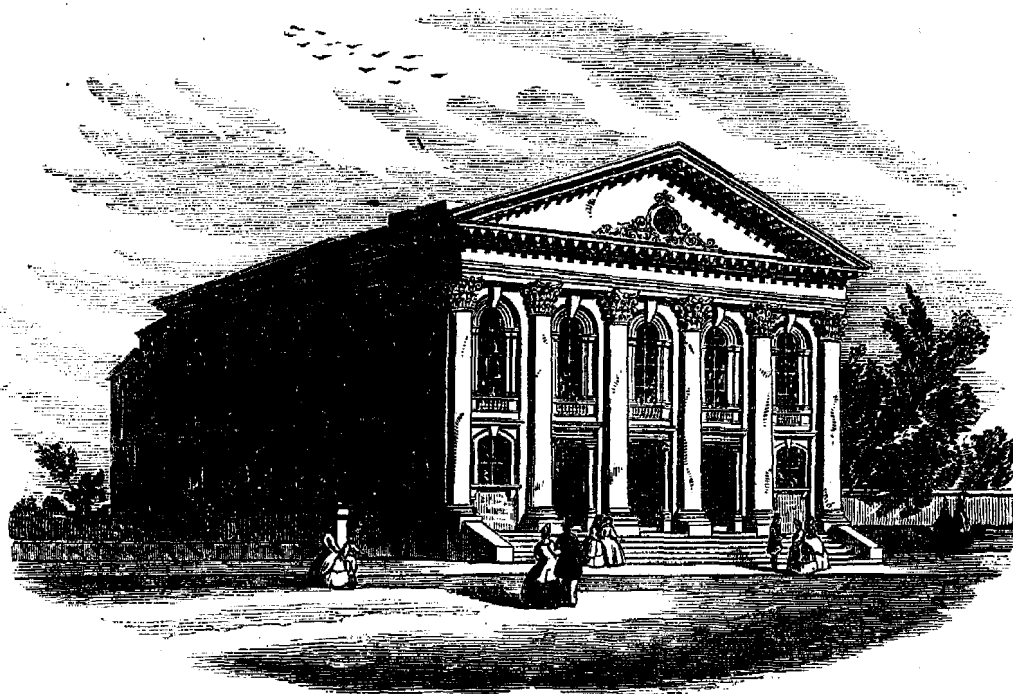
PRESIDENT—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from May 18th to June 18th.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. S. Magnus, Boston	5	0	0	My First-born	2	10	0
Moiety of Collections at Gloucester, after sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	15	0	0	Part of Morning Collection in Dudley, after a sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	15	0	0
Moiety of Collections at Milton, after sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	18	0	0	Friends at Earl's Colne, per Rev. G. H. Griffin	1	3	0
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Mr. J. B. Bigg (Welwyn)	5	0	0	Moiety of Collections at Birmingham, after sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	58	3	0
Anonymous	1	2	6	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, May 25	24	5	6
The Female Catechumen Class	32	16	2	June 1	14	13	1
Mr. Drausfield	2	2	0	"	8	15	6
Collected by Mrs. Jephth	0	10	0	"	35	19	8
Mr. Siggers	2	0	0	"			
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1 Cor. xv. 58.	0	5	0				
					288	2	8

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington.

CHAS. BLACKSHAW.



WALWORTH ROAD CHAPEL.

"WHERE ARE THE NINE? WHERE?"\*

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine."—Luke xvii. 17.

THE whole narrative connected with the text is worthy of your careful reading. There were ten men, lepers, who, according to the old proverb that "birds of a feather flock together," had made a company, and seem to have lived in greater amity through kinship of suffering than they would have done had they been healthy and competent to share the fragrance of each other's joys. Mutual woe may have softened some of their natural jealousies; for we find that at least there was one in the company who was a Samaritan, while the others were Jews. "Now, the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans," yet, when both placed beyond the pale of society, in their sickness an intimacy springs up between them. So does common calamity bring about strange friendships. These men, who under any other circumstances would have been mortal enemies, become comfortable companions—at least, so far as their disease would allow them the thought of comfort. Do you not observe everywhere how sinners congregate together? Drunkards are gregarious creatures; they will not drink alone; the lascivious song is hardly sweet unless it thrills from many tongues; in most sorts of merry-making that are not wise, we know that it is company gives the zest, and yields the main gratification. Men seem to have a sort of anticipation of the time when they shall be bound up in bundles; they gaily forestal their gloomy doom, as they bind themselves up in bundles while they are yet living. O that Christians would adhere as closely to one another as sinners do, that they would forget their differences, whether they be Jew or Samaritan, and walk in friendship and love! If common sickness made the lepers a band, how much more should common mercy bind us to one another? Well, it so happened that all these ten lepers agreed to go to Christ, the great healer, at one time. O what a mercy it is when a whole hospital full of sinners will agree to go to Christ at once! I recollect—I can never but look back with pleasure upon the time when a whole company of friends, who were simply worldly, irreligious people; and were accustomed to meet together constantly, were all moved with a desire to come up to the house of God, and it pleased God so to direct the shot that the most of them were brought under the Divine power. Some of them, who are sitting here now, will recollect right well when they used to issue invitations for their convivial parties on Sunday evenings; but now they are with us, and are some of the most useful and vigorous church members we have. It is a fine thing when the ten lepers all agree to come together; it will be a grander thing when the ten lepers are all healed, and not one left to mourn that he has been neglected.

These lepers become an example to us. They went to Jesus; their disease was foul and loathsome; they felt it. Their own society could not beguile them; they wanted health, and nothing else but perfect health would content them. How did they go to Jesus? They first of all went directly, for it is written in the narrative that as Christ entered into a village these lepers began to cry out. They did not wait until he got into the nearest house and had sat down and taken some refreshment; nay, but they meet him at the village gates; they waylay him at the very portals. They cannot stop; no delay, no procrastination for them. O leprous sinner! go to Christ at once; go now, tarry not until thou hast left the sanctuary. Wait not until the sermon is over. It is written, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Young man, at the threshold of your life seek Christ. Go now, thou who hast begun to be sick. Go now, young woman, now that thy cheek begins to be blanched with consumption, go now, go at once, go instantly to meet the healing Saviour.

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They went humbly; they stood afar off—note that. They felt they had no right to come near. So we must go to our Lord for mercy, conscious that we have no claim upon him, and standing just as the publican, did afar off, scarce daring to lift our eyes to heaven, we must cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." William Dawson once told this story to illustrate how humble the soul must be before it can find peace. He said that at a revival meeting, a little lad who was used to Methodist ways—I do not tell the story for the sake of the Methodism, but for the sake of the moral—the little boy went home to his mother and said, "Mother, John So-and-so is under conviction and is seeking for peace, but he will not find it to-night, mother." "Why, William," said she. "Because he is only down on one knee, mother, and he will never get peace until he is down on both knees." Now, the moral of it, using it metaphorically, is true. Until conviction of sin brings us down on both knees, until we are completely humbled, until we have no hope, no merit, no proud boasting left, we cannot find the Saviour; and willing must we be, not to embrace him like sanctified Mary, but to stand at a distance like the unclean lepers.

Observe how earnestly they sought him. They cried with a loud voice, or, rather, "They lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." They emulated one another; one cried with all his might, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us;" and another seemed to say, "That is not loud enough," and so he shouted, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." And so each one strained his voice, and vexed his throat, that he might reach the ear of the Saviour. There is no winning mercy without holy violence. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." You recollect that blind man who was sitting on the bank one day when Jesus went by; and as he heard a great noise of a mob passing along, he said, "What means this?" They said, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." The man, with quick perception, perceived that here was an opportunity for him, so he shouted with all his might, "Thou son of David, have mercy on me." Now, Christ was in the middle of a sermon, and some of the apostles—as some of our good deacons might do when there was a little disturbance—slipped out of the crowd to say, "Hush, don't make that noise; you will disturb the preacher;" but he cried, "Thou son of David, have mercy on me." "Hold your tongue, the Master cannot attend to you." And other zealous friends gathered round, and would have put him out of the way; but he cried the more a great deal, "Thou son of David, have mercy on me." Well, now, it is just thus that we must pray if we would get the mercy. Cold prayers court refusal. Heaven is not to be obtained by luke-warm supplications. Heat your prayers red-hot, brother. Plead the blood of Jesus; plead like one that means it, and then you shall prevail.

Not to tarry where there is plenty of room for long observations, let me carry your attention to the way in which Christ cured these ten lepers.

There is a singular variety in Christ's methods of cure. Sometimes it is a touch, another time clay and spittle; sometimes a word. This time it was neither; he said to them, "Go, show yourselves to the priest." They were not clean, and they might, therefore, have turned round and said, "What a foolish errand! Why should we go and exhibit our filthiness to priests? Master, wilt thou either cure us or not? If thou wilt cure us we can then go to the priests; if thou wilt not, it is a vain errand to go to the priests to be again doomed to seclusion." They did not ask questions, however; they were too wise for that; they did just as they were told; and though they were white, and far from being like men whose flesh is sound, the whole ten set off on their pilgrimage to go to the priests, and, as they went, suddenly the cure was wrought, and they were every one of them clean. O, what a beautiful picture is this of the plan of salvation! Jesus Christ says:—"Believe on me and live." O! be not foolish; do not say, "But, Lord, make me whole and then I will believe;" don't say, "Lord, give me a tender heart, and then I will come;" "Lord, forgive my sin and then I will love thee"—but do as he bids you. He bids you

trust him—do as he bids you; trust him; and while you are trusting him, while you are going to him with the white leprosy still in your skin, while you are yet upon the way he will heal you. You know we are not to be saved first and believe afterwards; that may be the order of God's covenant revelation, but it is not the order of our spiritual apprehension. We are to believe first, just as we are.

"All unholty and unclean,  
Being nothing else but sin."

I am to believe that Jesus Christ is able to save me; I am to trust my soul with him that he may save it, and in the act of so doing I shall find salvation. Be not, I pray you, so foolish as to say, "Lord, I object to this method of procedure." Seek no needless preparation. Do not hesitate and stop until you feel ready;—

"All the fitness he requireth,  
Is to feel your need of him;  
This he gives you,  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam."

It is not your feeling the leprosy; it is your being a leper that moves his heart; it is not your going to the priest, I grant, that cures you, and yet you will never be cured unless you do as he bids you. Why not take the cure in God's way? Beggars must not be choosers; and if the Lord appoint this to be the channel of his grace, cheerfully bow to it, and say, "Lord, as thou wilt; thou biddest me trust thee and I will do it." Take my word—nay, take God's word for it, while you are in the way God shall meet with you, and you shall find eternal life.

Let us now fix our attention more closely upon the text. I think I see those ten men; they are trudging along the road, and as they go they are obliged to wear a veil, and to cry, as they march along, "Unclean, unclean, unclean," so as to warn the passers-by that lepers are on the road. Suddenly, while they are marching on, one of them turns to his fellow-sufferer, and says, "I am clean;" and the next says, "So am I;" and the whole ten turn round and look at one another, and each man, as he looks first at his own flesh, and then at his fellows', comes to the conclusion that the whole ten have been healed in an instant. "What shall we do?" says one of them. "Why," say the others, "we had better go on to the priests and get officially cleansed, as soon as possible." "I have a farm," says one; "I have been a long while away from it, and I should like to get back." "Ah," says another, "and I have not seen my wife for many a day; let me be off to the priest, and go home to her." "Ah," says another, "there are my dear little children; I hope soon to take them on my knee." "Yes," says another, "and I want to join my old friends—to get back to my former companions." But there is another who says, "You don't mean to say you will go on, do you? for I think we ought to go back and thank the man that has made us whole. This is God's work, and if we are to go and thank God in the Temple, I think we ought to go and thank God in the man that he has done us this benefit, the man Christ Jesus. Let us go back." "O," says another, "I think we had better not; hold your tongue. If we don't go to the priest at once, our friends will not know us again, and it will be a disgrace to us in after years if they say, 'That is John the leper; that is Samuel the leper.' I think we had better go to the priest at once, get the thing done, and then get back as soon as we can. Let us see; you go to Bethsaida, and you go to Capernaum; let us get back as quietly as possible, and hold our tongues about it, that is our policy." "What!" says the other man, and he was a Samaritan—"what! do that? Never, never hath such love been heard of as that which has been shown to us; such a boon as we have received ought to meet with something like gratitude. If you'll not go back, I will," says he; and they turn round, perhaps, and laugh at him for his over-zeal, and one of them says, "Our Samaritan friend always was fanatical." "Fanatical or not," says he, "I have received such a favour that I never could repay it, if I counted out my life's blood in drops; and therefore I

will go back to him, and fall at his feet, and adore him as God, seeing he has worked a Divine work in me." Away he goes, flat down he falls at Jesus' feet, adores him as God, and with as loud a voice as once he cried, "Lord, have mercy on me," he cries now, "Glory, glory, glory be unto thy name." Jesus stops and says, "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?"

Well, now, I am going to use the Saviour's question, with that picture before you, and I hope we may give a satisfactory account of the nine. Gratitude is a very rare thing. If any of you try to do good for the sake of getting gratitude, you will find it one of the most profitless trades in the world. If you can do good, expecting to be abused for it, you will get your reward; but if you do good, with an expectation of gratitude in return, you will be bitterly disappointed. If anybody is grateful for anything you do, be surprised at it, for it is the way of the world generally to be ungrateful; the more you do, the more you may do, and when you have done your best your friend will forget it. Alas! that this should be true, in a spiritual sense, with regard to Christians. I shall take that class first. How many are there in this house of God whose sins have been forgiven? They owe to Christ a healing far more wonderful than that of being cleansed from leprosy. The Lord has made them clean; they are saved from death and hell. But of the saved people in the world, how many there are who never make even an open profession of their being saved at all! A few there are who come. Shall I say only one out of ten? They are baptized, we give them the right hand of fellowship, we thank God; this is well, "but where are the nine?" Where are the nine? Every now and then a brother who has been made a partaker of sovereign grace comes forward and says, "I am on the Lord's side." Bless God for that. But are there not many who are hiding themselves, like Saul, among the stuff? Where are the nine? Walk through the streets, traverse this great city of London. Are we to believe that there is no more Christianity in London than that which is apparent in our congregations? I cannot think so; I hope that there are multitudes of true Christians who never did come out and say, "I am a follower of the Lamb." But is this right? Where are the nine? Are they where they are doing good? Are they not in the coward's place? Are they not skulking like deserters? Where are the nine? How is it that *they* bring no glory to God? Purchased with Christ's blood, why do they not own that they are his? Being one with him secretly, why do they not become one with him publicly? "If ye love me, keep my commandments." O, you nine, where are you? But out of those that do make a profession, to come closer home to most of you, how few there are that live up to it! The profession is made, and they call themselves the people of God. And there are some Christians—especially some in the humbler walks of life—whose daily life is the best sermon upon religion that can possibly be preached. With what satisfaction have I often looked upon many a poor girl struggling hard to earn her daily bread with her needle, but adorning the doctrine of God more even than a bishop on the bench! And how have I seen some of you in other ranks too, and marked your consistency of life, the incorruptibility of your honesty—how you will stand out against temptations, and are neither to be moved by bribes nor to be subdued by threats. Now, this is true of many Christians. You will meet with them every now and then. Men who are like pillars of light, as St. Basil desired to be—men who reflect the image of Christ. As soon as you see them you have no need to ask, "Whose image and superscription is this?" They live like Jesus; their holiness, their loving spirit, their prayerfulness, their gentleness, all betoken that they are like the Saviour. Ah! this is true of some; but where are the nine? Where are the nine? That shop-counter can tell where some of them are—cheating the public. Where are the nine? Some of them inconsistent in their walk, worldly with the worldly, frothy with the light and trifling, as giddy and as



fond of carnal pleasure as anybody. "Where are the nine?" O, brethren, if all that profess to be God's people really lived up to what they profess, what a grand world this would be! How changed would trade become! How different your merchandise and your traffic! How altered the appearance of everything! How blessed the poor, how happy the rich! Where would be your pride? Where your aping of high gentility? Where your longing after so much creature-respect and so much earthly grandeur? The whole thing would be done away with if we became like Christ. In the case of some few they are delivered from this present evil world according to the will of God. "But where are the nine? Where are the nine?" Let their conscience answer.

And in our churches, too, how few there are who, making a profession of religion, are fervent in it! If you want good people, that go regularly to church or chapel, that subscribe a little sometimes, that do not mind walking through the Sunday-school once in a year, that feel a good deal for the poor and needy, only do not feel in their pockets—if you want good people that wish all sorts of good things, but never do them—I can find you them as readily as I can find bird's nests in winter time, when the leaves are stripped off the trees. But if you want those that give body, soul, and strength to God's cause—if you would have men who can break the alabaster box of precious ointment upon the head of Jesus, as Mary did—if you would have those that love much, because much has been forgiven, I hardly think you will find one in ten; and very likely that one in ten will be a Samaritan—will be one who, in her former state, was full of sin; or a man who, before his conversion, was one of the vilest of the vile. You will often find pure and perfect love there when you may not find it anywhere else. I thank God that in this congregation there are many who consistently and cheerfully give up their substance to the Lord. One in ten—but where are the nine? I thank God that in this congregation there are many earnest workers, so that the Sabbath-schools in the neighbourhood are mainly supplied by our congregation. This is good—"but where are the nine?" I thank God for those men who will stand in the street and preach, and for those brothers and sisters that distribute tracts, or in other ways seek to serve their Master. This is noble of you—but how many do it? "Where are the nine?" Just draft out a church, march them all along, and let the officer's eye run down the ranks, and he will say, "Yes, there is one there that serves his Master well. Stand out. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. You may go on." Here comes another—"Yes, this man *does* live for the cause of Christ. You can stand out too. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. You may go on again; you do nothing at all." I am afraid the average is rather too large in some churches; and I might, if I were addressing some congregations, not only say, "Where are the nine?" but, "Where are the ninety-nine?" for ninety-nine out of a hundred among *some* professors do not live to God with zeal, with fire, with earnestness, and with fervour. Nay, my brethren, when you fetch out such men as Brainerd, when you bring into the front ranks such men as Henry Martyn, such evangelists as Whitefield and Wesley, such toilsome missionaries of the cross as Moffatt or Williams, you may say, after you have looked at them, "Yes, these do well; they owe much to God, and they live as if they felt it." But where are the ninety-nine? Where are the nine hundred and ninety-nine? *We* all owe as much as they; but O, how little do we! The ground has been ploughed as much, watered as much, and sown as well, but we do not bring forth twenty-fold, while they bring forth a hundred.

"Where are the nine?" Come now, I should not like to leave this point until I have found out some of the nine. Are there not some of my own church members who are doing just nothing? You don't help the school. We require a number of young men and women to go to Kent-street ragged-schools to teach on Sabbath-days, and that is one reason why I want to find out where the nine are.

There is a noble field of labour amidst the poverty and degradation of Kent-street, and I think we, as a church, ought to look after that locality. "Where are the nine?" Have not I some who have nothing to do? When brethren now and then say to me, "Well, sir, what shall I do?" I usually suspect they are rather lazy, for an industrious man soon finds plenty to do in such a city as this. But if there be any of the nine present let me call them out, for your own comfort's sake, for the world's sake, for Christ's sake, for souls' sake, because men are dying, time is flying, eternity is hastening. Come, I pray you, do come forth, you that are of the nine. One feels sometimes in prospect of death like the venerable Bede, who, when he had nearly translated the Gospel of St. John, said to the young man who was writing from his dictation, "Write fast, write fast, for I am dying. How far are you now? How many verses remain?" "So many." "Quicker, quicker," said he, "write more quickly, quickly, for I shall be dying." When at length he said, "I have come to the last verse;" the good old man folded his arms, sung the Doxology, and fell asleep in Jesus. Quickly, brother, quickly, you will never get through the chapter if you do not work and write quickly. Quickly, quickly, your time of dying is so near. Quickly, and then when you have done, if you have worked quickly for Christ, though it is not of debt but of grace, you will be able to say at the last, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," and with a Doxology on your quivering lip you will go to sing the Doxology in sweeter strains above.

Having thus somewhat roughly handled professors, I shall come to address those who have received special favours of God.

Like the ten lepers, there are many in the world who have had very special favours. How many are present to-night who have had fever, cholera, or some sickness which appeared to be unto death. I bless God that when I was last sitting to see inquirers a very considerable number traced their conversion to sick-beds; they were there aroused; and they afterwards came up to God's house—

"To pay the vows  
Their souls in anguish made."

Yes, those are the ones typified by the Samaritan, "but where are the nine?" Is there not one of them under the gallery there, to the right hand, he who was nearly drowned at sea, and, just then, O, how he vowed that, if God would spare him, he would live to God's service! But he is one of the nine. Have I not another yonder who was given up by the doctors, and, like Hezekiah, turned his face to the wall, and said, "Lord, only let me live and I will be a different man?" but, if there be any difference, he has been rather worse than better. That is another of the nine. I need not go out to find the other seven; they are all here. They have some of them been sick, some of them have suffered from some accident, some have undergone operations, some have passed through imminent peril both on land and sea, and some have had their lives preserved—I think I see them now—to a very advanced period of life. "Where are the nine?" I say there is one of the nine here. He has passed his threescore years and ten, and while some of his age have been brought to know the Lord by reason of his goodness and kindness in thus lengthening their span; he still remains and does not give glory to God. O, souls, to lie to God is to lie with a vengeance—to promise to him and not to perform. What! is God to be played with? Will you play fast and loose with him? Darest thou befool thyself with the Most High, and promise him this and that and then break thy vow? In the name of God, ye nine, I cite you to make your appearance at the last great bar; except now to-night ye turn from the error of your ways. May the Spirit of God turn you, for otherwise, when the question is asked, "Where are the nine?" you must be dragged forward, and your vows, and bonds, and privileges shall be all urged against you, and shall be swift witnesses against you for ever. "Where are the nine?" But, indeed, I need not talk thus. I may remind you of

the common mercies that we all of us enjoy. Fed each day by Divine bounty, clothed by heaven's charity, supplied with breath by God, there are some who live to praise him, some who give back that breath in praise which God prolongs in mercy, who spend that life to his honour which his long-suffering permits to last. But these are but one in ten, shall I say one in ten thousand! "Where are the nine?" Here are some of them; men that live *upon* God, but never live *to* God. Men that go from morning to night without prayer; roll out of bed in the morning and get to their labour, and roll into it at night and fall asleep again, but never utter, never feel a "God be thanked for this day's favour," never a breathing of the heart towards a Father who is in heaven; like brutes they live, like brutes they will die; only, unlike brutes, they will rise again, and receive, for the deeds done in the body, the evil that they have done. "O, where are the nine?" Let the question provoke you to weep over your ingratitude and lead you to turn to God.

Then again, to use the question another way, where are the nine who have listened to the Gospel? Lately the Lord has been very gracious to our city. Our preachers have not been quite so dead and dull as they were once. The theatres have echoed with the name of Jesus; men like Radcliffe, and North, with Richard Weaver, chief and foremost, and Mr. Denham Smith have preached the Word with power, and from among the streams which have gone in and out of the theatres some have been converted to God—"but where are the nine?" "Where are the nine?" And in this house, too, with its aisles and its seats thronged so constantly, how many thousands listen to our voice! Yes, I thank God, some not in vain, for some of all sorts, of every rank, and condition, have believed in Jesus—but still where are the nine? Christians, Christians, here is a solemn question for you. There is much good doing in London just now, but we question whether all the evangelical labour in London is carried on by so much as one in ten. "Then where are the nine?" When I was in some of the back streets in the neighbourhood of Kent-street last week, I was very pleased as I went along to notice in one little house, "Cottage meetings held here." A little further on a ragged-school; a little further on "a prayer-meeting held here twice a week." I could hardly see a street, however low, that seemed to be without some traces of religious effort and action; you could not have stated this seven years ago. I believe the signs of the time are favourable; but yet the effort put forth is not at all commensurate with the dire necessity of the age. You do much; the City Mission does much; your tract-distributing, despite all that is said against it, does much; your street-preaching does much more than critics will allow. I believe that there is more good being done by the preaching in the street than by the preaching within walls, with some few exceptions. Go on with what is being done, but multiply your agencies, for let this question goad you on, "What of the nine? what of the nine?" O! dear friends, if we could but hope that one in ten in this great city were converted, we might set the bells ringing far more merrily than when the Princess passed through the streets; but I fear we have not got to that; however, if we had, it would be a solemn question to ask, "What of the nine?" I am afraid some of that nine come here. You are here to-night unconverted. O, dear friends, do you recollect when you were young? There were ten of you; you are the only one left. What of the nine? They are all dead. As far as you know, they are all lost, and you are the only one left. O that God might make you his to-night! Or it may be you have been listening long to the Word of God; and you have seen one converted, and another converted, but there are you and your other companions still unblest. O that you, the nine, might be brought in! We must pray to God to-night for a few minutes to convert the nine; we cannot let him go with the one; we must have the nine brought in. The day will come when Christ shall sit on the throne of his glory, and there shall come up before him the ones, and he shall say, "Come up, ye blessed;" but after he has done he may well say, "I gave breath to more than these; I sent the Gospel to more than

these; I was merciful to more than these. Where are the nine?" And then, ye nine, ye must make your appearance. And he will say to you, "I fed you, but you lived not to me; I called you, but you would not come; I invited you, but you would not turn; and now, ye nine, depart, ye cursed, depart into everlasting fire in hell, prepared for the devil and his angels." But "hope" is the word for to-night, even for the nine. God be pleased to give you hope within, while I utter hope without. Jesus died; his death is your life; trust him, you are saved; rest on him with your whole weight; throw yourself flat upon him; have nothing to do with standing by your own strength, but prostrate at the foot of his dear cross lay yourself down, and you shall not be numbered with the nine, but you shall return to give glory to God, even though hitherto you may have been a Samaritan, a stranger, the chief of sinners. May God add his blessing, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### ENDURING TEMPTATION.

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF  
CHELTENHAM.

TRIALS are for time, and are intended to do us good. We do not, we cannot like them; but God has ordained them, our circumstances require them, and, if sanctified, our characters will be perfected by them. It is not every professor that will bear trying. Many faint and fall in the day of adversity. But the pure gold, the more it is tried the brighter it shines—so the genuine Christian, the more he is tried the more his excellence appears. "*Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him,*" James i. 12.

THE BELIEVER'S LOT. *To be tried.* Satan tries him, by suggesting evil thoughts; by soliciting him to commit sin, and by misrepresenting God's nature, character, and Word. Providence tries him, by frustrating his plans, disappointing his hopes, and sometimes by prospering his efforts. Enemies try him; they persecute him for his consistency, or try to coax him to do evil. Friends try him, sometimes by flattering him, and sometimes by forsaking him. His own heart tries him, by its fickleness, its falseness, and its corruptions. Trials meet him from every quarter. Trials come upon him almost every day. "*The Lord trieth the righteous;*" and tries him often severely, though always for his good.

THE TRIED BELIEVER'S COMMENDATION. *He endureth temptation.* He is not carried

away by it. He stands the test. He endures it with patience, knowing that it is his lot below—with resignation, persuaded that it is overruled by God—and with anticipation, looking to the end, and expecting a glorious result. He is tried, or proved to be a genuine character, possessing precious faith, determined courage, and a Divine nature. He holds fast by the Word of God, he trusts in the promised grace of God, and so proves his new covenant-relationship to God. He endures to the end, and according to the Saviour's promise he is saved.

THE PROMISE. *He is blessed.* Blessed by God his Father. Blessed in Christ—blessed with Christ—blessed like Christ—blessed with grace from God—blessed with union to God—blessed with the assurance of being for ever with the Lord. "*He shall receive a crown of life.*" He loves Jesus now. Loves his person—loves his Word—loves his people—loves his ways—loves him for his infinite love—loves him for his perfect work—loves him for his unparalleled loveliness. A crown is promised to all such—a crown of life—a crown of glory—a crown of righteousness. It will be conferred on all who love the Saviour. Grace devised it—grace promised it—grace will confer it. It is to adorn the person, testify the Lord's approval, and be the reward of our labours and sufferings below.

*Trial is the common lot of all professors.* All will be put into the furnace. All will, sooner or later, be brought to the test. Many endure for awhile, but in times of temptation fall away. Trying

times are testing times. *Trials distinguish between the true and the false.* When the husbandman threshes, he separates the wheat from the chaff—the one lies at his feet, the other is carried away by the wind. So when God brings trials upon professors, those who are approved are made manifest, the rest fall away and disappear. *Enduring trial ensures blessing.* It proves that we are blessed, otherwise we should not stand the test. But it secures a blessing too—the commendation of God now, and the crown of life by-and-by. *Those who are blessed now will be crowned at the end.* The Righteous Judge will award a crown unto all them that love his appearing. What a contrast! Rags will be exchanged for robes, sighs for songs of triumph, a dung-hill for a throne, and thorns for a diadem of glory!

Sinner, you are tried by the Gospel. That tries whether you will believe God or no—whether you will be reconciled to God or no—whether you will accept of his mercy, or refuse to have him to reign over you. That brings you to the test, and by your treatment of it you show how you would treat God, who is its Author—the Lord Jesus, who is its subject—and the glory of God, which is its end. By your treatment of the Gospel you will be judged. If you neglect it, or despise it, or disbelieve it, you will be punished, not only for breaking the law, but for neglecting, despising, and disbelieving God's most gracious and loving message to you. Take heed, therefore, lest your hardened, impenitent heart lead you to reject the only remedy for your misery, the only matter of salvation, the only way of escape from the wrath to come—for if you do, you perish.

## THE WORDS AND DEEDS OF JESUS.

BY THE REV. W. ABBOTT.

The teaching and doing of Jesus are the study of the Christian's life. And to be thus engaged is a life well-employed. But only those rightly study who are Divinely taught. Divine teaching is essential to the discovery and appreciation of his beauty and worth. This study leads to imitation; for he that is taught by him will resemble him. Thus we prize his teaching, love his person, trust

in his atonement, participate his fulness, copy his example, and hope for his promised heaven.

*There is a remarkable correspondence between thoughts and deeds, between principles and practices.* Practice is simply principle developed. The course of practice shows the spirit and directive power of principle. The Redeemer's principles were of the purest kind. His word is said to be very pure; and as it is the exposition of his principles, so his principles contain the essence of purity—the pure truth of God. The love of purity is an element of his nature, and marks every thought of his mind, affection of his heart, grace of his character, and deed of his life. His principles were severely tested, but were found to possess unalloyed purity. They were genuine, transparent, pre-eminent.

There was *vital energy about his principles.* "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life"—the power of God unto salvation. As his principles were of the first excellence, so were they of corresponding power. Their vital energy and their charming beauty are alike admirable.

*His principles were blessed.* Their very nature and tendency was to happiness. Principles are the germs of happiness. These were a source of happiness to the Redeemer's own mind, and are still the rejoicing of his followers. The mind that has imbibed no good principles is truly poor and wretched; for good principles are true riches, and yield us true joys. These are also imperishable riches and joys; for deprive a man of what you may he still retains his principles; they are his lasting treasure and comfort.

*Principles lead to practice.* Principles that are vital will ever be practical. Principles that are good in their nature will be equally so in their influence. Principles issued by the Spirit of holiness will result in the fruits of holiness and happiness. Great importance is attached both to the motive and manner of practice. Things done even from good motives are not always done well. We may be sincere, yet misguided; we may be earnest, yet shortsighted; we may mean well, but the means or the time may not be well, and so the result is not well.

*The cheerful performance of duties re-*

ceives the Divine approbation. Love is the spring of cheerfulness, the spirit of obedience, the fire of zeal, the power of patient endurance, and the stimulant of hope.

*Jesus Christ came as the Teacher, Saviour, and Example of his followers.* What sentiments of truth, what promises of grace, what precepts of morality! how wise his counsels, how clear his reasoning, pungent his appeals, and kind his invitations! He was the Great Teacher, because the wise, plain, instructive, interesting, patient, kind, truthful Teacher. "Never man spake like this man."

*The great work of Jesus Christ was to save sinners.* He came to "save his people from their sins." From sin the ruin of man—the ruin of his mental and physical powers—the ruin of his innocence and happiness—the ruin of his present and future existence. From this grievous evil Jesus saves. Saves from itsignorance by his teaching; from its guilt by his sacrifice; from its pollution by his cleansing blood; from its power and love by his grace, and so also from its final desert. "Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it by the washing of water by the Word, that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

*The example of Christ is distinguished by all that is beautiful and inviting.* The model of virtues, the pattern of graces, the copy of holiness. In some things Christ cannot be imitated. The study of his precepts will direct us in all our duties. We may imitate his humility, meekness, patience, kindness, zeal, devotion, charity, forgiveness, forbearance, holiness. Let us study and treasure up his words, breathe his spirit, walk in his steps, and, in one word, "put on Christ." And let us remember that devotedness to Christ here leads to fellowship with him hereafter. "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

*Blunham.*

### ERRORS ABOUT PRAYER.

BY THE REV. T. E. STEVENSON.

PERHAPS there is no Christian duty and privilege more talked of, more written upon, more discoursed about, than that

of prayer. It is acknowledged universally by the Church to be one of her greatest boons, and a means of grace which God has been pleased eminently to bless. At the same time it is to be feared that practical errors in reference to it are far from rare occurrences. Some of these the writer purposes briefly noticing with a view to their removal. May he ask his readers to examine honestly their individual experiences, as they read what he has to say, and, so far as they are involved in the evils specified, resolve to watch against them for the future?

Perhaps we shall startle some when we say that one of the defects we commonly manifest in reference to prayer is that we are so sceptical about it. But is it not so? There are many prayers offered to which we believe people do not expect answers. Sometimes when we have heard men supplicate large and many blessings from heaven, we have felt strongly disposed to inquire, after, did you mean what you said? Honestly, do you *expect* that the Lord will give what you have asked? And, were our friends to give a correct rejoinder, we feel sure they would be compelled to reply in the negative. Then, of course, the further query would be natural and appropriate, *Why* do you ask God to do what, at the very time you are praying, you do not expect him to do? We believe that nothing would startle many of us so much as for God to take us at our word and give us what we supplicate. Were he to bestow what is sought at every family altar this day, there would be the greatest amazement, and, in some cases, consternation.

Is this right? Ought these things so to be? Not if the New Testament is to be our guide. Passages will readily occur to the attentive reader of the Bible in which faith, in reply to prayer, is laid down as one of the conditions of that reply. "Let him ask in faith, nothing wavering." "Whatsoever ye ask, believing that ye shall receive them, ye shall have." These texts are but samples of numbers like them. Our ordinary conduct, moreover, in reference to secular things is based upon better principles than we, alas! too often, act upon in the region of Scriptural affairs. For example, you write a letter. In that

epistle you make known your feelings and thoughts to a beloved friend. Not a little pleasure do you find in thus communing with one whom space has banished from your presence. You fasten your letter, direct it, stamp it, put it in the letter-box of the post-office.

What then? Do you forget all about it? Do you go to your ordinary routine of business and pleasure and let the tide of daily life wash from the shore of your memory the letter you have sent? No. What then? Why, you expect a reply. You wait for an answer. One morning after another, perhaps, you watch for the post-man and look for a letter. And if you do not get an answer you are troubled. You think that something must have befallen your friend, or that he has not had your communication. But is it so with the letters which we send heavenwards? Alas! no. Not thus are we concerned, not thus are we astonished if our communications are not acknowledged. Letter after letter is addressed, perhaps, in which a number of boons are implored, many of which we do not receive, and we do not marvel that we do not get them. Well may the Saviour's injunction be reiterated to us, "Have faith in God."

Christian brethren, we ought to be honest in prayer; we should not ask for what we do not think God will give. If we do it is a solemn mockery. There is an anecdote extant which some of my readers may have heard before, but so useful is its lesson that it will bear repeating. A meeting was called at a certain place, during a very dry season, to ask the Almighty to send rain. One of the attendants went with an umbrella. She believed that what she was about to supplicate would be supplied, and she acted accordingly. This is the true spirit. Ask nothing that God's Word does not warrant, and, when you do ask, do it in faith. The mention of rain reminds us of a kindred, though much more ancient illustration of the same thing, when the prophet Elijah ascended the lofty mountain and implored Jehovah to give rain: ever and anon he paused, and sent his servant to watch for the clouds. And they came. Let us imitate the holy seer. When we approach God, through Christ, let us go expecting that he will grant our requests.

Another wrong done in connection with prayer is to separate it from work. It is quite clear that while God is possessed of all power, and could, if he chose, dispense with secondary agencies, still it pleases him to accomplish his wise and good ends by means of human effort. "Watch and pray" is the epitome of duty in this respect. But it is terribly ignored by some. It cannot be denied that one meets with people who pray, and yet neglect doing all that they can to achieve the object of their prayers. They seem to fancy that the blessing of God will rest upon them, whether they are indolent or industrious spiritually. Just think what wonderful results would, in all likelihood, follow prayer followed by activity on behalf of the universal Church. If every one that asks for Christ's kingdom to come, and his will to be done, were to speak in the name of Jesus, and about Jesus, to some lost fellow-sinner, who can doubt that the borders of Zion would be greatly enlarged?

We feel that we must pause here, and ask the reader to apply the matter under consideration to himself. Supposing him to be a professor of religion, we would earnestly advise him to consider how far he is guilty of the inconsistency in question. You pray for the conversion of men, do you not? You use the Lord's Prayer sincerely, and therefore you pray sincerely for the spread of religion. Very good this, so far as it goes. But what else do you do? Do you *work* as well as pray? Do you go from your closet resolving to seize opportunities of spiritual usefulness? Do you follow your words about men by words to men? Do not say you cannot do good. Away with all excuses. What if you have not great talent, or learning, or social influence? These are not essential to usefulness. If you have found the way of salvation you can show it to another. A man who has again and again walked a certain road has no difficulty in directing others thereon; neither has he who himself treads the "great highway" of redemption and grace. Besides, do you think God is unreasonable? Is he a hard Master? You know he expects no more than we can do; and yet he expects us to bring others to Christ. Therefore we can do it if we will. If,

then, dear friend, you are in the habit of praying for the Word of the Lord to have free course and be glorified, while you never speak that Word of the Lord, you are acting in a manner that is displeasing to God. But thank him that "it is never too late to mend," and begin a new course. Resolve to be useful. Think of the bitterness of unbelief; think of the worth of a single soul; think of the love and self-sacrifice of that Redeemer who calls you to labour; and, under the influence of these solemn facts, "go work to-day in the vineyard." Be sure of it that if you labour wisely and earnestly, and pray believingly while you labour, God will eventually rejoice your heart by blessing your efforts. "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

It would not be difficult to go on pointing out other errors which prevail in connection with prayer, but we forbear. If "brevity is the soul of wit," it is, to a great extent, the soul of success. Long appeals are frequently futile ones. Here, then, we would leave the subject, trusting that what has been said may be honoured by the good Spirit of God in increasing the faith and zeal of some that "call upon the name of the Lord."

We live in days that need prayer. The sin and unbelief which we behold to such a lamentable extent in the world around us urge the use of all those means which God has ordained for the spread of the Gospel. Christian friend, "continue instant in prayer," and "work while it is day." If we do this, we cannot fail to do good. Our Father in heaven will bless us, and make us a blessing. If we fail to do this, shame and fruitless regrets will be ours in the future. Souls will be lost, and God dishonoured.

*Harlow, Essex.*

## A WALK INTO THE FIELDS.

BY THE REV. R. E. SEARS.

"Consider the lilies of the field."—Matt. vi. 28.  
THERE can be no sin in accepting the invitation of Christ, and go out into the fields of nature and meditate. There is much to be learnt in the open fields. Nature teaches us ten thousand useful lessons, if we look and hearken to its voice.

The sun, as it pours down upon us its ever-warming beams, preaches a sermon

to us upon the *beneficence* of God. The stars, with their ten thousand eyes, look down upon us, and preach the *glory* of their mighty Maker. The dew-drop, as it silently descends, and creeps into the bosom of a flower, proclaims God's *tender mercy*; while the rain, with its thousand drops *pouring* upon us, proclaims his *overflowing bounty*. The one proclaims the *tenderness*, the other the *fulness* of the mercy of God; while both unite to proclaim *its freeness* to all around. The rolling seasons proclaim his *goodness*; while the hurricane and storm proclaim, as a warning to all transgressors, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." In walking into nature's lovely fields, with the Bible in his hand, the believer can see *Jesus everywhere*.

In early morn the star is seen shining forth the approaching day—blest harbinger to the weary midnight traveller. Turning my eyes upon the inspired page of the sacred book in my hand I read, "I am the bright and the morning star." Pressing onward in my journey with my face eastward I am startled with the rays of light which from below the horizon shoot upward to the skies; turning again to the Bible in my hand I read, "The day-spring from on high hath visited us." And now the sun is seen coming forth as a bridegroom from his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. Darkness flees apace, while the light spreads a mantle of glory upon the whole face of nature. Again I listen to the voice of revealed truth, "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings."

In the light of the risen sun I can now study the works around me. Journeying inland I ascend the rugged sides of some lofty mountain, in doing which I am led to contemplate *Christ the Rock of Ages*. Descending among the rocks I espy the spring-head of a noble river. I stay to look, while *faith* darts upward to the skies, and embracing a risen Saviour's feet exclaims, "All my springs are in thee." Guided by the newly discovered river I descend into the valley where kine feed, and flowers of varied hue spread a lovely carpet at my feet. What *believer* can look upon the *fertility* of this laughing valley without thinking of the Psalmist's



words, "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God!" All nature speaks the praises of him who, crowned with thorns, died on the cross of Calvary; but now lives enthroned at the right hand of the Majesty on high. The sun, the star, the rock, the river, the tree, the flower—all are borrowed to set forth the beauties and the worth of the believer's Lord.

Jesus borrowed some of his richest illustrations from nature's fields—"Behold, a sower went forth to sow," and kindred words are fresh in our memories. But it is not the sun, the moon, nor the stars to which I would direct your attention now; not to the majestic rock, the flowing river, nor the sea ever full. Following in the footsteps of Jesus I descend into the lowly valley, and standing by the side of these lowly, these humble, these beautiful flowers, I bid you "CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD." There must be important lessons to learn from them, or Jesus would not have drawn our attention to them, and bid us "consider" them. Consider who made them, who watches over them, who watered them, who painted them. Jesus saw more beauty in one of these lilies than in all the glory of Solomon: "I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." And if there is more glory in one of these lilies than in Solomon's court what must be the glory of the Maker of this flower, who is the sinner's Friend? These lilies invite our inspection, and the longer you look at them, the more closely you study them, the more beauty you will see. Man's works say, "Stand back, I look best at a distance." God's works look best when closely inspected. We stoop (and we must stoop to learn of God and his works), we look, and admire; and while we admire, the lilies bid us praise their Maker. Jesus would bid us consider the lilies of the field that we might learn to trust him for his care: "Shall he not much more clothe you?" He would bid us consider the lilies as a rebuke to our unbelief. Doubting Christian, "Consider the lilies of the field," and hearken to their voice, "O YE OF LITTLE FAITH!"

Lafield, Suffolk.

## FAITH ILLUSTRATED FROM EXODUS IX. 18-21.

BY REV. JOHN BROWN, A.M.

In the conduct of those Egyptians who feared the Word of Jehovah we have a good illustration of the nature and effects of faith. Faith in the testimony of God is always followed by effects, corresponding in their nature to the nature of that particular truth which is believed. The Egyptians, in the present instance, believed the threatening of God, with respect to the plague of the hail, and the effect of this belief was, that they housed the cattle from the impending calamity. Their faith wrought by fear, and led them to endeavour to avoid the threatened danger. Just so, if the same degree of faith were exercised by the sinner in the threatenings of God's Word, with respect to the eternal damnation of the wicked, the effect of his faith would be that he would anxiously seek for deliverance. His faith, too, would work by fear, and lead him to inquire with the deepest solicitude as to where he might "flee from the wrath to come." So also, if the same degree of faith were exercised again by the convinced sinner in the exceeding great and precious promises of the Gospel, and in the all-sufficiency of the sacrifice and intercession of our Great High Priest, on which the invitations and promises of the Gospel are founded, the effect of his faith would be peace. Faith in this case would work by love, and produce in the believer "the peaceable fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ to the glory and praise of God." Faith, in all these cases, is the same, considered in itself; the difference is in the object. Faith in the threatenings of God, whether these relate to time or eternity, will not save the soul, not because of any defect in itself, but because it does not terminate in the saving object. The mistake is not in the manner of believing, but in the thing believed. The true reason why ungodly sinners set their mouths against the heavens and blaspheme the God that made them, is because they do not believe the threatenings of God's Word in any sense, however much they may impose upon themselves, or whatever they may say to the contrary. The

true reason why the great mass of professed Christians exhibit none of the fruits of the Gospel in their spirit and deportment is, not because they believe the Gospel in a wrong manner, but because they do not believe the Gospel at all; they are "children in whom there is no faith." And the true reason why the real disciples of Jesus exhibit so little of the spirit of their Master is, not because of any error in their manner of believing, but because of the weakness of their faith; for, as the effects of our faith will always correspond to its object, so the abundance of these effects will be in proportion to its strength. We ought, therefore, particularly to examine whether our faith be right as to its object, whether we have obtained "precious faith in the righteousness of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ,"—"the righteousness of God," which like a spotless robe is placed "upon" the believer, and thus covers all his sin. And as God deals to every man the measure of faith which he possesses, let us pray to the Lord to increase our faith; for in proportion to the clearness of our knowledge of Christ, and the strength of our faith in him, will be our comfort, our purity, and joy.

*Conlig. Newtownards, Ireland.*

### MISSIONS IN MALACCA AND SINGAPORE.

FROM the kingdom of Jambi, on the north-eastern side of Sumatra, let us pursue our missionary journey across the Malacca Straits to Singapore. We must sail in a "*prahu*," laden with sago from the Siack kingdom, the mountains of which are seen looming in the distance, as, with mournful hearts, we leave the vast island.

The voyage though short is dangerous, because of the numerous coral reefs and pretty little Malay islands which lie in our course. But after a few hours' sail the mountains of Johore on the Malay peninsula, and the island of Singapore, become visible. We anchor safely in the commodious harbour on the south of the island. Our *prahu* is a mile from the shore, but our captain soon arranges for the disposal of his sago for the English market. Lighters worked by Malays convey the cargo to a quay.

In the harbour we see yonder a number of Chinese junks. The largest are from Canton, Changhin, and Ampo, in the Quang-tung province. Others are from Amoy, in the Fokien province, and from the island of Hainan. They have travelled here from China in from ten to twenty days. They bring to Singapore annually from 2,000 to 2,500 emigrants, and Chinese produce, valued at above four millions of rupees. In another part of the harbour we see the Bugis *prahus* from the Spice islands; and the Malay *prahus* from Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and Celebes. Farther off in the "roads" are Spanish and British vessels from Manilla, in the Philippine islands.

As we step on shore we can almost fancy ourselves in China, for Singapore looks like a large Chinese town. But it is a British possession. Sir Thomas Raffles, in 1819, claimed it, on behalf of Great Britain, in consequence of a treaty concluded with the native chief. But in 1824 a regular cession, in full sovereignty, of Singapore, and the fifty islands within ten miles around it, was obtained from the Sultan.

Singapore is the boundary of civilization. In 1819 its population was about 5,000, but in 1836 it was 29,984, and in 1852 it had risen to 59,043. This number included Arabs, Armenians, Bahians, Bayanese, Bugis, Kaffirs, Chinese, Chulias, Europeans, Hindoos, Indo-Britons, Javanese, Jews, Klings, from the Comandel coast, Native Portuguese, Parsees, Malays, and Siamese. The Europeans are few. The Chinese are more than 30,000, and the Malays above 12,000. Most of the labourers, artisans, agriculturalists, and shopkeepers are Chinese. The boatmen, sailors, and timber-cutters are chiefly Malays.

In 1819, the same year in which the first treaty was signed with the British, Christianity was introduced, to Singapore by Mr. Milton. That missionary commenced operations for the special benefit of the Chinese. Leang Afa, and three other converted Chinese, came also from Malacca. In that city, which lies on the mainland a little to the north of Singapore, Doctors Morrison, Medhurst, and Milne, of the London Missionary Society, had established an "Anglo-Chinese College," to give such an instruction to Chinese and Malay young

men, as might qualify them, by the Divine blessing, to become teachers of Christianity to their countrymen. In 1821 Mr. Thompson also quitted Malacca to establish a Malay mission in Singapore. This missionary, with Messrs. Tomlin and Smith, was labouring there in 1827.

From that period the Gospel was proclaimed in the island by various missionaries with much faithfulness, and with many tokens of the Divine approbation. In 1835 Mr. Wolfe joined the Singapore mission, but in two years was called away by death. The American Baptist missionaries then settled down in the island, and made it the seat of their printing establishment. Our Baptist missionaries in India sympathized with the Lord's work in this distant island, and helped it as far as possible. Mr. W. H. Pearce, of Calcutta, preparing fonts of type for the Singapore missionaries.

Amongst the devoted brethren who have laboured in Singapore, perhaps none have been more useful than Mr. John Stronach and his brother, and the beloved Samuel Dyer, whose labours in *Penang*\* we referred to in our last. On the return of Mr. Dyer to the East, after a brief visit to England, he settled at Singapore. Day by day himself and Mr. John Stronach went from house to house preaching the Lord Jesus. They proclaimed the Gospel of the grace of God through the entire town. They went regularly through the bazaars until they had made the circuit of the place. Sometimes they were cheered with attentive audiences.

"Our evening visits to the Chinese," said Mr. Dyer, "are very interesting and very encouraging as far as it respects our opportunities of preaching Christ and him crucified." "As we have the most unrestrained intercourse with the people, we find our visits to them to be very pleasant, and often we return from them with joy that we have been permitted to publish so freely the tidings of salvation, and the acceptable year of the Lord."

In 1843 these missionaries visited about 100 Chinese junks and gave away large numbers of tracts, books, and

\* Penang contains 40,000 inhabitants. By a misprint in our last 4,000 was the number given.

Scriptures. Mr. Dyer also opened a printing establishment for the publication of Christian tracts and Scriptures. His type foundry was brought into complete operation. The Malacca printing press was also brought to Singapore. God prospered these missionaries in their various items of labour. But they were much pained by the prevalence of idolatry. Mr. Dyer's language was: "We long and pray and intensely desire to see the heathen destroy their idols and seek the way to Zion. O might I but see a bonfire of idols, I would sing and leap for joy, and with good old Simeon almost wish to be gone—but no, I would wish to stay, yet only that the Lord Jesus might be glorified by my humble instrumentality."

And the Lord did get to himself the glory by using such men in the conversion of souls. A small Christian church from amongst the heathen was formed. Malays, Chinese, and English, from month to month united at the Lord's Supper in celebrating the wonders of redeeming love.

Mrs. Dyer established a Chinese female boarding-school. Nineteen children resided in the missionary compound, and were instructed by Mrs. Stronach, Mrs. Dyer, and Miss Buckland. A considerable amount of religious knowledge was daily poured into their minds.

A committee of ladies in Huddersfield in 1843 sent Miss Grant to Singapore. She undertook the charge of this female boarding-school. Six months after her arrival she wrote thus: "I have now 26 souls looking to me for the only instruction they will probably receive during their lives. Many are betrothed, and would be shut up if they were not with us. These Chinese children quite equal the English in ability. They are eager to learn, and show a great interest in the subject of religion. One of the girls seems quite overcome with a sense of her sins. There are not many words in their prayers, but an urgency for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, which, I am certain, is an acceptable petition to the Hearer of prayer. These were idolaters a year ago. One girl, about 15, who, I have no doubt, has believed unto salvation, is not naturally amiable, but selfish and sulky. This being the case,

it has enabled me more clearly to discern the open and decided warfare she is waging, in God's strength, against her natural corruption. One day, when describing a soul in which Satan sat as king, she burst into tears, hid her face, and said, 'That is my heart.'

"On putting the question to my class, 'Were one of you sure of dying to-morrow, what would you do to-day?' One said, 'I should be getting my grave ready' (a very important business amongst the Chinese), but another replied, 'I would strongly believe in Jesus.' I now number seven girls of whom I have good hope that they have passed from death unto life."

"Chuniò brings me verses full of the joy of the Lord being her strength. Her younger sister repeats such psalms as 'Hide not thy face from me.'"

In 1845 Miss Grant found that her elder girls grew bolder in acknowledging religion in the presence of their friends. Haneò was in the habit of collecting the other children round her, and not only teaching, but, exhorting them, and that with strong crying and tears, to receive the truth into their hearts.

One Sabbath evening, at eight o'clock, the children were all seated at the foot of their little cots, and Haneò was in the middle describing the love of the crucified Redeemer. Then she turned, and addressing two of the most careless by name, warned them of their danger. Her own mother was present, and to her she addressed the most fervent entreaties not to cast her mercies from her. The effect produced on her little congregation was most powerful. Her elder sister sobbed aloud, and some of the little ones who had lain down to sleep awoke by her voice, and were sitting up, leaning on their elbows, looking at her with amazement.

Another Sabbath incident, though trifling in itself, was really very pleasing. Miss Grant was looking through her Venetian blinds when she saw a nice little simple-hearted child named Amoy come from underneath the verandah. Then she stopped and looked eagerly around, as if fearful of observation. Imagining that no one saw her, she darted over a flower-bed and plunged herself into the midst of a thick plant, the leaves of which almost entirely hid

her. There she knelt down, clasped her hands, and began to pray. Only the words "pardon" and "very kind" were distinctly heard by Miss Grant. But all was heard by the Lord Jesus, who no doubt sent answers of peace. Amoy had not been above five minutes in her leafy oratory when she sprang up and darted away, singing one of their hymn tunes as gaily as a lark.

For many years Miss Grant was privileged to carry on this school in Singapore. But the effects of a tropical climate so told upon her that she was necessitated in 1853 to resign her charge to Miss Cooke, who was sent to Singapore by the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. Thirty girls were then placed under her care. Some of the older pupils had become adults, and were variously engaged in promoting the spiritual benefit of the native women in the neighbourhood. One devoted herself with great energy of purpose to the work of visiting as a missionary the dwellings of her native female neighbours. Under Miss Cooke the school continued to prosper. Mothers brought their children to her with the old charge, "Beat, beat, beat her well." But they found, to their astonishment, that the law of love exercised in the school produced more obedience than their oft-inflicted blows.

Before taking leave of Singapore we must briefly glance at the present missionary aspect of the island. Our great missionary institutions, having felt it their duty to avail themselves of the providential opening of China, have removed their missionaries from Singapore and other East India Islands to the vast empire itself. Reluctantly have these societies abandoned this interesting and most influential island. There is, however, an Episcopalian chaplain stationed at Singapore for the English population; and Mr. Keasberry, a self-supporting Nonconformist missionary, presiding over a church of thirty to forty members. We understand that they are *baptised* believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. A native Chinese missionary is also engaged in the proclamation of the Gospel amongst his fellow-countrymen. As to the influence of the Singapore missions on China at the present time, let the following recent fact tell its own tale. A

Chinese tract, printed at Singapore, had by some unknown means found its way to the interior of China. It was there used of the Lord as a means of leading a Chinaman to Christ. So powerfully was his mind impressed with the duty of confessing Christ before the world by Christian baptism, that he travelled from two or three thousand miles to Singapore, in order thus to avow his faith in the Redeemer.

Surely the Lord, by the varied missionary agencies of the Church, is calling out a people for his name who will show forth his praise. Let us all strive more heartily to identify ourselves with this glorious cause—the cause of him who has said: “Fear not: for I am with thee: I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west; I will say to the north, give up; and to the south keep not back: bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth; even every one that is called by my name,” Isa. xliii. 5-7.

J. R. P.

### THE GOLIATH REFORMER.

A STUDY FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD LEACH,

Author of “Rev. James Harvey, the Model Minister and Christian,” &c.

#### CHAPTER VII.—LUTHER’S EXAMINATION AT AUGSBURG.

As soon as Luther arrived at Augsburg he boldly sent a message to the Pope’s legate announcing his arrival. This was genuine *pluck*. Luther had some brave old Saxon principles within him. Degenerated nineteenth century kid-gloves would call it rashness, but a corresponding action proves that boldness can be closely allied to carefulness. For while Luther told his enemies that he was near at hand, he despatched a similar message to his friend Staupitz, who had agreed to take Luther under his protection. We should thus learn that he is the wisest who can season his outspoken honesty with the salt of reasonable carefulness. The best way to trust in God in temporals is to use the instruments which he has furnished for our security. Luther always succeeded; for while he was strong in prayer he was also strong in action. The Elector of

Saxony, to whom I have already introduced the reader, still secretly protected him; and having firm, undaunted faith in God, Luther was the last man to be afraid.

I must tell very briefly the tale of his magnificent triumph at Augsburg. As to the many little incidents by the way, and the details of his examination, are they not written with fire and pathos in his life, penned by his own hand, and translated from the French of Michelet? Luther’s first interview with the Cardinal partook somewhat of an interchange of compliments with courtesies. He honoured ecclesiastical flesh by prostrating himself before it, and in return obtained a favourable reception, which signified great condescension. The honest monk better understood the position in which he was placed after a little introductory gossip. Of course, he was required to retract his errors; that was clause one, and all the succeeding clauses were dependencies upon it. First, retract your errors; secondly, avoid them in future; and thirdly, let the peculiarities of the Church alone; why disturb the credulity of the people? But you might as well try to shatter the vault of heaven with Armstrong guns as to succeed in getting Luther to even mutter the word “Revoco.” The one would be as foolish an attempt as Don Quixote’s crusade against the Spanish windmills, and the other would be as pre-eminently unsuccessful. So the accused was allowed to draw up his defence, and present it to the fatted Cardinal the next day. When the time arrived Luther began energetically to protest against the unlawful procedure of his judges. The legate thereupon began to argue; from arguing he warmed into the melting fervour of denunciation; then succeeded fire, hot epithets, passion, clamour, threats, and domineering, until the whole ended in a violent outburst of stormy vituperation, ravings, and rage. Like the village mountebank spitting fire from tow in his mouth, he scattered with his voluble tongue thunders of wrath, and lightning-flashes of curses. So poor Luther quietly put up with the angry elements, and was allowed again to defer his arguments till a third interview. This took place on the 14th of October, when Luther presented, with humility,

his defence written upon paper, so that in after ages you and I, dear reader, might be able to admire it.

The fiery Italian was strongly opposed to the committing of such honest stuff to paper, for writing, you know, is lasting; but there are others than beggars who cannot always be choosers. The principal points of this paper were simply these—Jesus Christ is above the Pope; indulgences are an imposition, and salvation is by undiluted free grace. Then began the Romish priest to bully and aggravate the poor monk, but he could find no evil in him. And it came to pass as the Cardinal raved, the spirit of Luther waxed hot, for he lifted up his voice, and in an outburst of eloquence ridiculed his judge's favourite point. Then slaughtered he the cherished dogma of the Cardinal by appealing to the latter's best authority. Now this saint was by name Clement, and his "Constitution" was held sacredly perfect; but in vain could they obtain one expression of assent from his writings to favour the doctrine of indulgences. So far from this, it was found that Clement had said, "The Lord Jesus Christ had acquired salvation by his sufferings." Then were they exceeding wroth; and more so as Luther kept the Cardinal close in the corner into which he had been dragged. In vain did that dignitary wriggle and wraggle. St. Clement had wickedly omitted to sanction the saving doctrine of indulgences! Then said the legate, "Retract, or return no more." And Luther, knowing it was no use arguing further with a fool, gathered up his manly courage, bowed, and left the court. Then were his adversaries greatly surprised, and stood speechless and overpowered. For the vigour of the little monk's pluck knew no bounds, and commanded wonder and admiration even from his foes.

Luther afterwards undertook a controversy with Dr. Eck upon the doctrines of purgatory, indulgences, and the supremacy of the Pope. These discussions created a stir; and, of course, the result was that both controversialists left each other in the same mind as before. How could it be otherwise when the one declared the infallibility of the Pope, and the other the superiority of the Bible?

Well, events went on in this strain until the Pope could bear it no longer, and, in the effusion of his ecclesiastical passion, he prepared a bull of excommunication against Luther. Doubtless, his infallible holiness imagined that with the thunders of his wrath he would cow the effrontery of the Wittenburg monk; but his terrible anathemas were like lightning flashes in the hands of a sickly child. How did Luther receive the papal condemnation? Hear him: "I know nothing of Eck," said he, "except that he has arrived with a long beard, a long bull, and a long purse; but I laugh at his bull." Perhaps it is very wicked to be satirical and cynical; but Luther didn't think so, and his language, therefore, was more like a man's and less like a baby's than much of our modern twaddle-de and twaddle-dum. Luther played his part like a man and like a Christian too. So when the bull arrived, he said with enthusiasm, "I rejoice in having to bear such ills for the best of causes; already I feel greater liberty of heart; for at last I know that the Pope is Antichrist and that his throne is that of Satan himself." Fancy a man with a sword suspended over his head, talking of greater freedom and liberty of heart than before he saw it glitter! Once now and then we meet with such men in the annals of the past, but their visits on the pages of historic writ are like the angels' visits with their fewness and farness. Then wrote Luther a most daring protest to the Emperor of Germany. "I appeal," said he, "from the said Pope Leo, first as from an iniquitous, rash, and tyrannical judge who condemns me unheard, and without assigning reasons." It was unknown courage to appeal at all; but to use such pointed adjectives was unrivalled daring. But Luther gathers strength to give more deadly thrusts with his wondrous intellect. "Secondly," continues he, "as from a heretic and apostate, wandering from the right way, hardened and condemned by the Holy Scriptures, who enjoins me to deny that Christian faith is necessary to the due use of the sacraments." Thus did the heroic monk place the Pope in the defendant's seat, and exercise a judge's authority over the then highest dignitary in the world. But the arrows in the next clause were dipped in such

poison as was sure to eat away the very dignity of the proudest tyrant. I fancy how his holiness must have wriggled in his seat while he read the next two paragraphs:—"Thirdly, as from an enemy, an Antichrist, an adversary, a tyrant of holy Scripture, who dares to oppose his own words to all the words of God. Fourthly, as from a contemner, a slanderer, a blasphemer of the holy Christian Church and of a free council, who maintains that a council, in itself, is nothing."

Who wouldn't take off his hat to such a noble man?

Luther having announced a meeting of the professors and students at the East Gate, Wittenburg, and having kindled a fire, he burnt a number of old and useless papers and then threw the

canon law and other productions which savoured of the Papal authority into the fire, while, holding up the Pope's bull, he solemnly pronounced these words, "Whereas thou hast grieved the Lord's Holy One, may the everlasting fire grieve and consume thee," throwing it at the same time into the fire, amidst the applause of the assembled multitude. Those indeed who thought the act a farce admired the undaunted courage that stimulated the man.

Such was the progress of the great revolution that shook Europe. One little monk was the means of it all, and as God nerved his courage so he drew his bow at a venture.

Our next chapter witnesses a MOST EXCITING STRUGGLE.

London.

## Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," &c.

### HOPES UNFULFILLED.

"THIRTY-FIVE years old to-day." The words were sighed out, and the man's face grew moody as he uttered them. Why? It was no great age after all, and he was strong and active, with the flush of early manhood yet fresh upon his cheek. But his brow was sad, and his lips rested mournfully one upon the other. He was beginning what would some day become a settled habit with him—looking back.

The scenes of his youth lay spread before him—very lovely and with the fragrance of spring and its flowers. He saw the old lime trees under which he used to lie and dream. He saw his playfellows tossing their caps in wild mirthfulness as they talked of what they intended to do and to be when they became men. He saw his own little room, where swift and burning thoughts chased each other in his brain at nightfall. What dreams, what thoughts, what resolves they were!

He had fully intended to be a rich man. They had told him his business abilities were good, and he knew it to be true. So he would speculate and work and save, and the money—why, he almost felt it accumulate under his hand. He resolved,

too, to be a popular man. Did not his playfellows praise his wit, his singing, his personal appearance? Well, he would turn them to good account, he would make himself well spoken about everywhere. Then, too, he would be a useful man. People far and near should hear of how he served the Church, of how much he did for the good of his fellow-men and Christ's kingdom. Indeed, he intended to be successful in everything, and not one of those common-place plodding men, of whom there were too many already.

Thirty-five years old to-day! His early aspirations and resolutions were weighed in the balance and contrasted with the reality. It was pretty certain that by this time he was about what he was likely to continue. He had found his level. After this he was scarcely likely to astonish the world with any new idea or vast achievement. And what was he now at the age of thirty-five? Rich? Certainly not. He had accumulated no fortune as he expected. He just managed to trot along day by day making both ends meet, and that was about all. Popular? Not particularly so. A few said, "Ah, Jones is a very

good fellow, come to know him;" but many said nothing of the kind. Few people knew him, fewer still cared for him, Useful? Well, he hoped he had done a little good, but nothing as he intended. He was prone to confess that many a man was far more useful than he had ever been. No. He was a member still, and taught in the Sunday-school, but that was nothing particular and had not at present proved of much use to any one.

And looking over this series of failures it is little wonder that he sighed as he repeated to himself, "*Thirty-five years old to-day!*"

And many of us have sighed in the same way. There are very few—perhaps none—who find the vision of their youth verified in age. We never intended to settle down into the quiet, easy-going, common-place persons which we find ourselves long ere the period of thirty-five is gained. We meant to be something altogether different and better and greater. Indeed in a less degree we mean it still. But meanwhile the years are slipping away, and our opportunities going with them. How is it? Perhaps we overrated ourselves—perhaps we set up too high a standard, anyhow

the bare, hard truth stands before us—our youthful hopes are unfulfilled.

Well, it is not after all a very disgraceful thing to be only a common-place person, because we have such a number of worthy companions. Most persons are common-place; and if we fill our post, do our daily work, and jog on pleasantly together, who shall find fault with us?

Ah, but we should so much rather be what in our youth we hoped to be. But "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." After all, our way is marked out for us, and it is certainly the best. And let us take comfort; for if we are honestly striving to do our best, and fulfil our daily duties, lowly though they be, with a cheerful earnest heart; if we strive to serve the Saviour in our humble way—with true-heartedness—his "well done" will be spoken as kindly to the improver of five talents as to the owner of ten.

And these unfulfilled hopes of ours, provided they be of the right kind, shall they not all be realized in the better land? Let us not mourn then, but say in the well-known words—

"Then shall I see and hear and know  
All I desired and wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy."

## Reviews.

*Life's Bye-Ways, and What I Found in Them; being Narratives from Real Life.* By A. FERGUSON. With a Preface by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore and Alabaster, 23, Paternoster-row.

THIS is a book that must be popular. Its narratives are most extraordinary, and are written with artistic skill and beauty. The facts here presented are far more marvellous than the stories of the most sensational novels, besides having a high and lofty bearing in connection with human progress and elevation. Some of the portraits given are so felicitous that we do not think they were ever excelled; and the spirit of the good Samaritan breathes through and hallows the whole. We wish everybody to get the book and read it. We observe that the writer is one of the tutors in Mr. Spurgeon's College; and if he is orally and didactically as efficient in the classroom as he is affecting and instructive in these pages, then we are sure his influence must be a great good to the students of that establishment.

*Bunyan Library.* Vol. X. Literary Remains of John Foster. With Preface by JOHN SHEP-

ARD; and Edited by J. E. RYLAND, M.A. London: Jno. Heaton and Son, 21, Warwick-lane.

THIS tenth volume of the "Bunyan Library" cannot fail to command a hearty welcome by all the admirers of that profound thinker and strong-minded writer, John Foster. The essay on the Improvement of Time is worth more than is charged for the entire volume; while these newly-resuscitated notes of sermons will be a great treasure to all Christian ministers and students of Divinity. To the more highly-cultivated readers of theology it will supply a mine of the most precious and solid treasure for the permanent enrichment of the mind.

*The Baptist Denomination in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland.* 1863. London: J. Heaton and Son.

THESE are the collected papers prepared for the session of the Baptist Union for 1863. The writers—Dr. Angus, Dr. Thomas, Dr. Paterson, and Rev. C. J. Middleditch—have brought into portable compass facts and statistics well worthy to be collected, preserved, and circulated. We hope



the sale will be commensurate with their sterling value.

*The Baptist Denomination in the North of England. A Discourse by WM. WALTERS.* London: J. Heaton and Son.

AN intelligent sermon, preached before the Northern Baptist Association at Darlington, and published by their request. This thoroughly good exposition of Baptist matters in the North should be bound up with the last article we noticed. The suggestions in this sermon would tend, under God's blessing, to the prosperity of Christian churches anywhere, or under any circumstances, but to Baptists they are invaluable.

*No Better than We Should Be; or, Travels in Search of Consistency.* By ANDREW MARVELL, Jun. London: W. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street.

WE remember the excitement this book produced when first published, and the rapidity with which two large editions were disposed of. The writer informs us that the edition is not only thoroughly revised, but contains two entirely new chapters on the Principles of the Evangelical Alliance, and Christian Liberality, Weekly Offerings, &c. We know not a few who have been anxious to obtain this work, but in vain; and we have no doubt but it will have a run with all persons who are fond of telling truths presented in a clear, pungent, yet humorous, style. We may just say that persons believing in priestism, bigotry, slavery, strong drink, the gallows, and war, and all who love shams in religion, unless open to conviction, will most probably repent that they have laid out half-a-crown on "Andrew's Allegorical Travels."

*The Gospel Roll; or, the Facts and Glories of the Gospel Unfolded, &c.* By FRANCIS JOHNSTONE, Edinburgh. London: James Nisbet and Co.

OUR Scotch writers are very much like the Germans in their comprehensive and thorough elucidation of the subjects they undertake. These remarks apply most distinctly to the excellent volume under notice. We have numerous books about the Gospel, still more in which fragments of the Gospel are to be found, but a full survey of the whole Gospel in all its glorious aspects no one volume we are acquainted with contains. This is the grand speciality of Mr. Johnstone's work. It elucidates, illustrates, and fairly brings out the riches of the Gospel scheme, and it does so with many valuable popular criticisms, and in a plain style that goes directly to the heart, and is, therefore, in beautiful harmony with the Gospel itself. We trust the readers of theology in all our evangelical churches will not neglect this "Gospel Roll," so full of those vital truths that alone can make men wise to salvation, and which spreads before the pious meditationist that land of immortal wealth that enriches for both worlds. The volume has our most hearty commendation; and we only add, further, that it is well got up,

good type and paper, strong binding, and is remarkably cheap.

*Every-day Religion; or, Christian Principle in Daily Practice.* By WM. LANDELS, Minister of Regent's-park Chapel, London. James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners-street.

A THOROUGHLY good work, in which the influence of true religion is exhibited as it affects the intellect, affections, habits, dispositions, and secular employment of professors. We trust it will be widely circulated, feeling assured that it cannot fail to be useful to those who read it. It is well got up, and is accessible, by its size and price, to all classes of Christians, and should not be overlooked by Sabbath-school teachers, students of Divinity, and young people in general.

*Small Sins.* By the Rev. ALEX. BALLOCH GROSART, U.P. Minister, Kinross. London: Jas. Nisbet and Co.

A SMALL but weighty and precious book, on a subject of vast importance. Mr. Grosart is well up in Puritanical divines, is the editor of Sibbes' memoir and works, and therefore possesses a rich anointing for dealing with the subject he has presented to us. Observing, clear, terse, and striking, his treatise must benefit the reader, and will be of great value to young Christians. It has our heartiest good wishes.

*Of Justification by an Imputed Righteousness.* By JOHN BUNYAN. With Remarks on a Tract by O. S., entitled, "Justification in the Risen Christ." By JOHN COX, Author of "Our Great High Priest," &c. London: J. Nisbet and Co.

ADMIRERS of the immortal Dreamer will welcome this cheap reprint, and all who know Mr. Cox will be satisfied that what share he has had in its reproduction will be worthy both of the subject and himself. Greater praise is unnecessary.

*Bessy's Money.* A Tale. By the Author of "Mary Powell." London: Arthur Hall and Co., 26, Paternoster-row.

A MOST affecting and edifying story, by one of the most graphic writers of the day. Just the book for a birthday gift or school reward.

*God's Way of Peace.* By H. BONAR, D.D. A Book for the Anxious. London: Nisbet and Co. EVERY way worthy of the theme and of the world-wide popularity of the laborious and evangelical author.

*Thoughts of the Day; or, the World and the Cross.* London: Jas. Nisbet and Co.

DIVINE grace and personal self-denial and conflict are here forcibly presented in their unbroken harmony and inseparable influence.

*The Customs of the Dissenters.* Seven Papers, Revised and Re-printed from the "Christian Spectator." London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

THE re-printing of these papers cannot fail to

place in the hands of our Nonconformist readers a series of important subjects, written in a masterly manner, and worthy of the careful consideration of all who take an interest in the subject of New Testament ecclesiastics. Among much that is startling in these pages, there is so much sound sense and manly piety that we cannot conceive of their circulation without lasting benefits being conferred on those who may read them. The "Christian Spectator" has been celebrated from the first for the great talent many of its articles exhibit, and we are sure this re-print will materially add to the just fame it has formerly achieved.

*The Rev. H. Fish, M.A., and Wesleyan Methodism. A Critique.* By EVAN LEWIS, B.A., &c., Author of "Independency—a Deduction from the Laws of the Universe." London: Elliot Stock.

We thought Mr. Lewis' book would involve him in controversy, and so it seems that a good Wesleyan Fish refuses to swallow his bait, hook and all. Mr. Lewis, however, returns to his charge, and in this pamphlet tries to force it down the Wesleyan's throat. But what the result will be we cannot tell. No doubt the Fish has a right to swallow it or not, as it judges best for its constitution, but we advise both to be chary about supplying motives and using hard words.

No doubt Mr. Lewis understands Independency better than Mr. Fish, but probably Mr. Fish is better acquainted with Methodism than Mr. Lewis. It is well known that all Fish will not take the same bait; at any rate, there need not be so great a fuss about a single Fish.

*Baptist Magazine,* June and July.

BOTH good numbers. But the July one is extra distinguished for a life-like portrait of the Rev. Mr. Mursell, of Leicester, and a capital paper on Chapel Building.

WE commend the following as worthy of perusal:—

*Words of the Wise* (London: Jackson and Co.)—*Woman's Ministry.* By Rev. A. REED, B.A.—*Life a Journey.* By Rev. A. M. TOPLADY, B.A. (Collingridge.)—*Old Jonathan.* May and June. (Same Publisher.)—*The Cup of Salvation.* A Sermon by Rev. J. W. GOWRING, B.A. (Ibid.)—*The Little Gleaner* for July. (Houlston and Wright.)—*The Punishment of Sin in the Person of the Saviour.* A Prize Essay, by WAR. KITCHEN. (London: Pewtress and Co.)—*Twenty-second Annual Report of the Baptist Tract Society.* 1863. (London: Elliot Stock.)—*Gardener's Weekly Magazine.* May. (London: E. W. Allen, 20, Warwick-lane.)

## Poetry.

### HOLD THOU ME UP.

Hold thou me up where'er the way is hidden,  
And darkness hangs around the sky above,  
And wild misgivings come to me unbidden—  
O Father, hold me closely in thy love.

Hold thou me up amid each new temptation,  
Lest I should fall beneath its subtle power;  
Thou who art ever near—be my salvation,  
My rock, my fortress, in the trying hour.

Hold thou me up when my weak heart is failing  
Before the troubles of the way I take;  
Make me to feel that thou art all-prevailing—  
That thou wilt succour me for Jesus' sake.

Hold thou me up—O Lord my God, if ever  
The flowers of pleasure spring around my days;  
And let no fancied joy my spirit sever  
From thee who gavest me thy love always.

Hold thou me up till I in death am sleeping—  
Till I am far from danger, safe with thee  
In that fair land where there is no more weeping,  
And ever I am there amid the free.

MARIANNE FAERNINGHAM.

### THOUGHTS ABOUT CLOUDS.

How changeful are the clouds  
That float o'er heaven's blue!

So bright at sunset hour,  
So fair at sunrise too.  
Sometimes like snow-white birds  
Across the sky they pass;  
Anon, like mountains piled  
In many a gloomy mass.  
As we behold the varied scene,  
Some profit let us try to glean.

Perhaps we note a cloud  
Sailing along on high,  
And when we look again  
'Tis vanished from the sky:  
How blest the assurance given  
To souls in fear and doubt,  
That, like a cloud, their sins  
By God are blotted out.  
Jehovah's Word abideth sure—  
"I will remember them no more."

At times, O child of God,  
A darksome cloud will rise  
Concealing Christ, thy Sun,  
A season from thine eyes  
Yet fear not, for, ere long,  
He will the darkness chase,  
And shed again on thee  
His beams of love and grace,  
In dark or light, his love to thee  
Is changeless, endless, firm, and free.

Yonder gathering cloud  
 Will send down welcome rain,  
 Refreshing earth's fair fields,  
 Her blossoms, fruits, and grain :  
 Christian, though trouble's cloud  
 Now fills thy heart with gloom,  
 It may be charged with showers  
 To make thy graces bloom.  
 Each trial, by thy Father sent,  
 Works out some gracious, wise intent.  
 And sometimes when the sun  
 Beams bright through nature's tears,  
 The bow, God's covenant sign,  
 Upon the clouds appears.  
 So troubled saints will see  
 When Jesus sweetly shines,

The bow in each dark cloud,  
 Painted in glowing lines—  
 Jehovah's faithful, covenant love,  
 Which never shall from them remove.

A cloud received the Lord  
 When he went up to heaven,  
 And to his chosen few  
 This promise then was given—  
 "Your Lord shall come again  
 As ye have seen him go."  
 To this God's people now  
 Are saying—"Even so :  
 With saints and angels—glorious crowds—  
 Come, Lord, come quickly in the clouds."

Wellingborough.

THEODORA.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

**REDRUTH.**—Mr. Walker has announced his intention to resign, at the end of September, the pastorate of the Baptist church at the above place.

**WEM, SALOP.**—The Rev. J. Corby, late of Sharabrook, has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist church at Wem, and commenced his labours on June 7th.

**CREWKERNE.**—The Rev. Standen Pearce, late of Vernon Chapel, London, has accepted a unanimous and cordial invitation from the people of his former charge, Crewkerne, Somerset, and recommenced his labours on June 21st.

### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**PONTHEER.**—On Wednesday, June 25th, Mr. J. Williams, late senior student of Haverfordwest Baptist College, was ordained as pastor of the Baptist church at Pontheer. The Rev. W. Owens, of Middle Mill, proposed the usual questions, which were answered most satisfactorily ; after which the Rev. Thomas Burditt offered the ordination prayer ; and Dr. Davies, of Haverfordwest, delivered an affectionate charge to the young pastor, and the Rev. W. Owens gave the charge to the church and congregation. The second service commenced at half-past two in the afternoon. Mr. Daniel Jones, student, introduced the service, and Dr. Thomas, of Pontypool, preached on the nature of a Christian church. The Rev. H. Reeves, of Risca, also preached. The evening service was introduced by the Rev. J. Morgan, of St. Bride's, when the Rev. Rees Griffiths, of Cardiff, and the Rev. Thomas Burditt, of Haverfordwest, preached. The chapel was crowded to excess at each service. The rev. gentleman is entering upon his ministerial labours with every prospect of success.

### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**NEW PARK-STREET CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK.**—**FAREWELL SERVICE.**—On Wednesday evening,

July 8, was held a farewell tea and meeting on the occasion of Mr. Collins' leaving to become pastor of the Baptist church meeting in the Carlton-rooms, Southampton, lately presided over by Rev. J. A. Spurgeon. About 450 friends sat down to tea, after which some 600 assembled in the chapel. After singing and prayer, the chairman, Wm. Olney, Esq., opened the meeting with some kind and appropriate remarks. Rev. A. Searl, of Shaftesbury Hall, and Rev. Clarence Chambers, of Romsey, next addressed the friends and parting minister. Mr. Bartlett, superintendent of the Sunday-school, then rose and presented to Mr. Collins a valuable gift of books as a token of the regard of the congregation to whom Mr. Collins has ministered for some nineteen months past. After suitably acknowledging the handsome present, Mr. Collins expressed his feelings at leaving, and his best wishes for those he left behind. Mr. Burton (who is to succeed Mr. Collins) then said a few kind words. After some remarks from Mr. Moore and chairman, the meeting closed with the singing of a parting hymn and prayer. Mr. Collins is followed to his new sphere with the earnest prayers and best wishes of many friends. Upwards of £3 5s. was collected at the doors towards the proposed chapel at Southampton. The friends at Southampton will be very grateful for any help, which is much needed.

### LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

**UPTON CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK.**—The foundation-stone of a new Baptist chapel, to be designated as above, was laid on Tuesday, July 14, by Sir Morton Peto, Bart., M.P. The site is Barkham-terrace, St. George's-road, and the edifice is designed for the use of the church and congregation formerly worshipping at Church-street, Blackfriars. A large company assembled to witness the ceremony, and Sir Morton delivered a

thoroughly suitable address, with even more than his usual energy and eloquence. Several ministers took part in the proceedings. There was also a numerous meeting subsequently in the lecture-room of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, kindly lent by Mr. Spurgeon and his deacons, when Mr. Olney presided, and several ministers and gentlemen made speeches. An interesting statement was read by the Rev. William Barker, respecting the church from its commencement in 1786 to the present time, during which period six pastors have been engaged, three of whom have entered into their rest; and the others yet labour in the cause of the Redeemer, as brethren honoured and beloved. The new chapel will be of plain Italian character, as being most suitable for the purposes contemplated in its erection. The only carved decorations will be the filling in of the arch in the pediment with an open book, palm branches, and the descending dove. The interior dimensions will be 45 feet by 67 feet; the body of the chapel, with galleries, furnishing accommodation for about 800 hearers, together with 180 children. In the basement there will be a lecture-hall or school-room, 44 feet square, with four class-rooms, each 16 feet by 10½ feet. At the rear of the building will be vestries, minister's room, committee room, and rooms for the chapel-keeper. Mr. J. E. Goodchild is the architect; and the contract has been taken by Messrs. Jackson and Shaw for £4,790, including a dwelling-house similar to those already erected on the terrace.

#### OPENING SERVICES.

**KENSINGTON.—CORNWALL-ROAD.**—Sir Morton Peto purchased one of the annexes of the International Exhibition building for the purpose of fitting it up in this populous suburban locality as a Baptist chapel. It was originally designed to be a temporary structure, and to seat 600 people. Certain difficulties, however, came in the way, which made it necessary to erect a permanent structure, and it was then resolved to provide accommodation for 1,000 persons. The chapel was opened on Wednesday, July 1, when sermons were preached by the Revs. W. Brock and Landels. The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, late of Southampton, is to be the pastor of the place. At the dinner which followed the morning service, Sir Morton Peto stated that the cost, inclusive of all charges, would be £3,500, or £3 10s. per sitting. Bloomsbury Chapel cost £7 5s. per sitting; Camden-road, £7; and that new building at Walworth would be £7. "The problem to be solved was, whether we could build a permanent chapel at a much less cost than has yet been built, so that the outlying districts of London might be supplied with edifices at such a cost as that the people generally could erect them, or that those who cared for their welfare might erect them for them." It was believed that the problem had been solved.

Some brief congratulatory addresses followed. The Rev. H. W. Beecher, of New York, was among the speakers.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**LEICESTER.**—Mr. Pells, of Soho Chapel, London, will preach (D.V.) in the New Baptist Chapel, Newark-street, on Thursday, August 6.

**POPPLAR.**—Mr. Pells will preach (D.V.) in Manor-street Chapel, on Tuesday, August 11. A public meeting in the evening.

**CHELSEA.—EBENEZER CHAPEL, COLLEGE-STREET.**—Mr. Pells will preach here (D.V.) on Friday evening, August 21.

**HOXTON.**—The seventh anniversary of Ebenezer Chapel, High-street, will be held (D.V.) on Lord's-day, August 8, when three sermons will be preached: in the morning at 11 by Mr. S. Green, pastor of the church; afternoon at 3 by Mr. Foreman, of Hill-street, Dorset-square; evening at 6 by Mr. Alderson, of East-street, Walworth. Collection after each service.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.**—The anniversary services in connection with the Baptist Chapel were held on Tuesday, June 16, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; the congregations were very large, and the collections amounted to £30. Between the preaching services about 150 persons sat down to tea; the Rev. Henry Bayley presided, surrounded by many of the neighbouring Dissenting ministers. Through the kindness of the Independent friends these services were held in their chapel, the new Baptist chapel being now in course of erection.

**PETERCHURCH, HEREFORDSHIRE.**—The anniversary in connection with the Baptist church was held on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, June 30, when between three and four hundred persons assembled to tea, &c. After tea an open air meeting was held in front of the chapel, when Mr. Sinclair, the pastor of the church, the Revs. F. Wiles, of Hay; C. Barleigh, of Orcoop; T. Williams, of Longtown; W. Jones, of Kingstone; and Mr. H. Hossack, of Michaelchurch, addressed the assembly. Messrs. T. Powell and Jones implored the Divine blessing to rest on the proceedings. The assembly departed highly gratified.

**BEXLEY HEATH, KENT.**—The anniversary services were held here on July 1, when Brother Wall preached in the afternoon from Isaiah liv. 13; in the evening Brother Frith (Borough-green), from Phil. ii. 17. These two discourses were delivered in a faithful and affectionate manner. We feel sure the blessing of our covenant God in Christ Jesus was with us. We were encouraged by the presence of brethren from town, and friends from some of the neighbouring churches. And we pray the Master to strengthen the hands of our venerable pastor (Mr. J. Wallis),

who is much delighted with, and thankful for, this—another Ebenezer store.

**FRAMSDEEN, SUFFOLK.**—The second anniversary of Mr. Cobb's pastorate over the church at Framsdenden was commemorated on July 16. In the afternoon Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh, preached to a large and attentive audience, from 1 Tim. vi. 6. At five o'clock about 300 persons sat down to an excellent tea, after which Mr. Sears, of Laxfield, preached to a crowded audience, taking his remarks from Judges iii. 20. At the evening service Mr. Collins, on behalf of the young people, presented to Mr. Cobb a purse of money as a token of their affectionate regard for his person and services. Mr. Cobb with deep emotion said words could not express how much he appreciated such a token of their growing attachment. He felt especially interested for the young people, many of whom were the fruits of his labours, and he prayed that many more might be brought to the feet of Jesus.

**SNAILBEACH, SALOP.**—The anniversary services in connection with the Baptist chapel at the above place were held on Sunday and Monday, June 21st and 22nd. On the Sunday sermons were preached by the Revs. E. Owen, of Sarn; G. Phillips, of Evenjobb; and E. Evans, the pastor. On the Monday a tea-meeting was held in the chapel, and about 300 friends sat down to partake of an excellent tea, after which a public meeting took place. The Rev. J. Dare, of Pontesbury, read the Scriptures and prayed. Short sermons were then delivered by the Revs. T. Baugh, of Broseley; E. Owen, G. Phillips, and C. F. Vernon, of Shrewsbury. All the services were well attended. The sermons were of an earnest character. The anniversary throughout was a very successful one. The cause presents a most encouraging aspect, and is one of the most flourishing interests in Shropshire, which fact must afford great satisfaction to the esteemed pastor, Rev. E. Evans, who has laboured faithfully in the above sphere for upwards of thirty years.

**THE BAPTIST BUILDING LOAN FUND FOR WALES.**—A committee meeting of the above fund was held on the 9th of June at Merthyr Tydfil, the Rev. N. Thomas presiding. The agent reported that in addition to the amount promised up to the 30th March, he had the pleasure to announce from fifty-one churches the sum of £1,554 7s. 6d., mostly from North Wales, making a total of £8,006 8s. 10d. The treasurer also reported that he had already received between £400 and £500 of the first instalment; Mr. Benj. Lewis, Nantyglo, having most liberally remitted a cheque for the full amount of his promise—£50. Among other arrangements it was resolved to hold the first general meeting of the subscribers at the Tabernacle, Cardiff, on Tuesday, August 8th, at 11 a.m., which meeting will resolve itself to the first annual meeting, for the

purpose of electing the managing committee for the ensuing year. The agent will most gladly arrange an efficient deputation to attend a public meeting of any church, provided he gets a timely request to do so, and thus no church need be unrepresented at the Cardiff meeting. The address of the agent, Mr. Llewellyn Jenkin, is Maesyw-mwr, near Newport, Monmouthshire.

#### BAPTISMS.

**ATLSHAM, Norfolk,** June 29—Two; July 2, Three; July 6, One, by Mr. Timothy Harley.

**BONT, near Holyhead,** June 21 (in the sea)—Three, by Mr. J. Williams.

**CAERPHILLY, Glamorgan,** July 12—Three, by Mr. D. Edwards, Lisvane, for the pastor, J. Richards. The MESSENGER is greatly valued here.

**CANTON, Cardiff, Providence,** June 4—Eleven, by Mr. Bailey.

**CARDIFF, Bethel, Mount Stuart-square,** Feb. 22—Seven; March 29, Two; April 26, One; June 28, Five, by Mr. G. Howe. Ten of the candidates were husband and wife. The Lord is greatly blessing us.

—, Tredegarville Chapel, June 28—Eleven; July 1, Eleven; July 5, Three, by Mr. Alfred Tilley.

**CHARLBURY, Oxon,** June 28—One, by Mr. S. Hoopes.

**COLNE, Lancashire,** June 28—Eleven, by Mr. J. Berry. Many are giving evidence of a change through the faithful ministry of the Gospel in our midst.

**CONLIG, Newtonards, Ireland**—Two candidates have recently been baptized here—One, by Mr. Brown, on 29th March; and One, by Mr. Henry, of Belfast, on 30th April.

**COSSEY, Carnarvonshire,** May 29—Six. Minister's name not given.

**CREWE, Cheshire,** June 28—Seven, by Rev. E. Morgan. Two of the above are teachers in our Sabbath-school.

**FRAMSDEEN, Suffolk,** June 7—Two, by Mr. G. Cobb.

**GLADESTRY, Radnorshire,** June 28—Two, by Mr. Phillips. One had been for years a member of the Independents.

**GLASGOW, North Frederick-street,** June 28—Eight, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

—, Hope-street, June 28—One, by James Paterson, D.D.

**GOLD-HILL, Bucks,** June 28—Three, by Mr. E. Harris.

**GORSLEY, Herefordshire.**—Since our last report in April MESSENGER great success has attended the labours of our pastor, Mr. J. Hall; thirty-five have been added at different times, and at our various preaching stations the work of the Lord is going on, we believe, with much power.

**GROSVENOR-STREET, Commercial-road,** June 25—Thirteen, by Mr. J. Harrison.

**HISTON, Cambs,** July 10—Ten, by Mr. Sear. One the pastor's daughter.

**KINGTON, Herefordshire,** April 30—Two; June 5, Five, by Mr. C. Wilson Smith.

**LANDPORT, Lake-road,** June 28—Seventeen, by Mr. E. G. Gango. As, on former occasions, the candidates were men and their wives, scholars and teachers from the Sabbath-school. We have abundant indications of the work going on.

LIVERPOOL, St. Hope-street, June 7—Two, by Mr. E. Evans, one of them a son of the late Rev. J. Williams, Newtown; June 24, One by Mr. Tickle; July 6, One, by Mr. E. Evans.

LONDON, June 25—Fourteen; July 2, Sixteen, by Mr. Spurgeon.

—, New Park-street Chapel, July 1—Two, by Mr. J. Collins.

—, Surrey Tabernacle, Borough-road, June 3—Forty-six, by the pastor, Mr. James Wells.

—, Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, May 20—Two; June 28, Four, by Mr. Pells.

MANHOES, Pembrokeshire, June 28—Five; July 12, One, at Rickstone, by Mr. J. Walker.

MOCHDEE, Merionethshire, May 8—One; June 7, Two, by Mr. D. Davies.

MOUNTAIN ASH, Glamorganshire, June 21—Two, by Mr. J. B. Howells. We expect others will soon follow. Our prospects are cheering.

NEATH, Tabernacle, May 28—Four, by Mr. B. D. Thomas.

NEWTON ABBOTT, June 7—One; July 5, One, by Mr. F. Pearce.

OGDEN, near Roehdale, July 5—Three, by Mr. Nuttall. One of the above a teacher and two scholars in our Sabbath-school.

PAINSCASTLE, Radnorshire, June 28—Two, by Mr. T. J. Phillips. We are thankful to add that our cause is progressing.

PILLOWENLILLY, Newport, Mon., June 16—Five, by the Rev. Evan Thomas (pastor), in Commercial-street English Baptist Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion.

PILL, Somerset, June 21—Two, by T. H. Holyoak, of Bristol College.

ROMFORD, Salem Chapel, June 28—Five by Mr. J. Gibbs. The audience was large, and the service most impressive.

SUDBURY, Suffolk, June 24—Three by our pastor, Mr. Bentley.

TONGWYNLAIS, Welsh Baptist, June 28—One, on the bank of the river, after a short sermon from Matt. iii. 15, by Mr. Davis, of Canton; afterwards One by Mr. Davis, of Wapatroda. Your MESSENGER is highly recommended in this village.

TOURNINGTON, Devon, July 19—Eighteen by Mr. W. Jeffery.

UPTON-ON-SEVERN, Worcester, May 28—Seven; June 7, Seven, by Mr. J. R. Parker. The Lord hath been mindful of us. The chapel is filled to overflowing. We are enlarging our borders, so that 150 more can be accommodated. Con-

tributions will be thankfully received by the pastor to help us in paying the debt incurred.

WALDBRINGFIELD, Suffolk, May 24—Ten, by Mr. H. Last. Nine of the above from the Sabbath-school.

WALSALL, Staffordshire, June 28—Nine, by Mr. W. Lees.

WEM, Salop, May 31—One, by Mr. J. Corby.

WINSLOW, Bucks—Four by Mr. T. Brovenall, at the Baptist chapel, Swanbourne, kindly lent for the occasion. [We should be really obliged if our correspondents would be careful to give the dates of their baptisms.—Ed.]

WOOLWICH, Queen-street, June 28—Three, by Mr. Teall.

#### DEATHS.

On the 31st March, at Poole, Dorset, aged 65 years, Eliza Poole. During her last illness, as she became sensible of her gradual weakness, she felt perfectly resigned to her heavenly Father's will. Amid much bodily suffering she was patient, and with expressions of gratitude she blessed the Lord for all his mercies. Her death was improved on the following Sabbath evening by her pastor, Rev. J. H. Osborne, in an appropriate sermon from Heb. ii. 13.

“Her flesh shall slumber under ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in her Saviour's image rise.”

On May 16, at Wootton-Beds, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of the Rev. John Spooner, in the 59th year of her age. She had been 45 years devoted to the service of her Lord, and her end was perfect peace. Her mortal remains were interred at the cemetery, Coventry, on the 20th of May; and this solemn event was improved, in the presence of a large and sorrowing congregation, at Wootton, by the Rev. Thos. Owen, of Cranfield, on the evening of May 31.

On May 29, Mr. E. Boggis, of Sudbury, in his 66th year; for 25 years a deacon of the Baptist church in this town, and for nearly 50 years a consistent member of the Church of Christ.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are compelled, except on special occasions, to decline printing more than one sermon. Many are received from esteemed brethren, and highly approved, but our space forbids their publication. Brief articles on practical and experimental subjects occupying two or three pages are best adapted for our use, and will also best subserve the spiritual interests of our readers.

ERRATUM.—In the obituary of the late Zenas Clift, read Westbury Leigh, Wilts, for Westbury Leigh, Bristol.

## PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from June 18th to July 18th.

	£	s.	d.
Testimonial to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon on his 29th birthday .....	29	0	0
A Friend, per Mrs. de Kavannagh .....	0	15	0
Mr. Ball .....	3	0	0
A Widow's Mite .....	0	10	0
Mr. H. B. Pearson .....	5	0	0
Moiety of Collections at Glastonbury, after sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon .....	25	0	0
Mrs. Tyson .....	12	10	0
Mr. T. H. Cook, jun. ....	1	0	0

Mr. Steventon .....	£	s.	d.
Rev. G. Yonge .....	1	0	0
Miss Marshall .....	2	2	0
Mrs. Stevens .....	0	5	0
H. Dodwell, Esq. ....	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, June 21 .....	24	9	6
"                                    "          29 .....	29	34	5
"                                    "          July 6 .....	6	25	7
"                                    "          " 13 .....	13	15	1

£185 6 9

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. CHAS. BLACKSHAW.

## UNMITIGATED PROSPERITY.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand."—Isaiah liii. 10.

YOU know the verse says, "Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him, he hath put him to grief; when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand." The last words make our text: "The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand."

It may be that the devil thought the death of Christ was Christ's defeat. If so, how greatly was he mistaken; for when he yielded up the ghost he won an everlasting victory. Nor is he dead. Jesus, who died, hath left the dead, no more to die. He died, but could not long be held a prisoner in the grave. Loosing his cerements, touching the stone and bidding it roll away, he came forth to life and immortality; and now is the promise fulfilled in our text, "He shall see his seed." From the heights of heaven he looks upon the multitude of his seed on earth; in eternal glory he takes his solace in the society of his seed above. As many as the stars of heaven, as countless as the dust of the summer, are the seed of our Lord Jesus Christ. He indeed *lives* to see his seed, while others die and their children follow them, and they know not of their progeny. Jesus lives to see, one after another, all the souls that he has redeemed, born first to earth and then born a second time to heaven.

"He prolongs his days." Eighteen hundred and thirty years have passed since he rose from the dead to his new life. He lives still; and his days, we know, shall be continued while this earth shall stand, yea, and in that end when he shall deliver up the kingdom to God, even the Father, still he shall prolong his days. "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever;" *thou* shalt endure though the mountains perish, and though the skies are rolled up like a vesture that is worn out.

"He shall see his seed; he shall prolong his days." Nor shall his life be long without usefulness. He shall have a work to do; brethren, he has that work, and he does it—O, how well! It is the joy of heaven to know that Christ still stands hard and fast to his covenant engagements. It is a comfort to us on earth that our Lord, for Zion's sake, doth not stay his hand nor hold his peace until he hath perfected the Divine will and brought all the redeemed home to himself.

This evening I propose to speak of our Saviour's great work, and of the way in which it prospers in his hand.

Coming close to our text, we shall examine this interesting description of Christ's work—It is "the pleasure of the Lord." We shall then notice how, and in what respects, that work is prospering in Christ's hand; and, having so done, we shall solicit a little consideration as to our connection with that pleasure of God and that great "hand" and prosperity of which we here read.

I. From our text it is very clear that the work which Jesus Christ has undertaken is the Father's good pleasure. It is the work of bringing his elect out of darkness into light, from nature to grace, and from grace to glory. Why is this called "the Father's good pleasure"? We answer, for many reasons, first of all, because God's good pleasure is the source of all saving work. For many years, many centuries and ages, the source of the Nile has been a theme of wonder; many travellers have spent their lives and lost them in endeavouring to track that mysterious stream to its first fount; at last the deed has been accomplished to the honour of our country. But the stream of Divine grace, where does it spring? In what mountain does it take its rise? Arminian theology, like all the ancient travellers, has failed to make the discovery. But the Gospel, as

it is revealed in Scripture, plainly tells us that everything in salvation is according to the good pleasure of the Divine will. If you ask some good brother, who is rather muddled in his theology, "What is the cause why a man is saved?" he will say, perhaps, "Well, he is saved because he believes." You will then say, "But why does he believe?" He will say, "Because he hears the Gospel." You will say, "Ah, but others hear it too, and yet do not believe; how is it that his hearing produces faith in him?" He will say, "It is because he gives the more earnest heed." You will say, "Yes, but why does he give the more earnest heed?" And there will come another question, and another, and another, and another, and you will keep on beating round the bush until, if you succeed fairly in getting your brother into a corner, he will say to you, "Well, I do not know, but I think it must be the grace of God." Happy man who begins there, who says, without going all the way round about to try and fight against a most precious and blessed truth, "Yes, the good pleasure of God is that primeval source whence flows that first rill of electing love, which goes widening on, for ever manifesting itself more and more clearly—

'Till like a sea of glory  
It spreads from pole to pole."

Grace is called, then, God's pleasure, because there it takes its source.

It is the pleasure of the Lord, in the next place, because it is there it finds its direction given to it. I see the spring welling up; but in which way shall it flow? To what *man* shall salvation come? There was even an opportunity for election in the choice of the *nation* to which it should come. What is there in this little island that we should be favoured with the Gospel? Why might not New Zealand, at the other end of the world, have had it years gone by, and this nation been without it? Why should it come to the descendants of barbarians, while the inhabitants of Greece, who were cultured and enlightened when our sires were naked savages, have *not* received the light of the Gospel as we have done? Why should it not have glanced on China, or found a congenial home amidst the islands of Japan? Why comes it here? It is the Father's good pleasure that gave the stream of grace the direction toward this land. And in this land why did grace come to me? Why to you? Why to your brother yonder? Was it that we were better than they? In nowise. Did we seek it more than they? Nay, verily, for we resisted its influence, and would have none of its blessings when it came to our door. Why, then, came it to us? We know of no answer but this—the good pleasure of the Lord. I cannot understand why Abraham, an idolater, should be called out of the land of Ur; or why, to take a later case, Saul of Tarsus should be taken out of the college of the Pharisees, while yet a persecutor, to be made an apostle of Christ. If I am asked to solve the question why are these men made heirs of heaven, and distinguished possessors of Gospel truth, I must reply, "It is the Father's good pleasure." I know no other answer. Hence, I think it is because God gave the direction, and sends the Gospel where he wills, that it is called the good pleasure of the Lord.

Further, the good pleasure of the Lord is the Gospel's vital force. Upon what does the Gospel depend for its existence and its spread? Upon the zeal of its bishops? *Some* of them deny it. Upon the fervour of its ministers? *Some* of them are sound asleep. Upon the consistency and energy of its professors? *Some* of them are hypocrites, many of them lukewarm. Upon what, I say, does the cause of Christ depend? Upon the influence of kings and princes? The kings of this world know it not. Upon some alliance with the State? It scorns it. "*My* kingdom is not of this world." Brethren, the vital force which gives the kingdom to the chosen flock is the Father's good pleasure. And it is because God wills it that daily his Church stands, and grows, and gathers strength. The world standeth upon God's good pleasure; he may truly say—"I bear up the pillars thereof." *He* hangs the golden lamps of heaven with their silver chains; he binds the Pleiades, or looses the



hands of Orion. All things depend upon his will, much more his Church, his grandest, his most choice and peculiar work—upon his good pleasure, his predestination, his purpose, and his will, its vital powers depend day by day. Nor is this all. The consummation of the Gospel is the Father's good pleasure. Not simply its origin, its direction, and its sustenance, but its consummation. Never—for we must now speak of God after the manner of men—never shall the Eternal Heart rejoice more than when he sees all the company complete, the whole of his redeemed standing around his throne. At the very prospect of it he will break forth into singing; he shall rest in his love; he shall rejoice over them with singing; and he shall never rest until this consummation he shall behold. From north and south, from east and west, he will continue to send his heralds; nor will he pause in sending forth his ambassadors, and in giving them his strength, until he shall say—"Here they all are whom I gave to the Messias, he has lost none; the jewels of my crown, all glitter here; the rubies of my breastplate are all here—all, every one of those choicest things have been gathered by the hand of Jesus." And, dear friends, I ought to notice that the great object of all-saving grace is the Father's good pleasure. What is God's object in everything that he does? Answer: It must be an object equal to himself; and there is no supposable object equal to God, but God. God's glory—that is the end and aim of all that he does. He saves his people. Why? For his great name's sake. It were unworthy of God to find a motive for his actions in anything lower than himself. But there can be nothing but what is lower than God except God himself; therefore, in his own bowels he finds his motive, and in his own glory we perceive the object for which he acts. And you shall find, beloved, in the whole of the great drama of the fall and redemption, which shall have been transacted when the curtain shall fall, and the whole shall have been heard by assembled spirits, that the result shall be "Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!" from all worlds where creatures dwell, "unto that God who has manifested himself to perfection in the wondrous work of grace perfected in the person of his Son Jesus Christ." When I read these words, and began to think of them for the first time, they ravished my heart with joy. To think that the salvation of sinners was God's pleasure—how sublime! I can imagine a physician taking pleasure in the healing of certain cases, and yet there must be something irksome about his constant toil. If the disease be something hideous, there must be an alloy mingled with the pleasure of his philanthropy. But in God's case it is all pleasure. We read even on that sorest pinch, "It pleased the Father to bruise him." God taketh Divine pleasure in everything which ministers to the salvation of his elect. Christian, dost thou not see the drift of this? If it be God's pleasure to save thee, *who shall destroy thee?* If it affords the Eternal Heart delight to see *thee saved who can stand in his way?* *Who shall match himself with Omnipotence?* Will not God have his own way? Will he be thwarted in his pleasures? What? The infinite God robbed of his desires, balked in his intentions, frustrated in his aims, foiled in his designs? It cannot—it must not be. If it be the Father's good pleasure to give *you the kingdom*, "Fear not little flock, be of good comfort," the kingdom you must and shall have. Thus much then upon the first point—the work which Jesus Christ undertakes is the Lord's pleasure.

II. Now, secondly, that work goes on prosperously in the hand of Christ, since he has made his soul an offering for sin. Let us again give some subdivisions. That work has prospered in Christ's hand thus far; that all difficulties—all the great difficulties towards its accomplishment have been already surmounted. That work indeed prospers which is complete as to its main point. In order that God's pleasure might be accomplished it was necessary that the gulf should be filled between God and man. It is filled, and there is fellowship this day between the Father and his children. It was needful that there should be a sacrifice made to Divine justice; the sacrifice is made; justice has received its full demand, and mercy can now range

without a limit. It was needful that the sinner should become clean; the bath is provided for his washing. It was necessary that he should be clothed with righteousness; the garment is woven from the top throughout without seam. In that gigantic enterprise which Jesus undertook, the forming of a great highway through the great bogs and morasses of human guilt and inability—the constructing of that highway over the deep gulf of sin and across the very flames of hell up to the throne of God, all that, with his cross in his hand, Jesus Christ has achieved; and now from the lowest depths to the loftiest heights the way has no break; it has been finished from the one end to the other: the great road that leads from the City of Destruction to the City of Refuge is finished by Jesus Christ. Child of God, see how thy work prospers—thou art ransomed, thou art washed, thou art clothed, thou art adopted, thou art accepted, thou hast been brought hitherto; and all this has been accomplished through Jesus Christ, who has made the way so clear that thou canst not miss it—slain thine enemies, routed such of thy foes as could not just then die, and made for thee thy heaven secure. In this respect the work prospers.

Further, the work prospers in Jesus Christ's hand in the calling out of each of the chosen by effectual and sovereign grace. I was thinking this afternoon what a book of wonders will be opened at the day of judgment if the conversions of believers shall all be published. In what strange ways have men been brought to Christ! A sailor, whose mother had been dead some fourteen years, happened to have one day an idle hour in London, and he thought he would see the lions, so he stepped into St. Paul's Cathedral. Well, there was not much there, I should think, except at the special services, that was likely ever to convert a soul. That way of singing out the prayers must always, one would think, rather excite a disgust at such religion than not. I wonder whether they suppose that when the penitent said, "God be merciful to me a sinner," he intoned it. It seems such a strange, strange thing; but so it happened that this day a lesson was read in which those words occurred, "Pray without ceasing." Well, Jack went away and forgot St. Paul's, forgot the text, forgot the lessons, and the prayers. Seven years afterwards, it was one bright moonlight night, and he was walking up and down the deck upon his watch, and all of a sudden something seemed to remind him of the words, "Pray without ceasing;" and as he walked up and down on his watch he thought, "Where did I hear those words?—'Pray without ceasing?'" St. Paul's Cathedral came before his mind. "'Pray without ceasing?'" said the tar, "why, I have never begun to pray; there, I have lived forty years, and I have never prayed in all my life." It was the thin edge of the wedge. The consciousness that he did not pray led to his remembrance that there were many other things that he had left undone. He thought to himself, "I wish I had a Bible: there is not one on board the ship, I know." So he walked on his beat up and down the deck still, until he thought, "I wonder whether there is one in my old chest? I should not wonder but what my old mother put one in there." It was twenty-one years since that chest had been packed up, and at the bottom of it lay a Bible, with a mother's prayer written in it. He took it out, and as he read it God spake the word of joy and peace to his soul, and Jack became a believer in Christ. You would little have suspected that there was any connection between his idly strolling into St. Paul's Cathedral and his gloriously entering into the great Cathedral and Temple of the living God, where they praise him day and night. There is another case that shows how the Lord can make his work prosper in his hands. At Horselydown a young man in connection with a religious tract society went on board a vessel to distribute tracts; and he saw nobody on board but one old gentleman, who received his tracts very gladly, and said he liked to see tracts and religious truth everywhere and anywhere. The tract-distributor said, well, he did not like to see

the Bible used at the butter-shops; he did not like to see pages of the Scriptures used to do up bread and cheese, and such like things. "Well," said the old man, "I am of a different opinion to you upon that point. It is twelve years ago," said he, "and I was a wonderful smoker: one day I went into a shop—I was a godless, careless fellow—I bought an ounce of tobacco; it was done up in a leaf of the New Testament; and while I smoked my pipe I looked at the leaf, and that was the means of making me a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; and so," said he, "I do not care what they do with it so long as they put it where people may read it." This was a strange instance of one who would never have been caught by any ordinary means; but just indulging in his own habit, God meets with him, and the Word comes as truly from heaven as though an angel had come into his chamber and delivered the message. Truly the Lord's work does prosper in Christ's hand; by some means or other he brings home his banished ones. You may remember, perhaps, the case of good Mr. Wilberforce, one of the best, most excellent, and noble of all modern Christians. When he was three-and-twenty years of age, Mr. Wilberforce was very far from being religious; he was said to be the crown and glory of Doncaster races; his affable manners and the general congeniality and humour of his bearing made him many friends among men of the world. He went to Nice on a journey; while travelling there he had for a companion Dean Milner. They were talking about a certain clergyman in Yorkshire. Mr. Wilberforce said he thought that clergyman carried his religion a great deal too far; for his part he considered religion a very good thing if it was kept within bounds, but he censured those who made too much of it. The dean said, "Mr. Wilberforce, if you read your Bible perhaps a little more you would not think so; for I am persuaded there is no such thing as carrying religion too far." Mr. Wilberforce said, "Come, now, you and I are together; I will read the New Testament through if you will." "I will," said Milner, and being both of them excellent Greek scholars, during their journey they read the New Testament through in Greek. Happy, happy, happy thought for Wilberforce! He who was to speak with voice of thunder—

"Thus saith Britannia,  
Empress of the sea,  
Thy chains are broken,  
Africa, be free!"

must first hear the Scripture speak to him, and say, "Wilberforce, be free; Christ hath borne thy sins and carried all thy sorrows; thou art saved." There are, then, odd ways, strange ways, all sorts of ways, appropriate ways, fitting ways by which Jesus Christ brings his people; and as I look about and read the narratives of their conversion, I can only say, Truth, Lord, the pleasure of the Lord doth prosper in thy hand.

Furthermore, you may see the pleasure of the Lord prosper in the hand of the Saviour in the keeping and preserving of every one that has been called. If to call the saints be a miracle, to keep them is a long string of miracles. To what temptations have not the saints been exposed! In the olden times they suffered fire, rack, hot pincers, gloomy dungeons, the droppings of water—a most cruel form of punishment—drowning, death in all its shapes, and yet they stood fast—"They were more than conquerors through him that loved them." In this age the children of God have had to suffer laughter, scoffing, slander, obloquy, all sorts of shame; then the devil has thrown them over to the other side, and tried them with prosperity, honour, esteem, worldly dignity; but still they have not yielded. They have been tried in the furnace of temporal distress, of bereavement, of mental despondency; they have been forsaken by friends, and often subjected to labour too severe for natural strength; but what can we say of the safeguard of all the people of God? Not one of them is lost. Christ has kept them. They have all been in the hollow of his hand. As the eagle covereth her nest, and fluttereth over her young, and will not suffer the spoiler to take away so much as one eaglet from the

neat, even so hath Christ ever kept and preserved his people; and he holdeth them fast even to this day. In all this we see the pleasure of the Lord prospering in his hand.

And, dear friends, no doubt we see this very conspicuously in the constant growth of the Redeemer's kingdom. I sometimes feel sad to think how very slowly the work of conversion is going on; but on the whole this one thing we can say: if we do not make the progress we would, at any rate we *are* on the progressing side. Idolatry advances not a step; it manifestly crumbles. Mohammedanism makes no converts. If our religion do not increase as we would desire, it *does* increase; and it seems to be just now in that state in which we are laying mines and putting trains of heavenly gunpowder, so that when the time comes, and the match shall be struck, then the work shall be done on a sudden, and the battlements of evil shall fall with a crash to the ground. But though I say we are not doing what we would, yet here and there we see fertile spots; the Master *is* causing his kingdom to come; the seed does not rot under the clods; heaven grants us revivals, seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. We believe that the good pleasure of the Lord *is* prospering in his hands. And mark you, brethren, we shall see this by-and-by, when every one among us shall begin to feel his own individual responsibility; we shall then see God's good pleasure prospering indeed. Suppose we were the House of Commons, and some speaker should rise and tell us that there was a world of filth in the City of London, that the streets were very dirty, that people threw their rubbish out of the front door every morning, and that the road was covered with all sorts of garbage. One wise member of Parliament would propose that there should be a troop of orderlies; and another would say that there was a capital machine invented that ought to be tried; but what should you think if some common-place member of Parliament should rise and say, "Don't you think the quickest way to sweep all London is to make every householder sweep in front of his own door?" Why, you would say—"That is the thing; it would take months to do it in any other way, but it will be done at once so." Now, when we have once got the Church of God to feel that every man is to sweep in front of his own door, that every convert is to try to make more converts, every man and woman to bring others to Jesus, then I believe we shall see such a wonderful growth in the Church as we never anticipated, and then the pleasure of the Lord will prosper in Christ's hand. Now, there is too much leaving of the work to a few of us. I do not think that is right. I love to see our friends give something to the cause of God every week. I believe that principle of every one giving something, and every one laying by in store every week, will provide the Church with all the money that she needs, and then every Christian doing something, and every one doing it constantly out of zealous love to the Lord Jesus Christ, beyond a doubt we shall see a flood-tide of grace, and a beginning of the tides of glory which are yet to cover the world. Only let us get the Church right, and get the saints stirred up, and we shall see the pleasure of the Lord prospering in Christ's hand. Now, mark these words, for they shall surely come true—the work is so sure to prosper in Christ's hand that it will not fail in any one point. All along the line of battle there shall be victory, in every point of his work there shall be success. The Great Architect shall not bring out beauty here, and leave deformity there; but the plan shall be effected without a single diminution of the splendour of the first design. You shall see each stone, yes, the very stone that was chosen, digged out of the quarry, and put in its place; you shall see every sheep of Christ's fold brought safely to the pastures on the hill-tops of heaven; you shall see Christ defeated nowhere, but conqueror everywhere. He shall stand at the last in the midst of all the troops that have fought by his side; they shall all wear the laurels of victory; they shall all be conquerors, and more than conquerors, through him that loved them. The cause of

God is quite safe in the hand of Jesus; it *does* prosper, it *shall* prosper, it *must* prosper for ever.

III. We conclude by just noticing what is our relation to all this. There are some who oppose the pleasure of God in the hands of Christ. What we have to say to them is, "Mind what you are at." He that falleth upon this stone shall be broken, but upon whomsoever this stone shall fall it shall grind him to powder. You who oppose Christ might as well lay yourselves down before the huge wheels of the car of Juggernaut in order to stop it. His cause will go on and crush you to powder as sure as you are a living man, if you stand in its way. If you choose to go down to the low water-mark and attempt to push back the sea, the sea will come rolling on, and its great billows as they swallow you up shall seem to howl your dirge with laughter. Had you not better change your side? Is it wise to oppose the Irresistible? Is it prudent to become an enemy of the Omnipotent? We sometimes hear persons say, "Well, I cannot be on Christ's side; how do I know that such and such a thing is true?" That excellent servant of God, Mr. John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga, tells us that on one occasion when a person of sceptical turn had been questioning about Scripture and so forth, he called together a number of the natives of the South Sea Islands. They stood around him, little knowing what was to be done. Mr. Williams put to them the question, "How do you know that the religion of Jesus comes from God?" They had never been asked that question; they had accepted it as Divine without investigating evidences; but they were not long at a non-plus, for one of them very properly answered, "How can that religion be anything but Divine which has broken up an idolatry in which our fathers lived from time immemorial, which turned us from being cannibals to be Christians, and which has brought us from the depths of vice of every kind to sit clothed, in our right mind, at the foot of the cross?" And another of them said, "I know that this religion comes from God, because," said he, "I have hinges in my body; if I want to move my foot there is a hinge to move it, if I want to move my hand there is a hinge to move that also—there is a hinge for everything. Now, the God that shows so much wisdom in the making of my body shows just as much wisdom in the making of the Bible to suit my case; I conclude, therefore, it comes from the same place as my body did—that is from my God." This was not bad reasoning for a South Sea Islander. The best way, I believe, to get men to believe that the Bible is correct is to get them to read the Bible. Some one asked me what book he should read in order to put an end to his scepticism. My answer was, "Read the Bible;" but he said, "No, but I want to know whether the Bible is true." "Then read the Bible; the Bible is its own interpreter and its own evidence; and while you are reading it may God breathe his Divine Spirit upon it, and may the good pleasure of the Lord prosper in Christ's hand. Though you began by being an opposer, may you end by being a friend." There was a sort of club of gentlemen who used to meet together for literary and scientific subjects, and, after a long discussion, they had agreed to burn the Bible, and one of them was about to do it. They had selected about the boldest of them to do it, but as he was going to take it to the fire his hand trembled, and, laying it down, he turned round and said, "I think we had better not burn this Book till we find a better." And I think we may say of those who, in these days, are trying to kick against Scripture, they had better let it alone until they find a better, or else they will be something like Voltaire, who, when De Lambert and another of his disciples came to see him to talk about Atheism, said, "Hush, hold your tongue till my servant has gone out of the house, I do not want to have my throat cut." This was a sure sign and evidence that he dare not talk about his own disbelief in the presence of those he thought not well instructed, lest they should by it become hardened in sin and made capable of any and every crime. O! you that do oppose Jesus Christ, I wish you would just try him; take his book

and read it; search it through and through; and if, after that, you still reject it, it is because you *will* do so, and on your head be your blood.

But there are some of us, thank God, who are on the side of God's good pleasure—on the side that prospers in Christ's hand. What then shall I say? Why, dear friends, let us every one of us be doing something to make God's pleasure prosper. Mothers, I have told you one story which should excite you to earnestness to do your children good, let me tell you another. In the old war between England and America, there was a son who received a Bible from his mother, brought to him by a comrade, who said to him, "Your mother told me to say that for love to her she hoped you would learn one verse every day." So he opened the book, and with a laugh he said—"Well, then, here goes." Strange enough the verse that he opened on was the only verse he ever would learn at the Sunday-school, for he had been a bad lad and could not be made to learn, and he read it, and it fetched the tear into his eye. It was this—"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and the mother's prayers were heard to a mother's joy. Go on, mothers, praying for your children, that the pleasure of the Lord may prosper in Christ's hand. And you, Sunday-school teachers, be more earnest than ever; in teaching your classes mind you keep to the point—the conversion of your children as children. Do not be content to sow seed that *may* spring up when they are fifty, but pray to God that it may spring up while they are as yet perhaps under fifteen. Pray, O ye Sunday-school teachers! that God's pleasure may prosper in Christ's hand with you. My dear friends in the catechumen classes, go on labouring with greater earnestness than before. Young men who go forth from us to preach the Gospel, we look to you—we trust that God will be pleased to give the tongues of fire and hearts of flame. You that stand in the corners of the streets—you that labour anywhere, be more and more determined, let others loiter as they will, that you will labour with both your hands for Christ. I am often afraid lest with such a church as this we should not do what the Church and the world expects of us. You know we number two thousand three hundred or more in church-fellowship; but if you are all idle, or if the most of you be, better for me to have had a hundred or so of earnest workers. There is nothing one dislikes so much as to be reputed to have what we have not. Why, I read, I should think, in a dozen newspapers, some time back, the information that I receive from America £1,000 a-year. I should like to see it. I said as I read it, "If it had been a thousand pence I might have been better content than to read it there and know it is not true." But just that kind of feeling comes over you when people say, "What a church there is there. O! what a deal they must do for Christ." Ah! but if you do not, then what a poor man your minister is to have the reputation of being so rich in the efforts of his people, and then not to have them doing anything. O! don't do that. I know you may say I am not worthy of you; but I pray you, dear friends, let us try to be worthy of one another; let us fight side by side for Christ and for his cause; let us tell upon this neighbourhood; and let us make men know that there is a church in London that does pray, that does wrestle with God, that does work, that can give to his cause, and that can spend and be spent until they lay down their lives upon the altar of God for the promotion of his kingdom. May we all believe in Jesus, and so be his friends. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," saith the Scriptures. May we be led to believe in Jesus, and believing, may we be enlisted on his side, and, being enlisted, may we fight even to the end, and so be partakers of his great reward.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### WHAT I WANT IN PRAYER.

BY THE LATE REV. JAMES SMITH, OF  
CHELTENHAM.

PRAYER is a very important exercise, at once a solemn duty and an invaluable privilege. Never is prayer so precious as when we are in trouble. Then the heart relieves itself, by telling out all that grieves, vexes, or troubles it, at its heavenly Father's throne. In prayer I often feel dull, heavy, and lifeless, especially when the sun of prosperity shines; but I feel stirred up, stimulated, and enlivened, when the winds of adversity blow. O, what a mercy I feel the throne of grace to be then! To have a God to go to, and that God my Father—my Father in Jesus—and to know that he loves to listen to me, never criticises either my matter or manner, but waits to be gracious, and is ready to help me, is indeed a mercy. But in prayer, I want to realize and enjoy several things.

*I want access to God.* To come into his immediate presence; to draw nigh unto him; to feel that, through Jesus, God and my soul are not only upon speaking terms, but are on the very best terms we can be. *I want to enjoy acceptance with God.* To know and feel that God accepteth my person; that all my sins have been transferred to Jesus; that he accepted of the transfer, made the necessary atonement, and will put them away for ever. Not only so, but that his obedience is placed to my account, so that God accepteth me, and is as well pleased with me as if I had done, in my own person, all that Jesus has done for me. *I want freedom before God.* Freedom to express my thoughts, tell out my feelings, make known my wants, utter my desires, and plead for all the blessings of grace and glory which I need. I want to feel quite easy in the Divine presence, so that with reverence and humility, and yet with boldness, I may speak to, and converse with God, as with a friend or a father. *I want confidence in God.* Confidence in his love to me, interest in me, and desire to do me good. Confidence in his written word, inviolable faithfulness, and unchanging love.

Confidence in his acceptance of my person at present, in his approval of my conduct in pleading with him, and of the power of the plea I use with him. *I want the enjoyment of God.* Not merely the enjoyment of the exercise, but the enjoyment of God in the exercise. To enjoy worship is sweet and pleasant, but the heart may be stirred, and pleasurable feelings may be excited, and yet we may not enjoy God himself. On this point, therefore, I feel a little jealousy, for I wish not only that my faith may centre in God, and my worship be paid to God, but that my enjoyment should flow from the presence of God. *I want the assistance of the Spirit of God.* I would pray with the Spirit, and with the understanding also. O that the Holy Spirit would always help my infirmities, for I know not what to pray for as I ought; I need to be taught afresh how to pray, and what to pray for. When the Spirit helps me, prayer is easy, pleasant, yea, delightful—but when left to pray alone, I am as dark, dead, and stupid as ever. *I want answers from God.* Direct answers, answers that I can recognize. Just what our Lord seems to intend when he says, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." When I pray for grace, I want to realize that I receive grace; and when I pray for the Spirit, I want to realize that I receive the Spirit.

Reader, I know not what may be the nature or number of your prayers, how you feel, or what you desire; but I confess to you that I cannot feel satisfied, except in prayer I have access to God—a sense of acceptance with God—holy freedom when in the presence of God—a sensible and steady confidence in God—the enjoyment of the presence of God—the assistance of the Spirit of God—and then receive answers to my prayers from God. The mere performance of the duty of prayer will never satisfy a soul alive to God; but I am afraid that some of us are too easily satisfied without that close, intimate, heart-affecting communion with God in prayer that we should seek.

## THE SEAMLESS GARMENT.

BY THE REV. JOHN COX,  
Author of "Our Great High Priest."

"Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout."—John xix. 23.

THERE are four places in Scripture where the raiment of our blessed Lord is mentioned, and what striking contrasts do these bring out! "They found the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes." "His raiment was white as the light." These two passages reveal the Saviour as incarnate, and as transfigured. Think of him who had "glory with the Father before the world was," clothed in swaddling bands; and then think of the once meanly dressed babe outshining in the mount of glory both Moses and Elias, a sun between these two glorious stars. But turn again and behold other wonders. "They stripped him of his garments, and parted them, casting lots upon his vesture." But one who saw all this done thus describes his garments in an after day, and this is true of him still: "clothed with a garment down to the feet." Here he who was stripped of all, and who offered up himself without spot to God, "appears as a perfect and perpetual high priest. These "garments of beauty and glory" "are girt around (his breast, his loving heart) with a golden girdle." He is a faithful as well as a merciful high priest.

But we return awhile to Calvary and muse on this testimony concerning his seamless vest. There is something important and interesting connected with it, though far from us be all that is superstitious or even merely sentimental.

This "coat" was made the subject of prophetic testimony. A thousand years before David had spoken of it, and foretold what should be done with it. We may not wonder at this when we consider that it was wrapped round that sinless body which was the shrine of Deity, and that it shielded "that holy thing" born of Mary "called the Son of God."

And may we not suppose that it was the gift of true affection, woven and presented by some of those women whom he had healed, and who "ministered unto him of their substance," Luke viii. 2, 3. Yet it was not preserved. It was not kept from going into the hands of the rude soldiers, and perhaps was after-

wards sold for a trifle. What a contrast does this fact present to the conduct of the Romish Church, that earnest gatherer of rags and refuse—fit accompaniments for their doctrines and doings!

O believer, thou mayest have another, and a better garment than even this. Throughout Christ's life, and on the cross, trace his "obedience unto death." There behold thy robe. Take it from God's hands, and wear it to God's glory. It protects and defends from all law charges and curses. It is a title to life, and brings with it a meetness for heaven. Each believer may possess the whole, and come by it honestly.

Learn one lesson more from the soldiers' words over this seamless vest. "Let us not rend it." Whatever belongs to Christ let us keep whole and entire—his work, his will, his ways. "Behold he cometh in a vesture dipped in blood." Would you be safe then? If you would your heart must ever say with Paul, "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

"While we tell the wondrous story  
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,  
Sing we 'Everlasting glory  
Be to God and to the Lamb;  
Saints and angels  
Give ye glory to his name."

Ipswich.

## "THE HARVEST IS PAST."

Jer. viii. 20.

BY THE REV. CORNELIUS ELVEN.

By the time this article meets the eye of our readers it is probable these words of the prophet will be literally realized; and the close of such a season may well suggest a train of profitable reflections, which, with the Divine blessing, may be conducive to their profit.

The volumes of Nature and Revelation are written by the same hand, and may be regarded as companion volumes. The former, however, without the latter, would be utterly and hopelessly ineffectual for our "instruction in righteousness."

The one is the outer, the other the inner, court: in the one we may wonder and adore—in the other, "within the veil," we approach the blood-sprinkled mercy-seat to weep, believe, and love!



In the one we admire the Creator—in the other the Redeemer—"a just God and a Saviour."

At the same time, although these Divine volumes are distinct, there are manifold analogies between them; and it is worthy of remark that the sacred writers, as they were "moved by the Holy Ghost," availed themselves of these analogies for the elucidation of the higher truths they were inspired to reveal. Hence nature furnishes a profusion of emblems which seem to illustrate the doctrines of revelation, and none more so than those which pertain to the culture and productions of the natural soil. It was thus our Lord taught his disciples, saying, "A sower went forth to sow." At another time, "The fields are white unto harvest." And again, "The harvest is the end of the world."

The present season, then, may surely be considered as suggestive of spiritual truth, now that "the harvest is past."

First, we must not fail to regard it as a manifestation of *Divine beneficence!* And well may it evoke from our grateful hearts the exclamation of the Psalmist, "Thou, O God, hast prepared of thy goodness for the poor," Psalm lxxviii. 10.

When our Lord was on earth, he was so moved with compassion toward the multitude that followed him, that he so miraculously multiplied the "five loaves and two fishes as to feed five thousand men beside women and children." Now we do well to admire such a miraculous display of the Saviour's power and love, but we ought not to think less of the ever-recurring harvest supplying annually the wants not of thousands only but of hundreds of millions! Miracles startle us because they are uncommon, while daily, yearly, continuous mercies are less regarded on account of their constancy. We are filled with admiration when we behold the five loaves and fishes made adequate to dine so many guests; but does it not demand equal thanksgiving to witness the constant miracle of one single grain being multiplied a hundredfold? Could we see at this moment on one heap the corn seed that was sown during the past year, and side by side therewith the mountain heap of this bounteous harvest, surely we should exclaim,

"He that fed five thousand, feeds a world, and makes  
The universe a miracle of love!"

Not only in the rich increase but in the *Divine care* also we recognize abundant cause for grateful acknowledgment. How easily might the sower's hopes have been destroyed! Blood-red war might have sent its sanguinary troops to have trampled down our harvest and desolate our fields; heaps of the slain, the dying, and the dead might have covered the broad acres that have yielded the golden sheaves. Insects, blight, and mildew might have destroyed the precious grain, or a deluge of rain might have prevented its ingathering. Contrasting all this goodness, moreover, with our unworthiness, we shall be better able to estimate its worth. How can we sufficiently praise such underserved bounty? What claims have rebels on their Sovereign! Where should we have been but for his compassion which fails not? We owe it to his exhaustless, unmerited love, that we have again to record, with grateful hearts, "the harvest is past."

Another lesson we should not fail to learn is, the *ordained connection between the means and the end.* Omnipotence could readily have dispensed with all agencies and instrumentalities, either in the natural or moral world, but it is his good pleasure to employ them; we therefore in nowise fail to appreciate the Divine efficiency when, in affirming the necessity of human agency, we say, "If the husbandman had neglected to sow the seed, he would never have reaped the harvest." We may also believe that there is such a *proportionate* connection between the means and the end, that, other things being equal, the best farmer has the best crops. Bear this in mind, ye spiritual husbandmen, whether ministers, parents, or teachers, each and all, in your respective spheres, will find "according to that which a man soweth that shall he also reap." It is a Divine rule that "he who soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly, and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

Further, no Christian observer of our harvest-fields can overlook the confirmation they furnish of the *Divine faithfulness.*

It is now more than four thousand

years ago that God set his bow in the heavens and said, "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease," Gen. viii. 22. And during all those ages the earth has never been without a harvest. What a tempting theme is this for enlargement! And though we feel we must repress our thoughts, we cannot dismiss the statement without remarking what a rebuke is this continued and unswerving faithfulness to our cruel unbelief! Alas! too often we insert our *ifs*, so as entirely to deprive ourselves of the strong consolation of the Divine promises. A young convert in her first love one day called upon her minister, and found him in his study preparing his orthodox sermons, and on observing her sorrowful feelings inquired the cause; upon which, with artless yet beautiful simplicity, she said she was distressed at the manner in which the old members prayed for the Holy Spirit. "For," she said, "they would pray for the gracious influence to come down, and then add, 'O Lord, if it be thy will, grant us these blessings, for Christ's sake.'" She thought that putting in that *if*, when God has absolutely promised to give the Spirit to them that asked it, was doubting his Word, and was enough to grieve the Spirit. The minister, being one of the old school, tried to justify his brethren in their prayers, though he felt, on consideration, that his young friend had the best of the argument. She went away weeping, and it led him to reconsider the matter, till he saw that such praying was putting in an *if* where God had put none. He told his church how his eyes were opened, his own mind and the minds of his people were unfettered, and it was the beginning of better days, for from that time they left these *ifs* out of their prayers, and a gracious revival followed. Cherish, therefore, no more the doubtful mood, but take the promise as it stands, and no longer interline and neutralize it with your God-dishonouring *ifs*, for it is written, "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," Isaiah liv. 10.

There is yet another aspect in which

we glance at this subject, as it concerns *unconverted hearers of the Gospel*. How affecting is the thought that such have to say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." If the husbandman neglect to cultivate his land in the previous seasons, he will have to sigh with loss and bitter lamentation over his fruitless fields, while others are rejoicing with the joy of harvest; but what language can suitably express the awful condition of those who have hitherto neglected the ample means of spiritual profit with which they have been favoured? Children of pious parents! Youths in our Sunday-schools! Attendants on faithful ministrations! with you the last earthly harvest may be past; concerning you a justly-offended God may say to the reaper Death, "Put in thy sickle, for the harvest is ripe." For the same sun that has ripened the precious grain has ripened also the worthless thistle, that has grown beside it; both must be cut down—the one to be garnered in heaven, the other to be cast into hell!

The Sabbaths and means of grace which have mellowed others for "the inheritance of the saints in light," slighted and perverted by you, have but increased your condemnation, and treasured up for you "wrath against the day of wrath." Yet we dare not despair of you; we have heard of such an one, a Gospel-hardened sinner, who, being a woodman, one morning took his axe as usual into the wood, and, observing one tree dead and dry, he said to himself, "I will cut that tree down; it is only fit for the fire." At that moment the thought rushed into his mind, "Am I not like that dead tree, fit only to be burned? How long have I been a cumberer of the ground? He tried to banish the thought, as many have too often tried to stifle their convictions, but it was a barbed arrow from the Almighty's quiver, and, as he proceeded to cut down the tree, every blow of the axe seemed to cut his own soul in twain, and the fall of the axe sounded like his funeral knell; till at last he could bear it no longer, but fell upon his knees and cried for mercy. The sharp axe of Divine truth had descended with such power upon his conscience, and made such gashes there, that he

fell a bleeding, broken-hearted sinner at the Saviour's feet, and in that Saviour's precious blood he found the balm of Gilead, which alone can give the guilty conscience peace. He erected the family altar in his house, united himself with the Church of Christ, and, no longer a barren fig-tree, became by grace a tree of righteousness of God's right hand planting. Careless sinner, think of this; and, ere death shall lay you low, and justice sink you lower still, flee at once to the hope set before you in the Gospel, that you may not, through eternity, have to pour out the bitter lamentation, "The harvest is past, and I am not saved."

We cannot, however, close these reflections without congratulating the Christian reader on the joy of that harvest day which awaits all—"the called, chosen, and faithful"—when the reaper Death will be commissioned to sever the golden ear from the earthly stubble, and take the willing spirit home.

But beyond this, another harvest day will come, when with trumpet's sound, with legions of attendant angels and myriads of ransomed souls, the great Lord of the harvest himself shall descend to summon the bodies of his saints from the graves and catacombs, and battle-fields, and ocean caverns, where they have rested in hope, to have "part in the first resurrection," and to reign with him a "thousand years on the earth." And, "when the thousand years are past," the "rest of the dead" raised, the judgment ended, and the finally impenitent cast into the "lake that burneth with fire and brimstone,"—then shall the ransomed of the Lord ascend with their glorious Head into the third heaven, and shout the final, rapturous, unending HARVEST HOME.

*Bury St. Edmunds.*

## THE CHURCH AT PHILIPPI: ITS ELDERSHIP OF BISHOPS.

BY REV. E. H. CARSON.

"Paul and Timotheus, the servants of Jesus Christ, to all the saints in Christ Jesus which are at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons."  
—Phil. i. 1.

In the church at Philippi we have the grand fundamental of all Scriptural church polity—a membership of saints.

That church consisted not, as many now, of a mixed company of believers and unbelievers. It was no unholy alliance of "light with darkness," of "Christ with Belial," of "the temple of God with idols," 2 Cor. vi. 14-16. Not the "world" of the Evangelist, in which the tares and the wheat grow together, Matt. xiii. 38, nor the "kirk" of the Scotch Reformer, where "the darnel and the cockle appear to surmount the good seed:" it was an assembly to which none might belong who did not speak the language, and bear the character, of Zion's children. The Philippians, no doubt, had their infirmities; nay, among them may have been found some whose profession was a lie—whose hearts were not right in the sight of God: but this much no one can call in question—to the eye of man they were without exception the followers of Christ, and they were so in virtue of their union with Christ. Thus expressly are they addressed by the apostle. He salutes them, not as those who merely bore the Christian name, but as those who by *character* evidenced the Christian calling—as "*saints in Christ Jesus.*" Whatever, then, may be said to the contrary, in the estimation of Paul the church at Philippi was not a mixture, but a body exclusively composed of such as had been united to Christ, and were conformed to his image.

But its strictly Christian character was not the only thing that distinguished the church at Philippi. Another, though of course less important, feature lay in this—it possessed what few churches now possess, a *board of rulers*. Itself the "house of God," and consecrated to his service, express provision was made for its care and oversight. Not, indeed, that in a church of Christ every member is not his "brother's keeper," or may not, if approved by the body, occasionally minister in holy things. God's saints are all "priests" as well as "kings" unto God; and sure we are that by the meanness of them all—the Holy Spirit only qualifying—the most sacred functions may be discharged. But not a whit less necessary on this account is a standing ministry in the churches. Who will say that that which may be done by other than official hands, or which is more or less the duty of all God's people, is not likely to be better done by those specially

appointed and set apart to the work? Pastors are given, not because without them a church could not exist, or Divine institutions be observed, but because with them there is a growth in the body, and a decorum in its worship, which could not otherwise usually be attained. We have no sympathy with those who exalt the minister of God into a sort of mediating deity, and who cannot, unless he is present, meet in their Master's name to observe his ordinances. But as little do we sympathize with a party the reverse of this, who for pastoral instruction and oversight have substituted what are termed the "gifts of the brethren." By all means, where gifts are possessed, let them be exercised; but let not the people of God suppose that a resource like this can ever meet the necessities of the churches. If we would prosper we must have men given to the work—men whose business it shall be to "watch for souls," who shall have Christ's flock committed to them, and whose daily employment it shall be to "feed" that flock. Why otherwise is there such an order in the house of God at all? We may think ourselves wise in dispensing with that which at once tests our liberality and curbs our ambition, which moreover implies that we need further instruction in the things of God. But who does not see that in so doing we impugn the wisdom, and renounce the authority, of Christ? Who gave to the saints at Philippi their overseers in the Lord? Before we proceed to set aside as unnecessary the office of the pastor, surely it is no more than prudent to pause and ask whence that office is derived. It would be sad, even in this matter, to be "found to fight against God."

We have already intimated, in relation to the government of the church at Philippi, that not *one*, but a *number* were appointed to the care of the body. Not *the bishop*, but *the bishops* are addressed in the apostolic salutation. Whatever, then, was the nature of their office or character of their work, this at least is clear—in the Philippian Church there was a presbytery or board of elders. We are not, indeed, to suppose, as some have been extreme enough to do, that in the absence of such a board, *i.e.*, where only a single pastor can be obtained, the institution is void. Without a presby-

tery, it is quite true, a church is not fully conformed to the primitive model; neither in that case can it be expected to prosper as it otherwise would. But if it has not pleased the Church's Head—perhaps indeed in chastisement for the church's indifference—to bestow such a presbytery, who will say that even one pastor, possessing the Scriptural qualifications and having the confidence of his brethren, is not Divinely sent, and therefore a valid ruler in the house of God? We ought in this, as in everything else, earnestly to desire and strive after complete agreement with the apostolic pattern; but if in our circumstances complete agreement is not possible, if the means and the men for the formation of a Scriptural presbytery are not given us of God, why should we disallow the authority and reject the labours of a single servant of the Lord? Surely, common sense alone being judge, one elder is better than none.

But respecting the elders of the church at Philippi, as well as those of the New Testament churches generally, there are one or two questions that press for a solution. In the first place, it must be important for us to know whether they were of *one* order or of *different* orders; and whether, if not of different orders, they were all devoted to the *same* or to *different* departments of labour. It cannot have escaped the notice of the reader, with regard to the first of these inquiries, that great contrariety of opinion has always prevailed among the people of God. And yet why it should be so, we really do not understand. In our judgment, the difficulty of arriving at the truth in this matter is anything but great. That the elders of apostolic times were all equal by right of office, *i.e.*, were strictly of one order, to us is clear as the light of heaven. Let the following arguments be duly weighed:—

1. *They bore the same designations.* There were not, as now, bishops and presbyters, or pastors and elders. These were but different names for the same office-bearers. As all bishops were presbyters, so all presbyters were bishops: in like manner, all pastors were elders, so all elders were pastors. Different terms were employed to designate—of course under a variety of aspect—the same, not

a different class of officers. If any one doubts this, let him turn to Titus i. 5-7, and he will, we think, doubt no more. In the passage referred to Paul tells his delegate he left him in Crete to set in order things that were wanting, and to obtain "elders" in every city. He then proceeds to show the qualifications persons must possess in order to be appointed to that office, adding, "For a bishop must be blameless," &c. Now, as Dr. King well remarks, the term *elder*, employed in the commencement of these instructions, is exchanged for the term *bishop* in their conclusion, while the same party is undeniably intended. *Elder*, then, and *bishop* are interchangeable terms, and incontrovertibly apply to the same office-bearers.

More ample still, and not less clear, is the testimony of Acts xx. 17-28. From Miletus—verse 17—Paul sent to Ephesus, and called for the "elders" of the church, and to these elders—verse 28—he thus speaks—"Take heed unto yourselves and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers (bishops, *episkopous*) to feed (shepherdize, *poimainen*) the Church of God which he has purchased with his own blood." Two things here we cannot fail to remark—first, the persons called *presbyters* or *elders* by the inspired historian are denominated *overseers* or *bishops* by the apostle of Christ—and, secondly, these same persons are spoken of as having a *flock*, which they are charged to feed or shepherdize. But from this what follows? Why, that at Ephesus the elders were not only *overseers* or *bishops*, superintending the church, but *shepherds* or *pastors*, feeding the flock. After this who will doubt that *elder*, *bishop*, *pastor*, are other than different designations for the same office-bearer?

2. They sustained alike the full pastoral character, and might labour, as occasion required, in any department of the pastoral office. That this was so, the following Scriptures will render it impossible for any one to deny:—1 Peter v. 1-4, "The elders which are among you I exhort who am also an elder . . . Feed the flock of God which is among you . . . And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." Now on the very face of this passage three things appear—first,

the parties addressed were *elders*; secondly, these elders without distinction are instructed to feed the flock of God; and, thirdly, in this work, or as *under-shepherds*, they are taught to expect a reward. Less, then, than under shepherds or pastors they could not have been.

1 Tim. v. 17, 18. Though frequently quoted in support of a distinction of order and not of labour merely in the office of the elder, this passage we cite for a purpose the reverse of this. The injunction contained in the first verses respecting the maintenance of elders is enforced in the second by the consideration that all such sustain the full pastoral character, and perform more or less stately the full pastoral work. While some are represented as specially devoted to the work of teaching, all are set forth as alike "traders out of the corn," labourers worthy of reward." And while to the former—to those more particularly and more constantly engaged in the instruction of their brethren—a particular regard in the way of remuneration is enjoined to be had, to all without exception remuneration was to be awarded. Now here are two facts of great importance—all elders in the first churches were "labourers," and labourers "worthy of reward;" and on these facts the apostle grounds the law of pastoral maintenance laid down in the text. But who will say that that law could have anything to do with a class of officers, who were not teachers as well as rulers in the house of God? There is not the shadow of evidence that any in the New Testament churches were to be maintained but teachers of the people. The law of maintenance is one, and the testimony is of the most decisive character, "Let him that is taught in the Word communicate to him that teacheth in all good things," Gal. vi. 6.

1 Tim. iii. 1-7. That the elder of the Scriptures sustained the full pastoral character, and laboured in the teaching as well as the ruling department of the pastoral office, this passage puts beyond denial. Of all elders it is said without distinction, that they "take care of the Church of God;" and the nature and extent of this general superintendence the apostle illustrates by the parental charge. Now surely, as Wardlaw well observes,

the rule of a family is not a rule independent of instruction. On the contrary, is it not one of which instruction forms not only an essential, but a most important part? Who, then, can deny to the function of the elder, thus illustrated, the communication of knowledge as well as the exercise of discipline?

Titus i. 5-11. In this second enumeration of the pastoral qualifications the elder is styled "the steward of God." Now that this designation includes the idea of *rule*, we do not deny; but that it likewise and more particularly suggests that of *teaching*, no candid man will for a moment question. What is the function of the domestic steward? Surely, if not greatly more, at least certainly not less the victualling, than the ruling of the household. And is not the steward in the house of God charged with making provision for God's family? Nay, is not this by Christ himself declared to be his chief business? Luke xii. 42. But that the elders ordained by Titus were to be more or less stately *instructors* of the people, is further shown by the last of the above qualifications, "Holding fast the faithful Word as he hath been taught, that he may be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and convince the gainsayer." Could this be said of mere rulers in the house of God? Could it be applied as the description of any whose talents do not enable them, and whose office does not entitle them, to expound and defend the truth?

*Tubbermore, Ireland.*

*(To be continued.)*

## THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER.

BY THE REV. E. MORGAN.

"Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner." — Luke xviii. 10-13.

The religion of Christ is not satisfied with external observances — it has its instituted forms, but it will not allow the form to usurp the place of the spirit. In the prayer of the Pharisee we have the form without the spirit, while in that of the publican, though the ceremonial is far from imposing, the spirit that Jesus admires, and God deigns to notice and bless, is fully manifested.

Imagine one whose standard of judgment is the outward appearance passing his verdict on the scene presented in the parable. Gazing at the Pharisee, he says within himself, "What a pious man that must be! How reverently he approaches the place from which he is about to offer up his prayer! how earnestly he gazes towards the seat of the Great Being whom he adores! how beautifully he prays! how solemn the intonations of his voice! how grateful he feels that he is not as other men are! how great his sacrifices and acts of self-denial in the service of God. God will surely hear that man's prayer — must hear it — he must be an acceptable worshipper of the King of heaven."

Looking at the publican, his contemptuous language is, "Why does he stand so far from the altar? He holds down his head as though he had never breathed a prayer in his life. How deep must be his guilt and shame, that he smites his breast! How short his prayer! He can never hope to obtain the gracious notice of the adorable Jehovah." We now look at the conclusion Jesus arrived at with respect to these two individuals. He drew the picture with the express intention of showing the guilt of those who trusted in themselves that they were righteous and despised others. He will have us observe that the Pharisee's prayer was wanting in humility, sincerity, earnestness, and the confession of sin, and, therefore, unworthy of the Divine regard; whereas the prayer of the publican, though brief, though wanting in formality, though uttered with no oratorical pomp, yet since it was expressive of true humility of heart and genuine penitence before God, it attracted the attention and secured the blessing of heaven. "This man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

I. His prayer was that of one who felt himself a sinner. Whether a notorious sinner or not we cannot know: he calls himself a sinner. The words "publicans and sinners" are often associated in Scripture, and the two classes are spoken of together, no doubt, because they were regarded as equally corrupt in character. This publican then was probably regarded as a sinner by the public with whom he had to do. How sweet a sight to behold him pray! The sight of a saint engaged

in prayer is impressive, and so surprising are the results that frequently follow that one has said:—

“Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.”

If a saint in prayer deserves attention, how much greater the attention and admiration that a sinner so engaged should excite—a sinner drawing near to the God, whom he has offended and whose indignation he has deserved eternally to endure; the child of wrath seizing hold of the hand of the Parent he has insulted. When the Pharisee used his vain repetition, no angel rejoiced or demon trembled as the words fell from his lips; but as the poor publican prayed angels rejoiced and ransomed ones renewed their acclamations of praise over the repenting one. Little did he think of the interest and rapture he was arousing among “the principalities and powers in heavenly places;” he was absorbed in his guilt and wretchedness, not for a moment are his thoughts drawn to the long-robed devotee who stood nearer the altar, and with extended hands was offering up his pompous prayer to the Eternal Being, unless to deepen his own sense of guilt by the reflection—“How pure must be the hands and clean the heart of that individual compared with mine!” His prayer was short, like the prayers of Bartimeus, the expiring thief, and Saul of Tarsus; but like theirs it was real; it came up from a heart that felt its own bitterness more deeply than words could express. He was not too proud to acknowledge himself a sinner, and that publicly in his prayer. Conviction of sin will always lead to prayer. It is the man who is past feeling, and whose conscience is seared, that says, “What profit shall we have if we pray to him?”

II. Again, his prayer was for mercy. He sought the removal of his guilt and the blessing of inward peace. The first thing an awakened sinner seeks is mercy, and he will care about no other blessing until he obtain it. It is the sinner's interest to seek mercy. He that obtains this can say, “Now, should God deny me other favours, should he deny me health, wealth, or any other source of comfort, I have his friendship. Should he deprive me of existence itself, I should be better off than the rich worldling who, though he may roll in wealth and feast

luxuriously here, has a hell of eternal torments to endure hereafter.” Unless we obtain mercy we are poor and miserable indeed; we must live sinners, and as sinners perish for ever.

Every one burdened with a sense of sin will naturally cry for mercy. That God had a temple on earth which contained a mercy seat was a sufficient reason why the publican should pray, and he has given to all abundant encouragement to hope in his mercy. He has said that he delighteth in mercy. He created man a rational, responsible, and immortal creature. He has preserved him in existence, has surrounded him with the beauties and comforts of nature, has watched over him by his providence, and opened up a way for his eternal deliverance from sin and death, and hell—these are the fruits of his mercy. Pointing to his throne of grace also, the humble believer may say to his fellow-men,

“Millions of sinners vile as you  
Have here found life and peace.”

God's footstool is always accessible, the blessings of mercy are ever in his hand, a heart of mercy is in his bosom; with the eye of mercy he watches for the return of the prodigal, with the arms of mercy will he embrace him, and with the kisses of mercy bless him. How happy they who feel the need of mercy! How infatuated they who presume on mercy! How hardened they who refuse the offers of mercy! And how wretched they who are beyond the reach of mercy! To the awakened sinner how sweet the assurances of the inspired page! Let the wicked man forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and turn to the Lord our God, and he will have mercy on him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against him.

III. Again, we remark that the publican prayed in a manner that insured his obtaining mercy.

1. He sought mercy through an atonement. His cry was, “God be propitious to me a sinner.” The word he used implied not only reconciliation, but reconciliation effected through a gift or offering. Like Abel he sought the Divine favour in the way which had been ap-

pointed for its communication. He probably stood in view of the sacrifice while praying. We have some reason to conclude that he was a Jew. Jews were very often employed as publicans, and when such became convinced of their sin in oppressing their fellow-countrymen, their sorrow was very intense, as we see in the case of Zaccheus. If this man had been a foreigner he would probably have cared but little about entering the Temple, especially for he purpose of prayer. If a Jew, he had no right to enter into that court in the Temple known as the Israelites' Court. This court was divided from the court of the priests only by a wall about a foot and a half in height, and any person in that could see the altar of burnt-offering and the priest ministering at that altar. The pride of the Pharisee's heart no doubt led him to press forward as far as possible in the direction of the Holy of Holies, and the presence of the favoured sons of Levi; the publican retreated into the distance. While the Pharisee never mentions the sacrifice, the publican sought mercy through the sacrifice. His eye probably rested on the propitiatory offering as he breathed his heart-felt prayer for mercy. In the burnt and slaughtered victim he, as it were, saw himself slaughtered in the presence of his Judge, and writhing under the vengeance of eternal fire. In deepest self-chastisement he is ready to cry—"O God, look not on my sinful heart, but look on the bleeding victim. For the sake of the appointed atonement visit me with mercy." The sacrifices of the Mosaic economy were appointed by God, and no doubt appeased the gnawings of conscience, and brought peace to the heart of many a troubled Israelite. Of themselves they could not make "the comers thereunto perfect;" all their virtue they derived from the Great Sacrifice which they typified. We have that sacrifice to look to. When we seek for mercy we must gaze at Calvary's altar and the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Then the prayer of faith is heard, and the burden of guilt is rolled away. Over the cross, in characters as luminous as the day, the words seem written, "No condemnation to that are in Christ Jesus." Sinai's thun-

ders are hushed in the cry, "It is finished."

"Believing, we rejoice,  
To see the curse removed;  
We hail the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love."

2. The publican offered up his prayer with the greatest humility and anguish of soul. "He stood afar off and smote upon his breast." Though God has provided an atonement for sin, yet pardon through that atonement is a gift that is in his own keeping and at his own sovereign disposal. Though God has given his Son, he is not necessitated to give the blessings that result from his death. Humility and penitence must be manifested by all that approach the heavenly mercy seat. The publican was truly humble, and his penitence was expressed not alone by his prayer, but by smiting upon his breast. This action was in effect the prayer of the Psalmist, "Create within me a clean heart, O God, and renew within me a right spirit." He felt that he carried a serpent in his bosom, a heart deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; he wished to have the fountain cleansed, that the streams might be pure; he wanted freedom from the influence, power, guilt, and dominion of sin; he wanted the removal of the heart of stone and the implanting of a tender heart of flesh. He felt that there was something wrong within in the hidden man of the heart. God visited him with mercy; and those whom he justifies, he will also sanctify; they shall finally become pure in thought, motive, feeling, desire, and aim. Having begun a good work, he will complete it until the day of Christ. But no pain of body nor anguish of mind that can be endured, however intense it may be, can ever become the cause of a sinner's justification. This can only come through the death of Christ. At the foot of the cross we cry—

"Depths of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?"

And there the angel of mercy binds up our broken hearts, and applies the healing balm to our wounded spirits. It is under the outstretched wings of the cross, we must begin to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling; there the first tear for sin must be shed; there the first prayer for pardon must be



uttered; there the first resolve to lead a holier life must be made; there the first blow at our spiritual foes must be struck; there the first step in the road to heaven must be given; and there the first song of victory must be sung. At the cross the Gospel bids the most abandoned hope, the most wretched rejoice, the most unworthy and helpless cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

*Crewe, Cheshire.*

### NEVER-FAILING SAFETY,

AS DEPICTED IN PSALM XCI. 1.

BY MR. JOHN FREEMAN.

THERE is a great difference between a dead body and a dead soul. No man, unless endued with power from on high, would accost a dead body with these words: "I say to thee, arise." But to a dead soul we can say as Paul quotes in Eph. v. 14, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Thus in James iv. 8 the sacred writer says, "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." This is the sentiment in Ps. xci. 1. And James adds, "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double-minded."

In Ps. xci. 1 we read "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." And the Hebrew word thus expressed by the phrase "He that dwelleth" means what among mortals begins with a transition, and thus signifies, "He that maketh his abode," or "He who maketh his dwelling." Such is the meaning of just the same assemblage of Hebrew letters in 1 Kings xvii. 5 where it is said of Elijah, "He went and made his abode by the brook Cherith." Ps. xci. 1 therefore may be rendered "He who maketh his dwelling in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Nor are the terms "the Most High" and "the Almighty" any other than what Balaam uses for *el*, or the name Jacob gives to God when, with the word *Beth* meaning *place* or *abode* and *el* meaning God, he called a certain spot *Bethel* or *the place of God*. Thus Balaam's language, as recorded in Num. xxiv. 16, is "He hath said, who heard the words of

God, and knew the knowledge of THE MOST HIGH, who saw the vision of THE ALMIGHTY."

To a superficial reader it may seem that the latter clause of Ps. xci. 1 is merely a reiteration of the former clause, whereas investigation will show that the verse begins with an act and ends with the result of that act. Yea, man by the grace of God, first flees to a refuge, and there taking shelter, enjoys matchless safety amidst all the storms and tempests that threaten evil everywhere else.

The Hebrew word translated "secret place" in the English version of Psalm xci. 1, is appropriately translated "hiding-place" in Psalm xxxii. 7, where David says to Jehovah, "Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble." And in Psalm lxi. 4, the Hebrew word thus first translated "secret place," and then "hiding-place," is rendered "covert," meaning a place of security, likened to the covert which a hen affords to her chickens. For in that verse the Psalmist in his address to Jehovah says, "I will trust in the covert of thy wings." We see then that the import of Psalm xci. 1, is, "He who maketh his dwelling in the covert [of the wings] of the Most High shall have never-failing safety in the shadow of the Almighty."

To make Psalm xci. 1 somewhat intelligible we may look at facts giving scope for its observance or neglect. In all cases, then, the path of duty is the path of safety; while, in running away from duty, we forsake the secret place of the Most High, and thus flee from the shadow of the Almighty. Nor does that shadow imply a freedom from sanctified afflictions. A man and his wife, both prudent from their youth up, and both walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless, may open a shop, and by honest gain may be getting on in the world, when, lo! some adventurer opens a cheap shop in the same line of business, and meaning to cheat somebody, sells cheaper than they can buy. Alas, how dark is the scene for a time! They, however, hold fast their integrity; and the triumphing of the wicked man being short, God turns their captivity as he did that of Job, and causes them to rejoice in his goodness, and to be happier than ever.

But what shall we say of the sheep that join with the wolves in entering the cheap shop, and conducing to the ruin of those who are obtaining an honest livelihood? Surely the Saviour, though omnipotent, will not from this act be able to say to them at the last day, "I was brought into discouraging circumstances by the wickedness of men, and he cheered me with kind words, and alleviated my affliction by kind acts." The honest man's shop, therefore, is where the shadow of the Almighty rests, while the dishonest man's shop is in the Land of Nod, whither Cain went when he fled from the presence of the Lord.

Thus there is a place where a good man ought to be; and that place is to him the place of the shadow of the Almighty. If, for instance, the place to which duty calls him is God's house where his name is enrolled as a member, he cannot expect that a rolling stone will gather any moss, or that in making a practice of going away from the shadow of the Almighty, he will be blessed elsewhere, even though that elsewhere may be beneficial to others to whom it is the right place.

In some cases, however, the secret place of the Most High is far from any place of worship. In Jonah's case it was at Nineveh after God had commanded him to go thither. But Jonah, refusing to be where duty called him, was no longer safe. By running in an opposite direction from the secret place of the Most High, he fled from the shadow of the Almighty, and found the ship in which he took shelter a refuge of lies. In short, Josephus who wrote in Greek and used the New Testament word for *baptism*, says, "The ship was just going to be baptized." To avert this baptism of the ship, however, the sea was made the baptistery of Jonah himself. Nay, more than this, he was buried alive in the stomach of a great fish, which from Jonah i. 17 we find to have been prepared by the Lord who well knew how and of what size to make it.

Happy is the man, then, who makes his abode where he has around him the wings of the Most High, and where, as a consequence, he enjoys matchless security in this world and is safe for the world to come. Such are the glorious results of the Saviour's life, death, and

resurrection, results enjoyed by anticipation founded on certainty when Psalm xci. 1 was written, but which are now founded on past events at which saints in heaven will never cease to rejoice with joy unspeakable, and for which angels will give glory to God for ever and ever.

*Maryland Point, Stratford, Essex.*

## THE GOLIATH REFORMER.

A STUDY FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD LEACH,

Author of "Rev. James Hervey, the Model Minister and Christian," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—LUTHER CONFESSING CHRIST BEFORE PRINCES.

LUTHER was summoned to Worms, where the Diet, or Parliament, were sitting. A safe-conduct was given him. Application had been made to the Emperor of Germany for this purpose, and Luther resolved to acquiesce in the decision of the Emperor, who, desirous on political grounds of securing the friendship of the Pope, yielded, and summoned the offending monk before the Diet. Luther's firm decision for the truth, and the way in which that decision was expressed, was characteristic. Says he to a friend, "If the Emperor wishes me to retract, I will reply to him that I will remain here, and it will be as if I had been at Worms and had returned again." However, the Emperor did not wish for retraction, and so Luther prepares to make a magnificent stand for God and truth in the city where the princes and nobles of Germany were met.

He took leave of his friends amid prayers and tears. Not long had he proceeded on his journey, ere in the streets his attention was directed to the Emperor's edict placarded about, commanding that all Luther's writings should be deposited with the magistrates. "Will you go on in face of that?" inquired the Emperor's herald. "I shall go on," said Luther. Through whatever town the monk had to pass, crowds were ready to cheer him, and bid him God speed. In some cities the multitudes followed, and the enthusiasm was astonishing. He was close upon entering Worms when a messenger told him that Spalatin's advice was not to enter the city. This

brilliant hero bravely replied, "Go—tell your Master that even should there be as many devils in Worms as tiles on the roofs, I would enter it."

The city presented a busy scene on the 16th of April, 1521. Hubbub and commotion reigned right gloriously. On ordinary occasions the meetings of the Diet never attracted such numbers. There were crowds in the streets, eager eyes looking from windows, balconies full of gazers, and housetops filled with spectators. Every available inch of ground in a certain line running to the City-hall was occupied, and all this was meant—not for royalty—but to honour a little monk, who had created a great stir, and whose principles, manliness, and defiant conscientiousness had been the wonder of the populace. O, it was such a glorious opportunity for vanity! Couldn't Luther look brave then? As he wended his way through the streets in triumph couldn't he reap the reward of his labours by delighting in the applause of the thronging enthusiasts who pressed everywhere to see and honour him? But Luther boasted not, neither did he fawn, nor did he bow more than politeness demanded of him. True, his lodgings were besieged with the wealthy, visitors of the highest rank paid homage to his genius and daring; and the people thanked him and God too for the blessings procured from his resolutions against the encroachments of the Papacy.

The streets were too full of people for the officers to conduct their *protégé* through them. The only remaining alternative was to demand a private passage through the houses. Luther was therefore conducted through gardens and byeways amidst the cheering of those who were fortunate enough to get a glimpse of him. Arriving at the door of the City-hall the struggle to obtain access was enormous. The soldiers were engaged to clear the way, and our hero marched in. Enthusiasm was indeed predominant.

The sight inside the court was the grandest. There, in stately majesty, sat the Emperor of Germany; with his brother, and six electors of the empire, and twenty-four dukes around him. Then there were archbishops, bishops, and abbots, ambassadors, deputies, counts, and barons, in number over one

hundred, forming altogether a splendid assembly seldom to be seen. It was enough to cow any one but Martin Luther.

A number of books were lying on the table. John Eck asked Luther whether they were written by him. Luther replied that they were. Would he retract anything written therein? His reply to this question exhibited wonderful soberness of mind and chaste moderation. "I should act imprudently," he said, "without reflection. I might affirm less than the circumstance demands, or more than truth requires, and so sin against this saying of Christ's—'Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.'" He therefore begged for time to frame a careful answer. The youthful emperor was quite surprised at the demeanour of the monk, and said disdainfully to one of his courtiers that "this man" would not cause him to be a heretic. Permission was, however, granted to Luther for a day's preparation, providing that his defence be delivered *vivâ voce*.

On the morning of the next day Luther was much tempted and tried. His soul felt cast down. He offered up a fervent prayer, full of short wants, shortly expressed, in short sentences, full of Christian energy and powerful earnestness. His prayer was intercepted with the groanings of his heart, indicative of the conflict that reigned within. But as a man about to undertake an important journey, without a moment to spare, would take down his railway guide, so Luther snatched down the Bible and compared it with his own productions. I admire no oaths, but I do admire the heroism of Luther when he swore, with his Bible in his one hand and the other extended unto heaven, that he would stick to the Gospel, and, if necessary, die for it. That firm resolve accomplished the work of the Reformation.

And now Luther, strengthened by his firm decision, and certain that God was with him, again appeared before the Diet. His conduct on this occasion has been described in the "Acts of Worms" as gentlemanly, suitable, mild, dignified, and yet firm. Upon being asked whether he was willing to retract the

heresies contained in his books, he made an energetic and eloquent defence; the pith of which—for it is too long for insertion here—I will endeavour to give as pithily as possible. He begged pardon if he should neglect to give the proper titles to each of the dignified personages present, as he was but a poor, secluded monk. He disclaimed praising himself, as he had, in the simplicity of his mind, merely composed books for God's glory and man's instruction. The Papal Bull, he said, had admitted that he had treated of faith and good works in a Scriptural light, and yet they wanted him to retract! He would be a wretched man if he did. He had attacked the looseness and vices of the clergy, and every one who feared God confirmed his testimony. He did not consider himself a saint, and possibly he might have reflected upon his adversaries rather sharply. "If I have spoken evil," said he, quoting Christ's words, "bear witness of the evil." As soon as they had convinced him that he had erred, he would frankly acknowledge it. At the request of the Emperor, who was not over-pleased with the German tongue, Luther repeated his speech in Latin.

Then came that old, stupid reply, "You are not called upon to argue, but to retract." The answer to this was a wonderful speech, full of unexampled courage. In this way did this Goliath mind answer his accusers; the speech is the most magnificent one recorded in history:—"I cannot submit my faith either to the Pope or to councils, inasmuch as it is as clear as daylight these have often contradicted each other in essentials. If I be not convinced by the testimony of Scripture, or by evident reasons; if people cannot persuade me

by the very passages that I have quoted, and if they fail thus to render my conscience bound by the Word of God, I neither can nor will retract anything, for it is unsafe for a Christian to speak against his conscience." And steadily looking upon his judges, he valiantly exclaimed, with amazing fervour and boldness, "HERE I STAND; I CAN DO NO OTHERWISE. GOD HELP ME! AMEN."

The audience were staggered with such eloquence and firmness; every one admired it; the Emperor was even boiling over with zeal in his favour, but it all cooled down. After a few minutes the Chancellor told him, if he would not retract, he must be treated by the Pope as an incorrigible heretic. The monk only replied, "May God be my helper, for I can retract nothing." Luther retired, the Diet deliberated, he was called in again, begged to retract, refused it as pertinaciously as ever, and the council adjourned till the morrow to hear the Emperor's voice.

Luther afterwards left the city, and in a few days the Emperor issued an edict commanding that, after the date of Luther's safe-conduct, he should be seized and taken into custody. The doom was fixed, and Luther must, according to all appearance, die a martyr's death. Luther travelled on through Eisenach, and in a waggon was driven through the forests of Thuringia. On they went through this long wood, and danger seemed to threaten him even there. As the waggon travelled along in a dreary locality, five horsemen, armed and masked, sprung upon the reformer and roughly seized him, placed him on a horse, and led him prisoner to—

Where the reader shall learn in our next chapter.

London.

## Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," &c.

### THE LIFE THAT NOW IS.

"Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

"The life that now is" has many phases, some pleasant, some painful, but all wonderfully interesting and important to us. We talk about the better life; we

know that this is a very partial and incomplete existence—a mere commencement of the real life—a preface before the full volume, but it is very attractive, very dear to us after all. It is right that it should be so. Otherwise we might not so earnestly strive to fulfil the wishes of the Father—otherwise we might spend our years fruitlessly sighing for the rest that remaineth.

“Will it pay?” is one of the leading questions of the life that now is. An eager and a shrewd question, asked often with an earnestness deeper than it deserves. It is frequently asked with reference to godliness. Not so much by those who are themselves the subjects of it as by those who are on-lookers, who are undecided, who have never felt the unspeakable luxury of those who are the sons of God. The curious who stand outside the walls of the golden city, who watch the little band whom God has sanctified, who wish to know about the hidden joys of those Christian hearts, but who are yet “strangers to the commonwealth,” these are they who ask, *Does it pay?* Not those whose hearts have been touched by the Refiner, not those who besiege the throne for grace and salvation. Ah, no! These never stay to put that superfluous question. Their cry would be—If godliness bring poverty, yet will I pray for thy Spirit. Neither do the possessors of that estimable gift. They know—they only know *how* profitable.

But does it really pay? An upright man whom God has taught to love good, and hate evil, cannot do as the worldling does. There comes to him many a temptation. If he will be false to himself, if he too will indulge in the many tricks of trade, he can make haste to be rich; but the man's soul recoils from petty advantages where principle is at stake. He cannot prefer the unjustly-acquired guinea to the honestly-earned shilling. Some men, who are not Christians, are untrammelled by any scruples of this kind. Their coffers are filling with gold which the good man's fingers would not dare to touch. How, then, can “godliness be profitable?”

The Baptists were not strong in the little town of Baybrook. The parish church had things pretty much its own way. The clergyman was a kind, open-

hearted man who looked after his people well, was anxious for their welfare, was a friend to the poor, a counsellor to the rich. Mr. Roberts, the Baptist minister, did his Master's work as best he might. The people did not flock in any large numbers to the chapel which stood in their midst, and, therefore, he took the Word to them. On Sunday afternoons, when there was no service at the church, and the people were enjoying a stroll or a gossip, he stood in the market-place or at the corner of a street breaking the bread of life before the people. And many halted for a few minutes, some for the express purpose of quizzing the preacher, some from curiosity, others with a true desire to be benefitted. They were seldom disappointed, for Mr. Robert's hymns were always good, and his tunes old well-known ones, his reading clear and distinct, and his sermons plain and practical. Among his most frequent hearers was Mr. Motwell, of the Mitre Hotel, an intelligent pleasant man, whom all liked and respected, upright and honourable too according to the light he had.

“And being in the way, the Lord met with him.” The life that had seemed to him, as to his neighbours, good and pure, was revealed to him in its true colours. He read his past years in the awful light of Sinai, and when Calvary's stream had dissipated his horror, still conscience would not let him go on in the old way. What seemed harmless and right before, looked very perplexing now, and the right way was hard to find. What troubled him most was that he was unable to obey, as fully as he wished, the command—“Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.” His house had always been open a few hours on that day. Customers were wont to stroll in occasionally, and neither he nor his servants had remembered, “In it thou shalt not do any work.” Of course the callers must be served, and the money taken for their purchases. Then, too, his cabs had always been to let on that day as on others. And pleasure parties were more easily formed when work was not imperative, so perhaps his horses had more work than usual to perform. All this had seemed perfectly right and natural in the old times, but now, with a purer light, he saw things

differently, and began to wish himself engaged in some other trade. After great anxiety and prayer, he came to the conclusion that, at least in one particular, he would be conscientious—his cabs should no longer be hired on the Lord's day. From that day his trade began to decline. His having joined the Baptists at all was a great offence; but if he had been content to glide on easily as before, and let it make no difference to his outward conduct, that might have been forgiven in time. As it was, the whole town seemed to be turning against him. His wife and children heaped reproaches upon him, his health seemed to be failing, his property was wasting day by day. Till at last, and especially as he could not feel happy in selling the commodity which brought ruin to so many hearths and homes, disease to so many robust frames, condemnation to so many souls, he was compelled to give up the Mitre and its advantages. His possessions were at the time so reduced that he was only able to go into obscure lodgings after selling his most valuable effects. Was godliness profitable now? Ay, it was! In the man's heart was a mine of wealth—satisfaction in having pleased his Master, and confidence that all would yet be well.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." He will take care that his servants are no losers through loving and obeying him. In a few years, after a series of special providences, Mr. Motwell was enabled to take a small farm. And then no crops prospered as his, no land brought forth such supplies as his. Whatever he put his hand to seemed to bring forth fruit an hundred-fold, and riches thus gained, without any regrets or misgivings, were worth having. "The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow thereunto."

.. "Having promise of the life that

now is." It is not always with us as with Mr. Motwell; sometimes it seems only a *promise*. There is so much failure, such sore trials, so many losses for the Christian, that he now and then grows weary and disheartened. He is oppressed on every side, forsaken and tried every day, while the wicked seem to prosper.

Ah, but, disciples of Jesus! *would* you, if you could, have their prosperity? Is money, the only wealth ye know of? Would you not rather have your own lot, and the peace which the Saviour bestows, than all the untold riches of a world lying in wickedness? Ye are rich with Jesus' love, whatever else may come. And be assured the promise shall be fulfilled, and you shall know that godliness is profitable unto all things. Adversity shall be sweetened, and prosperity made more glad, by the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"And of that which is to come." *That* is the climax. The ungodly has no hope in his death, but your passage is full of hope. This life may be as a dark night, but that eternal day shall make amends for all. Then shall you know perfectly how tenderly the God you serve cares for the children who love him.

Until that glorious day shall flash,  
Until is hushed the din and crash,  
Until is ceased the world's harsh strife,  
O Christian, beautify thy life.

That is the day of perfect rest,  
Serene on the Beloved's breast:  
This is the day when crowns are won,  
A day for useful work well done.

Until that day arise, arise,  
Kindle with light the dreamy eyes,  
Nerve the still limbs and onward press,  
Thy life should be all earnestness.

Until that day be wise, be strong  
To guide the sinning, suffering throng  
To the kind Healer of our woes,  
The Author of the soul's repose.

Live, as the angels live, in love,  
Serve as the ransomed do above,  
Bless, pity, succour, love, and pray,  
Live like the Saviour till that day.

## Poetry.

### JESUS ONLY.

"He called my attention to sundry monuments, not the least attractive of which, both to him and myself, was an exceedingly neat gravestone, with this short, but significant heading—'Jesus only.'"—*Gospel Magazine*, July, 1863.

"Jesus only"—blessed word—  
Fitting motto to record

Where the true believer's clay  
Waits the resurrection-day.

Blessed dead, here laid to sleep!  
Over him we need not weep  
If the Name above his dust  
Was his spirit's stay and trust.

"Jesus only" may have been  
Uttered in the closing scene,  
Ere the happy soul took flight  
To the blissful realms of light.

Then this clay, when Christ shall come,  
Will forsake its darksome home—  
Changed and glorious—quit the sod—  
Join its spirit—meet its God!

Do such thoughts support and cheer  
Those who laid their loved one here?  
Do they feel the peace of heart  
"Jesus only" can impart?

"Jesus only"—on this Rock,  
Fearless of the tempest's shock,  
Sinners helpless, vile, and poor,  
May abide from harm secure.

All foundations else will fail  
When the storms and floods prevail;  
But the one that God hath planned  
Through eternity shall stand.

Lord, may "Jesus only" be  
Here our portion, trust, and plea,  
That at death our souls may soar  
To exalt Him evermore.

Wellingborough.

THEODORA.

#### IMPLOING THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

Dear Saviour, leave me not alone,  
I need thy care;  
The storm is rising high around,  
Danger is near;  
But with thy presence all is well,  
I have no fear.

My confidences placed on earth,  
Once fair and bright,  
Like some frail evanescent flower,  
Fade from my sight;  
But thy undying love will yield  
Ceaseless delight.

Thy precious words have power, I know,  
My heart to cheer:  
Though as I travel on I find  
The pathway drear,  
I cannot well mistake the way,  
If thou art near.

My only help and hope art thou;  
I cling to thee:  
Soon will the icy streams of death  
Encompass me;  
O may I, in that lonely hour,  
Thy power see!

Blest Jesus! reign within, and make  
My heart thy throne;  
The needed grace impart, to live  
To thee alone;  
And when before thy bar I stand,  
Thy servant own.

London.

F. W.

#### ACROSTIC ON THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

C hristian soldier, fearless warrior,  
H eavenly powers defend and guide  
A ll thy movements! Thou hast ardour  
B arely found in man beside:  
L ike thy gracious Lord and Saviour,  
E ver mild in his behaviour,  
S corning persecution's tide.

H ow the foes of Zion hate thee—  
A t thy fame their missiles throw!  
D are them all, nor once abate thee;  
D o thy Master's work below:  
O nward pressing—what a blessing,  
N one can hinder, shalt thou know!  
S pirit moulded so divinely,  
P reaching as did ancient sires,  
U pward look when men malign thee;  
R ather face than fear their fires.  
G od Almighty long defend thee,  
E very blessing fit bestow,  
O n thy dying couch attend thee:  
N one shall then thy raptures know.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

**LONG PRESTON.**—The Rev. A. Spencer, having resigned the pastorate at the above place after eight years' labour, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist chapel, Callingworth, Yorkshire, and commenced his labours there on the 2nd of August.

### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**SOUTHAMPTON.**—A social tea-meeting was held on Thursday evening, August 13, at the Carlton-rooms, Southampton, to give a cordial welcome to Mr. J. No. Collins (of the Metropolitan Taber-

nacle College), as pastor of the church and congregation meeting in the above place, lately under the care of the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon. A goodly number of friends assembled at half-past 5 for tea, which was well served. The meeting which followed was of an interesting character. After singing, prayer, and a few opening remarks from the pastor, who presided, several office-bearers in the church proceeded to address the meeting and welcome the new pastor. After the pastor had responded to the welcome given, he strongly urged all present to set to work in right good earnest in collecting funds for the proposed

chapel, a good site for which has already been secured. The meeting closed with singing and prayer. Contributions of money to the building fund, or of articles, &c., for the bazaar to be held, will be gratefully received by Rev. J. Collins, 5, Beekford-terrace, Southampton, or may be sent to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London.

**PILGWENLLY, NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.**—On Wednesday and Thursday, July 15 and 16, services were held in connection with the settlement of the Rev. Evan Thomas (late of the Welsh Baptist church, Charles-street), as pastor of the Pilgwenlly English Baptist Church, and laying the memorial-stone of a new chapel now in course of erection for the same. On Wednesday evening the Rev. D. Evans (Dudley) preached, and on Thursday morning the recognition service was held, when addresses were given by several ministers, both of which services were held in Corn-street English Baptist chapel. At half-past 2 p.m. a large assembly met together for the purpose of witnessing the ceremony of laying the stone, which was done by the mayor, G. W. Jones, Esq. After addresses had been given by the Revs. D. Morgan, Blaenavon; D. Evans, Dudley; and J. Williams, Newport; a tea-meeting was subsequently held in the new market-place, when about 1,000 persons sat down to tea, after which a public meeting was held, the pastor in the chair, when addresses were given by the Revs. D. Evans (Dudley); D. Morgan (Blaenavon); R. Griffiths, and N. Thomas (Cardiff); E. Roberts (Bethel); J. Williams (Newport); and J. Morgan (St. Bride's). The day's proceedings terminated by singing the doxology.

#### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**NORTHAMPTON.**—Mr. Wm. Leach has resigned the pastorate of the Particular Baptist chapel, Northampton. A tea-meeting was held at the Corn Exchange on August 18, when Mr. T. P. Stroulger, shoe manufacturer, presented Mr. Leach, on behalf of the church and congregation, with a purse containing £54, as a demonstration of their attachment to him, and their sense of the value of his services as their pastor for the last eighteen years.

#### LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

**WATERBACH, CAMBS.**—On the 25th of April last the old chapel here, that was opened in April, 1803, and filled so well for two years and a quarter by the early ministry of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, was burnt to the ground, and thus made way for a larger one, which was greatly needed. Since that time the congregation have been worshipping in a barn, and taking such steps as were necessary to get a new chapel. Plans have been furnished by the kindness of Mr. W. Higga, who built the Tabernacle, and have met with general

approbation; the entire cost is expected to be under £750. On Monday, July 27, Mr. Spurgeon laid the foundation-stone in the presence of about 1,400 people. Mr. Spurgeon gave out a hymn, and then called upon Mr. Charles King (the senior deacon) to offer prayer; after which Mr. T. J. Ewing, the minister of the place, to address the people. Mr. Spurgeon then proceeded to lay the stone, using a silver trowel, presented by the senior deacon of the Tabernacle; after which the rev. gentleman presented a cheque for the sum of £125 to the building fund; then a similar stone was laid at the opposite corner by Jas. Toller, Esq., of Wilbraham, and a cheque for £10 10s. placed upon it. This was followed by an address and prayer offered by Mr. Peet, of Wilbraham. A collection was made at the conclusion, and a public tea was provided; after which Mr. Spurgeon preached an admirable sermon in the barn to about 2,000 people.

#### OPENING SERVICES.

**BRAMLEY, LEEDS.**—The chapel here, after having been closed for some time for painting, cleaning, &c., was on Lord's-day, August 9, reopened, when Rev. Abraham Ashworth (late of Uley, Gloucester), who has commenced his pastorate here, preached morning and afternoon, and the Rev. E. Parker, of Farsley, preached in the evening. Collections were made after each service, amounting to £31.

**HUSBANDS BOSWORTH, LEICESTERSHIRE.**—The reopening of the Baptist chapel in the village, after considerable alterations, took place on Thursday, July 23, when two sermons were preached by the Revs. C. Vince, Birmingham, and J. Mursell, Kettering. After the afternoon service about 100 persons sat down to tea, the trays being gratuitously furnished by kind friends; the proceeds of the day amounted to the handsome sum of £20, making, with the sums collected and promised previously, £80 towards the £100 expended. The ministers in addition to the brethren named who took part in the services were the Revs. J. Lomas, Leicester; T. R. Pottinger, Rawdon College; T. T. Gough, Clipstone; R. Evans, Counterthorpe; J. Cooper, Wesleyan; M. Braithwaite, Independent; and the pastor of the church.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**BOROUGH-GREEN, KENT.**—Mr. Fells, of London, will preach here, afternoon and evening, on Thursday, September 3rd.

**TRING, HERTS.**—Mr. Fells will preach the sermons on behalf of the Sabbath-school at West End on Tuesday, September 8th.

**SOKO CHAPEL, OXFORD-STREET.**—Mr. David Wilson, of Clare, will preach here—morning and evening—on Sunday, September 20th.

**HORBAM, SUFFOLK.**—Anniversary on Wednes-



day, September 16th, when (D.V.) Mr. Pells, of London, will preach—afternoon and evening.

**KINGSTON.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL.**—Three sermons will be preached here on Monday, September 7th—morning, by Mr. Foreman; afternoon, Mr. Pells; evening, Mr. Milner. Dinner and tea provided.

**CLARE, SUFFOLK.**—Three sermons will be preached here on Tuesday, September 15th—two by Mr. Bloomfield, and one by Mr. Pells. The latter gentleman will preach three sermons on Sunday, September 20th.

**STOURBRIDGE.**—The friends in connection with the chapel intend holding a bazaar in the Town-hall, September 21st, and two following days, in aid of the funds for enlarging the chapel. Contributions will be thankfully received by the Rev. B. Bird, the pastor.

**MILK-END-GATE.—HEPREZIBAH CHAPEL.**—On Lord's-day, Sept. 20, two lectures will be delivered by Mr. C. Gordelier: in the morning at eleven o'clock on "The place of torment called hell, and the eternity of future punishment and misery of the wicked;" in the evening at half-past 6 on "The glories of the heavenly state, and the everlasting blessedness of the righteous." Collections after each service.

**RISLEY.**—On Tuesday, September 23, Mr. J. Bloomfield, of London, will preach (D.V.) the anniversary sermons. A public tea will be provided. Collections towards the liquidation of the debt on the chapel. Services in the afternoon, half-past two; evening, six. It would gladden the heart of the pastor, Mr. Wilson, to see some of his London friends and others on that occasion. Risley is situated  $\frac{3}{4}$  miles from Sharnbrook station, on the Midland line.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.**—The Rev. Richard Webb, of Pole-street, Preston, requests us to acknowledge the receipt of 18s. (stamps) for the poor of his congregation from Mrs. Spurgeon, for which he tenders his warmest thanks.

**PAINESCASTLE, RADNORSHIRE.**—The anniversary of the Sabbath-school of Adullam Chapel was held on the 10th August. In the morning several very interesting pieces and dialogues were recited by the children. Several delightful and amusing pieces were sung by the teachers and scholars under the superintendance of Mr. T. Williams; after which addresses were delivered by the Rev. T. T. Phillips, pastor, and the Rev. J. Jones, of Rock. In the afternoon and evening Rev. J. Jones preached.

**UXBRIDGE.**—The seventh anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. G. House Lowden was held on Tuesday, August 11th, in the above place of worship. Notwithstanding the weather was most unpropitious the school-room was filled with a happy company, who had assembled to congratulate the pastor. Much credit is due to

the ladies, who seemed unsparring in their floral display and tasteful decoration in the room of the tea-meeting. In the evening a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon.

**EAST DEERHAM.**—On Sunday and Monday, June 23 and 24, the anniversary services of the Baptist chapel, Back-lane, were held. On Sunday the pastor, the Rev. J. L. Whitley, preached two sermons: the congregations were very good. On Monday there was a public tea-meeting in the school-room, followed by a public meeting in the chapel; T. Green, Esq., M.D., (son of a former pastor of the church,) presided. Mr. Noble, of Necton (from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's college), offered prayer, after which the Revs. W. F. Gooch, Foulsham; W. Woods, Swaffham; W. T. Price, Yarmouth; T. A. Wheeler, Norwich; R. G. Williams (Independent), Dereham; and J. L. Whitley, gave addresses. The collections, with proceeds of the tea, amounted to nearly £40.

**CLUB MOOR, NEAR LIVERPOOL.**—On Monday, the 20th July, the first anniversary of the preaching-station was held. A large company sat down to tea, the place being too small to accommodate all the friends at one sitting. After tea Mr. W. H. Lockhart was called to the chair, and the meeting, which was a very happy one, was addressed by Messrs. J. J. Dalton, B. Anderton (members of the Liverpool Baptist Preaching Association), Webb (a student of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's, supplying at the Old Swan, formerly a station of the above association), Turner, Davey, Worrall, and W. H. Lockhart.

**WOOLWICH.**—On Tuesday, August 11th, a large and most enthusiastic meeting was held in Queen-street Chapel, to celebrate the completion of the second year of the pastorate of the Rev. J. Teall. The spacious school-rooms attached to the chapel were filled by a respectable and delighted assembly. After tea a public meeting was held, the pastor in the chair, when excellent addresses, expressive of much thankfulness for the past and hope for the future, were delivered by the chairman, six of the deacons of the church, the Rev. C. Box, minister of Enon Chapel; Mr. B. Water, one of the deacons of Parson's-hill Chapel; and Mr. Pearce, one of the city missionaries. Letters were read from several of the ministers of the town, of different denominations, expressive of regret for unavoidable absence, and offering to the pastor and the church their warmest congratulations on the auspicious occasion.

#### BAPTISMS.

**ARLEY, Yorkshire,** at Wallington-road Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion, May 3—Two; June 7, One, by Mr. Roberts; July 30, Two, by Mr. Attwerd.

**AYLSHAM, Norfolk,** July 30—Two, by Mr. T. Harley.

**BEDWAS, Monmouth,** May 3—Three, by Mr. W. M. Richards.

**BERMINGHAM**, Bond-street, August 2—Five, by Mr. J. Davies.  
**BLUNTISHAM**, July 23—Four, by Mr. Simmons.  
**BOBOUGH-GREEN**, July 26—Two, by Mr. W. Frith.  
**BRAYFORD**, Devon, August 9—One, by Mr. W. Outcliffe.  
**BRISTOL**, The Pithay, August 2—Sixteen, by Mr. J. Showell (for the pastor).  
**BURSLEM**, July 23—Seven, by Mr. T. Phillips.  
**CARDIFF**, July 23—Two, by Mr. A. Jones.  
 ———, Tredegarville Chapel, July 26—Nine; July 29, Ten; August 5, Two, by Mr. A. Tilly.  
**CHRISTON**, Exeter, July 26—Four, by Mr. Shepherd.  
**CRIFTON**, Buckingham Chapel—Five, by Mr. J. Penny.  
**COLNE**, Lancashire, July 26—Five, by Mr. J. Berry.  
**CRADLEY**, August 2—Two, by Mr. D. Jeavons.  
**CULLINGWORTH**, Yorkshire, June 6—In the river Ribble, Three, by Mr. A. Spencer.  
**DUBLIN**, Bolton-street Church, August 16—One, by Mr. C. Morgan, in the sea at Clontarf.  
**EAST DEBBHAM**, June 1—Two, by Mr. Whitley.  
**FRAMSDEN**, Suffolk, August 2—One, from the independent body, by Mr. G. Cobb.  
**GLASGOW**, North Frederick-street, July 16—Two; August 2—Six, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.  
**GORTON**, March 29—Three, by Mr. Richard Stanton. Two were from the Sabbath-school, and one from the Wesleysans.  
**GOWER**, June 21—Three, by Mr. D. Evans. One an elderly man, previously a member of the Wesleyan body.  
**GREAT ELLINGHAM**, Norfolk, May 24—Three; July 30, One, by Mr. J. Kiddle.  
**HASLINGDEN**, Pleasant-street, August 2—Six, by Mr. Prout.  
**HEYWOOD**, Lancashire, August 9—Two, by Mr. James Duncley. One was a teacher in the Sunday-school; and the other an old disciple, in her 75th year.  
**LANDEPORT**, June 23—Fourteen, by Mr. E. G. Gange. There are many inquirers.  
**LITTLE BRINGTON**, July 5—One, by Mr. J. C. Robinson.  
**LONDON**, Shouldham-street, July 26—One, by Mr. Blake.  
 ———, Walworth, July 26—Eight, by Mr. W. Alderson.  
 ———, Spencer-place, Goswell-road, August 2—Four, by Mr. P. Gast. One from the Sabbath-school.  
 ———, Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square, Aug. 16—Eight, by Mr. C. Marshall.  
**MARLOES**, Aug. 12—Six, by Mr. J. Walker.

**MOUNTAIN ASH**, English Baptist, Aug. 9—Five, by Mr. J. B. Howalls. There are many more waiting for baptism.  
**NEWCLAWDD**, Glamorganshire, Aug. 2—Two, by Mr. Williams.  
**PENKNEAP**, Westbury, Wilts, Aug. 2—Ten, by Mr. J. Hurlstone, pastor.  
**PRESTON**, Pole-street, July 23—Five, by Mr. Webb.  
**RUSHDEN**, Succoth Chapel, July 23—Five, by Mr. C. Drawbridge.  
**SHEEPSHEAD**, Leicestershire, July 26—Two, by Mr. Lacey, of Loughborough.  
**STAFFORD**, Aug. 9—Two, by Mr. W. H. Cornish.  
**STANBATCH**, Herefordshire, Aug. 9—Three in the river Arrow, in the presence of numerous spectators, by Mr. W. H. Payne. One had for many years been connected with the Primitive Methodists. We are contemplating building a chapel here.  
**STOURBRIDGE**, Hanbury-hill, March 28—One; July 30, Three, by Mr. B. Bird.  
**SUNNINGDALE**, July 23—One, by Mr. Chew.  
**SWANSEA**, York-place—Four, by Mr. Evans, the pastor (no date given).  
**THURLEIGH**, Beds, June 23—One; August 2, One, by Mr. W. K. Dexter.  
**TREDEGAR**, English Church, June 21—Three; July 19, Four, by Mr. J. Lewis.  
**TUNBERMORE**, Ireland, July 3—The Rev. R. J. Carson was privileged to baptize, on a profession of faith in Christ, the Rev. John Douglas, of Manchester Independent College. Originally a Presbyterian, Mr. Douglas was led to weigh himself with the Independents from reading the writings of the late Dr. Carson on the subject of Church Government. And being induced afterwards to study the same author on baptism, he came to see he had still another step to take, and ultimately decided on joining us.  
**UXBRIDGE**, July 28—One, by Mr. G. B. Lowden.  
**WALSALL**, July 26—Fifteen, by Mr. Lees.  
**WHITLESEA**, Aug. 2—Four, by Mr. D. Ashby.  
**WILLENHALL**, May 10—Three; June 7, Two; Aug. 2, Two, by Mr. J. Davies.  
**WILLINGHAM**, May 31—One, in the river, by Mr. Blinkhorn.  
**WORSTREAD**, Norfolk, July 12—Two, by Mr. J. F. Smythe.

DEATH.

On July 30, at Millport Cumbrae, Mrs. John Hunter, aged 77 years. She was truly a mother in Israel, her home the resort of all who loved the Lord, and her counsel sought by all.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from July 18th to August 18th.

	£	s.	d.
John Neal, Esq.....	2	2	0
W. Griffiths, Esq.....	0	10	0
Students in the Evening Classes .....	15	0	0
Mr. Rogers .....	1	1	0
Collection at Arthur-street Chapel, after sermon by Rev. B. Cowdy.....	8	5	6
Miss Conder .....	2	2	0
Mrs. Ward .....	2	0	0
Mr. Vickery .....	1	0	0
Mr. F.....	15	0	0
Mr. M. Enlks .....	1	1	0
Mosley of collection at Haddenham, after sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	22	13	3
	£208	3	0

Collection at Shouldham-street Chapel, after sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	11	1	1
Miss Isabella Whyte.....	2	0	0
Miss Richardson.....	5	0	0
A legacy from a departed friend .....	1	18	3
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, July 20	23	2	2
" " " " " " " " " " " "	27	24	2
" " " " " " " " " " " "	Aug. 3	20	16
" " " " " " " " " " " "	"	10	30
" " " " " " " " " " " "	"	17	19
" " " " " " " " " " " "	"	5	1
	£208	3	0

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. CHAS. BLACKSHAW.

## THE CHURCH'S PROBATION.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"Thou, O God, hast proved us."—Psalm lxxvi. 10.

DAVID spake these words in his song, and he told forth the experience of the godly in all generations. In the patriarchal age, when Abraham was called to leave his kindred and go forth from Ur of the Chaldees; constrained to sojourn as a stranger among a people that he knew not; bidden to wait with patience for a son whom God would give him in his old age; and at length commanded to take that son to the top of a mountain and offer him as a sacrifice—he might well say, "Thou, O God, hast proved us." Isaac could say the same when he tabernacled in the Land of Promise, having not so much as a foot of it that he could call his own, except his father's sepulchre. Jacob learned the stanza when he was tried in Laban's household, when he wrestled with God in Peniel, and triumphed over the angel at Jabbok; this he knew when he went down into Egypt, and, dying, blessed the sons of Joseph. All the patriarchs as they fell asleep could say—"Thou, O God, hast proved us." And this was the song of the Church during her sojourn in Egypt, when she was lying among the pots, and during her wanderings in the wilderness when she passed through a desert land by a way which she had not traversed aforetime. And this, too, was the voice of the Church under the conduct of Joshua, when Israel came through Jordan and began to defy the hosts of the Canaanites—when they drew the sword against mighty adversaries who dwelt in "cities fenced with high walls, gates, and bars," and came forth to battle in chariots that had scythes of iron—"Thou, O God, hast proved us." With such a word as this in their mouths the Judges fell asleep after they had avenged Israel, and done mighty deeds for the Lord of Hosts. This David could well say, for he had seen affliction. This the kings who walked in his steps, and this the prophets who spoke in God's name, might all have said, "Thou, O God, hast proved us." And God's dear Son himself, the Captain of our salvation, himself was tried and proved in all things too. He was thrust into the hottest part of the glowing coals, and tried as you and I have never been tried—proved to such an extent as our heart hath not conceived. And, amongst the professed followers of Jesus, all the sons of God are witnesses—"Thou, O God, hast proved us;" whether they were proved in dungeons where they lay victims of damp and mildew, or on racks where every bone was dislocated and every muscle snapped, or at the stake where they mounted in chariots of fire to heaven, or on the rocks where they wandered about in sheepekens and goatskins, destitute, afflicted, tormented—in all these temptations and trials God proved them. And even to this day, though by less, severe methods, yet by other tests as I shall have to show, the Church has still the same song to sing; and each dying saint must still subscribe his name to the long list; yea, and every bright spirit around the throne, in looking back upon his experience on earth will have to swell the great chorus—"Thou, O God, hast proved us." There is not an ingot of silver in heaven's treasury that has not been in the furnace on earth and been purified seven times; there is not a gem of purest ray serene which that Divine Jeweller has not exposed to every sort of test; there is not an atom of gold in the Redeemer's crown, which has not been molten among the hottest coals so as to rid it of its alloy. It is universal to every child of God. If you be a servant of the Lord, ye must be proved; ye shall never enter heaven unproved; ye must be tried in the fire; the proof, the assaying must take place upon every one of us. Nor do I think we ought to shun it; perhaps it may happen that in the feeble words I speak to-night, some reason may be given which shall reconcile

your hearts to the sternness of the proof, and even make you kiss the hand of the Refiner when he puts you into the fire.

Now, dear friends, let our meditations be framed to meet these questions. What is it that God has already proved in us? How has he proved it? And with what results?

I. What is it that thou, O God, hast proved in thy people? I think we may answer he has proved everything. If we have anything that has not been proved, it either is to be proved, or else it is so bad that it is not worth proving. Everything we have that God has given us will have to be proved. There is not a grain of grace that will escape the probation; he is sure in some way or other to exercise it. We have no manna to lay in the cupboard; it breeds worms; the manna is given us to eat. The rock that follows us with its refreshing streams flows that we may drink thereof; when we shall cease to thirst the river will cease to flow; we only have grace given to us that it may be proved.

I think we can say, looking back upon our lives, those of us who are in Christ Jesus, that the Lord has proved our sincerity. Ah, how many did put on the harness first when we put it on; and where are they now? In our little Gospel experience how many have we seen who have turned their backs in the day of battle! Yes, the young knights went out gaily enough to the field; but mention nothing about their return; tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, how their shield was broken, their lance shivered, and their plumes trailed in the mire. When any turn from Zion's way our best method of using their apostacy is as Cowper used it, for self-examination—

“When any turn from Zion's way,  
(Alas! what numbers do!)  
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
‘Wilt thou forsake me too?’”

But up to this time, one way in which God has tested our sincerity has been to keep our leaf green. And, through Divine grace, that sincerity has kept its hold, while some who, in the first flush of religious excitement, bid well for heaven, afterwards withered and faded. While many who were like the fair blossoms of the spring upon the tree, were blown down by the east wind, or fell with a shower on the ground, we have been left, by Divine grace, to bring forth some little fruit, though not as much as we could desire. O, brethren! it is a great mercy when God proves our sincerity, if notwithstanding the defection of man and the fickleness and instability of our own hearts, we are able to say, “Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.” It is a privilege to have our sincerity tried, but it is one which must be purchased at a sharp cost; for we cannot know our sincerity for God without being put where we are much tempted and troubled. I believe many young people think they have the grace of God in their hearts, who, if they were really put in temptation's way, would soon discover that it is only a sort of hereditary profession, and not the true grace of God they possess. I have a great suspicion about buying hothouse flowers in the street. All this summer weather through you see people with their barrows with the finest flowers you ever saw, but most of them have been forced; and if you take them home and put them in your garden, on the first cold day they look pale and begin to droop, for they cannot bear the changes of atmosphere, because they are forced. So I cannot doubt there are many who join Christian churches who have been forced; they have been in the hothouse of godliness, in association with the saints, and when they are put away from Christian association, O! where is their piety? where is their religion? Some of you, I know, have had to suffer this chilling trial. You have been shut up among blasphemers, you have been made to live among the ungodly and profane, or you have had temptations from the polite and the godless, yet, thanks be to God, you have been enabled to keep your hold. You can say with David, “Thou, O

God, hast proved us." And if you be sincere, mark you, as sure as ever you have godliness, it must and shall be put to the test.

And he has tried next our vows of fidelity. Perhaps the fewer vows we make the better; but when we do make them, how jealous should we be to keep them! What a mass of vows we once made when our blood was hot with the novelty of our new discovery of the beauty of religion! O! we think we will do, we know not what; our love laughs at impossibilities; we could leap like Curtius into the chasm, and sacrifice ourselves for Jesus. Would to God that we were always in that frame of mind! But then we get promising what we will do if we are put in certain positions, and our promissory notes are not written on stamped paper, they are only written on some common stuff of our own; and we put our signature, but still we dishonour the bill when it comes due; we never pay our vows. God did not prompt us to the vow, but our own self-confidence, and, therefore, it gets broken. O! when I look back upon what you and I promised we would do when we first began the heavenly warfare, and how little we have really done, I think we can mournfully say, "O Lord, thou hast proved us." Some people talk about the older Christians as being so dull and so lifeless; but, let me put it to yourselves, how much better are you? And I sometimes, perhaps, when in the early days of my preaching, was wont to speak of the cool, freezing lips of some ministers, and of the dilatory way in which they discharge their duties; and I have had, in looking over that text, to say of myself, "Lord, thou hast proved me." And some of those vows that I made, to wit, how I would be the pillar of fire in his cause, and lead the souls of men, and win them to the foot of the cross, how signally have they been broken, for "Thou, O Lord, hast proved us." All those fine visions, like potters' vessels when smitten with a rod of iron, have been broken into vile potsherds. We are glad to put them out of our sight, for the recollection pains us. At this hour we blush to think of them. Thou, O Lord, hast proved our vows, as well as our sincerity of heart.

But how the Lord has been pleased, dear friends, to prove our professions and pretensions to eminence! Do you recollect—with some of you it will not be very difficult to look back, certainly not with me—do you remember how you thought when first you knew the Lord, how different you would be from that nervous Mrs. Much-afraid? You went to see her, when you were first converted, and sat down and talked with her; and as you came away you said, "That woman is a bag of nerves; if ever I live to her age you will not find me so desponding." You have been proved since then, and how has it been with you? Do you remember how when you came one evening from a prayer-meeting when some friend had prayed so long and so drearily, you said, "Please God, if ever I have the privilege of praying aloud at a prayer-meeting, there shall always be life and earnestness in my prayer." How has it been with you, brother? I question whether any man ever attained to the eminence in piety that he once marked out for himself, and whether we have not all had occasion to eat our words. Have I not said many things about what I would do if I was in somebody else's place, and what I am sure I would do if I had that man's ability and that man's opportunity? We used to brag about the lofty heights which we would climb, and the mighty summits on which we would stand, and here we are creeping along in the valley. Do not make this confession to lull your conscience, or to comfort yourselves for being in the lowlands. We ought to be on the mountains—we ought to be all we hoped to have been; it is wrong in us; we have not gained what we longed for; we must chasten ourselves for this. O! how it ought to humble us to think how God has proved us and brought us down! My pastoral experience, which, if you will call it short, has, nevertheless, been very very broad, bears witness to this; whenever I have seen a Christian talking large things about his loftiness in grace and his attainments, I have always seen him, sooner or later, brought as low as the dust. I have known some

brethren who have said that they never had a doubt of their acceptance; and I have thanked God for them, and have hoped they never might; but I have seen some of them in such a condition as I pray I never may be. I believe there are such things in the world to this day as those bullocks that pushed with side and shoulder, and who fouled the waters with their feet where the trembling ones came to drink. Such as those will find that the Lord will bring them down ere long. Those big saints will one day be glad enough to creep into a mousehole, and feel themselves thrice happy if they be permitted to be numbered amongst the meanest of the Lord's people. O! sure as ever we make these high pretensions to great things we shall be brought down, and we shall have to cry, "O Lord, we did exalt ourselves, we did promise high and great things, but thou, O Lord, hast proved us, and when it came to the proof, what insignificant, what worthless, what despicable worms we turned out to be after all!"

But, beloved, we have not only been tried in our sincerity, and in our vows, and in our lofty pretensions, but have we not been tried in our strength? How strong we are sometimes! As my friend Will Richardson, who—though he is a poor labouring man—is a Divine I like to quote, just as some people would quote St. Augustine, said to me one day, "Brother Spurgeon, if you and I ever get one inch above ground, we get that one inch too high, and the Lord will bring us down again." How true that is! And the old man said, "O! sir, you know in winter-time I feel as if I could do such a deal of mowing, and as if I could reap the fields at such a rate!" but when the hot summer comes on poor old Will wipes the sweat off his brow, and he thinks it is hard work reaping after all, and he will be very glad when he can get home and lie down, for he is getting an old man. "O, sir," says he, "if I could reap in the summer as I think I can in the winter, then I should do." And is not that the way with us? When there is no trial to bear, O! we can do all things, or can bear all sufferings; when there are no duties to be performed then our strength runs over, we have too much; we have enough and some to give to our neighbours; but when we get into the work, and the struggle, and begin to reap and to mow, O, the sweat of weariness is such we long to be from it; our strength when tried is found to be less than nothing and vanity—"Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee"—the man who can sing with the Psalmist, "All my springs are in thee." You know, dear friends, many springs that run in winter become dry in the summer; but they tell us that those wells that sap the mainsprings never do get dry. O, how happy is the believer who has sapped the mainspring, who has got deep enough down in his faith and confidence in God not to be dependent on the land-springs and the upper waters, but has got down to the mainspring, for then weeks of drought may be followed by months without rain, but still his soul shall go on bubbling up, and his fountain shall ever flow. Lord, thou hast proved our strength, we thank thee that thou hast proved it so as to have taken away our confidence in ourselves.

Moreover, the Lord has proved our faith as well as our strength. Our faith is indeed our real strength, because our faith is that by which we lay hold upon God's arm. Has not your faith been proved, brother? An untried faith is no faith—at least, I mean if a man has had faith for some considerable length of time, and that has not been tried, I question whether it ever came from God. I may say truly of faith what the old naturalists used to say falsely of the salamander—that it lives in the fire. The natural element of faith is fire; it never gets on well unless it has some fire to try it. What dost thou think faith is given us for unless it is to be tried? Didst thou ever know a man build a house and then shut it up and no one live in it? Houses are built for to be inhabited, so God does not give anything without having a design. Dost thou know a man who keeps his wheat year after year, and never puts it through the mill? Let me tell thee my God puts all his wheat through the mill, and you must all go between the big stones, and you must have your crushing. You will never come out of this fire fit to be offered unto the Lord

in sacrifice unless you have been between the stones; there must be the trial. We know that our friends in Australia when they are getting gold stand up to their waists in water shaking the earth to and fro with their cradles to get the golden grains. You and I, like spadefuls of earth, must be shaken to and fro that the earth may run away and that the pure grains may remain. The trial of your faith is much more precious than that of gold, which perisheth, though it be tried in the fire. Your faith must be tried; and, Mr. Greatheart, you must prepare for a great many battles. And you, "Valiant for Truth," depend upon it you will have to fight until your arm bleeds, and your sword grows to your hand, cemented with the blood. Father "Honest," there is warfare for you before you enter heaven. You "Little-faiths," and "Despondencies," and "Much-afraids," may go on with but few trials comparatively, for God does not sail his small ships on the sea, but puts them on the shallow waters; but the great ships must sail the Atlantic, and big waves may sometimes dash over them, to let the angels in heaven see how well God can build his saints, so that they can stand every storm that earth, or hell, or heaven itself can send against them. Your faith must be tried. To sum up all in one, dear brethren in Christ Jesus, depend upon it there is nothing that you have that is good for anything which will not be tried. Your religious principles will be tried. Why should not they be? Some good people are getting so frightened now about Dr. Colenso, and this professor, and that divine, and the other statesman, who are writing Essays and Reviews, and books, and all sorts of things. If our Bible is "good for nothing" let it burn, let the furnace consume it; but if it be what it professes to be—God's Book—it cannot be hurt; therefore, you and I may look on quite complacently. "You are building that furnace?" "Yes." "You are putting in tons of coal?" "Yes." "And you are going to make a tremendous blaze?" "Yes." "And what are you going to put in?" "Going to put your Bible in." "Very glad to hear it: for our Bible has been in the furnace seven times before; and I have understood it better when it came out each time; and I know that I shall find it unsinged when it comes out the next time." Blow away, O, yes, smiths, fashion your instruments, and do your best, and do your worst; for all you can do will be to kindle such a fire that, instead of the Bible being consumed in it, we shall sit down comfortably to read its darkest page by the blaze thereof. There is a certain sort of Christians—I do not know whether I shall think them Christians soon—who profess to be better than anybody else. They are non-sectarians; they have left all sects to make a little snug party comfortably to go to heaven by themselves; and instead of trying the conversion of sinners they seduce the members of our churches, and compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and the more useful our church members are, the more do they seek to pervert them to their disorders, and the more industrious are they in every way to show their perfect hatred of the Church of the Living God. I sometimes meet with persons who are afraid of them; they say, "What shall we do?" I can only say, if they are right, God prosper them; and if they are wrong we are not afraid to meet them on that point; we are not afraid that God's cause will suffer by their attacks. I had hoped—there was a time when I was fool enough to hope so—that these were men who really meant what they said; but now that they show themselves in their true colours, as the destroyers of every order in the Church, and as especial enemies of God's ordained servants; of course, we can only bid them the defiance that they bid to us, and, in God's name, stand upon our bastions and our bulwarks, as our forefathers did aforetime, fearful of nothing they may do, because our cause is God's, and he has delivered us out of the hands of many a confederacy aforetime, and He will do so even unto the end. Never fear, my brethren, any attacks from nominal Christians, or proud conceited persons, who think themselves too good to "join" with other churches, who, forsooth, are Babylon; they are the men of wisdom, and say, "Stand by, for we are holier than thou." But what of the

Pharisees of modern times from the south of England, what shall we say of them? Let them do their best and do their worst, and fight as they will. If our course be right we can bear to have it proved. I like to see breezes spring up—these fresh blasts every now and then beat upon the good old ship. If she is right she will stand it; and whether it be from disorders within or quarrels without, she will come out of the trouble. If we have an ordinance it ought to be tried: may baptism be tried: if we have the Lord's Supper let it be tried; the Church can never be reformed except by these trials. I always court the trials if they are sent by a brother in friendliness of spirit; it is only the bitterness with which they come that sometimes makes my blood boil about it; but I must look to the God that sends it, and not to the man who may happen to be the second cause. Whether as individuals, or as a church, or as a denomination, we shall have to say at last, "O Lord, thou hast proved us; blessed be thy name that thou hast, for

"Our silver bears the glowing coals,  
The metal to refine."

II. And now let us turn to the second questions—How has God tried us? Dear friends, the Lord has proved us in a thousand ways. Many men think that the only proof that God gives to his servants is that of trial. He often proves them by trials, by bereavements, by temporal losses, by sickness in body, by personal infirmity, by slander, by persecution—all these are, therefore, proofs to a Christian; and a man who can go through all these and find his faith still keeping its hold, and that he is able to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," such a man may thank God for the proof. And after all, dear friends, the only grace that is worth having is that which shall be with us when we go through fire, and through water, and when men do ride over our heads. Do not tell me of your sunshiny religion; do not tell me of your summer-day godliness. You may sometimes see on the fair Mediterranean, when the waters are calm and still, a little fleet with fair and beautiful sails all floating gaily there; it is the nautilus coming up in the sunshine to float; but there is a black cloud yonder, and the first breath of wind that comes whistling across the waveless sea, which now begins to dance before the gale, where is that fleet? where is the nautilus? Every little creature has folded up its cell, drawn itself into the shell, and fallen to the bottom of the sea. O, there are too many of this kind, too many Christians who are with us always when everything goes on well; but where are they when the times have changed? To use John Bunyan's expressive metaphor, they walk with Religion when she goes in her silver slippers; but when she is bare-foot, and men laugh at her through the streets, then where are they? Affliction does try men. But mark you, believers, there are many other trials; let me mention some of them, that I often think severe. There is a very sharp trial which some Christians have to bear when they have fresh light given them, new light given them, and they barbarously shut their eyes against it. There are plenty of things that one never dreamt of in our philosophy, that are true after all. Am I like a man who, whereunto he hath yet attained, walks by the same rule, but is still ready to advance further if the rule is more fully revealed? Hold on to the old and tried truth of the grace of God which bringeth salvation, as with a death grip. But still you are not perfect yet; there is a height beyond. Now, sometimes when you are reading a passage of Scripture, it opens with such a light, and you say, "Ah, yes, yes; it must mean that." You pray over it. "Yes, it must mean that; but if it means that, what about that text our minister preached from last Sunday week, what about that?" And you are apt to say, "Well, now, I won't believe that; I will leave it; I will shirk it; it does not fit in with my system of theology." Is not there many a hyper-brother, a good brother, who has got a full knowledge of the doctrine of grace, who has received it well; but when he is reading the Bible ere day, and he finds a text that looks rather wide and general,



he says, "This cannot mean what it says; I must trim it down, and make it fit into Dr. Gill's Commentary." That is the way many a brother does. Is not this the right thing to say, "Now this does mean what it says; the Lord knows better how to write than I do; there may be faults in my reading, but there cannot be any faults in his writing; then, if such and such a thing be true, I will not doubt that; and if that is true, I will not doubt it; and if they contradict one another I will believe them both; but I can never entertain a thought that they really do contradict one another; I believe that it is some fault in me, not in the truth." You know you sometimes go to the stationer's, and you ask for a picture of such and such a church. "Yes, sir," he says, and brings you out a picture; and you say, "There are two pictures here." "O, no, sir," he says, "that is only one." "But," you say, "there are two, and this one takes the view a little further to the right, and that, apparently, a little more to the left. I do not understand your giving me two pictures." "O, sir," he says, "that is only one; and, if you look at it right, you will find that the two will melt into one, and stand out very clearly and beautifully, much better than in an ordinary print." You look, and look again, and say, "There seem to be two, as far as I can see; and I cannot make them to be one." "Stop," says he. He opens his drawers and fetches out a stereoscope. "Now," says he, "just put your eyes there." "O, yes," you say, "I see it is only one now; the two pictures have melted into one." I believe there are many truths in Scripture that are just like two pictures on a stereoscopic slide; they are really one, only you and I have not the stereoscope. When we get to heaven we shall get a stereoscope; and then they will appear to be one; and we shall see that conflicting truths, such as free-agency and Divine sovereignty, were only different views after all of the same truth taken from a little different angle; and we shall see how God gave us both the truths, and how foolish we were to go against them. Now, that man, I take it, is proved to be right who, when he is thus tried with superior light, says, "Well, yes, I have been wrong in many of my thoughts and reasonings; the more I learn of God's revelation the more I will open my heart to receive it." I like a brother who is ready to advance. I think, as a church, we ought always to be advancing. It strikes me, for instance, that the breaking of bread should be every Lord's-day; the more I read the Scripture the more I feel that it is an ordinance that should be commemorated every Sabbath-day. "Well, but it has been usually once a month: what matters it?" If it be Scriptural to have it four times in the month, be it so. And suppose anybody says, "We were in grievous error before;" let them take the benefit of their charity if they like, meanwhile let us get the benefit of the alteration, and do it, saying, "If ever a truth starts up, and fresh light comes, I will follow: whatsoever thou hast to say unto me, speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." This is by no means a very small trial to the Christian man, to be tried by fresh light.

Don't you think it is a very sharp trial to be tried by other loves? You have an only child. How fond you are of that girl! How your heart is knit to that boy! You have a dear husband, properly enough you love him; but, ah! improperly enough you idolize him. Or, alas! it is a brother, or sister, or some other Christian man, and your heart is set on that object. Do you know what Jesus says to you? He has said, "There is a disciple that loves me; he says he does; I will see if he does; I will give him that child, and I will see which he loves best; I will give him that wife, I will give her that husband; I will see now whether I really am King in that heart or no." And in how many cases have we mournfully to suspect that Jesus Christ was not King! O dear friends! it is sad to think of it if some of us were tried by that test: "If any man love father or mother, son or daughter more than me, he is not worthy of me." If some are tried that way what a trial it must be to them! And there are many that fail here, and many Christians would fail perhaps only that God on a sudden comes like a great iconoclast and breaks their

images in pieces, and utterly spoils their gods; and then they are compelled to go to Christ and say, "Yes, I do love thee." But perhaps that was hardly true, while the idol was still in the way. It is a hard thing to have other dear friends to love; it is a blessed privilege as we reckon it; but it is a hard trial to have these fair things put in competition with Jesus. Happy are ye if ye have been tried and yet have stood the trial!

I believe God often proves his servants by opening up to them fresh fields of labour. It has been my lot when I have been busy about my Master's service here and there to come to a certain corner or angle, and see before me what I had never seen before—a great field ripe to the harvest; and perhaps flesh and blood have said, "Well, you have enough to do here; this is your lot." I believe, then, God is trying the man to see whether he is willing to begin that new work which is opening to him. Perhaps it is a work in which nobody else has ever engaged, and when you begin it some excellent friend shrugs his shoulder and says, "O dear brother, how imprudent!" I think there is no word in the English language that deserves more of my esteem, and yet of which I have a greater and more insufferable contempt from the misuse of it than the word "prudence." O! the many times I have it whistled in my ears—"Prudence!" and this is the meaning of the word "prudence" according to the translation I have given of it by these brethren: never act upon faith. If you can see your way clear, that is to say if you are strong enough to do it yourself, do it, but never go beyond your own strength; do not attempt anything in which other people would differ from you in opinion; along the cool sequestered vale of life keep you the even tenour of your way; if there are giant Goliaths, go to bed, and let giant Goliaths defy the hosts of Israel as he likes; if there are nations that want help—Macedonians that cry, "Come over and help us"—tell somebody else what the Macedonians said, and say, "What a pity it is that nobody will go!" If Jesus calls, and duty too, just mind that you are so far off that you cannot hear the call; like some militiamen I have heard of, who always say, when the trumpet and the bugles sound for them to come to drill, that they never heard it, because they take wonderfully good care to be always so far away that the sound cannot reach them. And there are many such Christians as that, who always get out of the sound of the bugle-note. "O yes, of course, Lord Shaftesbury presided at the meeting, and the Bishop of London, and this member of the privy council, and that county member of Parliament, were present, and it must be the right thing to do, therefore I will go and do what I can to help it; but I do not desire new work. Some woman who has found out the missing link, or somebody or other, is just going to try some absurd, Quixotic scheme for the conversion of the people, but I could not think of giving a shilling for that, because, you see, that is a work of prayer and faith; but the other has a committee, treasurer, vice-presidents, and patrons innumerable, almost as many as the lords, governors, and counsellors that came to Nebuchadnezzar at the door of the burning fiery furnace." Most people like those things in which there are plenty of great armies; but there are chosen men who always stand when there is nothing to rest upon but the bare arm of God. This seems to be the trial of the Christian when he can dare to say, "This is the field of usefulness which God has put in my way; though my strength is not sufficient, I have faith; here I am, and I will do it." "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." "Awake, awake Deborah; awake, awake, utter a song. Arise, Barak, and lead thy captivity captive, thou son of Abinoam." "Shake thyself from the dust, and arise, O Jerusalem! loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion! for thy God is in the midst of thee, and if thou wilt but do and dare for him, when proved in the day of trial, thou shalt have his blessing upon thee, and that right early and abundantly."

III. Multitudes of other proofs suggest themselves, but our time, I perceive, flies,

and probably you perceive it more than I do. Let us come, therefore, to the closing question, and just see what has been the result of all those provings through which we have passed. Well, I think, dear friends, we have lost a good deal by our provings. We have gained much, but we have had our heavy losses likewise. "What," says one, "lost anything by God's proving me?" Yes, brother, I will tell you one or two of the things you have lost. I think you have lost that habit of putting your trust so much in earthly things, so many trees have been cut down that you built on, that you begin to wish to build somewhere beyond the stars; you find that this is not your rest. If you have lost that, you have lost something. Have you not lost that habit of talking so positively about what you mean to do? A good thing if you have. You do not glitter so much, but there is more gold in you. You do not flash and sparkle, and make so much noise, but the waters run deeper because they are stiller; they run stiller because they are deeper. You have lost that habit of boasting in an arm of flesh. As the result of your being proved you have lost that disposition to invite trial. I know a Christian woman, I think she is here this evening, who had not any trouble for some time, and that Christian woman was very troubled about having no trouble. She prayed to God to send her some; she will never pray that again. She was like unto a child whom I heard crying in the street, and his mother opened the window and asked him what he cried for; and when he said "Nothing," she said he should have something to cry for before long. There are many children of that sort; they think they cannot be children of God because they are not always living in hot water; but when they get the trial they never think that again—never. These are some of the things we have lost. We go through the Red Sea of trial; some few things we leave in the Red Sea along with the Egyptians; may they never be washed up again. One has learned, by being proved, to lose that habit of treading quite so hard on the ground as we used to do. We used to tread on other people sometimes; by being proved, we tread more gently. We used to push and say, "If the man is in my way I cannot help it; now we walk a little more carefully, we do not wish to touch other people's sore places, because we know our own. I heard a dear brother say the other night, that I comforted the doubters a great deal too much; I thought if that dear brother had to go through some of the deep waters we ourselves have known in connection with this church, he would find the doubters want a great deal more comforting than he thinks for; for when one has been in the dungeon, and has not been able to read his own title clear, and when there have been times when sin and Satan have so prevailed over grace that one can only say, "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" then we have wanted something very sweet and very comforting. I do not think that such a Christian knows much of doing business on the great waters who does not feel sometimes as if he would give all he has to have but as good a hope as the meanest lamb in Jesus' fold. And, dear friends, we lose that habit of being so hard and speaking so loftily, the false confidence, and the presumptuous boast; and these are blessed losses. Lord, send us many such losses. Then, we gain. Here I cannot tell what we gain. I never read a list of the ear-rings and the bracelets that the Israelitish women gained from the Egyptians; and I cannot, therefore, give you a category of all the golden jewels, and silver bracelets, and the rich ruby tiaras that Christians get from the depths of their tribulation. We get all sorts of things, all sorts of choice things. Was it not Rutherford who said he drank many sorts of God's wine, but the wine which was the sourest of all was the sweetest when it was down? And so assuredly it is. There are many sorts of bread that we eat, that are very delightful—many breads of heaven, but that which is baked on the coals, just as the bread which Elijah ate was baked on the coals, that is the meal that makes us go forth in the strength thereof forty days. All bread that comes from God is good; but that which the black ravens with their hoarse throats bring to us, that is the bread which is

most fit for God's prophets. All our passages through the fiery furnace make us like swords when they are well annealed; they are ready to cut right through the bone; it makes us true Jerusalem blades thus to be put through and through the fire. Well, brother, you and I shall not cease from being tried until we get to heaven, and then it will be all over; and we shall sing, and this shall be the sweet note of it, "Thou hast proved us, O God; and blessed be thy name for it; before we were afflicted we went astray; but now have we kept thy law." There are many here who, I fear, if they were proved would be found to be dross. Let such remember that God by his grace can transmute the vilest metal into the purest gold. One touch of the cross of Christ; one drop of his precious blood can turn the sinner into a saint. "God is able of stones to raise up children unto Abraham." And however great and vile your sins may be there is life in a look at the crucified One. One glance at the bleeding Saviour and your sins are forgiven. A simple act of trust, and habit of confidence in Jesus, and you are saved. And then from that time forth, though you have trial, you shall bless God for it; and we shall meet in heaven to praise the name of the Most High, world without end. Amen.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### THE HARVEST.

BY THE REV. S. LILLYCROP.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness."—Psalms lxx. 11.

THE Christian eyes the hand of God in everything, in nature, in grace, in prosperity, in adversity, and in every step he takes with regard to the present world, and in that narrower path he walks which leads him to an eternal day. Thus, David, who was encumbered with all the affairs of a nation, found time to retire for meditation on God's works in the heavens, the earth, and the sea, as well as on his dealings with the Church in the wilderness, in the city, and in its final triumphs, and he sweetly sings to his well-tuned harp—"Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion;" then casting his eyes over the luxuriant vales of Canaan, and beholding them covered with the rich produce of nature, the waving yellow corn, the clustered vines, the noble palms, and the enticing pomegranates, he exclaims in ecstasy of joy, "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness." This is true—

1. In regard to the natural year, especially that we are now passing through, which bids fair to be one of the finest ever known by the sons of men. Ah, what a contrast to the seven years' famine experienced by the Egyptians in the days of Joseph, "when they ate the

bread of astonishment and drank the waters of gall!" But, why should we go back to ages past for scenes of sorrow, when Ireland, but a few years since, experienced all the horrors of famine? We saw, we felt, we commiserated their condition, and relieved their wants. But now, on every side, in every country nearly under heaven, plenty and prosperity meet our eyes, excepting where slavery and war curse the land. Let no child of God be insensible to such abounding mercy, but let every one that feareth the Lord shout forth his worthy praise, and cry out from the fulness of their hearts, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." How sweetly has Addison tuned his poetic lyre, as if inspired by the spirit of the good, he chants in measured lays—

"When all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise."

2. In regard to the spiritual harvest. "The Lord crowns the year with his goodness, and his clouds drop fatness." In John xii. 24 our Lord says—"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." A corn of wheat fell into the earth, the true seed from heaven; it died, it brought forth a marvellous increase on the day of Pentecost. Three thousand were brought to

God as the first fruits of the dear Redeemer's death and resurrection, and wherever this blessed Gospel has been preached with power and the Holy Ghost, from that day to the present, fruits abundantly have been brought forth, to the praise of the glory of his grace, and this on the most unlikely soils. Who would have ever expected that Barbarians, Scythians, Greeks, and Hebrews should have united in the celebration of the cross of Jesus, in commemorating his dying love, and in spreading forth his name and his fame to the very ends of the earth? Yet, such has been the effect of the sufferings of Jesus, and the glory that has followed in every age of the power of the Spirit. That every illuminated child of God is looking with anticipation and delight, while he views the fields now so white to the harvest in the plains of Hindostan, the African Continent, and the isles of the sea. But the saying of Jesus, when walking in incarnate dignity on earth, is true in this day: "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few." Surely, then, it becomes every disciple of the Lord to plead at a throne of grace, that Jehovah would thrust more labourers into his harvest. Reader, art thou gathered to Christ, or art thou yet on the wild mountains of nature, ready to be trodden under foot of the wild boar of the forest? Or, in other words, art thou among the tares or the wheat? Ah! remember their different destinations—the barn and the burning! A short time will decide thy destiny. However, "now is the accepted time, to-day is the day of salvation."

3. In regard to the harvest of the last day, when all the elect from the four quarters of the globe, which are hid in graves or the ocean, who have passed through life in poverty or power; who have suffered a martyr's death, or have traversed the pilgrim's state on earth in the quietude of a shepherd's life, or the bustle of a throne; as preacher of the Gospel, or as a humble hearer of its blessed truths, shall be brought forth at the trump of the archangel to take their session at Christ's right hand, when he shall come in all the dignity of his divinity and power, to be admired by all them that love him—"For to him shall the gathering of the people be." How

awfully has our gracious Lord delineated that truly solemn, but delightful event, in the 25th of Matthew, where he says, "When the Son of man shall come in his glory and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all nations." Sinners and saints, hypocrites and real Christians, the thief on the cross and David the king, Luther and Calvin, Bunyan and Spurgeon. O—

"Day of judgment, day of wonders!  
Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round.

How the summons

Will the sinner's heart confound!"

O! reader, what will be thy destiny in that day; heaven, or hell? If thou art an enemy of Christ now, and live and die so, thou wilt be damned! Thou mayest well shudder at the thought. But, flee to Jesus. The harvest is not yet over. "He receiveth sinners and eateth with them." But, O ye believing sons of God, rejoice, for "the time of your redemption draweth nigh."

Our Psalmist sings, "Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion, and unto thee shall the vow be performed!" What songs of sublime adoration and praise should ascend from every part of Britain's favoured isle, for the abundant crops which the good Lord hath bestowed upon us, this year especially, when war and misery are darkening other lands! Truly Britain's favoured race should exclaim, as they go up to the courts of the Lord, to give thanks to the name of the Lord, "We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy Temple."

Windsor.

## DIVINE BOUNTY.

BY REV. W. FRITH.

"DAY unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge," were the words of a very wise, pious, and observant man, who saw "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything." The seasons passed not away from before him without making some powerful, useful, and abiding impressions upon his sanctified mind. His reflecting spirit saw the Giver in the gift, saw wisdom in the creature that often led him to a devout consideration of Him "who made every-

thing beautiful in its season," Eccles. iii. 11. And how correspondent was the habit of David his father—"When I consider the heavens, the works of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained," &c., Psalm viii. 3; and, too, the example of Him who said to his disciples, "Consider the lilies of the field, &c."

Nature appears to be the volume in which many sweet and important lessons may be learned; and we see that David, Solomon, and Jesus taught themselves and others from its instructive pages. But in the present season Nature has turned over another leaf of her volume, and presents a landscape picture of Divine goodness—"The valleys are covered over with corn; they shout for joy; they also sing," Psalm lxx. 13. Ceres, with her smiling face, holds the cornucopia; the hills glisten with the golden grain, "already ripe unto the harvest; the barns are filled with plenty, and the presses burst with new wine." Truly our great Benefactor has once again opened his hand, and supplied the need of every living thing. We are again reminded of the covenant made with Noah, Genesis viii. 22, "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and day and night, and summer and winter, shall not cease." For more than 3,000 years Divine goodness and faithfulness have been pouring their bounties into the lap of ungrateful mortals. Year after year has witnessed a regular return of goodness commensurate to the wants of mankind, though sometimes exportation and importation have been necessary to equalise for the necessary consumption of "the tribes scattered abroad." And cold and impious must be the tongue that would not celebrate a cheerful "harvest home," and join the jubilant strains of a grateful recipient.

But time is ebbing fast; the sands are nearly gone; Old Saturn is speeding swiftly, and "we know not what a day may bring forth!" Then, while we may have "olive-yards and vineyards," while we have "much good laid up," and our "fields have yielded a hundred-fold," and we have received the bounties with some emotions of thankfulness to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," have we also "treasure in hea-

ven?" and have we "a right to the tree of life in the midst of the paradise of God?" O! these are momentous questions, and full with eternal importance, pregnant with issues, stretching far beyond the limits of Time's sandy shore, and affect our weal or woe in "the world to come."

O, that we may "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," knowing that all these earthly bounties, upon the security of the Noah covenant, "shall be added unto us;" for "though the lions may lack and suffer hunger, yet they that fear the Lord shall not want any good thing."

*Borough Green, Kent.*

## THE CHURCH AT PHILIPPI: ITS ELDERSHIP OF BISHOPS.

BY REV. R. H. CARSON.

(Continued from p. 236.)

### 3. *They required the same qualifications.*

Let any one turn to 1 Tim. iii. 1-7, and Titus i. 5-11, and say—do these portions look like a division of order in the elder-ship? If elders were of different orders, why, in the first place, are they not separately described? When Paul deals with two orders confessedly distinct (the order of bishops and the order of deacons), he specifies in two distinct passages what each must be. "A bishop must be," &c. "Likewise also must the deacons be," &c., 1 Tim. iii. 1-13. Now why has not this, or something like this, been done for the supposed secondary class of elders? If there were elders who were not pastors, i.e., a third order in the church, how come they to be wholly omitted in this enumeration of the qualifications of church-officers? Surely had such an order existed, it would have had a separate description from the pen of the apostle. In that case we must have read something to this effect, "A pastor must be," &c. "Likewise must elders be," &c. "And so also must deacons be," &c. But nothing of the kind appears in the text.

Again, if there were two orders of elders, why are they not only not separately described, but why are they described *precisely in the same terms, and by precisely the same characters?* This is utterly inconceivable on the supposition of a double order. When

Paul describes the two orders of bishops and deacons, he not only describes them separately, but his description of the latter, though similar, is by no means the same with that of the former, 1 Tim. 1-13. If, then, there were two orders of elders, why are they not only not distinguished in the sacred text, but why is there not at least some variety in the qualifications required? To all, without distinction or reserve, the same things are made essential. Nay, of all it is said that they must be "apt to teach." But if there was an order inferior to another order, an order who had nothing to do with teaching—who were mere lay assistants and not pastors—how will this be accounted for? Would it not be the extreme of absurdity to require the possession of a talent which in no case was to be exercised?

4. *At Philippi, at least, there was but one order.* If at Philippi there had been, as some tell us, presbyters as distinct from bishops, why are they omitted in the apostolic salutation? It will not do to say they were less worthy of notice than the bishops; for to this it may be replied, the deacons (a lower order in the church) are mentioned. Can we, then, with any show of reason, imagine that an order superior to these, and coming, as is supposed, between them and the bishop, had such order existed, would have been quite neglected in the address of the apostle?

Again, if in the Philippian Church there had been, as others say, a pastor officially superior to the episcopate or eldership of that church, how comes it that he too is unnoticed by the apostle? There is not the slightest allusion to any but those that are termed *bishops*, which, as our friends themselves contend, is only another name for elders. We do not read, as in modern formulae, "To the saints which are at Philippi, with the *pastor*, bishops, and deacons," but simply, "To the saints," &c., "with the *bishops* and deacons." One of two things, then, must be true,—either that at Philippi there was no such thing as an eldership with a minister at its head, or, which is inconceivable, that the latter, though the leading man in the church, was overlooked by the apostle. Beyond a doubt, if Paul is not guilty of an unpardonable oversight, there were

not among the Philippians the three orders of pastor, elders, and deacons.

We are aware, indeed, that in view of this difficulty it has been observed, that under the general designation of "bishops," we are to include not only the eldership of a church, but its minister also. But if this may be done on behalf of the minister and his elders, why may it not also be done on behalf of the bishop and his presbyters? Surely the term employed by the apostle is as good for the one as it is for the other. If the "bishops" of the inspired text will not cover the diocesan and his clergy, neither certainly will it the minister and his session. In truth, however, it will cover neither. The supposition is utterly at variance with the usage of language. That two offices so distinct and separate as the office of the ministry and the office of the eldership should be known by the same appropriated term, is simply impossible. This, as my late father has shown, the practice of our friends themselves puts beyond a question. They never speak of ministers and elders by the same appropriated name. Though they maintain that the term *elder* includes both the minister and his subordinates, they apply it, as it thus stands, exclusively to the latter. If they have occasion to use it of the higher order, they are obliged, to avoid being misunderstood, to introduce the prefix *teaching*; and so we have the *lay* or *ruling* elder, and the *ministerial* or *teaching* elder. If, then, the term *elder*, in our own language, will not by itself alone distinguish more than the order generally so named, how will that term, or its equivalent "bishops," designate a double order at Philippi?

Such are some of the grounds on which we conclude that primitive elders, and with a special clearness those at Philippi, were officially equal, or belonged strictly to the same class. We are not, however, hence to infer that there was absolutely no distinction among the elders of apostolic times. Although of one order and equal by right of office, they were not equal *in gifts and attainments*, and were not therefore usually employed in the same departments of labour. While some were especially qualified for the higher functions of the office, and were of course

especially given to the discharge of those functions, others were of less shining abilities, and consequently for the most part had less important duties assigned them. In an apostolic eldership, while each member might, when required, labour in any department of the office, each was usually engaged in that department for which he was best fitted. This is precisely the distinction suggested in the celebrated passage, 1 Tim. v. 17. That passage, indeed, has been taken by many to imply much more. It has been supposed to create two orders of elders,—an order of ruling, and an order of teaching elders; the first “the elders that rule well,” and the second those “who labour in the word and doctrine.” Not to remark, however, that the elders referred to by the apostle are all described as “treaders out of the corn,” “labourers worthy of reward,” and therefore more than mere rulers in the house of God, it must be obvious that the interpretation in question involves an absurdity. If the passage create two orders of elders, it creates an order *within* an order. If the “elders that rule well” are ruling elders as a distinct class, and the elders that “labour in word and doctrine” teaching elders as a distinct class also, then we have *one distinct class within another distinct class*; for in the inspired text they “who labour in the word and doctrine” are manifestly included in “the elders that rule well.” This the “especially” of the apostle puts beyond dispute. That term is never rightly employed except when used to separate a part from the whole. Thus, in the following Scriptures, 1 Tim. v. 8; iv. 10; 2 Tim. iv. 15; Phil. iv. 22; Titus i. 10; Gal. vi. 10. In the last of these passages the sense is very marked. “Let us do good unto *all men*, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.” Here the reader needs not be told, that “the household of faith” are a part of the “all men,” merely particularized by the use of the adverb. Precisely in the same way they “who labour in the word and doctrine,” are included in “the elders that rule well,” though thus distinguished from them: so that if these phrases are taken to designate different orders of elders, we have an order *within* an order, and thus at once realize the

old absurdity, “Let ruling elders be counted worthy of double honour, especially teaching elders.”

The truth is, however, the “rule” of the inspired text is not descriptive of an order of elders, nor even of a department in the eldership. It designates the *entire office*, including of course all its departments, and the “labouring in word and doctrine” among the rest. The term to which it corresponds in the Greek original, is the very highest that could be employed to denote the pastor or teacher in a church of Christ. The *proestotes* of the apostle, as my father long since observed, are Christ’s *military officers*, and as such appointed to the entire care, training, and disciplining of the army. In the very fullest sense they were the *leaders* of the church; competent to the discharge of every pastoral duty, but devoted of course, for the most part, to those for which they were individually best qualified. In this view of the matter the language of Paul is plain and not without coherence. “The opposition is not between ruling elders and preaching elders, but in the first part of the verse between those who discharge the office well *in general*, and those who are particularly employed and distinguished for talents and labour in that difficult, important, and laborious branch of the office, the preaching continually to large public assemblies.” Thus, if we said, “Let the kings that rule well be counted worthy of double honour, especially those who distinguish themselves as the patrons of religious liberty,” the contrast would not be between kings that merely *rule* or *govern* their subjects, and kings that are distinguished as patrons of religious liberty, but between those that discharge, in an efficient manner, *the whole duties* of a king, and such of these as are especially distinguished in a single branch of the office—the protection of religious liberty. Just so, “the elders that rule well” are not *ruling* elders, but elders that discharge, in an eminent degree, the whole duties of the *pastorate*; and those who “labour in word and doctrine” are such of these as, from the possession of superior talent, are more especially given to the public and stated preaching of the word.

While, then, in 1 Tim. v. 17, we have



not two orders of elders, we have yet a distinction, and a most important one too; in the eldership. All elders had not the same talents; all elders were not, therefore, usually employed in the same departments of labour. "Some were distinguished as public speakers, others as church rulers, others for a talent of private exhortation, peculiarly fitted to converse with saints on the state of their souls, and to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit. Now, while each of these sustained the whole of the pastoral office or character, and might occasionally be employed in any part of it, each was usually employed in that department of his office for which his talents and his temper best fitted him."\*

And who will question the wisdom of this arrangement? "The advantages which would thus accrue to the church are obvious and admirable. It enjoyed the diversity of gifts, while at the same time if any of the elders were absent, or should die, or that it could not procure or support for some time as many elders or pastors as were necessary, any one of them could officiate in the peculiar department of any other. Churches which have not this plurality of pastors and diversity of gifts, are not aware of the disadvantages under which they labour. At the same time, some congregations which have a plurality of pastors, do not seem to know how to use them. They do not assign their pastors, each the peculiar province for which he is best qualified, but each stately labours in every part of the office alternately. This plurality of elders is rather suited to the indolence of the labourer, than the edification of the church. This being the case, the reason of the injunction of the text is obvious and important. All such elders are worthy of 'honourable maintenance;' those who are distinguished in their office have a right to a double portion; especially those who are peculiarly and usually employed in preaching. This requires peculiar, and perhaps rarer talents; much more time, study, and expense to qualify them for the office; has much greater labour and fatigue; exposes much more to public censure and odium; and requires much

more intense application to furnish the mind, so as to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. To discharge this part of the office in a proper manner requires a life solely devoted to it."\*

*Tubbermore, Ireland.*

*(To be continued.)*

## A SIGHT OF JESUS.

BY REV. W. S. BARRINGER.

To the enlightened mind what a sight is here afforded! What mind can realize or tongue tell its glories? Yet without pain we seem to glide into some conceptions of him, alike honourable to God, and beneficial to ourselves. It may be affirmed we can know but little of the thoughts of God: and yet the word leads us to form ideas of the Most High in accordance with his own nature; we neither conceive him to be restless or apathetic. Constantly is the eternal mind pondering over its own conceptions, and working out its own problems. These must ever be grand and sublime because of their source; and precious to us on account of their connection. Amid the vicissitudes of this mortal life, and the changing scenes, that now affect us, a sense of loneliness may creep over the spirit; but how soon removed by the persuasion that the Lord thinketh upon us! That mind so vast that it knows no bounds: so comprehensive that small and large are terms entirely disconnected with it, that mind in which there can be no future, has ever been delighting in the children of men. With a placidity arising from its own completeness and perfection, thoughts of peace, thoughts laden with mercy—and charged with love, are ever exercised towards sinful men, leading those who realize them to cry, "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!" These thoughts can only be understood as *centralized in Jesus*. He is the brightness of the Father's thoughts; clustering around his person and work, the thoughts of God have found expression.

Slowly the wheels of time revolve, and surely do the plans of Jehovah become developed. The wisdom of God is so perfect that no law works but to a

\* Dr. Carson—Works, vol. iv., p. 45.

\* Dr. Carson—Works, vol. iv., pp. 45, 46.

designed end. No rude commotions, or fearful convulsions, arising from man's passions, can prevent the grand machinery of the Divine will working out its own results. Human intellect often errs in judgment here: puny man again and again arrays himself as the opponent of God's plans. But as in nature with slow and gradual steps each mountain top reared its head, and each ocean found the bosom in which it could rest, the sterile rock gave place to the fertile soil; rank vegetation to a flowery earth, and bird, beast, and man made their appearance in the order that infinite wisdom had arranged. Centuries pass away, Egypt, Babylonia, Nineveh, Persia, and Macedonia each fulfil their mission. But why do such kingdoms pass away? Why have patriarch, priest, and prophet lost their influence? Why? Because in Jesus we behold the great development of God's plans.

The thirst for something new has not died away with the Athenians. "Who will show us any good?" is still the utterance of man's heart. Men in their restlessness are ever prone to seek some dream, vision, or new revelation in which to find satisfaction for their sin-tossed spirits. If the skies would but speak, if some extraordinary event would happen, or if angels would tell us the secrets of the Divine mind, we think we could believe. If Egyptian hieroglyphics, Ninevite inscriptions, or the discoveries of science would reveal more of God, then men could learn. If the world of nature was but read, if the truthful pages of God's first book were glossed over, and all the laws of the physical world understood, then men think they shall find out the Almighty to perfection. The Christian, however, takes his stand upon higher ground; the worlds of nature and of grace are open to his view. Science he loves, for, with its ten thousand tongues, it sings the praises of Immanuel, and he is a willing listener to its wondrous expositions. He turns to the Bible and listens to the solemn words of Moses; perturbed and anxious, he hastens on until the sweet singer of Israel, by his touching strains of joy and sorrow intermingled, produces a soothing influence upon him. The evangelical prophet may, by his wondrous prophecies, claim his rapt attention,

but yet he journeys on. John's light attracts him, and now, surely he is the one sought for; but John's light becomes dim before him who is the only begotten of the Father, and has come from the Father's bosom to declare and reveal him. Here the believer finds full satisfaction; by Christ he is brought so near to the Father, that he can hear and understand his will. His wanderings are over. No new revelation is requisite—no fuller enunciation of truth. He sees all truth unfolded in Jesus, and embracing him receives a *full revelation of God*.

Man's nature is a religious one. Men, sunk in gross darkness, worship. Every man bows down and worships some deity. An altar erected to God is found in every man, but sin and ignorance have inscribed upon it, "To the unknown God." However little the God of heaven is known, all must acknowledge, and more or less seek, to propitiate a being above them. The fool may say in his heart "There is no God," but his own spirit constantly protests against such a falsehood. Man, driven from God, by sin, lost his home, his rest, his great solace and joy. A wanderer from God he can but crave a something he has not. Rich and poor, high and low, waited for centuries in expectation of the unfoldings of the future. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob gazed down the vista of life. Patriarch and prophet watched and waited for a coming advent. Kings and their subjects all felt intense interest in the future. The present had to them its joys and sorrows, yet no complete unfolding of the purposes of God—no calm quiet in which peace in its fullness had yet been found. At length the day dawns when herald angels sing the advent of earth's Deliverer and sin's Destroyer. Shepherds see the vision and rejoice. Wise men guided by a wonderful star come to pour their thank-offerings at the feet of the infant Jesus; and the whole earth breaks forth into singing, for Christ, *the desire of all nations*, is seen robed in the garments of salvation.

We see Jesus. Yes; in him we see a friend that exactly suits us. No adaptation was ever so complete as this. Tell me of thirsty lands drinking in the ruin, or that earth's fruits are ripened by the

warmer summer sun: such things are wisely fitted for their work, but none can compare with the fitness of our Saviour to meet every want and desire of the quickened heart.

In him we see such thorough humanity—such perfect sympathy—such extreme tension of strings in that heart of his, that the smallest touch affecting another produces a chord in his own. Here is a friend so stable we can rely without fear of change. Here is a heart to feel for all our woes, a hand to wipe away every tear, and an ear to regard every complaint.

In the glories of the Godhead, veiled though they be beneath the human, yet we see resources of strength and wisdom, which are calculated to remove the heaviest load of care, and stay the boisterous surges of sorrow from overwhelming us. In the fulness of that love which in no disguised manner gushes from his heart, we find a resting place, from whence, unmoved, we may regard the devastating influence of things around, and rejoice in safety. We know that in seeing Jesus we behold the glory of heaven, the joy of earth, the revealer of God and the Saviour of men; and the one, the only one who can satisfy the cravings of man's sensitive spirit, and prove himself a friend that fully suits us.

## THE GOLIATH REFORMER.

A STUDY FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD LEACH,

Author of "Rev. James Hervey, the Model Minister and Christian," &c.

CHAPTER IX.—A GOOD END TO A GOOD LIFE.

THE cry was everywhere raised that Luther had fallen into the hands of his enemies. "Surely," said his friends, "he will be put to death, and there will be none to carry on his work." "It is all over with the Reformation," said others, "now Luther is a prisoner." But our hero was safe, under the best of earthly, and the very best of heavenly, protection. A prince—his old friend the Elector of Saxony—had had him carried off by five horsemen, in order that his life might be saved. In the castle at

Wartburg the pseudo-prisoner remained for nearly a year, free from the power of his persecutors. The general impression amongst the Reformer's friends was that he was dead; others imagined that his tongue had been silenced by the "powers that be;" and even Melancthon at first bewailed the sad end of his beloved compatriot.

If Luther had never performed another action, or uttered another word after his brilliant defence of Truth at the Diet of Worms, he would have effected a mission sufficient for the greatest of men and the noblest of minds. He had with his sharp, smart, dagger-like sentences charmed the intellects of Germanic princes; but, more than that, he had, with his boldness and heroism, given a new phase to the history of the spreading Reformation. He smote the foe with the sharpest weapons he could find. His many accusations, meekly yet honestly expressed, carried conviction with them. The light of Gospel-truth was dawning. Salvation by grace seemed a pleasant truth to those tutored only in penances, confessions, and superstitions. The advantages of free grace balanced against dead works were apparent. The honest convictions of Luther's soul seemed to lay hold of the people, so that they said, "He offers to retract if they prove him in error, but they won't, and it seems as if they can't." And, without doubt, their conclusion was a correct one. Luther, you will see, my reader, did not fling the battle-axe against the constitution and ritual of the Church. He still officiated at church, and yet denounced her great errors. In fact, instead of the Reformation directly opposing the Church, it permeated the greater portion of it. Pulpits that had contained blind devotees of the Papacy were now being filled with men who loved the truth and hated all unrighteousness. It's nonsense to say that there never have been good Roman Catholics. The rites of that church have never generated them, but the grace of God has. In Luther's time there were some noble preachers of salvation, but the day had not arrived when they were called to come out of her, and leave untouched "the unclean thing."

There was a new life in the Church struggling for existence, but not a

new body. And as soon as Luther was hidden in the castle of Wartburg, the Reformation discontinued being centred in one person, and spread itself in a hundred different channels. One head of the movement seemed cut off, but like the hydra, a hundred sprang up instead of it. Luther came forth from his captivity just in time to give a fresh impulse to the spreading movement.

When the time of Luther's confinement expired the Reformation took a more decided character. Before, doctrines and practice had been attacked; now, the rituals and the constitution of the Church were violently assaulted: The rest of the story is an old tale, familiar as household words to the majority of my readers. For their benefit, then, I will briefly condense the remainder of the history of Luther's life and works in as few sentences as possible, as we have to study his actions and character in relation to the necessities of the present age.

Luther first began to see the stupidity of celibacy. That problem which learned men had endeavoured to solve was unentangled by the prettiest and simplest piece of argument the reader can imagine. Why should not a monk marry? Because, said the Church, priests should vow to be holy. Well, said Luther, still keeping in mind his favourite doctrine of justification by faith, the monks make vows in the thought of being justified and saved by their vows; consequently, what ought to be ascribed to the free mercy of God is attributed to meritorious works. Luther believed in marriage ever after. A few years passed, and he married, as all the world knows, a nun. Bloated old Henry VIII., afterwards the man of many wives, denounced the marriage as incest. The priests bitterly said, Antichrist is sure to be the fruit of such a union; for it has been prophesied that he is to be born of a monk and a nun; whereupon the learned Erasmus wittily and ironically rejoined, "If that prophecy be true, how many thousands of Antichrists there are in the world already!"

Before Luther left his confinement at Wartburg he commenced translating the Bible into the German tongue—an unpardonable offence with the priestly hierar-

chy. It was, however, one of the greatest blessings to the nation. He completed this translation a few years afterwards. Then he attacked the self-styled "Defender of the Faith" in England—the licentious Henry VIII.—and wrote many a pamphlet against the abuses of the Church. At last, after serving God faithfully, he died, exclaiming with fervour, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth."

With Luther died one of the noblest and sublimest geniuses that ever shed a genial lustre upon mankind. He lived a Christian: he died one. By his boldness he infused the spirit of nobleness into the minds of those who, in England, were about to put on the martyr's cloak. He came into the world a weakling; he went out of it a giant. He was born in obscurity; he died surrounded by German nobles. He came into the world unknown; he went out of it well-known, respected, beloved. He came into being commissioned with a noble work that none but a Martin Luther could perform; and were it not for the daily, hourly help of the Lord he could not have waded through a tithe of the difficulties which surrounded him. This was the secret of his success: it was not in himself. He attributed it all to the First Cause, and renounced his own strength, calling it his weakness. He was a man of prayer; and this was the forerunner of all his successes. Had he—a poor, insignificant monk—to maintain his own opinions before the assembled princes of his country, he must needs seek Divine help to do it. It was prayer that strengthened him; prayer was the precursor of a mighty reformation that knew no control and could not be extinguished; it was this that inspired the Reformer with further courage, and made him bold and earnest in the advocacy of truth, fearless and reckless amid the opposition of powerful legions of foes.

His life throughout is the best exposition I know of, of the exhortation of the Apostle Paul, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord he shall receive the reward of the inheritance, for ye serve the Lord Christ." And, with this in view, he firmly and un-

dauntedly scaled the mountains of superstition; and by the translation of the Bible rolled down the torrent of ignorance then swamping all noble purposes. He saw the awful corruptions of the clergy, and the infidelity of those who had sworn to defend truth: he saw with indignation the iniquities flowing from the celibacy of the clergy; and he struck hard, right and left, without mercy, at them all. He was surprised and angered in witnessing the corruptions of Rome, and nobly, and with undaunted intrepidity—careless of imprecations and excommunications—warned and exhorted the priests to flee from their iniquities. He lived nobly; his character shone forth in bright resplendent rays; and, dying, he left a name honoured throughout Christendom, admired by enemies, and revered by his friends.

*London.*

#### A SIMPLE PARABLE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MARSHALL.

THERE was once a bright little stream that, like many a one of us, made a sad mistake in life. It used to run along its course so merrily, its waves dancing in the sunlight, prattling noisily as it tumbled over the stones in the shallows, and singing softly as it glided in the shadows of the big trees on its banks. It was a good little stream, and, therefore, as happy as the days were long. All the fields along its course thanked it in soft fragrant breezes for the kindly refreshment it administered. Its banks were gemmed with bright flowers that nodded their heads to the stream as it passed, in token of their grateful friendship. And the birds would sip its sparkling waters, and then pour forth floods of happy song to tell how they loved the stream that made the landscape so fair, and the fields so fertile.

But at last the stream grew weary of its usefulness. It began to fret that it had to work so hard night and day, while the trees, and the flowers, and the waving corn, and the big boulder stones had nothing to do but rest still and enjoy themselves. And then the little river became sullen and lazy, and at last it said, "I won't work so hard any longer! Why should I care for the world? it is very ungrateful and does not care much for me. I declare I won't be a slave any longer; I'll do as I like and take my ease. I'll hide myself away and sleep in the sun, and I won't work any more!" So the discontented stream, grown weary in well-doing, took a sudden turn and crept away to a lone, low, marshy valley, shut in by hills, and there it spread itself into a great pool and lay down to sleep. It soon became dark and stagnant; masses of ragged reeds and rushes grew along its margin; a thick green slime covered its bosom; the birds all flew away in sorrow, and croaking frogs and toads, and ungainly reptiles and poisonous snakes became its companions. How different its influence now! Exhalations of noxious vapours rose from its stagnant waters and carried fever and death into many a happy home. Meanwhile there were many thirsty fields waiting for the stream, and wondering why it did not come in to them.

My reader, is your life the living stream of Christian usefulness, or is it the stagnant marsh of selfishness and sin? O Christian, grow not weary in well-doing, for he who neglects to water others may soon find his own graces stagnant. Let us all hear the gracious words of our Christ, "He that believeth on me, out from his inward life shall rivers of waters flow."

*Grafton-street Chapel.*

## Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," &c.

### A MOTHER'S SPECIAL PRAYER.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE FIRST PRAYER.

Not really the first prayer she ever offered on her children's behalf—for her

first-born was now six years old—and a prayerless mother, a woman who for six

years never asked a blessing from the Highest for the children of her love, must be such a woman as Mrs. Smith certainly was not. She was a Christian woman, and, morning, noon, and night, she carried her little ones to Jesus; but the special prayers and their answers, which we have to record, are those which, perhaps, most mothers know something about; prayers wrung out of an agonizing heart by some great, some unutterable sorrow; a prayer which takes hold of the Infinite, and says, in wild perseverance, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Perhaps many a mother now reading these lines can remember times like this, and has erected Ebenezer stones over those spots in her memory, for that surely, in answer to her importunate supplication, the Lord appeared to help.

Mrs. Smith has erected her stones—some of them rather blotched and blurred by years—and stained by many tears—some of them fresh, and plain, and prominent—so prominent she never can forget them. It is not a new idea—but it may as well be mentioned—that we know not what great events hang upon little things. In like manner we know not, often, for what we ask; because the answer, in itself longed for, may be the precursor of so many events following each other through a long course of years which we never thought of, never expected to see. And some of us have to be taught by painful experience one little lesson, that it is safer to couple all our prayers with the proviso, "*Thy will be done.*"

One bright Sabbath in September, Mrs. Smith passed an unusually happy afternoon with her little ones. The Bible pictures were gazed at more eagerly than ever, and her judicious, interesting words of explanation listened to with the greatest attention. They clung to her, looking into her face with their bright eyes, while the mother's heart yearned towards them as perhaps it had never done before. With Alfred, whose sixth birthday had been celebrated the day before, she was especially pleased. His intelligent remarks, his questions, his thoughtful face, where now and then the boyish sparkle of his dark eyes was quenched by a tear, all touched the woman's heart beating so thankfully be-

side them, as only a mother, perhaps, could describe. The last picture was one best of all calculated to move the little ones—a picture we all love to look upon; only a picture, after all, and very far removed from the reality, could we but have gazed upon that—Jesus laying his hands upon the children, and blessing them. Then they all knelt beside her—Alfred leaning his curly head on his mother's clasped hands, while she prayed that Jesus would also bless her little ones.

Afterward, in the years which followed, she remembered that sunny afternoon, with every one of its incidents.

Immediately afterward came the pleasant tea-time—serious, so that the children should not forget it was Sunday, but full of love, full of happiness, so that they might

"Love that blessed day,  
The best of all the seven."

Then the children were left in charge of the servant, while the parents went to sit around the Lord's table.

Many felt it good to be there; it was a time of refreshing to many. But, perhaps, no heart was so entirely at peace that evening as that of Mrs. Smith. Her lines had fallen in pleasant places, her life was very full of joy; and she brought a thank-offering into the Lord's house that night—a grateful, contented spirit, that was happy to leave its all in the hands that had never failed her hitherto. It was almost like heaven itself—that perfect trust—that entire reliance, sincere and very strong. She felt thankful for it then, and ever after; but she was only a weak woman after all, only human, never dreaming how soon her trust was to be put to the test.

The calm moonlight evening tempted her and her husband to take a walk after service; rather an unusual circumstance, but they wanted to mingle with nature a little before seeking their home. Mr. Smith, a shrewd intelligent man of business, had no thoughts for the coming week that evening; he was softened and sympathetic more than usual, and he listened, pleased and thankful, while his wife described the pleasant afternoon she had spent with their children.

It was getting late when they reached home, and they were, therefore, the more astonished when they reached

home to find their door open, and several persons standing there evidently in earnest conversation. These persons all seemed to shrink away at their approach—they were apparently undesirous of speaking to them—for they turned their faces and passed out.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Mr. Smith, not liking the appearance of things; and his wife stepped forward anxiously, for she had caught sight of the tearful face of Ann, the servant who had been left in charge of the children. No one replied for some seconds, but, upon Mr. Smith repeating his question somewhat sharply, a man stepped forward.

"No, Mr. Smith, I don't think there is anything very serious the matter: but Alfred—ahem—we can't find Alfred. Doubtless he is not far away; but your servant has missed him, and was inquiring of us, if we had happened to meet him anywhere."

"O, Ann!" It was a cry that went piercingly through every one's heart. It broke from the lips of Mrs. Smith, blanched and trembling in a moment.

"We will not be frightened, dear," said the firm voice of her husband, "and we will leave Ann's scolding," with an attempt at a smile, "until we have found him. Now, Ann, tell me all about it—hide nothing."

"After you were gone, sir, I took the children into the garden, and they walked about until it was near dusk. I did not notice that Alfred was gone until I called them in—then we could not find him anywhere."

"What time was that?"

"About seven, sir."

"Well?"

"I thought he must have gone into the meadow behind the garden, but I could not see him there; and ever since I have been looking for him as well as I could, while being afraid to leave the house. Now you are come home, sir, pray let me go and look for him."

"We will all do that," he said quietly, "except you, darling; we had better leave you at home."

"No, no, George, I could not stay: I must look for him too."

The persons at the door volunteered their assistance.

"We shall find him somewhere near,"

he said; "he would not go far from home, so we will not alarm our neighbours, or make a fuss about it in any way; but as you know of it I shall be glad of your help."

They were organized, each taking a district for himself, Mr. Smith reserving the one in which he felt almost sure his boy must be.

Before he started, he drew his wife into the room, to say one word.

"Alice, the Master has been with us at the table: do you feel that he will forsake us now?"

"No, no; but let us make haste, George."

"You were so sure of his love an hour ago, you felt that he loved you. Has he changed, think you, in a little hour?"

"No, George, no."

"Then let us trust him, my darling. He cannot do wrong. All will be well."

They went into the meadows behind their house, and beyond that into the hop-garden, where they sometimes walked, calling his name, peering into every corner, hastening to every dark object, which might be their child—Mr. Smith speaking encouragingly to his wife.

"I am glad it happens to be moon-light; if it had been dark there would have been less chance of our finding him."

"But the hop-garden is very dark."

"Yes, it would be dark by seven, so I think he would scarcely have ventured here. The overhanging branches make it dull, even in the day-time."

Presently the mother's calmness grew less and less; she separated from her husband, going anxiously in every likely direction, frequently fancying she saw him, always doomed to disappointment.

So they walked, and searched, and prayed, until presently there came booming through the silence the loud sounds of the church clock striking the hour of ten.

Then she cried aloud. But the steady voice beside her said, "Alice, you must not give way; we shall surely find him."

Yet a longer search, and then they returned home, hoping for the best, yet trembling with fear of the worst.

"Had he come?"

"No."

"Had no one found him?"

"No."

But some one had heard of him.

"The porter at the railway-station declares that he saw him. He says he went by the seven o'clock train to Holton, with a lady and gentleman."

That was strange news. They could not understand it. "He knows no one at Holton," said the mother; "Did the porter know the gentleman he was with?"

"I think he said he did not, but he seems sure it was your boy."

Away to the railway-station, where the porter described the persons, especially Alfred—of whose identity they felt certain, from his description.

"I will go to Holton at once," said the father. "I cannot understand it; but doubtless it will be all right at last."

A train would start in a few minutes, and they prepared to go, Mrs. Smith being determined to accompany her husband.

What a change from the stillness of the sanctuary, where Jesus was, to the bustle of the railway-station, the noise of the engine!

Arrived at Holton, their course was full of difficulty; they could not go and arouse the town, by this time nearly asleep in quiet security; they could not go and search every house. What was to be done?

They made inquiries at the station, but could learn nothing, the ticket-collector positively declaring that no such persons came to Holton by the train in question. He was certain that only two elderly persons got out. Not content with that, they went to the hotels,

to the police-station, everywhere they could think of, but could hear no tidings of the lost one.

There was nothing to be done but to return by the midnight train, with sinking hearts and hollow eyes, and scarcely a ray of hope left to them.

What passed in that mother's heart during that dreary midnight ride no one can describe! Only she herself, and the God who sees us at all times, ever knew. Her husband guessed, and feared to break the silence.

So sure had they been that the child would be found at Holton that they had given up search for a time. The sad faces that looked from the carriage-window told its own tale. And they walked the fields and lanes, through the night, until the grey morning came, and still they searched in vain.

Then the mother's agony broke through all the barriers.

"O God," she cried, "I *must* have my child. I cannot live without him, whatever else thou deniest give me back my child!"

Half-an-hour afterwards they found him in a pit near the hop-garden, very taint, and cold, and ill, but living.

He told them afterwards he wanted to show Fred Jones the picture of Jesus blessing the little children, and stole out for fear Ann should object. Fred Jones lived at the next village. He did not see the hole, and could not remember how he came in it.

But there were shouts of rejoicing that day, and fervid thanksgiving too. For God had answered Mrs. Smith's special prayer.

## Reviews.

*Bunyan Library.* Vol. XI. *Memoir of the Life and Writings of Andrew Fuller.* By his Grandson, THOMAS EKINS FULLER. London: J. Heaton & Son, 21, Warwick-lane.

INSTEAD of the fathers shall be the children; so we thought as we took up this last volume of the Bunyan Library. It is only as yesterday that Fuller was exercising his ministry in our churches, arousing the connexion to missionary effort, and sending from the press his ever-living expositions of divine truth. And now, lo! his grandson

issues his life, so that really a third generation is in full force and activity. Andrew Fuller's influence will be perpetuated to the end of time, so that there really was wanting a good portable life, and a clear readable critique of his labours and writings. This is now supplied, and it appears to present a condensed survey of what we knew, with a good amount of fresh and admirable information. It cannot fail to meet with a very cordial and extensive welcome. It has our heartiest and best wishes.



*The Child's Baptism. The Importance of Infant Baptism.* A Letter to a Friend who had been disquieted on the subject of Baptism by Anabaptist Relatives. By the Rev. GEO. VENABLES, S. C. L., F. R. A. S., Incumbent of Friesland, Yorkshire. London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster-row.

WE have given this wondrous title in all its length, and our readers will believe it is so unique that it ought not to be abridged. The book itself is comprised in a few widely leaved pages, and can be comfortably read in about fifteen minutes. Of course the reverend clergyman, in that space, could not give a reply to all the questions that might be asked on the subject. For instance, the clear and direct authority for the baptism of babes—or for their sprinkling—or what it signifies—or what its effects—or which was the first baby baptized, and by whom, and in what chapter and verse it is to be found. The author has said several things about the subject, which have been answered again and again—and which any decent boy or girl of twelve in our Sunday-schools, with the New Testament in their hand, would effectually demolish. We marvel, also, that Mr. Venables still uses nick-names; for Baptists do not baptize over again, and are, therefore, only Anabaptists in the estimation of ignorant persons, who ought to know better, or bigoted ecclesiastics, who find it easier to call names than to present Scriptural arguments in favour of their pet dogmas. A few thousands of such publications would do more for the promotion of Scriptural sentiments on baptism than all the sermons Baptist ministers could preach or circulate. We would refer the writer to the Revs. Peter, John, Paul, Philip, and, above all, to their Master, for light on a subject which he should, but manifestly does not, understand.

*The Lentiad; or Peter the Pope and his Pioneers the Puseymen, together with anti-Pentateuchal Prelates, Broad-Church and Balaam Ass-men, pommelled and pounded with a Hudibrastic Cudgel.* By a BEEFEATER. Second Edition. Re-arranged and greatly enlarged and edited by the Rev. JOHN ALLAN. London: W. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street. 1863.

SATIRE is a very powerful weapon, and when cleverly handled is capable of very effective results. It is sometimes not only the best, but really the only one that can damage an enemy's stronghold. Butler's "Hudibras" did more to bring both republican principles and religion into ridicule than all the other books and pamphlets that were written, and it lives, and tells, and is constantly quoted to this day. Rank Romanism, Puseyism, and prelatical assumptions are extremely open to this mode of attack, and equally the scepticism of the Churchmen who have obliterated their ordination vows, and have impiously assailed the very foundations of divine truth. The works in prose, and some of them prosy enough, that have been written we fear

have had a very limited circulation, and, therefore, have never done much for the cause of Bible theology. Well, here is an adversary of the Butler Hudibrastic school, and one who is sure to do telling work wherever he shall be admitted. Thorough raciness, with unflinching point and withering sarcasm, run through the book. The real drollery of the illustrations is Hogarthic, and will not only amuse, but will be sure to leave their comical impress behind them. The real rhyming power is great, and is sustained cleverly through. We hope the volume will be in extensive demand, and that, in our forthcoming winter evenings, it will enlighten and enliven some thousands of our firesides. Of course we do not commend every simile and mode of speech, and should have liked less reference to the Chinese mode of warfare in the beginning of the book, but a considerable license must be given to nearly 400 of closely printed pages in rhyme. We argue that the "Lentiad" must attain to great popularity.

*A Bundle of Myrrh.* Designed as a Little Gift Book for Teachers and Children of Sabbath-schools. By BENJAMIN TAYLOR, Minister of the Gospel. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; and J. Paul.

THIS book of 40 pages has a title double the length we have given, which is much like a small house with an immense cumbersome doorway or porch. Such titles not only belong to past ages, but they absolutely deter people from looking at the book itself. We should regret this in the present instance, for this little work abounds with good things. Sketches, anecdotes, admonitions, and sundry other excellent articles, which will both instruct and edify readers in general.

*Sketches of Character in Public and Private Life.* By CORNELIUS SLIM, Minister of the Gospel, Guildford. London: Houlston and Wright.

THE Faithful Pastor, the Good Deacon, the Sunday-school Teacher, the Model Wife, the Affectionate Husband, are here presented in literary photographs. They have been taken from real living subjects, and are admirably adapted to be edifying.

*Why was I an Atheist, and Why am I now a Christian? A Statement Delivered at Taylor's Repository, Newington, London, August 18, 1863.* By J. B. BEBBINGTON, late Editor of the Propagandist. London: H. J. Treasider, 17, Warwick-lane.

THE public testimony of one converted to the faith he once laboured to destroy. Highly interesting, and worthy of extended circulation. Mr. Bebbington was baptized by Rev. Mr. Barker, Sept. 3.

*A Sermon occasioned by the death of Rev. Thomas Winter, for thirty-seven years the Pastor of Counterslip Baptist Chapel, Bristol.* By the Rev. GEO. EDWARDS, of Chard. Preached at Torrington, May 17, 1863. London: Elliot Stock.

A CAPITAL sermon delivered on the demise of one of the best specimens of a Nonconformist minister

of the present century. Mr. Winter was revered and loved wherever he was known, and he died exultingly in the faith he had so long preached. Mr. Edwards has discharged his service well, and the sermon, in matter, type, and paper, is all that can be desired.

*The Duties of British Christians in relation to the Struggle in America.* A Discourse. By the Rev. JNO. STOCK. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.

A THOROUGHLY good and truthful exposition of American affairs, in which the real position of North and South is definitely and unanswerably stated. We wish it could be circulated all over the land, and especially in all our Nonconformist churches and Sabbath-schools.

*The Glory of God, his Chief End in the Salvation of His People.* By the Rev. CHAS. HOSKIN, Gilder-croft, Norwich.

A RICH and full exposition of the noble theme, and well adapted for the confirmation of believers in their holy faith.

*The Sunday-school Times and Home Educator.* January to June, 1863. London: Christian World Office, 31, Paternoster-row.

No man of the present century had a better idea of the wants of the Christian Church and its schools or institutions than the noble-minded originator of this excellent periodical. In these 208 folio pages we have the reading of several volumes, and just such articles as Sunday-school teachers and elder scholars should know. Eminently practical, full of suggestions for the good work, an abundance of telling and graphic incidents, striking anecdotes, useful expositions, in short, a weekly treasury of spiritual armour wherewith to combat ignorance, worldliness, and irreligion. It is, too, a marvel of cheapness. A halfpenny per week! Our wealthy friends should see that it be plentifully supplied to all the elder scholars, relying on it, under the divine blessing, it must be useful both in the school and family.

*The Finsbury Magazine.* Edited by Rev. ALX. M'AUFLAKE. No. 6. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS new monthly magazine is edited by the successor of that extraordinary preacher to children, Dr. Alex. Fletcher. We fear this publication, in every particular, is the opposite of what Dr. Fletcher would have recommended. There is an exposition of Gen. vi. of nearly ten pages; an article on Shakespeare's "King Lear," and "King John," of nine pages; another on Teaching of eight pages, so that only five pages are left for other subjects. The articles display considerable talent, the print and paper are good, and the price only twopenny; but without greater variety, and shorter pieces, we can entertain no hope that it will succeed. We say this in the kindest spirit, and shall rejoice if our fears should prove entirely groundless.

*Old Jonathan* for July and August are both first-rate numbers.—The *Sower* for August, varied and excellent, and so, also, the *Little Gleaner*.—*Quarterly Reporter of the German Baptist Mission.* Full of interesting information.—*Ragged School Union Magazine* for August and September. Full of instructive and useful articles.—*Gardener's Weekly Magazine and Floricultural Cabinet*, parts for June, July, and August. Replete with varied and universal information on the subjects treated.—*Baptist Magazine* for September. More than usually good.—The *London Messenger* for August. Overflowing with evangelical, practical, and experimental pieces.—*Our Own Magazine*, by the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, of Glasgow, is a new candidate for the favour of the churches. The editor is so well known as a laborious and vigorous writer, and contributes so largely to the pages of various periodicals, that we have no fear as to his ability to sustain his monthly. But is not every part and parcel of this field of usefulness fully occupied?—*Report of the Bible Stand, placed opposite the International Exhibition, 1862.* A handsome quarto printed report, which will well repay a careful perusal.

## Poetry.

### THANKSGIVING SONG.

Again the harvest golden,  
Just yielded by the sod,  
Makes good the promise olden  
That Noah received from God.  
For blessings so redundant  
Our thanks we now would raise;  
God's mercies are abundant—  
Abundant be our praise.  
His kindness who can measure?  
We see it at the first;

He gave the seed—rich treasure—  
That in his earth was nursed.  
He shaped the corn-blades slender,  
He designed each ear to fill,  
And by his care so tender  
Protected them from ill.  
God sent us suited weather—  
Wind, sunlight, dew, and rain  
All sweetly worked together  
To benefit the grain.

Man's strength and skill for sowing  
And harvest labour too  
Were of the Lord's bestowing—  
For this our praise is due.

And now the toil is over—  
Our barns are filled with corn ;  
May thanks unto Jehovah  
From heart and lip be borne.

Let men of every station  
Unite in grateful songs,  
For God has blessed our nation—  
To him the praise belongs.

Wellingborough.

THEODOBA.

#### AN AUTUMNAL LAY.

Splendid tints autumnal  
Dye the deepening trees,  
Leaflets early fading  
Fall beneath the breeze ;  
Brilliant summer passing  
Sighs a brief farewell,  
Borne upon the night wind,  
Swooping through the dell.

Shall we mourn its leaving,  
Weeping useless tears,  
That another pleasure  
Faded with the years ?  
Nay, but take the blessing  
Scattered through the land,  
Gratefully and humbly,  
From the Father's hand.

For the corn has ripened  
On a thousand hills,  
For the sun has sparkled  
On the singing rills,  
And for all his children  
Waiting to be fed  
God has sent abundance  
For the daily bread.

Therefore let the summer  
Going back to him  
Carry many praises ;  
Doubt shall never dim.  
For the present, gratitude ;  
For the future, faith ;  
And an earnest listening  
For what Jesus saith.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

SEVEN OAKS, KENT.—The Rev. J. Mountford, of Seven Oaks, Kent, having resigned his charge, after a nine years' pastorate, is open to another engagement.

### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

COLERAINE, IRELAND.—To the Rev. T. W. Medhurst, formerly pastor of the Baptist church, but now of Glasgow, three handsome volumes were presented, on August 12th, 1883, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. Thomas W. Medhurst, by his friends in Coleraine, as a slight token of their very high regard and esteem for him as a worthy Christian minister, and as a very highly-valued friend. Signed on behalf of the donors, James C. L. Carson." Mr. Medhurst, in returning thanks, said, "The kindness and sympathy of the members of the Baptist church at Coleraine, during the two years of my pastorate, were very refreshing, and this renewed expression of the same is highly gratifying. I hope to see you each returning summer, to be cheered by your warm welcome, and recruited by your Irish air."

### LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

THETFORD, NORFOLK.—The memorial-stone of the new Baptist chapel in this town was laid on Tuesday, Sept. 1. The proceedings were commenced by the Rev. G. W. Oldring, the pastor

of the church, who gave out a hymn, after which the Rev. J. L. Whitley, of Dereham, read suitable portions of Scripture, and the Rev. C. Elven, of Bury St. Edmunds, offered prayer. The pastor of the church then read a brief statement respecting the origin and progress of the cause, and proceeded to lay the stone, when the Rev. T. A. Wheeler, of Norwich, delivered an address, and the service was concluded by singing and prayer. Tea was provided in the British school-room at 5 o'clock, after which a public meeting was held, when addresses expressive of sympathy with the movement and full of wise and loving counsel were delivered by the Rev. J. Sage, of Kenninghall; T. A. Wheeler, of Norwich; J. L. Whitley, of Dereham; W. Woods, of Swaffham; C. Elven, W. Froelove, and J. Barrett, of Bury St. Edmunds. The services of the day were of a very pleasing and profitable character.

### OPENING SERVICES.

NAUNTON, WORCESTERSHIRE.—On Thursday, September 4th, services in connection with the opening of a new Baptist chapel were celebrated in the above village. At five o'clock in the afternoon an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. John Parker, of Upton-on-Severn, from 2 Chron. vi. 40, 41, after which 150 persons sat down to an excellent tea provided in a large tent near the chapel. The friends assembled afterwards, when an impressive sermon was preached

by the Rev. T. Wilkinson, of Tewkesbury. The attendance at both services was very good, and the collections liberal. This new place of worship will be supplied by brethren from the church at Upton-on-Severn.

**KINGSGATE CHAPEL, HOLBORN.**—The above chapel having been closed for repairs, cleaning, painting, &c., was re-opened for public worship on Lord's-day, Sept. 6, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. Francis Wills, the pastor. On Tuesday evening, the 8th, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles Stovel; also on Wednesday evening, the 9th, another sermon was preached by the Rev. Francis Tucker, B.A. On Monday evening, September 14, a public tea-meeting was held in the lecture-hall, the pastor presiding; when a large number of Christian friends assembled to congratulate the pastor and the finance committee upon the completion of the works. The alterations and improvements now made attracted the attention of all present, and called forth general approbation.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD-STREET.**—The fifth anniversary of Mr. Pells' pastorate will be held (D.V.) on Tuesday, 3rd November. Tea at five o'clock, 6d. each. Public meeting at half-past six o'clock; Mr. Pells to take the chair. Brethren Bloomfield, Foreman, Higham, Milner, and Wyard have kindly promised to be present, and address the meeting. A collection will be made. Other ministers are expected.

**MILE-END,--HEPHZIBAH CHAPEL.**—On Lord's-day, October 18th, the Rev. Timothy East, late of Birmingham, will preach in the morning at 11 o'clock. On the following Tuesday, the 20th, at half-past six, a public meeting will be held, when a statement of the affairs and prospects of the new Baptist interest, about to be raised in the place, will be laid before the meeting. George Gowland, Esq., in the chair. Several ministers have promised to attend. Tea at five o'clock.

**SOHO CHAPEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL, 406, OXFORD-STREET.**—The twenty-fourth annual tea-meeting will be held (God willing) on Tuesday, October 6, 1863. Tea on the table at five o'clock. Tickets sixpence each. A public meeting will follow, at half-past six, the chair to be taken by Mr. Pells, the pastor, when a report of the proceedings of the past year will be read, and addresses will be delivered by Messrs. Hawkins, Wyard, Alderson. Messrs. Attwood and Dickerson have promised to be present, and other ministers are expected. A collection in aid of the funds will be made. All friends of Sunday-schools are affectionately invited.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**LAKE-ROAD, LANDPORT.**—On August 25, and three following days, the ladies of the church and congregation held a bazaar in the Commissioners' Hall; above £192 was taken in aid of the new

chapel building fund. On Wednesday, Sept. 2, a public tea-meeting was held in the above hall, Rev. E. J. Gange in the chair; the room was densely crowded. The trays being provided gratuitously by the ladies, nearly £20 was raised toward the building fund.

**THE BAPTIST BUILDING FUND FOR WALES.**—The first anniversary of this institution was held at the Tabernacle Chapel, Cardiff, on Tuesday, Sept. 18, when there was a large gathering of the principal men of the denomination, among whom were the Revs. D. Davies, D.D., Aberavon; Thos. Thomas, D.D., Pontypool College; J. Emlyn Jones, LL.D., Cardiff; Thos. Price, Ph.D., Aberdare; C. Short, A.M., Swansea; L. Jones, Pwllheli; J. G. Owen, Rhyl; J. Robinson, Llan-silin; N. Thomas, Cardiff; J. E. Morgan, Llanelly; T. Lewis, Carmarthen; J. Lewis, Esq., Holyhead; J. Palmer, Amlwch; R. Fowkes and J. H. S. Evans, Esqs., Denbigh; B. Lewis, Esq., Nantyglo; G. Hiley, Esq., Llanvenarth; M. H. Jenkins, Maesycwmwr, &c. John Lewis, Esq., Holyhead, presided at the morning sitting, when the report of the provisional committee was read and unanimously approved of by the subscribers. It is stated that the original project was to raise a memorial fund of some £2,000; but the churches appreciating the great object, the committee had to advance their pretensions to £5,000, from which they had afterwards to look forward to £10,000, and now, this sum having been already promised by a few more than half the churches, the subscribers are looking up to a fund of from £15,000 to £20,000 between the Welsh and English churches in the Principality. The first instalment had only become due (four years being allowed to pay) a short time since, nevertheless £12,000 are already in the hands of the treasurer; and the churches will soon realize the benefit of this excellent provision to meet their requirements. This is to be a loan fund to advance money without interest, repayable in ten years by instalments. Resolutions were passed at the meeting conveying the thanks of the society to the working committee, which had laboured so harmoniously and indefatigably; also to the agent, who had spared neither body nor soul in this great undertaking, and who had been so prosperous that nearly £1,000 per month had been promised since he had started on his collecting work. At the afternoon meeting the Rev. Dr. Davies presided, when the officers and committee for the following year were elected:—Edward Gilbert Price, Esq., Aberdare, treasurer; L. Jenkins, Maesycwmwr, secretary; Asa J. Evans, Esq., Cardigan, hon. solicitor, with 24 committee men selected from all parts of the Principality; Dr. Thomas, Pontypool, being chairman. North Wales was fully represented at this important meeting, and such conditions were made both in the condition of the society and

committee, as were entirely satisfactory to the delegates from that part of the country. Indeed the meeting throughout was one of entire harmony, and a better business assembly in every sense it has rarely been our lot to witness, which augurs well for this young and vigorous institution of the Baptists of the Principality. It was decided to receive applications for loans after the 10th September, addressed to the secretary, Maesyowmwr, near Newport, Mon.

## BAPTISMS.

**ABERGAVENNY**, Frogmore-street, Sept. 3, after an appropriate address by Mr. J. Lewis, of Diss, Two, from the Sabbath-school, by Mr. J. Bullock, pastor.

**ATLEHAM**, Norfolk, Sept. 3—Four, by Mr. Timothy Harley.

**BEXLEY HEATH**, August 30—Two, by Mr. J. Wallis.

**BRYMBO**, Denbighshire, August 21—Two; 23, Six, by Mr. J. Jones, pastor.

**BUXTON**, Norfolk, July 28—Four, by Mr. B. May.

**DUBLIN**, Bolton-street Church, Sept. 16—Two, by Mr. C. Morgan, in the Baptist chapel, Lower Abbey-street, kindly lent for the occasion. We have gathered first fruits, and are looking for a bountiful harvest.

**EARTH**, Hunts, Sept. 6—One, in the river, by Mr. Rolls; 12, Nine, by Mr. Millard, Huntingdon. Seven of the above from the Independents.

**EVENJOBB**, Radnorshire, Aug. 23—Two, by Mr. G. Phillips. One had been a consistent member of the Calvinistic Methodist Connexion.

**EYNSFORD**, Kent, Aug. 30—Five, by Mr. Camps.

**EXETER**, South-street, Oct. 5, 1862—Four; Nov. 20, 1862, One; May 28, 1863, Two; Aug. 30, 1863, Six, by Mr. S. Mann.

**FARNBOROUGH**, Kent, July 30, at Bridge-street, Greenwich, kindly lent for the occasion—Two, by Mr. G. Webb, of Eynsford.

**FRAMSDEN**, Suffolk, Sept. 6—Two, by Mr. G. Cobb.

**GLASGOW**, North Frederick-street, August 30—Three, by Mr. T. W. Madhurst.

**HETWOOD**, Lancashire, Sept. 13—Two, by Mr. James Duckley. One had been a member with the Wesleyans: the other is a teacher in our Sunday-school.

**KIDDERMINSTER**, July 19—Six; Sept. 6, Two; by Mr. Thos. Fisk.

**LANDPORT**, Lake-road, Sept. 3—Nine, by Mr. E. G. Gange.

**LAXFIELD**, Suffolk, August 9—Three, by Mr. R. E. Sears.

**LONDON**, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, July 13—Eight; July 23, Eighteen; July 27, Twelve; August 27, Eighteen; Sept. 3, Twenty; Sept. 17, Sixteen, by Mr. Spurgeon.

—Grosvenor-street, Commercial-road, Aug. 27—Eight, by the pastor, Mr. J. Harrison.

**MONMOUTH**, Jan. 28—One; March 29, Two; April 8, One; June, One; August 30, Four, by the pastor, Mr. B. Davies Smith.

**NEWPORT**, The Temple, August 20—Two, by Mr. Lewis Evans. One the only child of our pastor, a lad twelve years old, who testified that he was brought to think about his salvation by hearing a Welsh translation of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon read—"The Children of the Kingdom." May it convert many more!

**ODEN**, near Rochdale, August 9—One; and from our branch station, Durn Littleborough,

August 9, Two; August 30, Two, by our pastor, Mr. Nuttall.

**PETERBURGH**, Hereford, Sept. 6—Two, by Mr. Sinclair, who had the unspeakable pleasure of introducing two of his own beloved children, a son and daughter, to the fold of Christ. [We think the notice to which Mr. Sinclair refers could not have been received.—Ed.]

**PETERBORO**, Monmouthshire, Sept. 6—One, by Mr. J. Morgan, of St. Bride's.

**RICKETSON-BRIDGE**, Pembrokehire, Sept. 6—Four, by Mr. J. H. Walker.

**SALISBURY**, Sept. 9—Twelve, by the pastor, Mr. Bailhache.

**SANDYHAVEN**, Pembrokehire, Aug. 23—Two, by Mr. J. H. Walker.

**SKEEPSHEAD**, Leicestershire, Sept. 6—Two, by Mr. Joseph Brownich. One of the above has been a member in the Established Church recently.

**STAFFORD**, Green-gate-street, Aug. 12—One; 16, One. [By whom we are not informed. Again we request our friends to be a little more explicit with their reports.—Ed.]

**THETFORD**, Norfolk, Aug. 2—Three, by Mr. G. W. Oldring.

**TORRINGTON**, Devon, Sept. 6—Four, by Mr. W. Jeffery.

**TREDEGAR**, Sept. 6—Two, by Dr. Emlyn Jones, Cardiff.

**TREFFORST**, Calvary, near Pontyfindel, Glamorgan, Sept. 6—Three, by Mr. E. Morsa.

**WISLSLOW**, Bucks, Aug. 30, from the Union Tabernacle, at Quanton Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion—Five, by Mr. D. Walker. In the above number were two husbands and their wives.

## DEATHS.

**MRS. MARTHA HEWETT**.—The following brief memoir of Mrs. Martha Hewett, written by her husband, was read after a sermon preached by the Rev. E. Davis, at Lessness Heath, July 5, 1863:—Our dear departed friend and sister was born at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, in the year 1803. She was favoured with the invaluable privilege of having a pious mother (who still survives her) who endeavoured, both by precept and example to instil into her tender mind the enlightening and renovating truths of the blessed Bible. These efforts combined with a constant attendance on the means of grace, and the teachings of the Holy Spirit, issued in her making a public profession of her faith in the Lord Jesus and being baptized and added to the Baptist Church in Back-street, in her native town, in the 15th year of her age. Several years afterwards she removed to London, and was united to the Baptist Church in Somers-town, of which the writer was then a member; there she was diligently engaged in Sabbath-school instruction, a work to which she was ardently attached and for which she was eminently qualified. Her religious principles were firmly fixed, but her spirit was eminently catholic: the language of her heart was, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." During the whole of her recent severe affliction, her mind was sweetly calm and peaceful; the habit of her very soul was to be "looking unto Jesus;" those three words were very precious to her. Hence she felt no fear of death. When the doctor examined her chest and found the fearful extent of the disease, she looked at him with a serene countenance and said, "Doctor, tell me the whole truth, for you will not alarm me in the least, for

"The Gospel bears my spirit up,  
A faithful and unchanging God

Lays the foundation of my hopes  
In oaths, and promises, and blood."

As she passed through the valley of the shadow of death she feared no evil, for she leaned on the arm of her beloved Saviour, her consolations were strong, for she felt the sufficiency of Divine grace to support and comfort her, and full of faith and hope she exclaimed—

"There I shall see his face,  
And never, never sin,  
But from the fountain of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in."

Her last articulate words were—"Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, come quickly," and, waving her hand, she cried—"Joy, Joy, Joy," and with such sweet foretastes of heaven, after four hours of intense bodily suffering, her happy spirit heard the welcome words—"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." By her removal, the Church has lost a useful and consistent member, many a truly faithful and ever-sympathising friend. And the afflicted husband feels, and deeply feels, that he has lost one of the most faithful and affectionate of wives. Still let us not sorrow as those who have no faith or hope in Jesus.

"But let us cease to mourn,  
Since death in Christ is gain,  
Departed saint, your Lord is ours,  
And we shall meet again."

On Friday evening, Aug. 21, Mr. Henry Alfred Collier, aged 47. The deceased was a native of Thrapstone, in Northamptonshire, whence he removed to Leicester comparatively early in life. He was for a considerable time a reporter and sub-editor of the *Leicestershire Mercury*, and afterwards he became for a season its sole proprietor. When the paper passed from his hands, he left Leicester, and after residing in two or three more northern towns in succession, he settled in Leeds, and became assistant editor of the *Mercury* there. He held this position, commanding the respect and esteem of his employers and of all about him, for some years. His health, however, always feeble, gave way, and he returned to his native air. About a year since, he joined his family in Leicester, and occupied himself as long as his remaining strength would allow, in writing for the *Leeds Mercury*, always speaking of its respected proprietors in sentiments of admiring and affectionate esteem. Mr. Collier was a man of sterling integrity, untiring industry, and of enlightened

piety. Though diffident and retiring in an unusual degree, he inspired all who knew him with confidence and kindly sympathy; and his memory, now that he is gone, will be cherished with affectionate regret by a select circle of acquaintance in Leicester and elsewhere. Not many months ago, he followed an intelligent and beloved son to the grave, and has now taken his place by his side, leaving a widow and three children to mourn his loss.

THE REV. S. KEVAN AND THE CHURCH  
AT HALSTED.

(To the Editor of the BAPTIST MESSENGER.)

Dear Sir,—The deacons of the 2nd Baptist church, Halsted, Essex, have to make the following statement with deep regret:—Our esteemed pastor, Mr. Kevan, came among us in Dec., 1859, since which period his labours have been greatly blessed in the conversion of many, and also for the edification and instruction of God's people. But we are very poor in this world's wealth, and are unable adequately to support our pastor, though we have striven our utmost to do so. He is, therefore, reluctantly compelled to resign the pastorate, which is to close at Christmas. It is with sorrow of heart we receive his resignation; and we have desired that he should live and die in our midst. We shall lose a faithful preacher and a sympathising friend in the hour of trouble. There are many, in and apart from our own community, ready to bear the same testimony. We fervently pray the Lord may open a door for him where he may sound the Gospel trumpet for the eternal good of many souls, not yet gathered. —We are, sir, yours, respectfully,

THE DEACONS.

[We do hope that before the time set for our brother's departure there will occur some kind interposition of God's providence, to enable the church at Halsted to retain the services of a pastor whose labours all so well appreciate.—Ed.]

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. B. (Daventry)—We cannot possibly afford space for your verses.

M. A. F. (Exeter)—Must be laid aside at present for the same reason, though otherwise approved.

J. R. (Earith)—Riddle and Arnold's Greek Lexicon may be obtained of almost any bookseller for 25s.; Liddell and Scott's for 12s.

PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from August 18th to September 18th.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. S. Wilson .....	1	0	0
Rev. J. Stott and friend .....	2	0	0
Mrs. Best .....	1	0	0
Rev. A. Tessier .....	3	15	0
W. M. Newton, Esq. ....	10	0	0
Mr. Clark, Cossey .....	1	0	0
Collection at Westbourne-grove Chapel, after sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	27	17	0
At Westbourne-grove, Miss F. ....	5	0	0
" " Mrs. Saunders .....	5	0	0
W. F. C. ....	20	0	6
Mrs. B., per Mrs. Sabarin .....	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Psalm cxviii. 8-9 .....	1	0	0
Miss Wright .....	0	5	3
F. D. ....	20	0	0
Mrs. Tyson .....	12	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Aug. 24	18	5	0
" " " " Sept. 7	31	23	7
" " " " Sept. 7	7	21	0
" " " " Sept. 14	14	23	17
	£197	17	8

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington.  
CHAS. BLACKSHAW.

## FORGIVENESS.\*

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared."—Psalm cxxx. 4.

How significant is that word "but!" As if you heard justice clamouring, "Let the sinner die," and the fiends in hell howling, "Cast him down into the fires," and conscience shrieking, "Let him perish," and nature itself groaning beneath his weight, the earth weary with carrying him, and the sun tired with shining upon the traitor, the very air sick with finding breath for one who only spends it in disobedience to God. The man is about to be destroyed, to be swallowed up quick, when suddenly there comes this thrice-blessed "but," which stops the reckless course of ruin, puts its strong hand bearing a golden shield between the sinner and destruction, and pronounces these words, "But there is forgiveness with God, that he may be feared."

Suppose the question had been left open—forgiveness or no forgiveness? We know that we have offended God; but suppose it had been left a moot point for us to find out, if possible, whether there was any forgiveness, where could we read it? We might turn to the works of God in nature and say, "Well, He is good, who loads the trees with fruits, and bids the fields yield so plenteous a harvest;" but when we remember how his lightnings sometimes strike the oak, and how his hurricanes swallow up whole navies in the deep, we shall be ready to say that He is terrible as well as tender; and we might be puzzled to know whether he would or would not forgive sin, more especially as we see all creatures die, and no exception to the rule. If we knew that death was a punishment for sin, we should be led to fear that there was no forgiveness to be had from the hand of God whatsoever; but when we turn to this open page which God has so graciously written for our instruction we, are left in doubt no more, for here we have it positively written—"There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared." Exclusively in the Bible is this revelation made: But the words of my text are not exclusive. This passage is but one among a thousand echoes from the throne of God which proclaim God's willingness to save sinners.

In attempting to bring this great doctrine of the possibility of pardon before the mind of the sinner to-night, I shall handle it in two or three ways. First, I shall try to prove it is so, that he may be sure of the fact; I shall then try to attract him to accept this doctrine by dwelling upon the pardon itself, hoping that the Spirit of God may work with my words; and ere I have done, I shall notice what will be surely the result of this pardon; whenever a man has been forgiven through the mercy of God, he is then allowed to fear the Lord, to worship him in an acceptable manner.

I. By way of assurance, O man! there is forgiveness for thy sins whatever they are, however filthy thy life may have been up until now, there is forgiveness with God. God's bare Word ought to be enough for thee; but since the Spirit of God and thy conscience have shown thee something of thy sins—since thou wilt be desponding and full of doubts, it will be well for me to give thee something more than the bare Word of God to make thee confident there is forgiveness with him. Follow me, I pray thee, back to the garden where thy parents and mine first sinned. It was the greatest sin that ever was committed, with the exception of the murder of our Lord and Saviour—the sin when Adam knowingly and wittingly rebelled against the one gentle command which his Master had given him as a test of his obedience. That was the mother sin from which all other sins have sprung, the well from which the great river of iniquity, which drowned the world, first

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streamed. What said the Lord when this sin was committed? Did he lift his angry hand and smite at once? Did he visit our parents with a curse that withered them and sent them down to their eternal portion in the pit? He cursed, but it was the ground; he spoke in angry terms, but the serpent felt the weight thereof. As for man, though God pronounced sentence upon him that we call a curse, but which has been transformed into a blessing, yet to man he gave that matchless promise which is the mother of all promises, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." In that one single promise that God would himself provide a man by whom the Tempter should be destroyed, and all his crew should be foiled; I see written as clearly as with a sunbeam that God meant to have mercy upon man. He would not talk about the seed of the woman bruising that serpent's head, if he had not intended something comfortable for you and for me. The fact, I say, that though he did drive our first parents out of Eden, he did not drive them down to hell—that though he did banish them from Paradise he did not immediately consign them to the flames of his wrath—that he did there and then give them a bright promise, which for many a hundred years was the only one that cheered the thick darkness of the fall—that fact alone should make you hope that there is forgiveness with God. But what, I pray you—what mean these many altars with lambs and bullocks smoking upon them, altars whose unhewn stones are dyed crimson with gore? Above all what means that priestly man bearing that bejewelled breast-plate, who comes forward in obedience to God and offers every morning and evening a lamb? or what meaneth it that once in the year he produces a scape-goat, which carries the sins of the people into the wilderness? What mean these rivers of bullocks' blood and these mounds of ashes from the altar, if God does not forgive sin? There can be no meaning whatever in all the long and gorgeous pageant of the Jewish religion, unless it taught to every on-looker this great and solemn lesson, that though God is just and blood must be shed, yet God is gracious and accepts a substitute that a sinner may go through. By all these smoking altars and the ram, the blood of lambs, and goats, and bullocks, believe, O sinner, that God has found a ransom and a sacrifice, and that he, therefore, can and will pardon sin. If thou seest these things dimly here, thou wilt see them brighter in another fact. Dost thou not know, O man, that God has commanded thee to repent? The times of former ignorance God winked at; but now he commandeth all men everywhere to repent. What for? Surely he would not command us to repent, and then intend to punish after. It could not be possible that God would woo sinners to return to him, and yet not intend to forgive them. I cannot believe a theory so monstrous as that God would send his ministers, and send his own Book, and earnestly and affectionately invite sinners to turn from their evil ways and repent them of their sins, and yet intend, even if they did repent, to punish them on account of their iniquity. It cannot be. Dost not thou know, too, that God has commanded thee to pray for forgiveness? What is the meaning of that prayer—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us"? Would he put these words into thy mouth if there were no pardon? Would he teach thee to ask for forgiveness if forgiveness were an impossibility? Doth God mock men? Doth he teach beggars to beg when he intends to refuse? Does he bring you down upon your knees that he may see you mourn, and laugh at your despair? Does he intend to see you rolling in the dust, girt with sackcloth and ashes that he afterwards may put his iron heel upon your neck and crush you to the lowest hell? It is not possible. The God that commands you to repent is just and merciful to forgive you your sins; and he who hath bid you seek his face has not said unto the seed of Jacob—"Seek ye my face in vain."

Moreover, sinner—and here we come to something clearer still—dost thou not know that Jesus died? Hast thou not heard the wondrous story, how the Son of God came down from heaven, and was made in the likeness of sinful flesh? Dost thou not know that, after thirty years of holy life, wherein he finished the obedience to the



Divine law, and made it honourable, he took upon himself the guilt, the crimes, the iniquities of a multitude that no man can number, for he bore the sins of many, and now he maketh intercession for the transgressors? See there, if thou canst dare to look amidst those moonlit olives, where the ground is white with hoar frost, and hard with cold; there kneels a man, nay more, there kneels incarnate Deity; what means it, that his head, his hair, his garments bloody be? How comes it that on yonder crisp ground I see frozen clots of gore—whence come they? Come they from his forehead? but what could have forced them from him? What means yonder sight? I watch that man dragged away, and charged most infamously with crimes he never knew, tied to a pillar, and there lashed with a Roman scourge, and then with whips, and then with rods, until the white bones stand out like islands of ivory amidst a sea of coral; his whole back has become a stream of blood—what means it all? And yonder sight, where he is stretched upon the transverse wood, where the nails have broached his hands and feet, and where his life goes oozing from him thus in anguish and agony extreme! What means that shriek of “Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?” He is a just man; does God punish the just? He is God’s dear Son, and has done no ill; does God hate him, and punish him for naught? Doth he pour wrath upon him without a cause? Thou knowest how it was. The sin of man was imputed to Christ; the iniquity of his people was laid upon him. “Ah we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to our own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.” And here it was; here is the riddle all unriddled; he dies that we may live; he bore, that we might never bear, his Father’s righteous ire. Then, there must be forgiveness. I cannot see a bleeding Saviour without understanding that there must be pardon. Gethsemane, Gabbatha, Golgotha, three sacred words, three irresistible arguments by which it is proved beyond controversy that there is forgiveness even for the chief of sinners.

But if this content thee not, O troubled sinner, here is a fact for thee to reflect upon—what multitudes have been pardoned! Darest thou look up yonder beyond the skies? Hast thou strength enough of eyesight to see that multitude clothed in white, who, to-day, are standing before the throne of God? If there were no forgiveness, not one of them had been there. Were their robes always white? Hark at their answer:—“We have washed our robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, therefore are we before the throne of God”—forgiveness brought them there. Not one bright spirit had ever seen the everlasting Son, unless it had been for the pardoning mercy of God.

Here are scores and hundreds of us who bear witness that God has pardoned us. Whatever I may doubt, I dare not, at this moment, doubt my pardon in Christ Jesus. There are moments when one has to look well to one’s evidences, and come to Jesus Christ again, but this one thing I know, that Christ says:—“He that believeth on me is not condemned;” and I do believe on him; if I have an existence, I know I trust the Lord Jesus Christ, and if so, then I am pardoned. And O, how sweet it is to know this! What peace it gives! I can look forward to living or to dying with equal delight; I can walk the whole earth and care for naught—“Thy sin is forgiven.” You can say, as I often do, in those sweet words of Kent:—

“Now freed from sin, I walk at large,  
My Saviour’s blood my full discharge;  
At his dear feet my soul I lay,  
A sinner saved, and homage pay.”

Do you know what it is to be forgiven, young man? If you do not you have not tasted the sweetest thing out of heaven. O, it is such joy! Angels hardly have ever tasted a joy that exceeds the bliss of having sins put away. It yields a calm so deep, so profound, that it can only be called the “peace of God which passeth all understanding.”

I have thus tried to bring forward the great truth that there is forgiveness; and let me say, before I leave this point, that you will please to remember we have warrant in God's Word for saying that there is forgiveness for you. However great your sins may have been—with but one exception, there is the sin against the Holy Ghost, that, if you have any tenderness left in your conscience, you have not committed—but, apart from that, all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men. I wish I could go round these galleries, to these pews, and find out where the aching hearts were. Perhaps I should find one who said, "O sir, I never attended a place of worship for twenty or thirty years; can I be pardoned?" I would say, Yes, there is forgiveness. Another might say, "Why, I cursed God to his face. I have dared him to damn my soul. Can I be forgiven?" I will answer, in the words of the text, "There is forgiveness." And I might meet another who would say, "But I used to persecute my wife; I have ill-treated my children because they would serve God. Can I, a hardened wretch such as I am—can I be pardoned?" "There is forgiveness." And I might meet another who would say, "Years ago, I was a high professor, but I came entangled in the world, and I have gone back. Am I not cast out?" I would say, "There is forgiveness." But there would be another who would say, "I cannot tell you what my crime is, unless you would stoop down and let me whisper in your ear;" and when I had heard the awful words, which I must not tell again, I would still say, before you all, "There is forgiveness." And though it were murder and adultery, whatever it might have been, and however frequently it might have been committed, though the woman were a harlot, and the man a practised thief, yet still we have the same Gospel for every creature, "There is forgiveness." And though you are eighty or ninety years of age, there is forgiveness; though you have sinned against light and knowledge, against mercy, against God and Christ his dear Son, yet still there is forgiveness. You are just going over—O God, I see it! you are just going over—you have come to the brink of the precipice; one foot already rests upon nothing, and you totter to your fall. O man, let me catch thee in my arms, there is forgiveness yet. One more step, and you may be where there is no forgiveness, but where the black and terrible pall of despair shall hang over your soul for ever, and it shall be said of you, "There are no acts of pardon passed in that cold grave to which he has gone; he is lost! lost! lost for ever!"

And now, pausing a moment, I shall turn to each and recommend this gracious forgiveness to your notice.

I commend it for its nature. It is a perfect pardon—every sin is blotted out at once—not a few sins, but every sin; though they be innumerable they are all gone, they are all gone at once. And it is eternal pardon; they are all gone for ever; once forgiven they will never be laid to your charge again; they are like the Egyptians in the Red Sea, the depths have covered them, there is not one of them left—the pardon is complete in every respect. I heard one man say to his fellow the other day, when the two had disagreed, and I had tried to make it right, "Yes, I forgive him, but—" That is not how God puts it. He has no "buts" in his forgiveness, you know. You sometimes say, "Yes, I forgive him, but I will never trust him again." Not so the Lord. You make a clean breast in confession, and he will give you a clean breast by absolution. He will put all the sins you have committed so wholly away that they shall not be remembered against you any more for ever. And this pardon is instantaneous. You know to receipt a bill takes but a moment when the debt is paid, and Jesus Christ has paid the debt of every believer, and all that is to be done is for God to give you the receipt, to write in your heart the word "justified," and this he does—does in a moment. When I think of the nature of this pardon, putting away all sin in a moment, and all the consequences of sin, I feel as if I would that a choir of angels were here, that they might sing, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men."

Consider too, dear friends, not only the pardon itself, but the person to whom it is sent. Remember it is sent to *you*. Not to the fallen angels, they were greater than you, but when they fell they fell without a hope. It is not sent to the damned in hell. O, what would they give for it! how would they stretch forward—how would they catch every word! Though they have been there but one moment, they know more of God's wrath than you and I do; and O, how they would prize the presentation of eternal life in Christ Jesus! But it is sent to you; you know what you have been, you know something about the hardness of your heart, and the sinfulness of your past life, yet God sends this message to you—"There is forgiveness."

And I want you to remember who it is that sends the forgiveness. It is the God whom you have offended, that very God whom you may have cursed, whose Sabbath you have broken, whose Book you have despised, at whose ministers you have laughed, and whose servants you have persecuted, yet he says, even he, "There is forgiveness." And lest you should doubt it he takes a solemn oath before you all, and God never swears without there is need for it, and thus he swears—"As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, but rather that he should turn unto me and live." What more can we ask than this? Admire and be attracted by the pardon when you think of who it is that sends it. Consider, too, how it comes to you and by what channel. It comes through the wounds of your best Friend, through the sufferings of him who gave his back to the smiters and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair. He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and we hid, as it were, our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. O sinner! wilt thou not be too glad to lay hold of that which comes to thee through so Divine a channel which is marked with the heart's blood of One who is the Friend of sinners even unto death?

And, then, I pray you to be attracted by this. Remember that if you do not receive this forgiveness which is preached unto you there is none other way under heaven by which you must be saved. Enter by the door, or stand shivering without for ever; bow the knee and kiss the Son, or else he will break you in pieces as with a rod, as men break potters' vessels. Turn ye, turn ye, why *will* ye die, O house of Israel? But if ye reject this pardon of God ye write your own death-warrants and prepare the noose that is to be your souls' destruction.

I would to God to-night that I had some powers of persuasion and pleading with you, that I might induce you to lay hold of this precious pardon that God presents to you. Ah! I know my pleadings are useless unless the Spirit of God shall be pleading too; but many, many times in this house, while I have been talking about the full, rich grace of God, some poor soul has felt that there was a message from God to it, and I trust, I hope it may be so to-night. Remember that in the message of mercy I am authorized to leave out none; I am told to preach it to every creature under heaven, and I do. There are no terms. All the terms are just these—that you will take what God freely gives you. Just as when men enlist for soldiers, the soldier does not give the sergeant anything, he takes the shilling. And the way in which your souls are saved is by taking what Christ freely offers to you, freely presents to you, the finished righteousness which he wrought out in his life and death. It is to take, and not to give. If there be terms they are but very simple. They are put so as to suit the dead in trespasses and sins; they come to you just where you are. You have no power, no spiritual life, no goodness, no tenderness of heart; but Jesus, like the good Samaritan, comes just where you are, and he says in your ear to-night, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." He bids me say to thee, though thine arm be withered, "Stretch out thy withered hand," and as thou art commanded, the power shall come with the command, so thou shalt stretch out thy hand and be made whole.

I remember the time when if any one had tried to preach to me full and free forgiveness, to be had for nothing, and to be had on the spot, I do believe I should have leaped almost out of my body to have heard it. I have heard sometimes of Methodists and Welshmen standing up to dance, and I do not wonder at it, if they really do but get the full sense of this, that the big, black, foul villain of a sinner, the moment he trusts Jesus Christ, is forgiven, is a child of God, and is accepted. Why, it sounds too good to be true, and it could not be true if it came from me, who am but a man, and can only think and act as a man; but because it comes from the true God and it is just like him, it accords with his attributes of lovingkindness and truth, therefore we know it is true. "I am God, and not man," says he, and he gives that as a reason for his mercy. Why, if his love were not as much superior to ours as the heavens are above the earth, there never would be mercy presented in any shape, much less in a shape like this. There is nothing asked of you, only that you will just be nothing, and let Christ be everything, and take from Christ's hand to-night that which he freely presents to you—pardon through his precious blood.

Now, dear friends, I cannot put this more plainly than I have done, but I have got the last part of the text just to comment a little upon. "There is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared." You see the only men that ever do fear God are those that are forgiven. Other men may pretend to it, but they fail to do it. Why, I believe that the religion of nine out of ten professing Christians is just this, "Well, I go to church, or I go to chapel, regularly, and I think then I have done very well." That is what the most think, and the outside world believes that religion is this, "Well, if a man is honest and sober and walks righteously, and so on, he goes to heaven." But how startling must the sermon of this morning have been to some of these stuck-up Pharisees, when we told them it was not the righteous that would go there, but the sinner, and that he did not say, "If any man has good works, he has an Advocate," but, "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father." As Martin Luther gloried to put it, "Jesus Christ never died for our good works, they were not worth his dying for; but he gave himself for our *sins*, according to the Scriptures." What did our Saviour himself say? "I came not to call the righteous, but *sinners* to repentance." Now, the Lord never does get any who really and acceptably fear him, but those who once were sinners, and who are led as sinners to accept his pardon. And O! these are the men that do fear him. Do you want to find a warm-hearted woman that really loves Jesus Christ, and would play the Mary over again, and break the alabaster box over his head? Why, you will find her among those who may be called "a woman who was a sinner." Do you want to find a man who would preach Christ's Word with the tears running down his cheeks? You must go and find him among those who once were foul, of whom the apostle said, "Such were some of you, but ye are washed." When the Lord wanted a man to write the next best book in the world to the Bible—the "Pilgrim's Progress"—he did not go to Lambeth Palace for him, and he did not go off to any of the fine streets of this city to pick up some moral person. There was a drunken tinker playing at cat on Sunday on Elstow-green, and the Lord said, "That is the man." He laid hold of him, washed his heart, made him a man in Christ Jesus, and John Bunyan, the master dreamer, has given us that remarkable book. And when the Lord wanted a man that would stir up London from end to end—there was only one Gospel preacher in all London seventy years ago—there was another wanted to go and preach in St. Mary Woolnoth—where should he find him? why, among the ragamuffins who were conducting the slave trade on the coast of Africa, among the sweepings and dregs of the universe; Almighty grace picked up John Newton, changed his heart, and made him one of the mightiest of teachers. And when the Lord will bring out any that shall really fear him, and do anything great for his sake, it will be either from among those that have been outwardly great sinners, or else those who have been made in their conscience to feel

the greatness of their guilt, and then it is that they may deal with others. O, how many times I have blessed God for five years of despair! No poor soul was ever more racked than I, more hunted of the devil, for five years a victim to that black thought, that God never would forgive me, and I bless his name for it. I never could have preached to the chief of sinners if it had not been for that. If I had come fresh from my mother's apron-strings without any sense of sin, and had found Christ as many and many a young man does, readily and at once, I should never have liked to go down and run my hands up to the elbows in the mire to get at the foul and vile. But now I look back upon those times of anguish—why, there were days when I thought I was worse than the devils in hell; there were days when, if anybody had asked me my character, though no one ever knew anything amiss of it, still I would have said, and felt it too, that there did not breathe God's air a greater miscreant that more deserved to be in hell than I did. I wrote bitter things against myself, and if any had said, "Why, your life is moral," I should have said, "Yes, but my heart is a reeking dunghill, full of everything that is foul," and I felt it too, for though the lips never cursed God, yet the heart did with blasphemy so foul that I shudder when I think of it. When I was given up a prey to the devil, and it seemed as if there was a pandemonium within my heart, then indeed I knew what it was to be sore broken in the place of darkness and to be like a ship driven out to sea with the mast gone over the side, and every timber strained, and the hold filling water, and nothing but Omnipotence keeping it from going down into the lowest depths. Ah! then I knew that I wanted a great Christ for great sinners, and I dare not preach a little Christ now, and I dare not preach him to little sinners either. O, how great your sin has been, my hearers! but Jesus Christ is greater still. Ye have gone deep, but the arm of mercy can reach you. Ye have wandered far, but the eye of love can see you, and the voice of love calls to you now, "Come, come, come and welcome, come and welcome." Come as you are, and you will not be cast away, but be accepted in the Beloved. "There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared," and none fear and love and bless and bless and praise God, I say, so much as those who know that there is forgiveness with him.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### THE PIOUS ENLISTMENT.

BY THE REV. J. TEALL.

A SHORT time since some real or imaginary cause of dissatisfaction existed in the arrangements of the Royal Cadet College connected with this garrison. Hence, in the hope of attracting the attention of those high in office, and thus removing the grievance, the students are said to have had recourse to practices somewhat subversive of the discipline so essential to the good government, and consequent efficiency, of the British army. These proceedings came to the knowledge of his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, who, with his usual promptitude, visited the institute, and, gathering the students around him, is

reported to have addressed them in the following language:—"Gentlemen, you have chosen to enter upon the military profession, and you must bear in mind that a great distinction exists between an ordinary and a military college. In the former case it is requisite to preserve good order, but, in a military college, discipline and subordination to the authorities is the great essential." This remark arrested my attention at the time, and I could not but regard it as being exceedingly truthful and to the purpose, an opinion which remains unaltered upon a more careful review. "Well," says my friend, whose attention I now solicit, "well, and what has all this to do with the readers of the BAPTIST MESSENGER? My reply is—

"Much every way." Do you know, my thoughts have rambled away from the neat and respectable-looking edifice on the common yonder to another and, "Royal" though this be, a far more interesting and important institution? I refer to—

"The Church of Christ, the school of grace."

Yes; and I am thinking now of other recruits than those who, in connexion with this garrison, are preparing themselves for future military distinction and honour. May not the army that is moving forward, subject to the commands and government of the "Captain of our Salvation," gather some salutary lessons from the observations of the illustrious Duke? Let us see.

First of all we survey the profession. "You enter upon the *military profession*," said the Royal speaker. And the profession of Christianity is entering upon the life of a soldier. This is a Scriptural representation, for Paul addresses Timothy as "a good soldier of Jesus Christ" And this is no flight of the imagination, rather, it is the declaration of a great fact. Everything connected with the believer conducts to this conclusion. He has enemies—enemies within, and enemies without. Foes, satanic and human, have to be "resisted steadfast in the faith." Remaining corruption has to be subdued and "kept under." A world, whose anxieties would depress, or whose pleasures would fascinate, has to be held in its proper place in the affections; and all this reminds us of the fact that our profession is military, fighting, soldier-like. Then again there is armour. Soldiers require armour. They would be unequal to their duties without it. And so with Christians. They have armour. Hence we read of the breast-plate, the shield, the helmet, the sword—a complete panoply—"the whole armour of God." And what for? To equip us for the conflict. We should be in greater danger than ever were it not that grace thus provides. "I can do all things," exclaims the good man, but he forgets not to add, "through Christ which strengtheneth me."

"Well, look at our discipline. What would an army be without discipline? What! Simply an armed mob. But, every observer of the ranks must admire that of which soldiers speak themselves,

as 'our glorious discipline.'" And so the Church of Christ has laws. True, saints require but little law. The law is for the lawless and disobedient. Still, in our camp we have law. The Divinely-instituted law of love governs here. The unruly member is reminded that he cannot transgress with impunity; while the faithful soldier of the cross is assured that his ultimate promotion and honour are certain. Moreover, this profession is to last *life-long*. In this service there is no expectation of pension, no retiring on half-pay. No, our Captain holds out no such promise, but, on the contrary, speaks thus, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Let no recruit, then, enter our ranks expecting ease, simple drill, merely garrison-duty; but let him remember his profession, his armour, his discipline all imply hard fighting, severe conflict—it may be, desperate battle.

"My Captain sounds the alarm of war;  
Awake! the powers of hell are near!  
To arms! To arms! I hear him cry,  
'Tis yours to conquer or to die!"

Now, we must look—secondly—at the choice—"You have *chosen*," said the royal Duke, "you have *chosen* to enter upon the military profession." This act was their own; doubtless, done with thought and deliberation; no press-gang grasped them with ruthless hand, and hurried them away to a position for which they had neither fitness nor inclination. It was their chosen profession, to qualify them for which their previous training and education had reference. Soldiers of the cross, you have made choice of your profession. The surrender of the heart to Christ was the result of grace, sovereign and Divine. But O! your profession! This was your own deed. Voluntarily did you yield your bodies to him as a "reasonable service." It used to be so. Hence, honourable mention is made, by the Spirit, of Corinthian brethren who "first gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God." It is so still. "In his temple doth every one speak of his glory." Loved and saved themselves, they love and serve in return, while no position in which, with regard to other matters, they may be placed can possibly prevent their choice of this profession. And how can it be otherwise?

Gratitude requires it. Duty requires it. The Saviour, who has died and now lives for us, asks it at our hands. "If any man serve me let him follow me;" and such following must be of our own deliberate choosing. Now, the statement made by the Commander-in-Chief to these military students must have reminded them of facts which were once deeply impressed upon their attention. They would remember the time when they regarded this service as being worthy of all their devotedness and energy; and, also, that thereto they had determined and promised to consecrate their every ability. So, too, with ourselves as soldiers of Emmanuel. We call to mind solemn seasons when, in hallowed communion with him, we called him "Master and Lord," and, then, secretly yielding to an influence which we could not withstand, before "many witnesses," we acknowledged that such a service and such a Master were more than worthy of all we could either do or command. O brethren! young recruits especially, to you we say—there must be no desertion. Remember your choice. Volumes have been written on the subject of "Jephthah's rash vow." Let that pass, but, surely, each Christian soldier should adopt the language of the returning conqueror, and say, touching his own profession, "I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back."

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

Well now, finally. How striking is the difference that exists between the Church and the world! Powerful is the language of the great soldier as addressed to the youthful aspirants around him: "You must bear in mind that a great distinction exists between an ordinary and a military college. In the former case it is requisite to preserve good order, but, in a military college, discipline and subordination to the authorities is the great essential." O, the exalted dignity of the Church! How holy, how spotless, how resplendent must she be to represent faithfully her true character! She is "clothed with the garments of salvation." These must be preserved "unspotted from the world." She has armour—this must be kept bright and

orderly. She has lamps—these must be kept well filled with oil and burning. "Let thy garments be always white, and let thy head lack no ointment." Yes, beloved, let it be thus with us, and, then, conscious of the grace that makes us "to differ," this Church will become a beautiful object. Her enemies, dazzled with her glory, shall fall down before her, as did the "officers" in the presence of her illustrious master; while the question proposed by the Church, long, long ago, shall be fully answered. "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

"This is the Church by heaven array'd  
With strength and grace Divine;  
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,  
And thus her glories shine,"  
*Woolwich.*

## THE CHURCH AT PHILIPPI: ITS ELDERSHIP OF BISHOPS.

BY REV. B. H. CARSON.

(Continued from p. 283.)

BUT regarding the elders of the church at Philippi, there is another question which must not be quite overlooked. On what principle were they chosen?—on the principle of possessing certain qualifications, or on that of being "the best available men?" To any one whose mind is open to the teachings of Scripture, this question will be easily answered. If one thing is plainer than another respecting the Philippian elders, it is that they were selected to office, not on the principle of being the best that could be had, but on that of reaching a certain specified standard. It will be observed, by the reader, that they are addressed as "bishops," in other words, are recognized in their *official character* by the apostle of Christ. Now, it is certain they would not have been so recognized by Paul, had they not been the description of persons he himself had indicated. Chosen otherwise than as he had directed, he never would have owned them as overseers in a church of Christ. But what is the Pauline standard of choice? For this we have but to turn to 1 Tim. iii. 1-7, and Titus i. 5-11. In these passages the apostle instructs his two delegates how they are to proceed in the appointment of elders. He not only furnishes them minutely with the quali-

fications to be looked for, but especially says they *must* be found in every one aspiring to the office. He makes no allowance for a scarcity of eminently gifted and pious men. He says not a word about the difficulty of finding suitable persons, intimating that when they cannot be found we may take the best we can procure. On the contrary, in terms that never can be misunderstood, he gives the qualifications of a bishop, and in giving them makes their possession imperative. The possession, then, of certain qualifications, and that alone, formed the apostolic standard of choice, and according to that standard the bishops at Philippi, as recognized by the apostle, must have been chosen.

How different the grounds on which selections to office are now made by many of the so-called churches of Christ! Strange as it may appear, the principle, of not being apostolically qualified, but of being "the best available men," has not only been adopted, but is openly acted on by thousands who profess a strict adherence to the law of Scripture. Rightly judging that the Scriptures teach the doctrine of a presbytery in each church, but not seeing among themselves men possessing the Scriptural qualifications, they choose the best their communion will afford. And so habitual has this practice become, that it has ceased to be the exception, and become the rule in their appointments to office. When about to select their elders, the question is not, are they such as are indicated in the Word of God? but are they, all things considered, the most likely persons in the congregation? This, to human wisdom, may seem the best, perhaps the only course that can be taken. But is it the course that will be approved by the Great Head of the Church?

1. Will God accept a choice made altogether *without and beyond* his authority? The elders so selected may be highly respectable, and, in some instances, even good men, but are they more than elders of *human creation*? There is not, in all the Word of God, any such principle as that on which they are chosen. "The best available men" is not a Divine, but a human standard, adopted to serve a purpose, and without any regard to the will of Christ. Now,

will Christ approve what he has had no hand in appointing? Will he recognize as the men of his choice, and, therefore, as true elders in his Church, persons selected to office on grounds wholly without foundation in his Word? The plan may appear good to human wisdom, but against it this great objection lies—*it is human, all human throughout*. Elders so chosen may "run," they may bear the name, appear in the character, and occupy the position of Christ's pastors; but they are "not sent," they have no commission from Christ, and are, therefore, whatever their pretensions, without his approval.

2. Can we suppose that that will be approved by Zion's King, which is not only without, but *contrary* to Zion's law? Wise as the course now objected to may appear, it is in flat contradiction to the Word of God. Our friends may tell us that they select their elders from the choice of their congregations, that persons more suitable they cannot obtain, and that after all it is not necessary that they possess "all the requisite qualifications." But how are they here blind to the fact, that in all this they are setting themselves in daring opposition to the mind of Christ? Have they never read the 2nd verse of the 3rd chapter of 1st Timothy? What the apostle in that verse declares *essential* to the office of a bishop, they hesitate not to declare *not essential* to that office. "A bishop," says Paul, "*must be blameless,*" &c. Nay, say these friends, it is not necessary that a bishop should be all these things; it is quite sufficient if he is the best that can be had, and withal has been duly appointed to the elder's office. Ah! when will professing Christians cease thus openly to oppose their Master's will? They may plead that what they do is done from a desire to obey Christ. But is there aught of propriety in the plea? It is true a plurality of elders in each church is the law of Scripture; but it is equally true it is a law binding *only when the means of its observance are within our reach*. Besides, are we to obey one command by violating another? The same authority that has taught a plurality has also given the standard by which that plurality are to be chosen, and has, moreover, expressly required that they reach



that standard. Now, shall we conform to the first by trampling on the second? Would not this be to commit the very sin for which Saul was hurled from the throne of Israel? It was a duty on his part to "sacrifice to the Lord;" but it was not a duty to do so *at the expense of obeying the commandment of God respecting the Amalekites.* "Behold," said the king to the prophet, "I have performed the commandment of the Lord." "What meaneth then," replied Samuel, "this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?" "The people," rejoined Saul, "spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen, to sacrifice to the Lord thy God." Could anything be more pious, or more praiseworthy? God, indeed, had commanded *everything* to be destroyed. But then only "the best of the sheep and of the oxen" were spared, and that, too, to be solemnly presented in sacrifice to the Lord. But mark the prophet's answer: "And Samuel said, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry. Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king." (1 Samuel xv.) Let us, then, beware. God is pleased, when his institutions are observed; but he would not have them observed otherwise than as he himself has commanded. If we are to have elders in each church, let us have them in conformity with, not contrary to, the requirements of Scripture. Let our elders be chosen in accordance with 1 Tim. iii. 1-7, or let them not be chosen at all.

One more inquiry respecting the elders of the Church at Philippi, and we have done. How were they maintained?—by the labour of their own hands, or by the people over whom they presided? If the general instructions of the New Testament on the subject of pastoral maintenance have any bearing on this question, it is one that will not be difficult of solution. That elders have a right to a maintenance from the church they are appointed to serve, is indisputably the doctrine of Scripture. This

any one may see by turning, among many other portions, to 1 Tim. v. 17, 18—a passage already more than once referred to. In the words of the apostle there is a command to account those elders worthy of a double maintenance, who were distinguished for ability and zeal in the discharge of their office, and especially such of these as were usually employed in preaching the Word. But if a *double* maintenance were to be awarded to elders that "ruled well," is it not implied that a *maintenance* at least was to be regarded as due to all elders. Indeed, this much the nature of the case itself might show. They were, as the apostle intimates, "treaders out of the corn," "labourers" in the vineyard of Christ, and as such were surely entitled to an honourable support. Thus the citations of the text. Moses had said—"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. Compare verse 18 with Deut. xxv. 4. Christ also had said—"The labourer is worthy of his reward." Compare verse 18 with Luke x. 9. Who, then, will question the right of the Lord's pastors to the Lord's "hire," or say that they are not to "live" by their labours in the Gospel?

Nor can we think that in many churches there are not the means of thus sustaining a plurality of elders or pastors. Indeed, on the present scale of giving the thing could not be done. But the question is—Is that scale anything like what it should be? Whence, for the most part, arise our pecuniary difficulties in maintaining the cause of Christ? Not certainly so much from a want of means, as from a want of will to use the means we have. "If Christians were less conformed to the world, should they save what others spend unnecessarily, they could support several labourers in a church, and be as rich at the year's end as their neighbours."\* The truth is, however, we are not so inclined. We will deny ourselves nothing, that we may support and extend the Gospel. If we give, it is not from our *savings*, but from our *superfluities*. The claims of the world, of its customs, of its fashions, and of its follies, we meet with a liberal—may, with a prodigal hand; but those of Christ's cause—alas, we are here the veriest

misers. Our standard is anything but that of either the Old, or of the New Testament. Under the law, as is now generally wellknown, not merely the tenth—though in the present day that would be thought enormous—but the *fourth*, or even perhaps the *third* of a man's income was enjoined to be consecrated to the service of God. And who that is familiar with the teachings of Christ and his apostles, and with the history of the first churches, does not know that even this, in many instances, was outdone under the new economy? We cannot forget our Lord's commendation of the poor widow who "cast in all that she had" into the treasury, "even all her living," Mark xii. 41-44. Nor his apology for the woman who poured upon his head a box of ointment worth "more than three hundred pence," Mark xiv. 3-9. Nor can we forget what Paul says of the churches of the Macedonians, "Now that in a great trial of afflictions the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded to the riches of their liberality. For," continues the apostle, "to their power I bear record, yea, and beyond their power they were willing of themselves, praying us with much entreaty that we would receive the gift, and take upon us the fellowship of the ministering to the saints," 2 Cor. viii. 1-4. If Christians now so gave, the reader must see there would, in most instances, be no scarcity of means in carrying out the institutions of Christ.

It is not, however, necessary to suppose that in every case *all* the elders of a church must be maintained, far less maintained on an expensive scale. That they have a *right* to a maintenance is clear. Moreover, in most instances they *could* be maintained. But if when a church is small and its members poor, there are any qualified for the office, and who can afford to labour gratuitously, there is no reason why they should not so do. Besides, from 1 Tim. v. 17, it is evident that all pastors who need support, are not entitled to the same amount. "While it is exceedingly desirable that some, at least one, should be solely devoted to the service of the church, others may properly spend much of their time in their worldly business. An acquaintance with the original languages of the Scriptures, with history,

&c., is very necessary to be possessed by the church in at least one of its pastors; but though this is desirable, even as to every Christian, it is by no means indispensable as to some of the pastors. They may be very useful labourers in many respects without this accomplishment. Those, therefore, who must devote all their time to such acquisitions, must undoubtedly require a much greater support than others who can devote the greater part of their time to worldly business. The previous habits of living, with many other circumstances, must also be considered: so that while one will need much, another may need nothing but a small remuneration for loss of time."\*

*Tubbermore, Ireland.*

## THE BLESSING OF JOSEPH.

BY REV. B. DAVIES.

"Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall: the archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him: but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob; (from thence is the shepherd, the stone of Israel.)"—Genesis xlix. 22-24.

THE character of the patriarch Jacob does not always appear in the most amiable light. That he was cunning and crafty none can doubt, and some have even contended that he was dishonest. Be this as it may, he was a favourite of heaven—"loved of his God ere time began." Yet God did not love the failings and imperfections of his servant, hence the patriarch's life was a continued scene of trials and trouble. "Few and evil," said he, "have the days of the years of my life been." He cheated his brother out of the birthright, and of that brother he stood in dread for years, and became an exile from his father's house. He deceived his aged parent, and his sons deceived him. He made favourites of two of his children, and their loss he mourned, supposing they were dead. The last seventeen years of his life seem to have been a time of prosperity and of peace. He had learnt the bitter consequences of sin, and now, in the land of Goshen, surrounded with the luxuries of life and the comfort

\* Dr. Carson.

of his numerous family, he gradually ripened for heaven. On his death-bed he appears, not as the crafty schemer, but as the venerable saint; and as in imagination we mingle with his sons, and crowd around his couch, we are pleased with the venerable aspect and pious ejaculations of the hoary-headed patriarch.

Ten of his sons have received his blessing, and now it is the turn of Joseph, the lord of Egypt. The elder brethren make way for him as he approaches his father's bed; for though a younger brother, yet he has become great, and they fear and reverence him. Then, with feeble utterance, his voice broken with emotion, the old man falters out, "Joseph is a fruitful vine."

These words have literal reference to Joseph, the son of Jacob; a prophetic reference to Jesus, the Son of God; and a spiritual reference to all God's people in all ages. I shall endeavour, from the character, and conflicts, and success of Joseph—which are more fully developed in the character, and conflicts, and life of Jesus—to set before you what true Christians ought to be. We shall notice—

I. THE CHARACTER OF JOSEPH. Joseph's character is described in the beautiful, yet simple, metaphor employed. A tree is represented, whose roots are watered by a living spring, whose branches are laden with delicious fruit, whose boughs hang over the wall of the garden, as if inviting the weary traveller to pluck and eat. The fruitfulness of the tree may refer to Joseph's prosperity, and in naming his second son he called him Ephraim; "for," said he, "God hath made me fruitful in the land of my affliction." Or it may refer to his fruitfulness in every good work, for though he dwelt as an outcast in a strange land, yet he was fruitful there, and became the saviour of his country. This, too, should be the character of the Christian. Of the Colossians it was said, "The Gospel bringeth forth fruit in you;" but of many professing Christians Jesus might say, "Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none." It is but seldom that we find a Christian laden with the rich, ripe, luscious fruits of the Spirit; but we have found fruit which

was very beautiful to the eye, yet when we would have tasted thereof, it proved to be like the apples of Sodom, full of rottenness and corruption. We have heard professors talk so lovingly, and use such endearing terms, and smile such bewitching smiles, that we have concluded them to be fruitful love-trees, but afterwards have heard them say the most cruel and bitter things in the very same winning, loving voice. There is such a thing as the fruit of the lips, but the fruit of the life is a far better test of true Christianity.

Joseph bore both lip fruit and life fruit. See how kindly he spake to his wicked brethren—"I am Joseph, your brother." See how kindly he acted towards them in supplying all their wants, and forgiving them their sin against him. We must not forget that it is the well-spring of water that makes the tree fruitful. "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." If we have not this well-spring of grace in our hearts we can never be truly fruitful.

"Now, if we visit Jacob's well,  
And ask while Christ himself is there,  
He'll freely give the vital stream—  
Where he is, living waters are."

Notice, lastly, here, the abounding charity of Joseph's heart, "whose branches run over the wall."

There are some under-gardeners who, as soon as they see the branch of a Christian shoot over the wall, immediately try to cut it off, or else build the wall higher, so as to prevent it. The walls of prejudice and sectarianism are built high enough; let us not carry them any higher, but cause our branches to run over the wall in sympathy and love to the brethren. The wall of separation between the Church and the world is high, but the Church's branches should run over this wall, and even worldlings should be benefited by the influence of our Christian graces. Let them pluck the fruit.

II. THE ENEMIES OF JOSEPH. Here is a solitary man with a single bow, surrounded by a host of archers who hate him, and shoot at him on all sides with their murderous arrows. It is recorded of Edmund, the Saxon king, that the Danes tied him to a tree, and shot at him with their arrows until there was

not room for another to rest in his body. So Christ, and his people too, are surrounded by the archers, and we must expect that the sharp poisonous arrows will often pierce us, wounding our feelings, our reputation, and our prospects in life. The archers here spoken of were probably Joseph's brethren, who, "when they saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him."

Here the Christian may see a picture of himself, but let him listen to the voice of his Master, who says, "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." This is one great cause of the world's hatred, and the other is that superiority which worldlings feel that Christians have.

The thief hates the law, and all its officers, because they judge him and condemn him. So, for a like reason, the world hates the people of God. We are told in our text how the world shows its hatred. "The archers have sorely grieved him."

Joseph's brethren sorely grieved him when they cast him into the pit and sold him to the Midianites; they saw the anguish of his soul when he besought them and they would not hear. Joseph's master grieved him when he took him and put him into the prison, a place where the king's prisoners were bound; and he was there in the prison. The chief butler grieved him when he forgot his kindness and left him to lie in his dungeon. So, in many ways, the archers grieve the children of God, and our spiritual Joseph, for the same cause, could say—

"Grief, like a garment, clothed me round,  
And sackcloth was my dress;  
While I procured for naked souls  
A robe of righteousness."

(1) *These archers grieve* the people of God by their wickedness. Like as Lot, "that righteous man dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds." And David, who says, "I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved;

because they kept not thy Word." It was a grievous sight, in days gone by, to see the madman hugging his chains supposing them to be golden, or greedily devouring the straw upon which he crouched, thinking that he sat at the festive board which groaned beneath the weight of the steaming viands. It is equally grievous to see sinners hugging the chains of sin, and greedily devouring the filthy refuse called worldly pleasure.

We are grieved to hear the character of a friend vilified or his name abused, how much more should we be grieved at those awful blasphemies which sinners use against the holy God!

(2) *Worldlings grieve* the Christian as they did the Saviour by their hardness of heart.

The snow is melted by the heat of the sun, and even the granite rocks may be liquified by the heat of fire, but no human agency can ever melt the hard heart of man. Prayers, tears, and entreaties are alike of no avail, and the Christian is left to grieve at the hardness of their hearts.

(3) *Christians are grieved* like Nehemiah when they find some Tobiah, a worldly Ammonite, occupying a chamber in God's house. There are such to be found in the pulpit, as well as in the pew; in the strictest church as well as in those more open. We cannot help their continuing there until, by some unexpected disclosure, their characters are manifested—then we must follow Nehemiah's example in their instant exclusion. I am more and more persuaded that the Church of Christ must be kept pure, the dead branches must be cut off, the old leaven must be purged out. We have no dislike to these Tobiahs as men, but their place is not in the Church of God, when they are of the earth, earthy.

Now, we notice that these archers not only hated Joseph and grieved him, but *they shot at him*. The workers of iniquity do "bend their bows to shoot their arrows, even bitter words: that they may shoot in secret at the perfect; suddenly do they shoot at him, and fear not." They shot a poisoned arrow at Christ when they said, "Behold a man gluttonous and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Charges equally bad the wicked will now shoot at the godly, yet the Christian can say—

"If on my face for thy dear name  
Shame and reproach shall be,  
I'll hail reproach and welcome shame  
If thou'lt remember me."

The Saviour has said, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Let wounded Christians take comfort from this, but never let them put the arrow into the hands of their enemies by inconsistency, for they will give occasion to the foe to blaspheme and say, "Aha! so would we have it."

According to the poet's fancy, the most poignant pang to the dying eagle was the thought that one of his own feathers had winged the arrow that wounded him to the heart. So Christians often furnish worldlings with feathers for their arrows. The archers shot at the Saviour when they said, "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." They doubted his Sonship, though he gave them no occasion to do so: can we wonder that they sometimes suspect the genuineness of our Christianity when by our follies we give them so much occasion? These things we must learn to bear, for "as then he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now."

III. JOSEPH'S SUCCESS. "His bow abode in strength," &c.

The Christian is an archer, yet he does not bend his bow against men, but against their sins; and he must continue his warfare against the world, the flesh, and the devil, until these enemies are laid low in the dust. I would advise every Christian archer not to aim at sin in general, but at every sin in particular, and let him begin with his own. The farmer shoots the rabbits upon his own farm that they may not destroy his crops. Let us do the same. If we look into the matter we shall find that many of our Christian graces have been sadly nibbled by little sins. Then, Christian, string thy bow, and let thine arm be strong, that thou mayest destroy these enemies of thy soul.

There is another sense in which the

Christian is an archer. When bows and arrows were the common instruments of warfare, it was not uncommon for the letter, containing intelligence to the beleaguered city, to be delivered by the shooting of an arrow to which it was tied. So the prayers of believers are arrows carrying petitions to heaven, as sure and as swift as the arrow do they reach their destination. When a deep chasm has to be bridged the mountaineer shoots across an arrow, to which a slight thread is fastened; by this thread the cord is drawn which brings after it the rope, and then the great girders are easily drawn across upon which the bridge has to rest. So every chasm of difficulty, over which the Christian has to pass, may be successfully bridged if by the arrow of faith the thread of promise is shot across it.

Let Christian archers never shoot short of the mark, or beside the mark, or beyond the mark. We shoot short of the mark when our rebuke is too feeble to be felt. We shoot beside the mark when our words may be misunderstood and misapplied. We shoot beyond the mark when our wrathful vehemence fixes not only upon the sins of men but upon the men themselves. O that we had the skill of William Tell, to shoot the apple of sin from the head without injury to the person!

In closing we must remind you of the secret of Joseph's success: "the arms," &c.

Brethren, our arm is weak, too weak to pull the bowstring ourselves; let us seek direction and strength from the mighty God of Jacob, then with David we shall be able to say, "Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle,"—"thou teachest my hands to war, so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms."

"Let but the Lord's almighty arm  
Sustain a feeble worm,  
He shall escape secure from harm  
Amid the dreadful storm."

Greenwich.

## THE DESIRABLENESS OF MORE UNITED EFFORT IN PRAYER.

BY THE REV. G. PHILLIPS.

THIS important duty devolves upon Christian. There is no true religion where there is no prayer. We are exhorted to pray without ceasing (1 Thess.

v. 17). All our efforts will be in vain, unless we implore the aid of God's Spirit and grace. Prayer is the life of religion in the soul. It also imparts essential energy to the Church. Being of such vital importance, we would remind you of the duty under its various aspects.

*Secret prayer.* Binding as this is upon all, we trust all the friends of Jesus remember the closet, where they are honoured in communing with our Father who seeth in secret. Here the bosom may be laid bare before Jehovah's throne—our sorrows, cares, burdens, heart-wounds, relations, the state of Zion, and the world. What pleasure often fills the soul in representing the hidden folds of the heart thus before his God—distresses it may be often not to be unbosomed to the dearest earthly friend! What heavy burdens are thus rolled off! What anxious cares are lost! What deep wounds are mollified with precious ointment! What fires of love are enkindled in the breast! What open rewards are subsequently realized after thus wrestling with God! The dreaded enemy becomes a friend; the arms are open to embrace, and not to destroy: the dew of the heart trickles down the cheeks, and a brother's affection and sympathy are felt. How often, when surrounded by enemies and difficulties, not knowing where to flee, but having freedom upwards, has the Christian darted up the desire of his soul to his Father who seeth in secret, and a way has been opened through the Red Sea of his troubles! If every member were thus constantly engaged in secret prayer, the enemy would fly away, piety would be deepened, the soul would be fitted for the service of God, after dwelling in the ivory palace; the Spirit would be poured down on the Church, and the wheels of the Gospel chariot quickened in their speed.

*Domestic prayer* also should not be forgotten. The altar in the household, devolving as it does more especially upon parents, and heads of families, is the source of many and peculiar blessings. The good resulting from the prayers and example of pious parents cannot be calculated. The children presented before the throne of grace in the family by the fond parent, anxious for their salvation, are often brought to Jesus in after life. Perhaps when years have passed away,

and the family circle broken by death, events occur that, by the law of association, bring to recollection the endearments of home; and the voice of the kind parent heard in childhood petitioning the throne so earnestly in behalf of the family, seems to sound in the ear again, though long dead, still speaketh; and often, through God's Spirit, under such impressions, the careless and disobedient are brought to the feet of Jesus, and afterwards erect an altar that shall have the same or a more extended influence. Thus the moral effect expands and widens, and eternity alone must unfold the good results. How many who are now bright stars in the firmament of the Church militant, can point to the example of a God-fearing father, or the prayers of a pious mother, as being the means, in the hands of God, of causing them to emerge forth from the darkness of sin! Servants are also blessed, and become the servants of Christ, by the same means. If the duty is pleasing in the sight of God, and so beneficial to his cause, we trust those who live in neglect of the family altar will be led to say with Joshua, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," Joshua xxiv. 15.

Then in *social prayer* the power of union and co-operation is obvious. The Divine Being has so arranged that prayer often precedes the pouring out of special blessings. The descent of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, when three thousand were converted, was preceded by the meeting of the brethren with one accord, in an upper room, at Jerusalem. The Gospel was introduced to the Gentile world in connection with prayer, as seen in the case of Cornelius, Acts x. 4. The church at Philippi was planted through the prayers offered on the banks of a river near that city, where the Lord opened the heart of Lydia. Hundreds of Christian churches have subsequently been planted in Europe through the same means. Prayer drew support to the followers of the Lamb during the ten fiery persecutions under the Roman emperors. Prayer caused the lamps of the faithful to burn bright during the dark ages of Popery. Prayer impelled the wheels of the Reformation, ardently sought by Wickliffe in England, John Huss and Jerome of Prague, in Bohemia, and powerfully advanced afterwards by

Luther and Melancthon in Germany, Zuinglius in Switzerland, Calvin in Geneva, and John Knox in Scotland, of whom the Queen of England said, "she dreaded his prayers more than all the armies of Europe." Prayer was the stay and support of the two thousand servants of God, who, two centuries ago, were banished from their homes for conscience' sake. Prayer brought about the recent revivals with which the Church has been favoured in different parts of Christendom. The past may simply prove its powerful influence, but not the full extent of its power. Nay, it can do infinitely more than it has done; for prayer moves the hand that moves the world. It opens the windows of heaven; it is the golden key to the treasure house of Divine mercy. If all that belong to our churches were earnestly and unitedly engaged in pleading that God's Spirit may be poured down, what profitable opportunities should we enjoy! The temple would be filled with the atmosphere of devotion; the Word preached would come home like darts of fire to the sinner's heart; the bread of life would be broken to the saint; the sorrowful would be comforted; the broken-hearted healed; the weak strengthened; and backsliders also, who lie like stranded vessels scorched on the beach by the sun of temptation, would be influenced again to sail on the ocean of Divine love towards the haven of rest. The world would then see that religion was a powerful reality. We earnestly beseech united attendance to prayer, as it is conducive to the highest good.

*Evenjobb, Kadnor.*

## WATER AND SPIRIT.

BY THE REV. T. W. MEDHURST,  
Author of "Rays of Light in the Dark  
Valley," &c., &c.  
John iii. 5.

THE justly celebrated Dr. Carson, one of the first Biblical critics of his day—a true critic, a scholar, and philosopher combined—says, concerning the above passage, "Except a man be born of water and the Spirit," John iii. 5, is another expression which is admitted to refer to baptism; and has its explanation most intelligibly in emersion out of the water in that ordinance. To emerge out

of the water, is like a birth; and to be born of water, as distinguished from being born of the Spirit, is to be born of the truth represented by the water. We are regenerated both by the Word and Spirit. We are born into the kingdom of God by the agency of his Spirit, through the belief of the Word that testifies the death, burial, and resurrection of Christ, and our death, burial, and resurrection with him. Christ, therefore, is said to have given himself for his Church, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of the water by the Word, Eph. v. 26. The washing of water is by the Word, which is figuratively done in baptism. In like manner, we are said to be saved 'by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost,' Tit. iii. 5. We are also said to be 'washed and sanctified,' 1 Cor. vi. 11, in reference to the cleansing from sin by faith in the blood of Christ, as well as to the renewing of our hearts by the Holy Spirit." (*Baptism in its Mode and Subjects*, pp. 164-165.)

We believe the above quotation gives the correct meaning of the passage (John iii. 5), and, therefore, would seek by Divine assistance to meditate a little time on the important truth here brought before our attention by our Lord. The new birth is produced by the "water and the Spirit," without which none can either "see" or "enter" into the kingdom of God—cannot understand nor experimentally enjoy its blessed and holy mysteries. The vision of poor human nature may be far-seeing, but it cannot, unless anointed with spiritual "eye-salve," Rev. iii. 18, "see the kingdom of God." The depraved intellect of fallen man may be gigantic even in its ruined condition, but until renewed by the all-powerful operations of the Holy Spirit, it cannot "enter" into the profound truths of God's spiritual kingdom. To the mere natural man, things which are purely spiritual are foolishness, therefore he cannot discern their import.

The new birth is not "of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God," John i. 13. All who are led by the Spirit into an experimental acquaintance with Jesus, are the children of God. When we simply receive by faith, through the Spirit, Jesus as the gift of the Father, we are regenerated. We are "born

again," and thus become new creatures; persons created anew in Christ Jesus, begotten unto a lively hope through the resurrection of our Lord from the dead. This is produced by the Spirit, through faith in the Inspired Word of the Father. See John v. 24; John vi. 47; and John xx. 31. The moment the sinner actually receives God's record about Jesus Christ, the soul passes from death into life, just as the first Adam, the instant he believed the devil's lie about God, passed from life into death. The Word of God concerning his Son, when applied by the Spirit, quickens dead souls, so that they, hearing the voice of the Son of God, live. This is a subject which *faith* understands, but which is beyond the province of *reason*. Reason cannot fathom that which is wholly spiritual: for these things are only revealed from faith to faith.

The instrument used by the Holy Spirit is the Word of God—the Word which is figuratively represented as "water" in the passage at present under consideration. Thus, also, in James i. 18, we read, "Of his own will begat he us with the Word of truth, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of his creatures." Also in 1 Peter i. 23, we find a similar clear statement. "Being born again," says the apostle, "not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." The Word of the Lord, which endureth for ever, is the glad tidings which are declared in the Inspired Writings. This same truth is declared in symbolical language in Ezekiel, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh, and I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them." (Ezek. xxxvi. 25-27.)

Jesus "loved the Church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word." (Eph. v. 25, 26.) Here we see distinctly the *water* and the *Word* are the same. The action of the Word

on the soul is similar to the action of the water on the body—it cleanses and purifies. In Titus iii. 5 the same figure is employed, "According to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." The Word applied by the Holy Spirit *regenerates*. The Word reveals Jesus as Lord and anointed Saviour, to whom it bids the sinner look for life; the Holy Spirit enables 'the sinner to obey the Word. He looks, and when he looks he is saved, regenerated, justified. By reliance on the simple Word of Jesus we have "everlasting life."

We thus discover a most important truth, viz., that regeneration is produced by faith in Jesus. One look at the Crucified One is all that is necessary in order that we might be made partakers of the new birth. Jesus is the one object of faith, and the only source of spiritual blessings. We have not to perfect ourselves with either our own worthiness or unworthiness. Jesus Christ is the only One with whom the convinced sinner has to do. In him the fulness of the God-head dwells, to meet our needs, and all the peculiarities of our state. Jesus died, was buried, rose again, ascended to the Father, and ever lives to make intercession at the Father's right hand: "Wherefore he is able also to save them unto the uttermost who come unto God by him." Come, poor, lost, perishing, convinced sinner, put your whole heart's trust in Jesus, then you shall receive a full, a present, a perfect, and an everlasting salvation. Do not doubt, do not despair, but implicitly rely on Jesus, God's appointed Substitute for the guilty. Come and receive his blood for pardon, his righteousness for justification, and his Spirit for sanctification. Thus shall you experimentally know Christ to be your all, and in all.

Glasgow.

## THE GOLIATH REFORMER.

A STUDY FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD LEACH,

Author of "Rev. James Hervey, the Model Minister and Christian," &c.

CHAPTER X.—WANTED, ANOTHER LUTHEE. I VERILY believe that if a reformation was needed in the religious world of



the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it is none the less essential now. A contrast between what I may term the two epochs may prove this. In Luther's day, ignorance and superstition were the two pillars of Popery, believed in and admired. Now, refinement and the wider diffusion of religious truth have done much to overturn these destructive influences; but are not the embers still burning? Scarcely a week passes but the newspapers record some two or three instances of superstition and belief in witchcraft. Ignorance is more universal than we take it to be. I have met with those who, with blatant voice, openly curse knowledge; men who will besmear and bespatter the fair name of any one possessed of a moderate share of intelligence; men who esteem ignorance bliss, and knowledge "carnal." They are drunken with bigotry, and mad with self-conceit. In Luther's day there were men who would never allow the least spark of free thought to radiate their benighted minds. Even in this, the nineteenth century, there are those who are infuriated at the name of a man whose success in the Gospel field has been somewhat extraordinary. How have our hearts turned sick when we have heard men who professed Christ, and who ought to have been ashamed of themselves, denounce Spurgeon, Newman Hall, Richard Weaver, Denham Smith, and names honoured among Christians, as hypocrites, tragedians, and everything but followers of Christ, and possessors of the "hidden life!" And this false cloak—this shameful display of ignorance and bitterness—is in the nineteenth century! Enlightenment has made rapid strides, but alas for the dark places where the blessed beams of a purifying, holy love, and an earnest, honest charity, have not as yet penetrated! To see eye to eye with a certain clique is a sure ground for election; but woe betide the man who is independent in mind. In the sixteenth century there were corruptions spreading themselves in a Christian Church. There was idolatry—that arch-usurper, whose power has been exercised to fling the honour of Christ in the dust. And is not the same evil still existing? I grant you it is in its essence, condensed, compressed, rounded, and shaped; but

there it is, with all the plaster surrounding it—it is idolatry still. Free-will is an idol. Self-sanctification (whatever that may be) is an idol. We idolize rich members. We carefully abstain ourselves from passing the squire's big pew. We must have cringing, curtsying pew-openers. These are as much our idols as the statues of the "Blessed Mary" were to the Romanists. There was, too, rampant exclusiveness in the Romish Church. And, alas! who dares say no exclusiveness exists now in our Protestant churches? To sit down with a Christian *not* of your own denomination is to incur the wrath of men who believe they have the keys which the Romanists ascribed to St. Peter's possession. In Luther's days there were some Christians; but O! how cold! Faith was a word unknown, unloved. Zeal was a thing that seemed swept from the earth. One of the most certain causes of Luther's success was *faith*. Until our modern Christians understand how to spell that word, we must expect little heroism and less acceptable working for Christ. The same spirit that inspired the elders of old, who obtained a good report through faith—that nerved the martyrs and reformers to noble deeds of daring—must be infused into Christendom before any important reformation can be accomplished. One would think that the 11th chapter of Hebrews was a sealed mystery to many of God's people, so little faith have they, and so little do they comprehend its real virtue. "Without faith it is impossible to please God" is a truism so often forgotten, that were it not impressed in indelible ink on our Bibles, we should scarcely know whether it was recorded at all. There was little or no enthusiasm when Luther first stirred up the heavy clods which surrounded the phlegmatic Christians of his age. And even now we are inclined to sit comfortably under a ministry where the Christian life of faith is represented to be a kind of pleasure-ground instead of a battle-field. To sit on flowery meads, and roll and loll with quiet security, scarcely seem fitting occupations for soldiers of the cross. Idle Christians are hurtful Christians. Lazy believers are selfish believers. Let us be up and doing, for the harvest is indeed ripe.

And, notice, when the cause of real, vital godliness was at its lowest ebb, then did the arts take its place. When the Virgin and the Pope were worshipped, when indulgences, transubstantiation, masses, and matins were in their prime, then were architecture, sculpture, and painting at the zenith of their glory. The cultivation of the fine arts was a grand evidence of the refined taste of the age; but, you see, it was fine art, and not CHRIST, that was thought of. I give place to no Christian in my admiration of Gothic architecture; I delight to find Dissenters shunning the cold Classic, and impugning the discreditable plastered four-walls. But amidst all this regeneration of taste, is there not a clinging, an over-devotion to Gothic chapels? Isn't it half the thought of our large congregations to build fine steeple-houses, instead of seeking out the lost and the helpless? Our friends the Wesleyans have recently been overstocked with enthusiasm for a style of architecture which Wesley detested. Everywhere, and in London especially, Gothic chapels are being erected for that body; and the consequence is that, from over-anxiety for steeples, arches, passion-flowers, and chancela, three hundred members only have been added to their London churches during the past year. Pray let us turn to whitewashed walls and have sinners converted, rather than have fine architecture and no blessing from God. I am afraid we are getting too Gothicised, and if we trust to that, and not to Christ, no blessing can be expected. Let God have the richest buildings which human genius can devise, and loving workmanship can make; but let us remember that the richest gift we can present him is a simple humble faith; and the loving earnestness shown in seeking out those who as yet are in "the ruins of the fall" is the pleasantest work for the Christian's hands. I don't find that Luther denounced the magnificence of Romish cathedrals, but his eyes sparkled as he thundered against the idolatry thereof. We have no occasion to display our ill-taste by vulgar denunciations of Gothic chapels, but should we carry it too far, by making an idol of our fine taste, we shall need another Martin Luther to hurl down our strongholds.

Were I to go into detail, I might observe that Martin Luther was the perfection of masculine Christianity. Of the two, rather let us have what the world calls "muscular Christianity" than an effeminate namby-pambyism. But Luther's religion seemed to possess *masculine* proportions. I have heard it remarked that, by nature, Luther was only fitted to be a bullock-slayer. Perhaps so, but that was the best stuff for a man to possess to fling successfully the battle-axe of Divine truth against the enemies of Christ. We all know what sort of an intellect a man has when we see his hair carefully parted in the middle. We can't expect figs to grow of thistles. Manliness can't exist in the breast of a dandy. Fire and enthusiasm, zeal and burning love cannot show themselves in cowardly, unmanly Christians. There are some quiet harmless folk, who exceedingly fear and quake when they hear that "God is a God of war." But, beloved reader, when we have to fight with sin, the flesh, and the devil, is not a courageous, bold disposition better than a weak temperament? What I mean is this, that it is much better to boldly declare ourselves on Christ's side than to carry about with us an undecided, much-afraid cowardice. Truly, 'twould be better were we manlier.

There may be—I can't but believe there really is—some one now living who may become another Martin Luther; and who like that brilliant man may shake all Christendom, show it its weaknesses, and cause a gigantic re-formation. He may now only be a child; perhaps he is only just born the second time. Possibly, he may be like Luther, preparing for his work in some secluded study, turning over the blessed pages of Holy Writ, and just spelling out the most comfortable doctrine of justification by faith. If so, how much may he not see to stir up the hidden passions of his righteous soul! May he not come forth with daring honesty and declaim against Christian conformity to the world? Could he not consistently denounce the system of nursing dead formalism? Might he not drive to the corner the hopes of those who seek religion as a prelude to success in business? Would he do wrong by thundering out

all the woes of Scripture against those who seek to dishonour Christ's holy religion by making it a covering for their iniquities? If he come, he shall, nerved and strengthened by Almighty power, show the want of Christian manly earnestness, of real, godly conversation, fight bravely against the tattle, the scurrility,

and foul malice of men, and with a "Thus saith the Lord," strike at the root of these iniquities and fair pretensions.

GOD SPEED THE COMING OF THE MARTIN LUTHER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY!

London.

## Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," &c.

### A MOTHER'S SPECIAL PRAYER.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE SECOND PRAYER.

MRS. SMITH erected one of her Ebenezer stones on that happy morning when her lost child was restored to her; and she laid upon it, not only tears of joy and tributes of praise, but a solemn vow. God had heard her prayer, had given her boy to her yearning arms a second time—she would consecrate him to the Lord, she would spare no pains to train him for his service.

It must be confessed that she was a little ambitious for him. She raised her expectations very high. She did not intend that he should grow up a common-place man. He should be a bright and shining light, so far as human love and skill would avail to make him so—and perhaps Mrs. Smith was not very unlike most mothers in this respect.

Diligently and perseveringly she laboured to carry out this intention. Her boy, whom God had made hers so specially, should not be intrusted to hireling hands; a mother's fond love watched over him, a mother's instruction should make him wise. And special blessings seemed to attend him. Years glided by, and the bloom of health mantled his cheek and sparkled in his eye. He was shielded from the many diseases of childhood. The mother had to sit through many an anxious night with her daughters, but Alfred was always strong. His firm step and ringing laugh made music in their home. His intelligence and good behaviour gladdened both father's and mother's hearts. When it became necessary that he should leave home for school, his life was so hedged by prayers that no harm came to him, so far as

they could see. The temptations of school life seemed to leave him unscathed. And as he grew in stature and many eyes looked admiringly upon him, the prospect of his future looked very fair and bright.

But the period with which we have especially to do now, was that immediately following his school life. He was then seventeen years of age, and a very important matter had to be settled—that of deciding upon a profession for him. At the time that this was forming subject for evening chats and daily deliberations, there came before him what we call "a good chance."

There certainly was a bright opening for some superior young man. A respectable situation, highly lucrative, whose benefits were permanent. Many longing eyes turned towards it, and among the rest those of Mrs. Smith. It was just what she coveted for her son. It would give him a standing in life, full scope for all his powers; it would call forth his energies, would strengthen his character, would give him self-reliance and manliness.

The more it was talked of at the house of Mr. Smith the more it was wished that Alfred might succeed in obtaining it. He had great hopes himself, but youth is always sanguine. His mother had many fears as well. There was to be a competitive examination, at which all the candidates were to try their skill. She had great faith in her son's knowledge, and he had received a thoroughly liberal education. But he was the youngest of the applicants, and his

youth was sure to be against him. Alfred himself was all eagerness. He went immediately to one of his tutors, and studied night and day, working with all the ardour of a young, fiery spirit. He knew his future depended upon it, knew how anxiously they were all talking about him at home, and he strained every nerve after success.

It was a time of great suspense to them all—a suspense which increased and deepened as the time of decision drew near. Mrs. Smith was scarcely able to control her impatience.

It was Tuesday evening, and the examination was fixed for Thursday. They did not talk as much, but they *thought* a great deal as they sat by the fire that evening. They had laid many plans for Alfred—where he should live and what he should do with his money, and so on. But to-night Mrs. Smith's thoughts roved feverishly, until her husband suggested that it was really no use worrying about it; if he failed at that, he would succeed at something else.

To their great surprise, Alfred came in.

"I was obliged to come, mother," he said, leaning his head upon her shoulder; "I am so tired and so anxious, I can scarcely endure the suspense." Mrs. Smith looked at his white face, and her heart misgave her a little. Was it right that they should all be so anxious about a purely temporal benefit?

She buried all her own impatience soothing her boy. She spoke hopefully and confidently; she bade him commit his cause to the Almighty, and never fear for the result.

So he went away comforted and inspired.

But on Thursday Mrs. Smith presented with passionate earnestness another special prayer. She believed she was asking for what *must* be a blessing. It looked so very plain to her, that good would every way result from Alfred's obtaining this situation—and she could not, did not say, "*Thy will be done.*"

Ah! if she only had. He who sees the end from the beginning, knows so much better than we!

Through all that day, while Alfred was passing through his ordeal, the mother prayed for his success with an earnestness that went straight to the throne. She was convinced in her own

mind that the riches which might follow would certainly be laid out in the service of the Highest, and had therefore no doubt as to the legitimacy of the prayer.

Early the next morning, Alfred came home. He had not slept during the night, but even his weariness had not power to damp the brightness of his face. They needed not have asked their questions so eagerly, they might have seen for themselves, *he had been successful*. Once more the mother's special prayer had been heard, and here was the answer.

\* \* \* \*

Many loving counsels did Mrs. Smith arm her boy with ere he went forth into the temptations of the great city.

"Alfred, do not trust your own strength. Never pass a day without prayer. Read your Bible, and pray over it. Act according to its directions, and you will never go wrong. Do not forget your home and the simple lessons you have learnt there."

"Mother, do you think I could?" and the young face flushed with emotion.

"No, my boy, but you will find many new friends—many new influences will be around you—dangers you do not dream of will be around your path."

"Mother, are you afraid to trust me?" In good truth she was. Not so far as the lad's own strength was concerned—she believed that would be exerted. But her heart ached as she thought over one thing. Notwithstanding her prayers, her endeavours, her instruction, her boy was not a Christian. If she could have saved him herself she would gladly have done so; but "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

Was it possible that she had prayed less earnestly for that, the greatest blessing, than for the special ones which had been granted? True it is, that years had passed away, and still the son whom she had loved as her own soul, for whom she had agonized and wept, was entering upon manhood's duties and manhood's dangers, "an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, a stranger to the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world." And so he went away.

For a long time his letters were regular and full of love, showing the old boyish heart in every line. They spoke with a half-comic air of his greatness, of the

responsibilities attaching to it, of the way in which he met them. They were full of joy in the present and hope for the future.

But at last a change came over them. They grew strange and constrained. The mother's heart saw it and grieved over it, gradually as it showed itself. She had many misgivings. There was nothing to keep him in the right path, no parents' watchfulness, and alas! no fear of God. Moreover, the mother had *only* misgivings. There was nothing tangible. She could not see that he was going wrong—she only feared it. He was different somehow, and she dreaded lest he was succumbing to the temptations around him.

She decided to visit him. Without letting him know of her purpose, she suddenly visited his lodgings, and her fears were confirmed.

"Mother! Why, is it possible you have come to London?"

"Yes, Alfred, I wanted to see you, and talk with you."

"Ah, I will show you all the grand places and things—all the lions of this wonderful city, and indeed we will have a treat."

Kind and affectionate as ever, yet there was a something that continued the foreboding at her heart. He was not the happy Alfred of former days. Sometimes he was even gloomy and thoughtful, sometimes wild and reckless. Yet, so far as she could see, he was upright and honourable, filling well his post.

"Alfred, are you as far as ever from the kingdom?" A shade of pain passed over his face.

"Well, yes, mother dear, farther than ever, if I speak out what I feel."

"Do you mean that? Have you neglected to read the Bible?"

"No, not quite; but you know it is not such a book of books to me as to you. If the root of the matter were in me, I should enjoy it, but it only makes me miserable now."

"Do you pray, Alfred?"

"Yes, after a sort. I always pray for you, mother, even when I can't for myself." Then he added suddenly, "Mother, don't you pray for me?"

"Daily, my son."

"Then how is it?"

Ah! how is it? Alfred Smith is not the first who has stumbled over that question. Mrs. Smith is not the first sorrowful mother whose prayers have been a long while unanswered.

She prayed with her son. She talked long and lovingly to him, yet after all left him with a sickening fear at her heart.

You see she was not happy, although her special prayer had been answered. Her will had been granted. Alfred's prospects were all that could be wished for this world. He was rising in life. He could command respect. The world's comforts were within his reach. But all this was not, after all, the one thing needful.

And Mrs. Smith's fears were all realized too soon. Her heart was torn as it had never been before. She had to learn, in a very painful school, the little lesson mentioned last month, that it is never safe to pray without adding "Thy will be done."

One night as they were retiring to rest, a summons at the door startled them all. There was a telegram for Mr. Smith—very short, very heartrending—begging him to go to London immediately, for Alfred was arrested and in prison.

## Reviews.

*Death; a Vision, &c.* By JOHN MACGOWAN. A New Edition, by W. COWPER, Minister of the Gospel. London: John Gadsby, George-street, Bouverie-street.

MACGOWAN was a vigorous and lively writer of the last century, whose active pen did good service in the cause of evangelical truth. His "Death; a Vision," is a very thrilling work, and therefore Mr. Cowper has done well in editing and giving a new edition of it to the Church and the world.

*Shirley Hall Asylum.* By the Author of "A Tale for the Pharisees," &c., &c. London: W. Freeman, 102, Fleet-street.

We suppose we may put this work down as the "book of the season." A volume that can command a review of nearly three columns of the *Times* must have elements of excellency or power of no ordinary kind. Besides a display of vigorous imagination, forcibly drawn characters, and a thoroughly nervous style, the tendency of the

book is most healthy, and all who are interested in psychological studies will find ample material both to interest and instruct. "Shirley Hall" is unquestionably a great success. But the reader inquires, "What is it about?" Well, it is the supposed autobiographies of a number of persons who find themselves in a respectable asylum for the treatment of mental diseases. Of these cases the clergyman who resorted to the devil for comfort in affliction, and found it, is the most vividly telling. But the volume must be read to be understood, and that it will have thousands of readers we have no doubt.

*The Child's Commentator.* No. I. By INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. London: Jackson & Co., 27, Paternoster-row.

AN admirable book for our young people, and, in truth, the best Sunday book they could have. It is a real treasure.

*The Gardeners' Weekly Magazine and Horticultural Cabinet.* Part LX., for September. Conducted by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, Esq.

MR. HIBBERD knows how to cater for his readers, and his Magazine is literally an Encyclopædia on all matters pertaining to the garden, hothouse, &c. But besides this, the sciences, art, and poetry are all laid under contribution to make his serial a success.

*The Divine Benediction.* A Summer Homily. The Substance of an Address, by J. W. COLE. Bristol: W. Mack, Wine-street.

THIS address, on the renewal of the earth, was delivered by the worthy author in the New Reading-room, Hillmorton, near Rugby, and so edified those who heard it that they desired its publication. It will well repay a perusal, for it abounds with good thoughts, alike suggestive and spiritually refreshing.

*The Practical Consequences of Teaching any Future Restoration of the Race, &c.* London: Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster-row.

A WELL and carefully written letter of 23 pages on a difficult question. The author has exhibited much wisdom and delicacy in the handling of it, and it is worthy of being read by thoughtful and sober-minded Christians. Of course there is much room for difference of opinion, and many intelligent, conscientious Christians will take the very converse of our author's conclusions.

*The Basket of Good Fruit; or, Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver.* By the Rev. JAS. BURRAGEFIELD, Rotherhithe. Sold by the Author, 2, Yeoman's Terrace, Lower-road, Dapford.

THIS small, square book of a hundred pages is full of spiritual fruit, some of it gathered in the author's own orchard, other portions selected from the gardens of others. It cannot fail to refresh those who delight in evangelical and experimental truths, clearly, and often quaintly expressed. We hope that many will be induced to make it their own.

*The Sower* for October.

A GOOD halfpennyworth of profitable reading.

*The Baptist Magazine* for October has several good articles, of which we can speak most favourably, but Mr. Short's, on the "Nurture of Young Converts," is particularly excellent.

*Old Jonathan* for September and October is full of first-rate pieces, and the illustrations are most striking.

*The Ragged School Union Magazine* for November effectually sustains the interest it has all along secured. It abounds with good things in rich variety.

## Poetry.

### JESUS SAID.

When the way is rough and thorny,  
And we turn aside in grief,  
And the eyes, o'er-dim with weeping,  
Peer around for quick relief,  
And our cries wake nought but echoes—  
Every comfort having fled—  
We will look with hope expectant  
At the words that Jesus said.

When we watch the uncertain future,  
Knowing not the wrong from right,  
And, to mitigate the midnight,  
Cometh not the blessed light,  
Then, to guide us in the darkness,  
Flash the words that we have read;  
And our hearts are cheered and strengthened  
As we see what Jesus said.

When in marble coldness lying,  
The beloved of our life  
Are removed from all the sorrow,  
All the yearning and the strife,  
O'er the heart bereaved and bleeding,  
For its precious treasures dead,  
Come, like floods of healing music,  
Holy words which Jesus said.

"Jesus said." It is the preface  
Of the rules to guide each day.  
"Jesus said." It is the answer  
When we passionately pray.  
"Jesus said" shall aye support us  
In the sunshine or the gloom.  
"Jesus said" shall light the passage  
Of the dim and silent tomb.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

## ONENESS WITH CHRIST.

Oneness with Christ—the theme is old, 'tis true,  
Yet to believers seemeth ever new,  
By figures meet—the bridegroom and the bride,  
The branches and the vine, and more beside—  
The Holy Spirit shows in God's own Word  
The union of the saints with Christ the Lord.

Ere time began the Church with him was one,  
Then God the Father viewed her in his Son;  
Then Christ agreed to suffer in her place,  
And at the appointed time—O wondrous grace!—  
He in her nature trod earth's valley dim—  
How closely then the Church is one with him!

One while he lived to magnify the law,  
And work out righteousness without a flaw;  
One in Gethsemane, when on the sod  
He agonized beneath the wrath of God;

One as upon the cross he groaned and bled,  
And bowed in death his sacred, thorn-crowned  
head.

One in the tomb, one when he burst his chains,  
One when he rose, one now in heaven he reigns;  
Yes, one by ties so close that at his heart  
He feels the woes that make his people smart;  
By ties so strong that they can never be  
Dissolved or rent to all eternity.

O, may we in this union feel our part  
By life Divine implanted in the heart;  
By fellowship with Christ—not seen, yet loved—  
And by a godly walk, may it be proved  
That we are one with him, and shall be one  
While endless years their blissful courses run.

THEODORA.

## Denominational Intelligence.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

SEVEN OAKS, KENT.—The Rev. J. Mountford, after a pastorate of nine years at the above place, preached his farewell sermon on October 4th. Many valuable tokens of affection and esteem have been presented to the retiring pastor and his wife. Mr. Mountford is now open to another engagement. His address is, 10, Albion-villas, Albion-road, Dalston.

## RECOGNITION SERVICES.

BRAMLEY, LEEDS.—On Tuesday, October 13th, the members of the church and congregation meeting in the Baptist chapel took tea together. After tea about 450 assembled in the boys' school-room to hear addresses in connection with the recognition of Rev. A. Ashworth as their pastor, from Deacons Northrop, Bates, Heston, and the Revs. J. Dawson, of Liverpool; A. Spencer, of Cullingworth; and E. Parker, of Farsley. The addresses were all of a most earnest, practical, and encouraging character.

NECTON, NORFOLK.—The Rev. Mark Noble, who has just left the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, was publicly recognized as pastor of the Baptist church on Wednesday, October 7th. The afternoon service commenced at half-past two o'clock, when a large company of the members and friends from the neighbouring towns and villages filled the chapel. The Rev. W. Woods, of Swaffham, opened the service by singing and prayer; after which the Rev. J. L. Whitley, of East Dereham, gave a very excellent discourse on the "Nature of a Christian Church." The Rev. S. B. Gooch, of Fakenham, then put the usual questions, to which Mr. Larwood, deacon, satisfactorily replied. The usual questions were then put to the minister, and a deep sense of God's mercy was felt while he narrated the simple but interesting story of his early life—conversion, labours for Christ, and points of belief. It appears that he was just about entering upon a theatrical career, when arrested by Divine grace under a sermon preached by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon at the Surrey Music Hall. The Rev. J. T. Wigner, of King's Lynn, then delivered a most able charge to the pastor from Phil. i. 20, concluding with prayer

and the benediction. At five o'clock a large company sat down to tea, and at seven o'clock a public meeting was held, when the chapel was densely crowded. A hymn was given out by the pastor, the Rev. J. L. Whitley offered prayer, and the Rev. W. Woods addressed the church; after which suitable addresses followed from the Rev. J. L. Whitley, J. T. Wigner, S. B. Gooch, and Mr. Moore, of Swaffham. Prayer was then offered by the pastor, and the meeting closed by singing the doxology with much heartiness.

## PRESENTATION SERVICES.

COLERAINE.—On Thursday, Oct. 1, a tea-meeting was held in the Baptist chapel, Coleraine, to welcome the return of the pastor, the Rev. A. Tessier, from a visit to England, after which a public meeting was held, at which Dr. Carson presided. Speeches were delivered on the occasion by the Rev. W. S. Eccles, Banbridge; Rev. A. Tessier, Coleraine; A. Burnett, Esq., of Kemnay, Aberdeenshire; and Mr. E. Gribbon, Coleraine. Mr. Burnett, who is paying a visit to some of the Baptist churches in Ireland, gave an interesting account of the Baptist churches on the Continent of Europe. Mr. Gribbon, one of the deacons, then followed in an earnest, practical address, after which Dr. Carson, in the name of the church, presented the Rev. A. Tessier with several books, which he said were not given so much for their value as a mark of respect paid to one who was worthy their highest esteem. The Rev. A. Tessier having replied suitably, the Rev. W. S. Eccles followed in an eloquent speech, and the meeting, which was of the happiest description, concluded with prayer.

## LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

GRANTHAM.—On Tuesday, Sept. 29, the foundation-stone of the Particular Baptist Chapel, Wharf-road, Grantham, was laid by W. C. Looker, Esq., Nottingham. The services commenced at half-past two in the afternoon. The Rev. H. Watts, Golcar, read a brief history of the church as deposited in the bottle, with the usual denominational literature. From this history it appeared that the church was banished by himself

on the 15th May, 1856, and consisted then of thirteen members only. Since that period they had increased to forty. For a long time the room in which they met for worship had proved too small to accommodate the people, and having failed repeatedly in their efforts to secure an eligible secular building, they had come to the conclusion that the time had arrived for building a chapel. After the stone had been laid in the usual manner an address was delivered, "On the Nature of a Christian Church, and the Purposes for which it was Formed," by the Rev. James Edwards, Nottingham. He was followed by the Rev. J. Morton, Collingham. At five o'clock about 200 persons assembled to partake of tea in the Corn Exchange. At half-past six a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Alderman Miller. Congratulatory addresses were then delivered by the Revs. W. Frisby, Nottingham; A. F. Cole, Collingham; J. Morton, Collingham; J. Waller, Southwell; H. Watts, Golcar; and — Holywell, Esq., Nottingham.

**STODON, BEDS.**—The church at Shefford, now under the pastorate of the Rev. W. T. Whitmarsh, have for many years maintained a preaching station in this hamlet, the services connected with which have been held in a barn which has fallen greatly out of repair and become too small for the congregation assembling. It has been resolved, therefore, to build a new chapel, the foundation-stone of which was laid on Wednesday, October 7, in the presence of a large and influential assemblage. The Rev. W. T. Whitmarsh having read a hymn, prayer was offered by the Rev. G. Short, B.A., of Hitchin; Mr. Whitmarsh having stated the object of the meeting, D. Lloyd, Esq., inaugurated the work by laying the corner-stone. He then delivered a brief but earnest address suited to the occasion, after which the Rev. W. T. Whitmarsh read a portion of Scripture, offered prayer, and closed the meeting by pronouncing the benediction. About 200 celebrated the event by adjourning to Mr. Dodwell's farm, where that gentleman kindly and gratuitously provided tea and other refreshments. Collections were made on behalf of the building fund, and a meeting held at which addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. T. Whitmarsh, George Short, B.A., and Neville (a clergyman who has recently seceded from the Establishment), Messrs. Lloyd, Barker, Foster, and English. A vote of thanks to Mr. Dodwell for his kind liberality was responded to by that gentleman, and the proceedings were closed by the Rev. W. T. Whitmarsh by prayer and the benediction.

#### HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES.

**WELLOW.**—A most interesting service was held in the Baptist chapel on Wednesday evening, Sept. 16, for the purpose of offering up prayer and thanksgiving to the Almighty for the bountiful harvest. A goodly number of people assembled from various parts of the island, including Niton and Yarmouth. The chapel had been very prettily decorated with corn and flowers for the occasion, and about 180 persons partook of a tea, served by many kind neighbours of the place. Afterwards a crowded meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. J. C. Green, of Wellow. The service was partly devotional, and very animated and interesting addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. B. Little, of Ryde; J. Hockin, of Niton; — Summerfield, of Wellow; W. W. Martin, of Yarmouth; and Mr. Kirby, of Ryde.

**FRESHWATER.**—A service was held on Wednesday, Sept. 26, in the Baptist chapel, to render thanks to Almighty God for the abundant harvest, and for the removal to a great extent of the potato disease. The chapel was tastefully decorated, a fine sheaf of wheat being placed in the pulpit, supported by barley and oats, above a fine row of potatoes, and over all the motto, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Tea was provided at five o'clock, and friends from Newport, Wellow, and Yarmouth, came together in sympathy with the object. A meeting was held at half-past six, which was well attended, presided over by Mr. W. W. Martin. After singing and prayer by two friends, addresses were delivered by the Revs. A. C. Gray, of Newport; Gray, of Scotland; Summerfield, of Wellow; Mr. Taylor, of Newport; and last by the Rev. J. Collins, of Southampton, the successor of the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, at the Carlton Rooms.

**NEWTON ABBOT.**—On Thursday, Oct. 1, Harvest Thanksgiving Services, blended with the celebration of the second anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. F. Pearce, were held at the above chapel. The first service took place at three o'clock in the afternoon, the preacher on the occasion being the Rev. John Foreman, pastor of Mount Zion Chapel, Hill-street, Dorset-square. He took his sermon from Titus iii. 5, "He saved us," and was listened to with marked attention by a large congregation, among whom were many members of the Church of England and of Non-conformist chapels in Newton and neighbouring town. At 5 tea given by the ladies was served in Salem (Independent) Chapel school-room, of which about 250 partook. The Rev. John Foreman preached in the evening from Psalm xxix. 3. Collections were made in aid of the cause after each service, and about £6 5s. were contributed.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

**SHOULDHAM-STREET CHAPEL, BRYANSTON-SQUARE.**—On Tuesday evening, November 24, a sermon will be preached in aid of the British Schools, by Rev. Newman Hall, after which a collection will be made. Service to commence at half-past seven.

**SORO CHAPEL, OXFORD-STREET.**—The fifth anniversary of Mr. Pells' pastorate will be held (D.V.) on Tuesday, November 3rd. Tea at five o'clock, 6d. each. A public meeting at half-past six o'clock. Mr. Pells (pastor) will preside. Brethren Bloomfield, Foreman, Higham, Milner, and Wyard, have kindly promised to be present and address the meeting. Many other ministers are also expected.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**GRAPTON-STREET CHAPEL, FITZROY-SQUARE.**—The annual tea-meeting in connection with this place of worship (now under the pastoral care of Mr. Charles Marshall) was held on Monday evening, the 21st of September, when 300 friends sat down to tea in the school-room. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. E. Oford, G. E. Hatton, J. Roswell, — Cope, and C. Marshall.

**HANSHURTYLL CHAPEL, STOURBRIDGE.**—On Monday, September 21, and three following days, a bazaar was held in the Town-hall, Stourbridge, in aid of the funds for the enlargement of the above chapel. The result was very good, the amount raised being upwards of £120, exclusive of expenses. This effort has been made principally by our young people, to whom great credit is due.



**GOWER, SWANSEA.**—The anniversary services at the above place commenced on Wednesday evening, Sept. 30; Rev. B. Lewes, Merthyr, preached on the occasion. The following day the friends partook of an excellent tea, kindly given as usual. The Rev. J. G. Phillips, Merthyr, preached to a crowded congregation. The sum collected—£13 15s. 10d.—is devoted to the debt on the chapel. We are thankful to all who have kindly given their assistance and presence at another of our annual gatherings.

**BAPTIST BUILDING FUND FOR WALES.**—A committee meeting of this society was held at Crane-street Chapel, Pontypool, on October 13th, Dr. Thomas in the chair. The treasurer reported £2,000, part of the first instalment, as having been received. This meeting was held for the purpose of granting loans. Since the annual meeting not less than thirty-seven applications had reached the secretary, sixteen of which had submitted their deeds to, and were reported eligible by, the solicitor of the fund. Thirteen loans were made, amounting to £970. We recommend the churches intending to apply for loans not to delay sending their deeds to the solicitor. Previous to the meeting in March, 1864, forms of application for loans can be obtained of the secretary, Rev. L. Jenkins, Maesycwmwr.

**BAPTISTS IN IRELAND.**—So early as 1630, it is probable that some Baptists were settled at Antrim; it is certain that in 1643 two Baptist preachers, of the names of Cornwall and Verner, preached against infant baptism there, when all the Presbyterian ministers were appointed in public to give warning against them. When Cromwell passed over to Ireland in 1649, some Baptists were in his army, and a Baptist minister named Thomas Patient accompanied them. In 1650, Thomas Patient had stationed himself in Kilkenny, where he laboured in the Word and doctrine. In 1651, he visited Waterford, and there preached the Gospel. At this time Mr. Wyke, a Baptist minister, was preaching in Dublin, in which city a convenient house was built for himself and family, by order of the Commissioners. Mr. Wilkinson, another preacher in the city, held the same views; and many Baptists at this time were in the habit of attending the ministry of a Mr. John Rogers, at Christ Church. In 1651, Mr. Andrew Wyke preached the Word in Lisnegarvey, at Belfast, and other places in Ulster, by order of the Commissioners of State. In 1652, a conference was held in Antrim on church government and discipline. In the same year Mr. Patient removed to Dublin. In 1653, the first Baptist meeting-house erected in Ireland, was built in Swift's-alley, Dublin. In 1654, an address was presented by the Baptist church in Dublin to Henry Cromwell, to which 120 names were appended. In 1655, Christopher Blackwood became pastor of this church, and presided over it for several years: Baptist churches were organized about the years 1652 and 1653, at Waterford, Wexford, Kilkenny, Clonmel, Cork, near Carrickfergus, Kerry, Limerick, Portumna, and Bandon. Dr. Harding, the pastor of the Baptist church at Bandon, had a public discussion on infant baptism, with Dr. Edward Worth, of Cork, and Mr. John Murcat, of Dublin, on 26th May, 1653. We now take a leap over to 1813, when we find the Rev. John Saffery, of Salisbury, and the Rev. George Barelay, of Kilwinning, visited Ireland, by request and on behalf of the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, to collect contributions from the few friends of Christ in that country, desirous to aid in diffusing the light of

light among the heathen; and to examine into the state of Ireland with a view to measures being devised for the spread of the Gospel of Jesus among its inhabitants. This deputation found the Baptist churches were few and small. Out of eleven, which were in a prosperous state of existence one hundred and fifty years before that period, *five* only remained. Mr. Saffery wrote at that time, "Ireland wants men, and *Irishmen*, if possible, whose hearts are greatly devoted to God; and who, in the spirit of Brainerd or Elliot, would take their stand in some town or populous neighbourhood, of which there are many, and there preach to, converse with, and watch for souls; collecting, in as wide a circle as they can well occupy, disciples of Christ." (This is still *Ireland's need*.) At the present moment, the Baptist Irish Society occupies *fifteen* principal stations, and upwards of *eighty* subordinate stations in various counties of Ireland. It has a day-school in Mayo; and Sabbath-schools in connection with most of its stations. Every effort is made to induce the churches to become *self-supporting*. Several are now contributing liberally for this purpose, and will, it is *hoped*, soon be prepared to bear the whole support of the ministry among themselves.—T. W. MEDHURST.

#### BAPTISMS.

**ALDWICKLE**, June 7—Two; Oct. 4—Three, by Mr. J. T. Felce. One of the above was in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

**ASTON CLINTON**, Bucks, Oct. 2—Three, by Mr. J. B. Walcott.

**BIRMINGHAM**, Bond-street Chapel, Oct. 4—Four, by Mr. J. Davies.

**BRABOURNE**, Kent, Oct. 11—Two, by Mr. J. Jackson.

**BURNLEY**, Enon Chapel, Sept. 20—Four, by Mr. J. Alcorn, making a total of eighty-six since Mr. Alcorn's settlement in 1831. We are happy to state his labours are eminently successful.

**BURLEM**, Staffordshire, Sept. 27—Three, by Mr. T. Phillips.

**BYTHORN**, Sept. 20—Two, by Mr. J. T. Felce.

**CARDIFF**, Salem, Oct. 4—Two, by Dr. Emelyn Jones.

**COATE, OXON**, Sept. 13—One, after a sermon by Mr. T. G. D. Bell; Sept. 27, Three, by the pastor, Mr. B. Arthur.

**DEPTFORD**, Midway-place—The new baptistry, which has been lately established in the above place, was opened on October 11th, when Four were baptized by Mr. J. W. Munns, pastor.

**DERBY**, Sept. 20—Two, by Mr. Gregory.

**EARBLY-IN-CRAVEN**, Yorkshire, Sept. 20—Six, by Mr. W. Osborne.

**EYNSFORD**, Kent, Oct. 4—Two, by Mr. J. M. Camp.

**FENNY STRATFORD**, Bucks, Oct. 4—Two, by Mr. Walker, a student from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College.

**FRESHWATER**, Isle of Wight, Sept. 27—Three, by Mr. W. W. Martin.

**GLASGOW**, North Frederick-street, Oct. 4—Four, by Mr. T. W. Medhurst.

**HILLMORTON**, near Rugby, Sept. 20—after an impressive sermon by Mr. John Bottrill, of Rugby—Two, by Mr. J. Childs.

**LANDBOROUGH**, Lake-road, Sept. 27—Fourteen, by Mr. E. G. Gango.

**LAXFIELD**, Suffolk, Oct. 11—Two, by Mr. R. E. Sears.

**LONDON**, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, Oct. 1—Eighteen; Oct. 15—Fifteen, by Mr. Spurgeon.

LONDON, Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, Oct. 31—Three, by Mr. Palls.  
 —Hackney-road, Providence Chapel, Sept. 27, Three, by Mr. Russell.  
 MOUNTAIN ASH, English Baptist, Sept. 13—Six; Oct. 11—Ten.  
 NECTON, Norfolk, Oct. 4—Two, by Mr. Mark Noble.  
 NEWPORT, Mon., Stow-hill Chapel—Since our last report, Nine, by our beloved pastor, Mr. J. Williams; and on Sept. 29, Twenty-four; Oct. 3, One. The Lord is doing great things for us, whereof we are glad.  
 PORTADOWN, Ireland, Sept. 20—One; Sept. 23, One, by the pastor, Mr. Douglas.  
 PRESTON, Pole-street, Sept. 27—Eight, by Mr. Webb.  
 SEMLEY, Wilts, Sept. 6—Eight, by our pastor, Mr. King.  
 SOUTHSEA, Oct. 18—Eleven by Mr. Tollerfield.  
 STAFFORD, Sept. 27—Three; Oct. 7, Two; Oct. 11, One, by Mr. W. Cornish. One of the above had been in connection with the Church of England for more than seventy-three years.  
 STEFNEY, Cave Adullam, Aug. 29—Two; Sept. 30, Four, by Mr. J. Webster.  
 SWANSEA, York-place, Oct. 4—Three, by Mr. EVANS.  
 TONGWYLLAS, English Church, Oct. 11—after a sermon by Mr. B. John, Haverfordwest College—Five, by Mr. Emlyn Jones, Cardiff.  
 WARDSWORTH, at the new Baptist chapel, East-hill, on Thursday, July 23—Six; Sept. 3, Six; Sept. 24, Two, by Mr. Genders.  
 WALSHALL, Sept. 7—Nine, by Mr. W. Lees.  
 YARMOUTH, Isle of Wight, July 26—One, by Mr. W. W. Martin.

## DEATHS.

On Tuesday, Sept. 15, in her 16th year, Miss Sarah Maria Davies, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Davies, bookseller, Caerphilly. Miss Davies had made a public profession of love to the Saviour for four years, and was greatly beloved as a faithful teacher in the Sabbath-school, and by all who knew her. Her mortal remains were interred in the burying ground of the Baptist chapel on the 18th, when a suitable address was delivered by the pastor, Mr. J. Richards, from Romans xii. 15.

On September 20, at Hastings, the Rev. Alfred Searl, late pastor of the Baptist church meeting at Shaftesbury-hall, Aldersgate-street. He was born at Loughton, Essex, on the 25th May, 1843. In the year 1858 he entered a mercantile house in London, where, principally through the influence of a pious young man, and the exercise of family prayer in the house, he was brought to Christ. He was received into the Baptist church at

Loughton, 4th December, 1859, and soon began to labour in the cause of his Master. It was not long before he commenced preaching the Gospel, and eventually entered the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College. Here he continued from August, 1861, till August, 1863. He had been a student but a short time, when he preached with great acceptance to a few Christians meeting at a room in New-court, Old Bailey. This room, however, soon became too small, and Shaftesbury-hall was engaged for the services. In April, 1862, a church was formed, consisting of only sixteen members, which has steadily increased, and at the present time numbers eighty-two. Mr. Searl accepted the pastorate, where he continued labouring till shortly before his death. In July last he received an invitation from the church meeting in Vernon Chapel. Here, however, although he accepted the call, he never laboured as pastor. Laid low by consumption, a few months since, he gradually sank under the disease. On the Thursday before his death he left home for Hastings, for the benefit of the air. On the following Sabbath morning he was heard to pray. With remarkable clearness of voice he pleaded for himself, his family, the churches at Shaftesbury-hall and Vernon Chapel, and his late fellow-students. After prayer he sank back upon the pillow. Soon afterwards his mother went to the bedside, but without a sigh or groan her son had entered into his rest. Truly we may say, "He entered heaven by prayer," thus exchanging the prayer of earth for the praise of heaven. His remains were interred in the chapel-yard at Loughton on the 26th Sept., the service being conducted by his late pastor, the Rev. Samuel Brawn. A large number attended the funeral. Of his personal character we can only say, his fellow-students esteemed him highly, his church and people loved him dearly, and his parents valued him much. His father says of him, "He was the best of sons—kind and dutiful in the extreme." Funeral sermons were preached to large congregations on Sunday, October 4—at Loughton by the Rev. George Rogers, principal tutor at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, from the text, "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter;" at Vernon Chapel in the morning, "He being dead, yet speaketh;" and at Shaftesbury-hall in the evening, "He shall not return to me, but I shall go to him;" both by the Rev. J. Collins, of Southampton. G. D. E.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are compelled to omit several valuable contributions for want of space.

## PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

PRESIDENT—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Statement of Receipts from September 19th to October 18th.

	£	s.	d.
Tea Meeting at Tabernacle .....	10	4	3
P. Long, Esq., Wetton-under-edge.....	5	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Sims, Cheltenham...	5	0	0
Mr. J. Lawrence .....	0	5	0
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon .....	50	0	0
Mrs. Roberts, Istock .....	1	0	0
Moiety of Collection at Wisbeach, after Sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.....	24	0	0
Mr. Taylor, per Mrs. Evans .....	1	1	0
Mr. Richardson .....	0	10	0
Mr. Flood.....	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Dr. Jabez Burns .....	1	0	0
Moiety of Collection at Reading, after Sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon ...	23	0	0
Miss Pavey .....	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Sep. 21	40	14	7
" " " " " " " " " " " "	28	24	13
" " " " " " " " " " " "	5	21	13
" " " " " " " " " " " "	12	21	13
	£231	0	1

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. CHAS. BLACKSHAW.

## A WAFER OF HONEY.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, MINISTER OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

"My grace is sufficient for thee"—2 Corinthians xii. 9.

LET no Christian imagine that he will ever have an immunity from trouble while he continues in the body. Should you be favoured with visions and revelations of the Lord, caught up to the third heaven, admitted into Paradise, and privileged to hear things which it were not lawful for a man to utter, conclude not that you have escaped the rod; rather expect that such high privilege will need heavy affliction to balance it. If God has given you the great sail and the prosperous wind, he will also give you the heavy ballast to keep your keel deep in the stream. Do not expect, dear brethren, that because you have been strengthened in the faith, you will therefore be loosed from the burden of the flesh; neither because you may have been the means of strengthening others, that, therefore, trouble will be light to you. Even into your ship the deep waters may come. Think not that it is so water-tight that the billows will only dash against it. You may be called to feel heaviness, your faith may be all but staggered, and your soul may have to cry out in the depths, because of the slender strength you possess. The Lord has such ways of chastising his children as make them feel. We think, some of us, after we have suffered a certain amount of trouble, that we have been so injured to it we shall no longer be moved as we used to be. The Apostle Paul had been chastened with rods, tossed about with shipwreck, yea, he had suffered hunger and thirst and nakedness, till he felt that if any man had a right to glory after the flesh, he had. Still he found that the Lord had a way of getting at his heart and making it smart. He had thorns in the flesh, messengers of Satan that did most effectually buffet him. We, too, must have trials—trials of a class that shall come right home and touch us in our bones and in our flesh.

Neither let us think, dear friends, that even the privilege of the mercy seat will shield us from the rod. When chastened we shall run to prayer, but we shall not, therefore, escape the chastisement. Paul, an apostle, prays; he, who certainly must have understood "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man," beseeches the Lord, and yet the thorn in the flesh is not blunted, much less removed; he still had to suffer as he had done aforetime. O, how often we think we can use the mercy seat for our own lusts! Is not prayer too sacred a thing for us to make a selfish use of it? When God gives us the key of his store-house and bids us take what we will, O shall we—shall we use even a single promise of his Word merely to pander to our own desires, and to enable us to escape from enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. If we thus use prayer we may be excused for it, but we shall not be accepted in it. Even Paul is consulted when he asks ease for the flesh. He gets no release from trouble. He gets something better, however. "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength shall be made perfect in weakness." Thus, beloved, we must set our account upon the adversities that are sure to befall us. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." This is one of the shells and wills. The Lord will chasten those he loves, and his children shall suffer it, of a surety. It is as sure as any other thing in the world—"Ye shall have tribulation."

To those who have felt the truth of this, the text will be peculiarly sweet. *There are certain sore vexations of spirit, for which grace is the only balm.* The Lord does not say, "My providence shall protect thee." Nothing of the kind—grace is the remedy in this case, and, I take it, this was because the apostle was suffering in the very core and centre of his being. There are many trials, the grief of which may be fully assuaged by ordinary providences; but these, that come and wound a man to the quick, require grace as their only effectual balm.

*Past experience of grace is of no avail in such a case; it is present grace that*

is promised in the text, and present grace is required. When we have sometimes been bowed down, and walked in darkness, and seen no light, we have called to remembrance our song in the night, and our spirit has made diligent search; but that very song has been turned into howling in the remembrance, and all that we thought we felt and thought we knew has vanished from before our eyes. I do not know how it has been with you, but there have been times with me when I could set no value upon my past experience. The devil has said it was all a delusion, my faith mere presumption, my hope mere excitement, and all my joys but the effusion of animal spirits. There will be a time when he bids you look back, and all the way looks like the valley of the shadow of death; you cannot see one hopeful sign in it, and you turn over the books of experience and read them, and you think, "Well, my spot is not the spot of God's children, and my footprints do not seem to be at all like the footsteps of the flock." I tell you, if you have ever done business in deep waters, you have found that anchors at home are of no use in a storm, and that the anchor which stood so well a year ago, if it is left at home on shore, is of no use to you now in the storm. It is present grace, nothing but present grace, that will now do. You have eaten all the cold meats, and from the cupboard you have brought out every mouldy crust you can think of, and now your soul is reduced to the very last, and fainteth in you, and now you must cry to your God in your trouble, and get present grace in this your time of need.

And if past experience is of no avail, *much less is past success*. Somebody might have touched the apostle on the shoulder and have said, "Paul, Paul, Paul!—What! must you feel the buffetings of Satan? Did you not establish the church at Corinth, and plant the churches throughout all Asia Minor? Who has served his God so faithfully as you? Have you not been in journeyings often, in perils by waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the sword, in watchings and fastings? Have you not had the care of all the churches? Has not your Master highly distinguished you, and made you not a whit behind the very chief of the apostles? What multitudes of spirits are now before the throne that were born under God through you! and what thousands still are on the road who call you their spiritual father, and to whom you have been as a nursing-mother in the faith!" Ay, if you had said this to the apostle, he would have replied, "Yes, sometimes this might have comforted me; if it had been a question of my apostleship this would have been satisfactory; if the point in hand had been a question as to whether my ministry has been owned of God, this would have been decisive; but I am touched in another place now; and the wound is so deep, my sore is so grievous, and my heart is so exceeding heavy, that no kindly thought of lovers, and no pleasant musings of my own, bring me the slightest relief. O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me!" The Lord knew how to succour him, and therefore he gave that precious promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee." I think it is well, dear friends, to remember the Lord's past goodness; but we must not live on that; we must go and get fresh supplies from heaven. Old manna to this day, though it come from heaven, always will breed worms and stink. There is no alteration in it from the days of Moses; it is the same at this moment. You must eat the manna as you get it, and go constantly for more; but the old manna will be of very little use to you. It is only on Sabbath days, when your soul is perfectly at rest and quiet—it is only at those sweet resting seasons the soul sometimes enjoys that the remembrance of the past becomes very sweet. You must have daily present dispensations of manna from the throne of God.

In such a case as this to which the apostle was brought, we feel sure that the fact of his high office, and his eminent attainments of grace also, would not have been a sufficient consolation. Paul, who shall match thee? So deep in knowledge, and so ardent in zeal, thou seemest to have a seraph's spirit. So mighty in word, and yet, withal, so humble—in thy own praise, thou art surely a prince in Israel. Paul was not one of the young men, much less one of the babes. He says, "There

are not many fathers," though certainly he himself was worthy to be called a patriarch. Yet that fact would not comfort him. And, brethren, you may come to such hard pinches that your growth in grace, and the flourishing of your virtues, will not afford so much as a drop of comfort to you; you will have to go to the fountain to drink, for even these marble cisterns will have been broken and will hold no water.

Observe, further, brethren, it does not say, "The consolation of your brethren shall be sufficient for you." O, how sweet it is to be comforted by our fellow-men! Let those who will walk in isolation; give me sweet communion, for to tell one's trial to a true brother in Christ is often to lighten the weight, as if half of it were removed. Sometimes it is to be wholly relieved, for the words of some wise men in our Israel are indeed as balm that bringeth speedy healing to the wound. But there are wounds which the stranger intermeddled not with, nay, that even the friend cannot touch; there are certain vexations of spirit, and disquietudes of soul, that mock human agency. I have had sometimes to converse with some members of the church, and I have never felt so much the littleness of my own power as when I have tried to comfort them and failed. I thought it was because I was but as a little child in experience, and could not talk with them as a father in Israel might have done whose years might have given him more wisdom; but I have found that even the fathers have failed, and that years have not sufficed to give sufficient knowledge always to comfort the troubled conscience, or to remove the burden from the galled shoulders. No, there are cases that mock the ordinary practitioner, and must be taken straight away to the great Physician, for the only thing that will subserve the purpose is the grace, the present grace of an all-sufficient God.

I might prolong this catalogue, but you who experimentally know the truth will know from your own experience that there are trials and there are points in affliction where nothing can possibly console but the immediate outpouring and receiving of the grace of God.

And now, beloved, in the second place let me say that *sufficient grace is a rare balm*, that even for the most acute disorder, the most chronic disease, "grace" is "sufficient." Why, do you not perceive that it just meets the fear which trial excites? What is the Christian's fear when he is buffeted, tried, and afflicted? "If I know him in his sober senses he has a fear of sin. Listen to him. "I am afraid of being poor," says he, "not because I dislike poverty, but I am afraid of my faith, lest I should murmur against God. I am not afraid of suffering," says he, "if God send it to me, I am willing to receive it; but I am afraid of my faith, lest the pangs should be too severe and I should doubt my God. I am not," says he, "afraid of slander or of persecution. I have learnt to rejoice in this, for so am I made a member of the goodly fellowship of the martyrs; but I am afraid lest I should deny my Lord, or be ashamed of him, or prove an apostate after all. As I look forward to the temptations of the world, and the suggestions of Satan, and the corruptions of the flesh which shall yet assail me, I am not afraid of their coming if I can but be guaranteed that they shall not cast me into sin;" for the only real wound the Christian gets is when he has sinned. Sufferings are only scars, flesh wounds; sins are the woundings. We are never trampled on by Satan, however low our spirits may sink; it is only when we give way, and would fain capitulate in very terror, and begin to be afraid, that Satan is really victorious. The battle of sin is the battle in which Satan gains the victory; but suffering, and shame, and distress, and peril, and nakedness, and sword, are no triumphs to Satan, for in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. You see then, brethren, that grace just meets the danger because it deals with sin. You are afraid that your patience will give up. "My grace shall operate upon thy patience and make thee to endure." You think your faith will fail. "My grace gave thee thy faith; my grace

like oil secretly applied behind the wall shall keep your faith burning while the devil pours on his floods to quench it. It was my grace that first taught thee to love my great name; when persecuted my grace shall make thee love me better. I have kept thee from apostacy until now, and, let what will come, my grace, by which I guaranteed thy final perseverance, shall be sufficient for thee, and thou shalt come out of all thy trials and troubles like silver out of the furnace, not defiled, but cleansed and purified by the flames." You see then, brethren, that this does actually touch the fear which the Christian has before his eyes; nay, it does not merely touch the fear, but it absolutely touches all the real danger. It is as though the Lord should say to one of his servants who was standing alone while thousands of his enemies were shooting at him with their arrows, "They shall shoot at thee, but I have covered thee with armour from head to foot." Or it is as if you or I trembled at the thought of crossing the deep sea and the Lord had said, "The sea is deep, and you must cross it, but I will be by thee, and thou shalt go through it dryshod." Or it is as if he said, "The fire is hot, and thou must walk thro' the midst of it, those glowing coals thy foot must know; but I will so cover thee by my power that the flames shall not hurt thee; thou shalt walk through the fire and not so much as the smell of it shall pass upon thee." Why, what matters it what we suffer if we have grace? Put a believer where you will, if his Master gives him grace, he is in the best place he can be for security. I have heard brethren sometimes say, "Such a minister is in great danger; his position is lofty; his head will be turned." Ah! brethren, if he had the keeping of his own head, it would have been turned long ago. And your head will turn even if you are on the ground if you have the keeping of it; but if God set a man as high as the stars, and if he keep him there, he would be able to sing, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet, and makest me to stand on high places." It is the grace we have, not the position. If a man has grace enough you might put him in the worst haunts of sin, and he would be the better for being there. Now, don't think I say what I don't know. Solomon saw hyssops grow on walls and cedars on Lebanon, howbeit I have seen cedars grow on walls and hyssops on Lebanon. I have seen the smallest Christians in the best places and the best Christians in the worst positions. I have seen, in the midst of the haunts of the harlot, grace shining in all the purity and chastity of lovely womanhood, and in the haunt of the thief and of the burglar God has been pleased to have some choice jewel that, for honesty, integrity, and holy living, might have been worthy to have walked in a bishop's palace or to have adorned the best evangelical drawing-room in England. Brethren, it is not the position; the best of men may grow in the worst places, and some of the meekest of believers may be found where there ought to have been the bravest. I will leave this point, then, by repeating that, whatever may be the trial of heart which a man may have to endure, this promise just meets the case, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

III. And should not the assurance that we shall receive sufficient grace make us exceedingly glad? "My grace is sufficient for thee"—what then? "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities"—not only gladly, but most gladly. Nothing else will make you happy. The grace of God comes to meet your case, and now how happy you should be! Think about the *sureness* of this fact, that sufficient grace will be ours. My dear brethren, I am not careful about *preaching* to-night, I merely talk right on about some things that you know and can testify. It has been so, has it not, in your experience? If there be one saint here who has an accusation to make against his Lord let him speak. "Have I been a wilderness unto Israel? which of you have I failed to succour? when have I violated my promise? You have been in the waters—were you drowned? You have passed through the fire—were you burned? What loss have you ever sustained by your troubles? Did I ever refuse to hear your cry when you called

upon me? When was it that in the day of battle I did not cover your head, or forsook you as a prey to the destroyer?" O Lord, thou knowest all things, and thou knowest thy servant's witness is,

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

And is not that your case, my brother, my sister in the Lord? I am sure it is. Well, then, this ought to make you glad. "My grace is sufficient for you," says God. Your past experience proves it. Gladly therefore rejoice that you have good opportunity yet again of testing and trying the good word of the Lord.

Again, is not God's grace sufficient for you in present emergency? You have had some trouble to-day?—I suppose quite sufficient too, for I never did find a day yet that had not enough trouble in it, and sufficient for the day is the evil thereof—well, but haven't you had sufficient grace to-day? Do you feel dull, and heavy, and gloomy in God's house of prayer? well, but there is grace to be had, and, therefore, looking to him ere you go to your bed, you may still have another day to sing of the sufficient grace which was given in the needful hour. O, but you say, "It is not now; I can trust God for to-day; but there are clouds looming before me, and I fear to enter the cloud." Well, but my dear friend, if he is faithful to thee to-day, add that to the fact that he was faithful yesterday; is he not the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and oughtest thou not at once to rejoice in him? Furthermore, ask thy father and he shall tell thee; turn thou to the records of inspiration, and they shall teach thee; were ever the righteous forsaken? and when did the Lord cast off his chosen? They have been certainly in quite as deep waters as you have ever known; you have not yet been brought to lose all that you have, to lose every child; not yet do you sit on the dung-hill and scrape yourself with a potsherd like Job; not yet to the fullest extent can you say, "They that walked in the streets did condemn me;" not yet have ye drunk of that cup, and been baptized with the baptism of him who said, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" "His way was much rougher and darker than thine," and yet your Lord triumphed, and all his people, in all ages, and under every circumstance, have triumphed in him. If you could find one child of God who has been left, and if you could find one instance in which God has been untrue to you, then it would be fair for you to be depressed in spirit, but until then most joyful should you be.

Recollect, brethren, we should never know how sufficient grace was if it were not for these troubles; therefore, we ought to be glad of all the lessons that assure us how ample and sufficient this grace is. I know not whether all soldiers love the thought of war, but there are many who pant for a campaign. How many an officer of low rank has said, "There is no promotion, no hope of rising, no honours, as if we had to fight. If we could rush to the cannon's mouth there would be some hope that we might gain promotion in the ranks." Men get few medals to hang upon their breasts who never know the smell of gunpowder. The brave days, as men call them, of Nelson and Trafalgar, have gone by, and we thank God for it; but still we do not expect to see such brave old veterans, the offspring of this age, as those who are still to be found lingering in our hospitals, the relics of our old campaigns. No, brethren, we must have trials if we are to get on. Young men do not become midshipmen altogether through going to the school at Greenwich and climbing the mast on dry land; they must go out to sea. We must go out to sea and really be on deck in the storm, we must have stood side by side with king David, we must have gone down into the pit to slay the lion, or have lifted up the spear against the eight hundred. Conflicts bring experience, and experience brings that growth in grace which is not to be attained by any other means. Besides, brethren, how is God's grace to be seen by other men in the world except by our trials? Grace is

given to keep us from sin, which is a great blessing; but what is the good of grace except it is in the time when the trial comes. Certainly the grace that will not stand temptation and affliction is a very spurious sort of article, and we had better be rid of it, if we have it. When the child dies, the infidel husband sees the mother's godly faith. When the ship goes down and is lost in the sea, the ungodly merchant understands the resignation of his fellow-man. When pangs shoot through our body and ghastly death appears in view, people see the patience of the dying Christian. Our infirmities become the black velvet on which the diamond of God's love glitters all the more brightly. Thank God I can suffer, thank God I can be made the object of shame and contempt, for in this God shall be glorified; This shall be the wonder of many and the praise of his own grace, that so mean and so contemptible a thing was made the instrument of effecting his purpose.

Well, I say no more, except to commend this promise to you, and ask you to take it home and lay it on your tongue; it will be just like a wafer made with honey. Mind you have it for your breakfast to-morrow morning, and let it be your constant daily meal: Live on it. "My grace is sufficient for thee." Let the word "thee" come home to you as though God spoke to you, even if he had never spoken it before.

There are some of you to whom the text does not apply, except in this light. You have many sins, but if you trust Christ his grace is sufficient for you. You have been head over heels in the kennel of sin; the power of his blood is sufficient to make you white, and even if you have become a very prince and peer in the dominions of evil, the grace of Christ is sufficient to wash you whiter than the driven snow. May the Lord add his blessing on these feeble rambling remarks for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

## Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

### HOW THE GRAVE YIELDS JOY.

BY REV. W. P. BALFERN.

"And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy."—Matt. xxviii. 8.

THERE is nothing in the grave in itself that we can contemplate with pleasure, and those who have had their unwilling feet conducted to the sepulchre by death, have more or less participated in one side, at least, of the experience of the disciples, as recorded above. From the last home of their friends they have "departed quickly;" and often "with fear;" quickly because, however bright the day, however cheerfully the birds might sing, however the grave might be covered with flowers planted by the hand of love, the last house is, after all that can be said of it, and all that art or nature can do for it, a place of gloom, from which in itself we shrink; and hence we are not averse to turn away, and the mind, at least, frequently with rapid strides, seeks to lose itself in the contemplation of other and fairer scenes, from which death shall be eternally excluded. And in the experience, too, of

many connected with the sepulchre there is also fear; fear—not of the same kind as lived in the hearts of the disciples as they returned from the grave of Jesus—but fear which hath torment, fear lest the same terrible foe who is no respecter of persons, and whose shafts are so *swift* and so *sure*, should strike them ere they are aware, and lay them by the side of the friend over whose bier they have been called to mourn. To a certain extent, then, most of us who have been called upon to stand by the side of the grave can practically enter into the experience of these early disciples, in the willingness of our minds to turn from death, and in the fear which the close contact with it often produces. But there was another side to the experience of these primitive friends of Jesus—they left the sepulchre not only quickly, with fear, but also with "great joy." Now, as it is possible at some period during the year which is past some have had to stand on the edge of the pit, and have witnessed the remains of those dear to them consigned to the clods of the valley,



and have gladly turned from the sight, while strange fears and sad forebodings have filled their hearts—this being often the experience of many, and perhaps of some who may read these lines, it may be profitable to call their attention to the other feature of the disciples' experience. They departed from the sepulchre not only quickly and in fear, but also with *great joy*. A night of great sorrow had covered them while they viewed simply the grave of Jesus, and their faith embraced Jesus as *in the grave*; but when they really came to approach the sepulchre of their Lord, and to look at it more closely, they found that it was not a place of darkness and death at all, but a place of light and of life—a fragrant place, a place of divine meaning, beauty, and joy; so sweet and holy was it, that the angels of God were seated there clothed in white raiment, emblematic of his purity and victory who had conquered death; and the grave of Jesus became as the vestibule of heaven, the mystic chamber of an infallible oracle, while the corrective but cheering words go forth from angelic lips, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen." Well might the disciples turn from the grave of Jesus with great joy—why, it was not his grave; he was not there; he had been there, but he could not stay; death was strong, but could not bury the Prince of Life. Earth and hell tried hard to get him permanently beneath the sod, but he could not be holden of them; our sins and the wrath of God, their inseparable companion, with the legions of hell, like so many Philistines, seized the Lord of glory, seeking to fasten him in the prison-house of death, but, like another Samson, he burst their bonds and paralyzed their power for ever. And now, in the very gates of death, stand the cherubic legions of God, not as of old they stood in the garden of Eden, with drawn swords, forbidding approach to the tree of life, but with shining raiment, and willing hands to remove impediments, and cheering words of welcome to the way-worn pilgrim who approaches pleading the name of Jesus, and sweet assurances to all such, that through death now stretches forth, in open, accessible majesty, beauty, and security, the path which leads to the

very palace of the great King. A risen Saviour, then, must ever be the source of lasting hope and joy to the heaven-born traveller. Why? Because in his victory we are secure, in his life we live, in his grace and triumph we reign; through his intercession we perpetually overcome; in his exaltation we are exalted; and in his glory we do now, and are destined eternally, to participate. Well might the disciples, then, return from *the grave* rejoicing. The vacant grave of Jesus was full of the light of immortal hope. Had death held him as a prisoner, his disciples never could have come forth, but must for ever have remained fast locked in the cold arms of eternal death. Rejoice, then, believer: this world could not be the everlasting sepulchre of Christ, neither can it be thine. It may be thou hast gone weeping to the tomb to leave some loved one there in the silence of death, but they are not there;—

"Chosen, redeemed, and purified,  
They are with Jesus glorified,  
Absorbed in covenant love."

The frail body waits here awhile, but soon shall hear "his voice saying, Behold, I make all things new." And the sleeping dust, hearing the majestic voice by which it was redeemed, even it shall arise to his embrace, and reflect his praise for ever.

Reader, it may be thou hast often gone to the grave with weeping, and returned quickly with fear; and this sorrow and fear must and ever will remain with thee, until, like the disciples of old, thou shalt hear and understand the same words which they heard, saying, "He is not here, he is risen." It may be that, in various ways, thou hast sought to escape from the

"Sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness of the narrow house."

In obedience to the same poet's teaching, thou hast gone forth—

"Under the open sky, and list  
To nature's teaching; while, from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
Comes a still voice."

Thou hast heard this voice, and yet thou hast not found peace, nor succeeded in conforming thyself, to thy own satisfaction, to the same poet's words—

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves

To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and  
soothed

By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Thou dost admire the poetic beauty of the words, and the picture they present, but past sin and its attendant guilt make thee to fear that thy future life can never be to thee a soft couch upon which thou shalt be able to welcome the approach of death, and thou dost rightly fear, and towards the grave thou must ever approach with uncertainty and sorrow, until thou dost clearly see how HE who put away sin spoiled death, and dost rest exclusively upon him for thy acceptance before God, of whom the angels declared, "He is not here: he is risen"—THE CHRIST OF GOD, THE ANOINTED SAVIOUR AND REDEEMER of all who put their trust in him.

*Hammersmith.*

### HOW VERY KIND!

BY THE REV. J. TRALL.

It is Monday evening, and I am sitting in my vestry, waiting for the lapse of a few minutes which shall usher in the hour of prayer, when, with my brethren assembled, and in reliance upon "the Spirit of grace and supplication," we unitedly invoke heaven's richest blessing upon the Church herself, as well as upon the labours in which her several members are occupied. The chapel-keeper breaks in upon my solitude, bearing a somewhat large parcel, and saying to me, "This, sir, is sent from the Dockyard railway-station, for the minister of Queen-street Chapel." The parcel bears no address; it apparently contains books; it certainly is not for me. Well, let it lie on the table, an explanation may probably arrive some day.

It is Tuesday evening, and again do I await in my vestry the hour for worship Divine. In the room hard by my friends are assembling, ready to listen to "all the words of this life." One by one drop in the deacons, worthy men, ready to every good work, and now speaking the word of hope and comfort. They, however, know nothing at all concerning the parcel on the table; hence advise its remaining there till some particulars,

either as to the sender or the contents, shall have been received.

It is Wednesday evening, and now I am found again in this self-same vestry, surrounded this time by our Sunday-school teachers—a noble band of fellow-labourers, yea, "labourers together with God," helping with us in the Gospel, and dropping the seed of the kingdom into the virgin soil of the youthful mind. God speed you, beloved, in your self-denying but honourable employ! It is the quarterly meeting of the Sunday-school committee, thus bringing together the pastor, the deacons, and the teachers, unitedly to counsel and encourage each other in the good work; and now, although no information has been received relative to the parcel on the table, yet, surely, as all parties connected with the cause are represented in those now present, there can be no harm in its being opened, to see if the *inside* will reveal that which the *outside* seems to preserve as a close secret. Unanimous is this decision; and now behold! These papers contain twenty-four complete copies of God's Eternal Truth, and upon the top of these Bibles lies a slip of paper bearing this unostentatious intimation:—"A gift from a friend for the Sunday-school." "How very kind!" is the involuntary exclamation of half-a-dozen voices at the same moment. "How very kind! This must be *truly* a friend to the Sunday-school!" The secretary is requested to record the interesting fact upon the "minutes" of the meeting. A vote of thanks to the "friend," although unknown, is carried most heartily. The slip of paper is ordered to be carefully preserved among the archives of the institution, and the Bibles are put away, to be brought out for use as future necessities may require. And now, brethren beloved, the readers of the BAPTIST MESSENGER, let me say a word to you upon this matter. True, weeks have rolled away since the event above recorded transpired; and no intelligence has reached the parties interested by which this secret can be explained; still, we think it ought not to pass by entirely unnoticed. Who can tell but that its mention upon these pages may bring the kind donor acquainted with the pleasure that this pious act has excited; or induce others

of the servants of our God to "go and do likewise"?

Let us, then, look at this "Gift from a friend for the Sunday-school." And we will survey it in its *probable effects and consequences*. Hence, first of all, What effect will it produce upon the *teachers themselves*? Their work is, truly, "a labour of love." Connected therewith is much that is adapted to discourage and dishearten. Probably no servants of the Most High God see less present and positive success attendant upon their exertions than do those who are occupied in this department of Christian toil and enterprise. The highest authority informs us that "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child." Yes, and this will manifest itself in a temper wayward, in a will obdurate, in conduct trying and often difficult to endure. Hence, although there may be, now and then, an instance of positive usefulness at present made manifest, yet how frequent is the exclamation, "I have laboured in vain; I have spent my strength for naught, and in vain." Well, be it so. Let such an act of Christian sympathy and benevolence as that now referred to occur *only once* in the lifetime of so devoted a servant of our great Master, and an effect of the happiest description must be produced. Nothing can more fully convince him that hearts, pious and enlightened, regard him, and his works also, as worthy of notice and support; that, at any rate, good men review his engagement as neither useless nor Quixotic, consequently, while some who are thus employed may "faint and be weary," still the work deserves his fullest energy, and ought to receive his fullest attention. Brethren, need I say, the Scriptures of truth recognize and acknowledge the force and power of Christian sympathy? "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." What can Solomon mean by that expression except it be, that the graces of good men are sharpened by converse with those that are good? And, surely, if open fellowship and intercourse be adapted to produce an effect so desirable, any secret and unostentatious display of the same sympathy must conduce to and accomplish the same purpose. "Bear ye one

another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." This is an apostolic injunction. Yes, and in secrecy, and without display, it may sometimes receive its most touching and beautiful exemplification. Cheer up, then, ye "workers together with him." We try now to "strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees." "Many witnesses" watch your progress. Many hearts exult in your prosperity and success. Let your prayer be

"Great God, make me faithful; and then let me

<sup>prove</sup>  
The work I'm engaged in is 'labour of love.'  
And let not a child that is under my care  
Sink down to the regions of endless despair."

Let us inquire, secondly, what effect will this "gift from a friend for the Sunday-school" have upon those who are privileged to receive instruction? And here our reply may be, and that most truthfully, "The day shall declare it." Yes. For all positive information upon this most momentous issue we must wait for

"The clearer light  
Of an eternal day."

Still, *all* may not be future. No; "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." Sabbath after Sabbath, for years to come, probably these copies of inspired truth will be produced—placed in the hands of our rising youth, and read, as we hope and believe, with prayerful attention, and O! the effects! What cannot the Word of God accomplish unaided by human eloquence and power of oratory, coming in its own character, addressing to each, however youthful, however giddy, however thoughtless, to each the momentous announcement, "I have a message from God unto thee." What can it not effect? That word is "a hammer," and what rocky heart shall not yield to its stroke all-powerful, nay, omnipotent? That word is "a candle," and what benighted understanding shall it not inform and enlighten? Ah! this illumination the greatest, the most brilliant members of the Church have gratefully acknowledged. Let Paulspeak for the whole of them. "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts." That word is "like as a fire." Thus it is full of life and efficacy. It warms, melts, and heals. It is powerful to consume the dross and burn up the chaff and stubble. That

word is "a sword." "The sword of the Spirit." A spiritual sword, made effectual, by that Divine Agent, to cut the sinews of the strongest temptations, to kill the inward corruptions of the heart, to subdue the most determined obstinacy of the will, and the most resolute purposes of the mind. Yes, beloved! and our teachers will fail in their glorious employ unless these effects follow the diligent perusal of these Scriptures, presented in a manner so quiet, so devoid of all display. Moreover, brethren, you may calculate upon these effects from *analogy*. What issues have followed the reading of the Scriptures among the infantine and youthful portions of society! O! you grandmothers! doatingly fond of little prattlers around the knee. Too fond, may I say? Well, let that pass, it may be so; but we can excuse it, for you seem to live anew in these little ones so precious. But, hearken, duties accompany the relationship. The piety and usefulness of Timothy resulted, under God, from his early acquaintance with the Scriptures, as taught by his "grandmother Lois, and his mother Eunice." Yes. To him Paul thus addresses himself, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures." Upon what finer subject could the artist display his power and ability than that presented by the excellent Mrs. Doddridge, and her little Philip? Upon the lap of affection she seats him, and there teaches him Scripture-history from the Dutch tiles of the fire-place, on which pictures of Bible subjects were exhibited. Ah, Philip never forgot these instructions, and, probably, to these his future usefulness may be attributed. So, too, in more modern times. See William Knibb seated on the school-form in Broadmead, Bristol, and it is there that Divine truth arrests his attention. From that room he returns home to think, first of his own condition, and then of that of others far away; and when his brother Thomas expresses his fears that all the mission stations will be occupied by native agents before they are old enough to go, removes his anxiety in these ever-memorable words, the first outburst of a wholly consecrated heart, "Never mind, Thomas, the society cannot do without printers. I am sure Mr. Fuller will recommend us; and then we can preach too

if we like." Now, in all these cases these effects, so far, were strictly *personal*; but O, to trace them *relatively*! This we dare not attempt to do. No. The usefulness of such men eternity only can make fully manifest, and for this we hopefully and patiently wait. Well, beloved, may not similar effects be produced again? May not such characters be included in the classes that engage our attention? Future "pillars in the temple of our God." Rough "stones" at present, but "polished stones" another day! Ah, these glorious, God-honouring effects may result from this "Gift from a friend to the Sunday-school." Concerning *this* I will say with the sainted Beddome—

"I'll not despair; for *who can tell*?"

Well, finally, in a few words, we ask, "What effect will this 'gift' have upon the kind donor himself?" Probably no one has been brought acquainted with this benevolent and praiseworthy action. It may remain a secret in the bosom where it originated, and the "friend" may continue unknown. Let it be so. Still, upon that mind it shall produce its own effects. Yes, there shall be a consciousness of having gladdened and supported hearts that have enough to discourage and depress. There shall be the assurance that into the hands of the youth of this populous town—youth so exposed to "temptation and a snare"—has been placed that "lamp" that can cheer and gladden the otherwise benighted traveller—that chart by which the sailor may find a safe passage to the haven of eternal blessedness—that "treasure" that can make the naturally impoverished spirit "rich in faith," and entitle him to "an inheritance among all them that are sanctified." Nor is this all. No, we rise yet higher. Surely another effect will follow this "gift from a friend to the Sunday-school." There is a day of acknowledgment and reward yet in the future. There was *One Eye* followed this proceeding from its commencement to its termination. Probably this was the only way in which this "friend" could aid the cause that lay so near the heart. Want of time, family circumstances, imperfect health, the possession of the "one talent" only, may have stood in the way of a more open manifestation of regard. Still, *One Eye*

witnessed and approved it all. Yes, and that was the eye of him who, another day, will acknowledge all such sympathy as displayed towards himself. Then shall he say to the most timid and retiring of his followers, "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Farewell, then, my "friend to the Sunday-school." With such a promise before me, I will sing, as, doubtless, thou dost thyself,—

"Enough, my gracious Lord,  
Let faith triumphant cry;  
My heart can on the promise live—  
Can on the promise die."

Woolwich.

### "WHAT IS THAT TO THEE?"

BY THE REV. T. R. STEVENSON.

No doubt the reader is well acquainted with these words. The risen Redeemer had been predicting the martyr-death by which repentant Peter was to glorify God. When he had thus spoken Simon, looking around, and seeing John, said, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" The reply of Jesus was, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me." Let us look at some of those to whom these words will now more especially apply.

1. *They are applicable to those who are perplexed by difficult facts and doctrines.* There are facts which awaken inquiries that cannot in this world be answered, and doctrines that are enshrined in mystery. We are sometimes tempted to give too much time to their consideration and are troubled because we can get no fresh light concerning them. For example, think of the origin of moral evil. Why did God permit sin to enter the world? What was his end in allowing it to desolate this fair earth with its ravages? He foresaw that it would occur if man was made; then why did he bring man into being? These are inquiries involved in darkness. We can gain no reply to them. Theologians and philosophers have done their best, age after age, to solve the problem, and have failed. The Gordian knot has not been

cut or untied. But "what is that to thee?" Leave the mystery. Bow before the solemn fact as one too difficult for you to explain. We were not sent into this world to spend much valuable time in speculation. Life is given for higher ends than controversy. Granted that we cannot understand the origin of evil, we can do this—try to lessen it in ourselves and others.

"Follow thou me," says the Saviour? How did he act in respect of these difficult questions? Did he, as a rule, give much time and labour to settling them? No. But he lived and died to destroy evil. That was his grand aim. Let us do the same. Be it ours to "follow" him in lessening the power of evil in the world. The same may be said of all the mysteries of Providence. Here, for instance, is a good, earnest, useful Christian. He fulfils admirably the duties of domestic life. He is a patriotic citizen. He is an efficient member of the Church. Few seem to be more useful than he. Suddenly accident or disease takes him away. A large and loving family and a large and loving circle of fellow-disciples mourn his loss. How strange it seems! for you see many men around you who are hindrances to the progress of religion, a misery to their family and a curse to the world, who live to wear the gray hairs of old age. Why are the valuable taken, and the worthless left? We do not know, neither need we. "What is that to thee?" Leave all to God. "Follow thou me." Though you cannot understand how it is such things occur, you can make the best use of your days by labouring well for Christ and a sinful world. "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day." Let us do the same, and at length God will, in eternity, make his ways plain.

2. *These words are applicable to unsuccessful Christian labourers.* "I must give up. I cannot go on any longer. My patience is exhausted. I have worked and worked and worked, but all my efforts are vain. It is of no good trying any more." So say some followers of the Saviour, perhaps, whose eye is upon this page. You think your labours are futile, do you? Well, remember that we are poor judges of success. We cannot "tell which shall prosper, whether it be this or that." Our knowledge of our fellow-

men is so limited that we should always be careful how we speak of our efforts being useless. But even supposing that you are right, granting that you have done no good, "what is that to thee?" We have nothing to do with results. We ought to try to bring sinners to Christ on the simple ground that he has told us to do. The question is not whether our endeavours are successful or unsuccessful, but whether we are commanded to engage in them? "Follow thou me," and be assured that whatever the final issue of your work is God will approve and bless you for what you have done. When the farmer sends his labourer out into the field to sow he expects him to do that, and is satisfied if he does it well. He does not upbraid him because sowing and reaping come not on the same day. It is so with the heavenly Husbandman. If a monarch sends a herald with a certain message to a city he does not blame that herald if the message is disregarded. All that the latter has to do is to deliver it. And if we faithfully deliver the message which summons rebels to return to God and seek his mercy God will give us the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

3. *These words are applicable to those who allow the short-comings of others to keep them from their duty.* How frequently it happens that one person excuses himself from earnest Christian labour by pointing to others who are doing the same. A religious professor is appealed to and asked to take his part in some good work, and what is his reply? "I do as much as many others do. You need not blame me; I am not more inactive than scores around me." That is what is virtually said over and over again. He is not more indolent than others, forsooth! "What is that to thee?" What have you to do with others? Can they take your responsibility? Can they answer for you at the tribunal of God? Duty is a personal thing. It singles each man out of the great multitude of society and gives him his summons. If all the avowed Christians in the world were to be careless and inactive it would be my duty to labour vigorously as much as ever. "Follow thou me"—whatever others may or may not do. Besides, the fact that others are doing little or

nothing is a reason why we should do all that we can. If there are few workers in the Church then let those few be all the more earnest; if there are few workers in the Church let that be a reason for adding to and not diminishing their numbers. The more desperate the case the greater should be the energy and determination. If a patient gets worse the medical man goes twice a day instead of once, and if the malady still gains ground the visits are increased. Therefore, when we see some who ought to be vigorous idle and indifferent we should make that an argument for labour and not an excuse for repose on our part.

There is another illustration of the error in question which we would notice. Converted men sometimes remain outside the church because of the shortcomings of it. They are saved, and show by their conduct that they are. Jesus is the Lord and Master, to whose word they live, and whom they delight to serve. And yet they do not profess their faith in him. Why? "O," say they, "there are such inconsistencies in some religious people, that is the reason." But "what is that to thee?" The inconsistencies of religious people are no valid excuse for your not confessing the Redeemer. "Follow thou me," whatever may be their defects. To avow ourselves openly and fearlessly as the disciples of Christ is plainly commanded. It is, therefore, sinful to disobey on any ground whatsoever.

Other applications of the verse might be made, but we must close. Let the words of the Master, dear reader, stimulate us, if the disciples of him, to determined and devout obedience. Be it enough for us that he tells us to do a thing. When we are tempted to excuse ourselves the performance of duty on any ground that the voice of the adversary may remind us of, let us turn aside from him and listen to the words of him who said, "What is that to thee? follow thou me."

*Harlow, Essex.*

#### JEHOVAH THE BELIEVER'S DWELLING-PLACE.

BY THE REV. JAMES DAVIS.

AMONGST the many figures which shadow forth the glory of God, not the least at-

tractive is that which describes him as a dwelling-place or habitation. Especially attractive must it have been to those who for forty long years "wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way," and "found no city to dwell in." During this trying time, whilst wandering about homeless and helpless, God was their strong habitation to which they might continually resort. Nor is he less the refuge of his people now. In these modern days as truly as in generations past is God the dwelling-place of his people, and still therefore is that consolation theirs which this inspiring truth is so well fitted to afford. This figure suggests to us—

1. The nearness of God to his people. We are very apt to think of God as a being afar off. Remembering that he is as near to us as the house we inhabit may help us to get rid of this false idea. As the walls of our dwelling encircle and enclose us so are we surrounded by our heavenly Father. It is our privilege to enjoy not merely his nearness, but his *manifested* nearness. Whilst he is "angry with the wicked every day," he looks upon his people with peculiar complacency, and "manifests himself to them as he does not unto the world." In a special sense is he *their* dwelling-place; to *them* in a most blessed sense is he ever near. The mother who presses her suffering babe to her bosom is not nearer to that babe than our Father is to us. Not that always we feel his presence. There are times when we are compelled to cry, "Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself." But though he thus hides himself, to teach us that apart from him we are utterly helpless and utterly comfortless, "he will not always chide, neither will his anger endure for ever." Even when we cry, "O that I knew where I might find him!" he is not far off. Even then it is true, "Lo, I am with you always." Can we believe that he is far-distant from us, who for us spared not his own Son? If then our heavenly Father be always near, this is enough for us. It is enough for us to know that wherever our lot may be cast, whether our cot be swept by the rude blasts of the North or the balmy breezes of the South, whether we repose peacefully at home or be tossed on the stormy deep, our Father is always near;

for, though danger and suffering may be near, he is nearer—

"Thy children shall not faint nor fear,  
Sustained by this delightful thought—  
Since thou their God art everywhere,  
They cannot be where thou art not."

2. The *familiarity* subsisting between God and his people is imaged forth in his being their dwelling-place. Home is the place where all formality and stiffness disappear. In any home worthy of the name all is friendship and familiarity; there our heart's affections flow without restraint. Who can think of the endearments of home without emotion? Hallowed indeed are our memories of those who once sat around the fireside in the home of our youth, but who now sweetly sleep in the quiet grave. What can be more sacred and yet more familiar than these associations? But even these tender associations fail to exhibit the tenderness and familiarity subsisting between God and his people. With trusting simplicity were we wont to pour our childish tale of grief into our mother's ear, but who of us has not made known to God griefs which could not be told to any fellow-creature, however near or dear? Yet, without *undue* familiarity, might there not be *even closer communion* with God? When we remember that Deity has drawn near to us by taking our nature, by becoming "Emmanuel, God with us," may we not well take courage to come "*boldly* to the throne of grace?"

3. The *safety* of God's people is insured by their residence in him as their dwelling-place. In our dwelling-place we have been sheltered from many a storm. Dark clouds have blackened the sky, the rain has rushed down in wild torrents, the thick hail has rattled on the roof, the rough winds of winter have howled and moaned, the swift-darting lightning has lit up earth and sky with its lurid glare, while the massive mountains shook beneath the reverberating thunder; but, amid the fury of the tempest, in our dwelling-place we reposed secure. When the midnight robber prowled around, the strength of our dwelling-place kept him out. What our home has been to us in this respect, God has ever been to his people, and will be for ever.

"Beneath the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure:

Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure."

4. The *permanence* of the relationship subsisting between God and his people is implied in his being their habitation. Our dwelling-place is not where we sojourn for a day only, but where we constantly abide. Here imagery utterly fails, for our longest residence here is very transient—"here we have no abiding city." Many of God's people, too, are in a double sense strangers and pilgrims here, they can find no rest for the soles of their feet. The time is fast coming when all our earthly homes will be swept away, when alike the cottage of the peasant and the palace of the prince will perish in the last great fire, but the dwelling-place of the Christian will not be destroyed, it shall survive, in all its beauty and glory, "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." Who would not, then, adopt the prayer of the Psalmist, "Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I, may continually resort?"

"Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home."

*The Pithay, Bristol.*

#### WORKING FOR THE LORD.

[We insert the following letter at the request of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, as showing what a Christian tradesman can do in connection with the Lord's work, and with the hope that it may stimulate others to do likewise.—ED.]

MY DEAR —, I very gladly send you a brief account of my work here, and earnestly hoping that you will be induced to attempt a similar enterprise in your large town. At the commencement of 1860, I felt a great desire for the salvation of souls, and longed to be the means, in the hands of God, of bringing sinners to Christ. Mourning over my unfruitfulness and little faith, I invited a few friends to a weekly meeting at my house. We prayed, wrote down our petitions in a book, received some delightful answers, and our faith in God increased. My desire to win souls increased also; I said to a friend one morning, "O, if in six months God

would give me to see six souls converted, how I should rejoice!" Gracious is our God, three years have just passed, and we have in our infant church eighty baptized members, by far the greater part of whom have been brought out of the world in answer to prayer, and by the power of the Gospel from my lips; while I have reason to hope that thrice that number have been brought to God here and in other places in which I have preached during that period. To him alone be all the praise.

Now for the plan I adopted. My object was very simple: I wished to awaken careless sinners to a sense of their need of salvation, and to lead them to Christ. My first care was to get a meeting-room not far from my house and place of business. I choose to work among the poor, not because they need the Gospel more than the wealthy and respectable, but because they are more accessible. I selected a shop and parlour which formed the lower part of a house in Great Barlow-street, and was situated at the south-east corner of a square of poor, dirty, and crowded tenements. A few pounds' outlay removed the partition, painted the place inside and out, and furnished it with seats and a table. When there was no disturbance outside, it was a very comfortable little place, and would hold about seventy people. Having procured the room, I had some bills printed, telling my "friends and neighbours" for what purpose I had taken the place, and inviting them, if saved, to pray for the work, and if unsaved, to come and hear of the love of God, the power of Christ, and the value of his blood to cleanse from sin and save from hell. A few friends helped me to distribute these bills in the neighbourhood, and God lovingly encouraged me by an immediate token of his sanction. On the Thursday before opening "the room" (this was the name I gave the preaching place) I went into a house in Barlow-street with my printed invitations. Entering one room, I found an elderly woman and her married daughter; having invited them to the room, I said to the younger one, "Are you saved?" "I hope to be," she replied. "Yes," I said, "but are your sins forgiven now?" "I wish they were," she said, her tone betraying some emotion. Seeing one



of Miss Marsh's prayer cards on the mantelpiece, and one or two religious books about, I said, "You know that Jesus Christ can save you—you know that his blood can cleanse you from sin, do you not? Well, then, *come to him, and come now.*" She said as I was leaving, "There is a young woman, sir, in the next room, I think you would like to see." She opened the door of the back room, and entering, I found a young woman nearly blind, another with her quite blind; they were both Christians. They heard with pleasure of the attempt about to be made to lift up the cross in that dark and degraded neighbourhood; we knelt in prayer that God would convert souls in that house, and in the room about to be opened. The following Wednesday we had our first six o'clock morning prayer meeting; the blind young woman was there, and a young woman with her. Going out, the latter said to me, her face radiant with joy, "I am happy now, sir, trusting in Christ." Not recognizing her, I said, "I am glad indeed to hear that; and how long have you known the Lord?" "Why," she said, "don't you remember you were at our house on Thursday, and you said, 'Come now?' I could not forget the words, they rung in my ears all day. In the afternoon I went out to see a friend; a lady came in with some tracts; one was called 'Come Now.' I begged a copy, came home, read it, and said to myself, Surely the Lord is saying to me, 'Come now?' Shutting the door, I knelt beside a chair, and prayed the Lord Jesus to save me; he heard me, and O, I am happy now, sir, trusting in Christ." This simple tale filled me with thankfulness, and I was encouraged to expect more from God. This dear woman's conversion was speedily followed by that of several others of her family and neighbours, some of whom suffered much persecution, and some loss, for Christ's sake; but they held on their way, and are walking consistently with their profession to this day. I had a prayer-meeting Sunday afternoons at three, and Monday evenings at eight, and preached the Gospel Sunday evenings at seven, and Wednesday evenings at eight. The attendance was generally encouraging, even at first; but if the people did not seem to come in,

it was my invariable practice to go outside with those who were present, and standing on the door-step, sing a hymn to a cheerful tune, which never failed to draw a number of persons round. Then I gave a brief and pointed address, and invited any who pleased to come inside to a short service. Thus we got a room full. The first time I preached in the street I felt rather nervous. It was on a Sunday afternoon. Two rough and blackguard boys came galloping round the corner; they stopped; presently one, to use the expression of the other, "hooked it;" but his companion stayed, and came in to the prayer-meeting afterwards. He has clung to us ever since; the jeers and scoffs of his companions could not move him; the allurements of the cheap theatres lost their power; he would be at all our meetings; and ever averred that he was converted that afternoon. So I was encouraged to continue the outdoor work. This lad could not then read or write, and was so ignorant that, a few weeks after he was awakened, he asked me whether Jesus Christ was nailed to a wall or a tree? Yet I do not doubt that the Holy Ghost applied the Word to his heart and conscience that afternoon. Visiting the neighbourhood I found to be very useful; it was profitable to my own soul, bringing me into contact not only with the sins and errors of the people, but also with their needs and sufferings, enabling me to show my goodwill by many little kindnesses, and also helping me to speak with more sympathy and more to the hearts of my hearers. I visited one day an aged man who had lived in the neighbourhood for many years; he had been a profligate man, and told me once that he knew of no sin, except wilful murder, that he had not committed. After a few words with his wife, a serious woman, I said to him, "I do wish you were concerned about your soul;" to my surprise and delight he said, with a tearful eye, "O, sir, I do wish I were saved!" I explained, as simply and as plainly as I could, the plan of salvation, the value of Christ's life and death, and his present willingness to receive the sinner, then prayed with him. A few days after, a lady, at the close of a meeting, asked the old man if he was "traveling to heaven or to hell?" He replied,

"To heaven, I hope." "But what does your hope rest on?" said she. "On Christ," he said; "on Christ alone." All his neighbours saw the change in the old man's habits. For more than a year he lived in the enjoyment of the pardoning mercy of God, and on Lord's-day evening, Oct. 20, 1861, was one of a little company who assembled in the room to celebrate, for the first time, the dying love of Christ, by partaking together of the Lord's Supper. The Thursday following he was taken ill, and never left his house again alive. A few days before he died he was somewhat disturbed by the thought, "Is it possible for me to fall?" I read to him John x. and Rom. viii., and he was assured. He said, "Yesterday, while I was thinking and feeling depressed, I thought I heard a voice say, 'There He is, grasp him;' and I did—I laid hold of him, and had peace." More than tranquil were his last hours, he was filled with inexpressible joy. Alluding to his experience now he said, "This is all new to me . . . mercy and truth and joy are following me . . . Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy Word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation . . . I am very happy. Jesus says to me, 'Will you come?' I say, Yes, Lord, I am ready . . . O, what can I render unto the Lord for all his gifts to me? . . . O, blessed Jesus, come quickly and take my waiting spirit home. He said—Jesus said—'Simon, they that are forgiven much will love much;' O, blessed Jesus, bless him! That precious blood—Lord Jesus—come kiss me." So he fell asleep. We buried him in Finchley Cemetery; and I felt that to be the means of plucking one such brand from the burning was worth a lifetime of toil, and the wealth of a world. I continued to preach and hold meetings in Barlow-street till the end of 1861, by which time the room had become too small. I then took for the Sundays and two evenings a week Bryanston-hall in Orchard-street, not two minutes' walk from my house, a room capable of holding three times as many persons as our old meeting-place, and containing a baptizing pool, the hall having formerly been in the occupation of a body of Plymouth Brethren. The Lord's presence came with us to the

hall. I had more hearers and many were awakened. At the close of 1862 we had 57 in communion, 23 of whom had been received at Barlow-street, and 34 subsequently. At the commencement of this year we determined to adopt a more definite church order; we, therefore, formed a church, and I was recognized as pastor. We regard the Scriptures as our sole rule of faith and practice, and welcome all to our communion who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and walk agreeably to their profession. To church membership, with privilege of voting in church meetings, we receive only those who have been baptized on profession of their faith. Nine months have passed by, and we now number 80 baptized believers; some 18 or 20 friends beside frequently commune with us; and I trust there are not a few around us who have made no public profession of religion, but in whom the work of grace has begun. We have now a Sunday-school superintended by one of our deacons, an esteemed brother who well understands his work; we have just commenced a day-school. We have also commenced a system of weekly visitation with loan tracts, which will I hope enlist the energies of all our members who are not engaged in the Sunday-school or other definite work for Christ. The tract visitation is superintended by the other deacon, our valued brother, and will I hope be the means of bringing the precious Gospel of Christ before many minds. I trust that God has only begun his work by us—pray for us, that we may presently see great things done in the name of the holy child Jesus.

Now, dear ———, do you not think you could do something similar? I know you love Christ; I know you would delight in winning souls; I know, too, that you wish to devote your substance to them: well, cannot you go into some neglected locality near you, take a large room or a cottage which can be converted into a meeting-place, affectionately and heartily invite the neighbours in, and tell them the simple tale of the Cross? I feel sure you would get the ears and the hearts of the people, and God would grant his blessing. I anticipate an objection: you say, I do not think I have any gift. I know that God the Holy Ghost alone can qualify for the ministry; but are you sure you

have no gift? Christians are refreshed by your prayers at the prayer-meeting; you give very telling addresses at the Sunday-school; and you have, on several occasions, delivered very lucid lectures on scientific subjects; if you can interest Sunday-scholars while you talk about the way to heaven, why can you not interest their parents? It is not more difficult. If you can clearly explain a scientific question, can you not explain the way of salvation? I think you can—you know it well; pray about it, I beseech you. Stir up the gift of God which is in you. If, however, you really feel you are not able to preach the Gospel yourself, I yet think you might originate such a work—devote to the Lord's service more annually than you spend for him already; the money will be well laid out. Then ask him to send you some young man with a ready tongue, and a heart full of love to Christ, who will gladly devote his time to God's work if enabled to do so: one who will not do the work to get the money, but who only wants money enough to enable him to do the work. I met with such a man a little while ago; he was a blacksmith by trade, and was converted through Mr. Spurgeon's preaching. When saved he longed to

"Tell to sinners round  
What a dear Saviour he had found."

He could not read, but got his wife to read a passage of Scripture to him, and when he had it by heart, went out into the highways and preached. He was a rough, untutored man, and at first neither his friends nor his pastor thought he was called to preach; but

the love of Christ was like a fire in his bones, and preach he would. God blessed his word, and I believe something like sixty of the members at the Tabernacle trace their conversion to him. Mr. Spurgeon at length received him into his college, and after a short course of study he has gone out into the country. He ministers alternately in two chapels, which are crowded, and God continues to own his words. The people are poor; I believe he only has £90 a-year; but with this he is well content, because he *loves Christ and the labour of bringing souls to him*. If needed, God could raise you up such a helper. Indeed, it is probable if you were to write to Mr. Spurgeon he would be able to send you just such a man; he could preach and you could visit and converse, and when souls were awakened you could bring your knowledge of the Word and your experience to bear, and, as elder among them, you could help to instruct and shepherd them. I trust the Lord will incline you to entertain the project, if only for the *sake of the example*; for I believe there are many Christian men (and Christian women too) who would gladly be the means of planting Christian churches if they saw how simply, with the Lord's blessing, it might be done.\*—I am, dear brother, yours sincerely in Christ,

London. THOMAS D. MARSHALL.

\* It is my conviction that a preacher of Christ is likely to accomplish far more good if he associates his converts together in church fellowship than if he leaves them in their isolation: the church which they form becomes itself a centre of influence to the whole neighbourhood.

## Tales and Sketches Illustrative of Christian Life.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM,

Author of "Lays and Lyrics of the Blessed Life," "Life Sketches, and Echoes from the Valley," &c.

### A MOTHER'S SPECIAL PRAYER.

#### CHAPTER III.

WHAT a variety of faces we may see in the railway carriage! What a variety of characters—amiable, pleasant, chatty, agreeable; dark, morose, self-engrossed, crochety. Some begin a light chat immediately after they are seated, some will go the whole length of the country without exchanging a single word. And

indeed there is nothing astonishing in this variety of behaviour, for their circumstances are at least as varied. Some have left home with cheerful voices bidding them God-speed, for whose safety many a prayer will go up through the day. Some have left the house of the stranger, and are going

where bright eyes will smile their welcome, and home-like arms encircle them fondly. Some are going into strange and unfamiliar scenes, where not a heart will care for them, not a pleasant word of greeting reach their weary ears. Some are going, with leisurely indifference, on business errands; some are bent upon a pleasure excursion; some, with flushed and gloomy faces, are fretting that the train goes so slowly—are begrudging every minute—for that they are summoned, in hot haste, upon matters of life and death.

The experience of Mr. and Mrs. Smith was something like that of the persons last mentioned. We shall not try to describe the faintness at their aching hearts; it almost overwhelmed them. Now and then Mr. Smith uttered some common-place expression; he remarked that it was very cold; he spoke tenderly to his wife, hoped she was not growing over-wearied, bade her try to say those strong words, "I will trust, and not be afraid."

Poor Mrs. Smith! Her heart was indeed torn. She sat back in the carriage entirely absorbed in her grief. She lived her life over again during that dreary journey. She thought over every incident of that never-forgotten Sunday evening when her boy was lost in the hop-garden. She remembered her special prayer, offered so wildly, and the special interposition of God on her behalf. With a shudder she thought of it now, remembering that she had omitted to add to it, "Thy will be done." Could it be possible that the answer had come in *judgment* rather than *mercy*? She remembered, too, her special prayer that Alfred might be successful in procuring the situation. She knew that she had so passionately desired it, that she could not say, "If thou wilt." She felt sure, in her weak-mindedness, it must be the very best thing for him. She questioned it; now she saw how she had been mistaken. What if, after all, she should have to see that it would have been better had they found his little body a lifeless corpse, on that long-past day, in the hop-ground?

There, in the depths of her suffering spirit, Mrs. Smith put up her *third special* prayer. And this time it was different from the others:—

"O Lord, forgive me. Thou knowest better than I. In this time of my agony I have but one prayer—Lord, take him in thy hands, and by him, and through him, thy will be done."

Ah! such are the special prayers that bring certain blessings. But how often we have to be tried in the fierce fire of affliction before our hearts choose to utter them!

Arrived in London—their hearts quaking with the unknown dread—knowing not whither else to go, they proceeded to Alfred's lodgings.

And Mrs. Smith's pale face and anxious eyes asked of the landlady, ere her lips could frame the question, "What are the dreadful tidings you have for me?"

The kind and motherly woman could scarcely repress tears at the sight of so much silent grief.

"O, Mrs. Smith, I cannot think why Mr. Alfred was so determined to send for you! Indeed, you have been most unnecessarily troubled and alarmed. There is nothing at all of consequence the matter. He is more frightened than hurt."

Mrs. Smith's face grew brighter immediately. "Is it not true then? Is not my son in prison?"

"Well, yes, he is, I am sorry to say, but I am sure all will be well now his father has come. They are sure to let him out on bail."

"But what has he done? How has it all happened?"

"O nothing. Only one of youth's little peccadilloes. He was at a party the other night, and got excited, I suppose. It was late when the young gentlemen returned—Mr. Alfred and some friends of his. They were full of fun—had, perhaps, drank rather too freely at the party—and one of them rang some street bells, another broke a window. Then a policeman interfered. It seems he spoke insultingly to Mr. Alfred—who knocked him down. He was injured a little by the fall, and wants to make a fuss about it. That is all."

"Quite enough," his parents thought. That Alfred, their noble, intellectual son, should so have disgraced himself seemed to them almost impossible. And yet when they reflected—What was there to restrain him? He was up there in that

city of manifold temptations, far removed from their control, their good influence scarcely affected him there. There was no friend whom he loved and trusted, who had his best interest at heart, in all that vast city! And, what was worse than all beside, his heart was unchanged, no fear of God restrained him—no strength of purpose—no consecrated will held in check his evil propensities. After all, might it not have been better had he remained at home, having less money but more principle, less luxury but more comfort, fewer temporal advantages, perhaps, but far fewer temptations? They lost no time in visiting him.

And a sorry spectacle he presented. He was thoroughly overwhelmed by remorse. He felt his disgrace most keenly, making no palliation for his conduct. He dared not meet his father's eye; he shrank from the touch of his mother's hand. There was no levity about him now; his spirit seemed to be crushed within him. He believed that he had ruined himself and his life-prospects by his own folly. He knew well enough, what his parents knew also, that it would never have happened had he been sober; that the company in which he was tempted to excess must be bad; and that he, who had been so differently reared, had no business whatever in such society. In his hours of solitude he had reflected upon his mode of living—had looked at all the circumstances connected with the unpleasant affair—had weighed himself in the balance and had been found wanting. It was distressing to see his grief and hear his self-upbraiding. But his mother had committed him unreservedly into the Lord's hands now, and her faith grew strong, so that she believed he would bring great good out of this apparent evil.

"Mother"—he almost sobbed as he spoke—"you might well have been afraid to trust me. I did not think I could be so bad."

She spoke to him of a pardoning Saviour, she besought him as she never had done before to flee for refuge to the cross.

"Mother, if that man were to die, I should never know a moment's peace again."

She could have blessed God for her motherly privilege then. She had power

to soothe that part of his pain. She told him, with a smile of gratitude on her lips, that he was not much hurt, that he was recovering, that a mighty hand had interposed to save her boy that fearful sorrow.

Alfred was allowed to go out on the next day and accompany his parents to the old home. But those few hours in prison were the most blessed of his life, for the Lord met with him there. He who alone can touch the hard heart, who alone can awaken the slumbering soul, breathed upon the dry bones, and they lived. The time had arrived when he should know what it was to have sinned—feel what it was to have offended the Mighty One. The cry was forced from him, as in the prison of old, "What must I do to be saved?" and there the sweet voice rang in his ears, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

This was how God answered the mother's last special prayer. He came out a changed young man, having received the only safe-guard for future upright conduct. We talk of excellence of character—they only have that who are Christians—they only are safe who are "strong in the Lord, and the power of his might."

So Mrs. Smith's tears were dried in a manner she little expected. Her weeping was turned into a glad song, for God had not forgotten to be gracious.

Poor Alfred! It was painful to witness his grief and shame. He shrank from the caresses of his brothers and sisters. He could not bear the greeting of his most familiar friends. For a long time he felt the prison mark upon him, and suffered for his fault a hundredfold in his own spirit.

Afterward he was aroused to wipe out the stain by noble deeds, and a persevering, upright life. The love of the home circle was rewarded at last. He became all that his mother's fondest hopes had pictured, more than all that her prayers had asked. He regained the esteem of his employers—he filled his station as only a Christian can, and steadily rose upward in the social scale a great, because a good man. His mother never, never forgot her special prayers and their answers.

There will be times in all our lives

when special prayers are wrung out of our wild hearts, when we too like Mrs. Smith catch hold of the Father and cry, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Prayers that are as a wail of agony, in which the overstrung heart may spend its woes. It is sweet to know that a loving parent hears our petitions, and is wise to withhold, as well as to grant. For indeed we know not what would become of us, if he gave us all that we ask for; we make sad mistakes—he only can never be mistaken.

In our deepest need—in our greatest extremity our one prayer should be,

"Thy will be done." "Choose for me, for I know not which is best."

Surely we, to whom he has so often been gracious, are not afraid to trust him. O, if we would be safe and happy—if we would have the very best blessings for our loved ones—we shall say for them and for ourselves, "It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth good in his sight."

This be our special prayer:  
In all time of our deepest woe or want,  
Thy will be done; make us thy loving care,  
And what will please thee grant.

For we are blind and weak; [skies;  
But thou the All-strong wilt bless us from the  
In our deep need thy strengthening word we seek,  
And that shall make us wise.

## Poetry.

### THE TWO PILGRIMS.

"Brother, the year is gliding fast away,"  
One Christian pilgrim to another said;  
"A few more weeks, and it will pass for aye—  
How quickly have its days and seasons fled!"  
"True," his companion with a sigh replied,  
"And it appears to me, on looking back,  
That not one year in all my life besides  
Has left so much of sorrow on its track."

"This year death stole my firstborn from my  
hearth,  
Then I for weeks at his dark portal lay;  
While outward trials thronged around my path,  
Dread foes within have vexed me day by day."  
"I know," his friend rejoined, "that you have  
met  
Great troubles lately, and your heart is bowed;  
But O! my brother, let us not forget  
The 'silver lining' to each gloomy cloud."

"Your child is dead, but then your soul has cheer  
In the sweet thought that she is with the Lord;  
And in your sickness was not Jesus near?  
Has he not spared your life—your health  
restored?  
In all your trials God hath some wise end;  
Strength and deliverance were by him bestowed.  
Let us not fail when looking back, my friend,  
To mark the countless mercies on our road."

"Jesus has trod before this thorny path;  
'Tis ordered by our Father wise and fond;  
And what are all earth's woes to him who hath  
The hope of an eternal heaven beyond?"  
"My fault," the other said, "with shame I see;  
Your words, my brother, are both true and kind;

Pardon my murmurs, Lord, and give to me  
A truly thankful and contented mind."  
Wellingtonbough. THERODORA.

### THE CLOSING YEAR.

The year is passing, borne on silent wings,  
Far from our eager grasp, away, away,  
With all its beautiful imaginings,  
With all its times to labour, times to pray,  
Bearing its record, as have other years,  
Of many sins and sorrows, many tears.  
The year is closing. Swift as arrow's flight  
The days are passing, bringing near the end;  
It is too late to make the wrong year right,  
Too late the failures of the past to mend;  
We can but bring it, with its sins and cares,  
Unto the pardoning God who hears our prayers.

The year is closing. With a grateful thought  
Let us review its mercies. There have been  
Blessings with infinite compassion fraught—  
The Father's smile upon each changing scene,  
Raiment and food and health and strength and love  
Have come as daily portions from above.

The year is passing. It has had bright hours  
Spent learning lessons at the Saviour's feet;  
Decked with a wreath of Love's undying flowers,  
Our hearts have bowed before the mercy seat,  
And we have memories of moments dear  
Spent by his side who crowns the closing year.

The year is closing. We are passing too  
On to the land where time shall be no more,  
Soon shall we pass the silent river through,  
And spring upon the unshadowed shining shore,  
O better is that bright eternity  
Than e'en the fairest of these years can be.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

## Denominational Intelligence.

### MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

HUNSLLET, LREDS.—The Rev. R. Ward, of Glosop, has received and accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, and will commence his labours (D.V.) on the first Sabbath in November.

OAKHAM.—The Rev. J. Jenkinson has informed the church under his care that he intends, in February next, to resign the pastorate, which he has sustained for nearly 15 years.

HOCK NEWTON, OXON.—The Rev. J. Allen, B.A., late of Regent's-park College, having accepted the

cordial and unanimous invitation of the Baptist church to become the pastor, has entered on his labours with pleasing prospects of comfort and usefulness.

**GRANGE, COUNTY ATRIK.**—At the request of the committee of the Baptist Irish Society, and the unanimous invitation of the church at Grange, the Rev. H. H. Bourne has removed there from Portadown.

**UPTON CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK.**—The Rev. G. D. Evans, of Mr. Spurgeon's College, has accepted a cordial invitation to become the pastor of Upton Chapel, now in course of erection at Barkham-terrace, Lambeth-road. The church and congregation meet until its completion at Taylor's Repository, Elephant and Castle.

#### RECOGNITION SERVICES.

**ULEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—Interesting services were held in the above place on Tuesday, Oct. 27, in connection with the ordination of Mr. W. C. Taylor, late of Pontypool College, to the pastorate of the church. In the morning the Rev. Mr. Rooms, missionary from Berbice, commenced by reading and prayer; the Rev. W. Overbury, of King Stanley, put the usual questions to the minister and senior deacon; the Rev. T. J. Newman, of Shortwood, offered the ordination prayer; the Rev. T. Thomas, D.D., President of Pontypool College, then delivered a most impressive charge from 1 Tim. iii. 1; the Rev. E. Probert, of Bristol, delivered an appropriate discourse to the church from Deut. i. 35, "Encourage him;" the Rev. H. Jones, of Uley (Independent), closed by prayer. About 260 friends partook of tea, after which suitable addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Rooms, Overbury, Jones (Independent), Webley, Hughes, of Ledbury; and Probert. The services of the day will be long remembered by those who were present.

**SOUTHAMPTON.**—The recognition services of the Rev. J. Collins, as pastor of the Baptist church worshipping in the Carlton-rooms, Southampton, took place on Friday afternoon, Nov. 13, at East-street Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion. Revs. C. Chambers, R. Caven, M. Hudson, and J. B. Burt took part in the services. Mr. Parris (a deacon) replied to the usual questions asked of the church. In the course of the pastor's statement, it transpired that he was one of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's many spiritual children, and was received into the church by Mr. Spurgeon, at New Park-street, in 1858. In August, 1861, Mr. Collins entered Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, at the same time supplying the pulpit at New Park-street Chapel, God owning his ministry in the conversion of many. On the resignation of Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, the church at Carlton-rooms applied to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon for a student, and, after supplying for three Sabbaths, Mr. Collins was unanimously invited to the pastorate. He accepted and entered on his labours Sunday, July 5, with encouraging tokens of the Divine presence. The Rev. G. Rogers (of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College), gave the charge to the pastor, founded on 1 Cor. ii. 2. The Rev. Thos. Adkins addressed the church. About 300 friends sat down to tea provided in the Carlton-hall, after which a public meeting was held, the pastor in the chair, who, after welcoming the ministers and friends, proceeded to give a brief statement respecting the building fund, from which it appeared that £200 had been paid towards the purchase of the ground, that £160 remained in hand, with £150 in good promises.

The chairman then called on Rev. J. Wright (Presbyterian) to speak, who, in the name of all his brethren in Southampton, cordially welcomed Mr. Collins to their town. He was followed by Revs. H. Caven (Baptist), H. Carlisle (Independent), G. Rogers (Independent), M. Hudson (Baptist), S. March (Independent), and C. Chambers (Baptist). A collection was made in aid of the building fund. The meeting closed with a few practical words and prayer from the pastor. The services were evidently much enjoyed by all present.

#### PRESENTATION SERVICES.

**LEICESTER.—MILTON-STREET CHAPEL, BELGRAVE-ROAD.**—On Oct. 12 a numerous meeting of the friends in this place was presided over by T. Vickers, Esq., who, in the name of the church and congregation, presented to the Rev. W. Cook, the pastor, a handsome copy of the Rev. C. Simson's works, consisting of 25 volumes.

**MILLPORT, SCOTLAND.**—An interesting meeting was held in the Baptist chapel, Millport, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 27. The Rev. Dr. Paterson, of Glasgow, presided. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. W. Madhurst, E. Stobo, J. Downie, K. Stevens, and Mr. Robert Brash. A money testimonial was presented to the Rev. E. Stobo, who has been labouring at Millport during the last four months, as a mark of appreciation from the members of the church.

#### FORMATION OF NEW CHURCHES.

**ELLAND-UPPER-EDGE, NEAR BASTRICK, YORKSHIRE.**—About two years ago several persons connected with the churches at Salcadinge Nook and Blackley took "a large upper room" in this place for religious worship. God has graciously blessed the effort; and on Monday, Oct. 19, a Particular Baptist church was formed. At 2 p.m. the Rev. J. Hirst, of Blackley, described the nature of a Gospel church; after which the letters of request and dismissal were read by the Rev. D. Crumpton, of Salcadinge Nook, and the Rev. J. Hirst; the Confession of Faith and Practice, and the Church Covenant, were read by the Rev. H. Watts, of Golear, and publicly assented to and adopted by the persons about to be united in church fellowship. The Rev. D. Crumpton then gave them an affectionate address, and also the right hand of fellowship, and formed the church, earnestly supplicating the Divine blessing on the union. The Rev. J. Hirst then set apart three brethren chosen to the office of deacons; and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered, each of the above-mentioned ministers taking part in the service. The friends then adjourned to the school-room in the village, and partook of tea, &c. A public meeting was held in the said school-room at six p.m., the usual place of meeting being too small to accommodate the numbers assembled. The Rev. D. Crumpton presided. The Rev. H. Watts gave an address on "The Duties of Church-members to one another;" the Rev. J. Hanson, of Huddersfield, spoke on "The Duties of the Church to the World;" and addresses were given to the newly-formed church by the chairman and the Rev. J. Hirst. After the passing of the usual votes of thanks, and the doxology was sung, the chairman pronounced the benediction, and all retired, delighted and refreshed by the services of the day.

#### LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHAPELS.

**STANSBACH, HEREFORDSHIRE.**—The foundation stone of a Baptist chapel was laid in this place on

Monday, Oct. 26, by the Rev. S. Blackmore, of Eardisland. The congregation have for some time past met in a large upper room, but the place has become too straight, and they have determined to arise and build. More than half the money has been already promised, and it is hoped that by the completion at least two-thirds will be obtained. The pastor, the Rev. W. H. Payne, the Rev. W. Reading (Wesleyan), and the Rev. G. Phillips, of Evenjobb, took part in the interesting service. The collection amounted to £22 13s. 4d.

#### OPENING SERVICES.

ISLINGTON.—Rosemary Hall (Rosemary branch) was opened on Sunday, Nov. 1, by the church and congregation formerly meeting in Evelyn-street, Wenlock-street, Hoxton. The Rev. T. Hughes (of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College) will preach there every Sabbath.

KILGERBAN, NEAR CARDIFF.—A very commodious chapel having been newly erected, the opening services took place on October 27 and 28, when the Revs. T. E. James, Glyn-heath; T. Williams, Llanglofan; M. J. Williams, late of America; D. Price, Blaenyyfos; W. Roberts, Penypark; James Jenkins, Newport; and B. Thomas, of Newcastle Emlyn, preached for the occasion to crowded congregations. The collections were very liberal towards liquidating the debt.

RYE-LANE, PECKHAM.—On Wednesday, November 18, a new chapel was opened in this place, for the use of the church and congregation under the pastorate of Mr. G. Moyle. The pastor preached in the morning, and Mr. James Wells in the afternoon. A public meeting was held in the evening. The congregations were large, and the collections liberal. The building—erected from the designs of Mr. S. K. Bland, architect—elicited general admiration. The cost of the chapel, minister's house, and school-room was stated to be about £3,000.

BRADFORD.—TRINITY CHAPEL.—The success which has attended the preaching of the Rev. H. J. Betts at Trinity Chapel has led to the determination to erect side galleries, and to provide an organ. On Wednesday, Oct. 14, the chapel was formally re-opened. The Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., of London, preached on the occasion. The amount raised by the collections was £100; subscriptions to the amount of £650 have also been promised: but this will still leave a debt of £290. The chapel has been considerably improved by the alteration, and may rank now amongst the finest places of worship in our town. On Sunday the pulpit was occupied, morning and evening, by the Rev. J. Edwards, of Nottingham, and the Rev. Dr. Godwin in the afternoon. The appearance of the venerable doctor created great interest, and his discourse was listened to with much pleasure. The services were brought to a close on Monday evening. Near six hundred persons partook of an excellent tea in the spacious school-room connected with the chapel. A meeting was afterwards held in the chapel. Excellent addresses were delivered by the Revs. S. G. Green, H. Dowson, J. P. Chown, and Alfred Illingworth, Esq. Their speeches were of a congratulatory character, and also calculated to impress the church and congregation at Trinity with the additional obligation which the enlargement of the chapel imposed upon them, not only to labour to increase their number to the full capacity of the building, but to seek to plant new schools and a new chapel in some new district, where such agency may be needed.

HORSFORTH.—The chapel at this place having been closed for the purpose of alteration and repairs, was re-opened for public worship on Wednesday, Oct. 7, when two sermons were preached in the morning and evening by the Rev. R. B. Lancaster, of London. In the afternoon a public tea-meeting was held in the chapel, the Rev. R. Holmes, of Rawdon, in the chair, when a short historical sketch of the origin of the church in 1802, and an outline of its history up to the present time, was given by Mr. Joseph Kitching; after which addresses were delivered by the Revs. William Best, B.A., of Leeds; E. Parker, of Farsley, and T. W. Handford, of Rawdon College. At the close of the meeting the foundation-stone of a new Sabbath-school was laid by J. O. March, Esq., Mayor of Leeds, the Rev. R. Holmes giving out a hymn for the occasion, and the Rev. William Best offering up prayer. On Lord's-day, Oct. 11, sermons were preached by the Rev. T. W. Handford, and the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford. On Lord's-day, Oct. 18, sermons were preached, in the morning, by the Rev. T. Allen (Wesleyan); in the afternoon by the Rev. H. Dowson, and in the evening by the Rev. E. Parker. The chapel, in its present and improved style of alteration, called forth expressions of general approbation; the plans, &c., being drawn up by Mr. John Bateman, a member of the church. The total cost has been £416 5s. 4d., which sum has been fully met by contributions, donations, and collections at the opening services, to the amount of £427 7s. 8d.; thus leaving a balance of £11 ls. 3d. towards the debt on the new school.

#### SERVICES TO BE HOLDEN.

SHOULDHAM-STREET.—On Thursday, December 17; Friday, 18; and Sunday, 20, Mr. Thomas Cooper, author of "The Purgatory of Suicides," will preach.

ABBEY-ROAD, ST. JOHN'S-WOOD.—A bazaar, for the sale of useful and fancy articles, will be held at the Byre Arms, St. John's-wood, on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of December, in aid of the building fund of the above chapel. The bazaar will be opened with an address by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, at 11 o'clock, on the 1st Dec.

HOXTON.—EBENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL, HIGH-STREET.—A tea and public meeting will be held (D.V.) on Tuesday, December 8, to commemorate the 7th anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. S. Green, when the following ministers have kindly promised to attend and deliver addresses, viz., Messrs. Foreman, Milner, Bloomfield, Alderson, Higham, Flack, Anderson, Crowhurst, and H. Wise. Tea at five o'clock, tickets 6d. each. Public meeting at a quarter past six.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD-STREET.—On Nov. 3 services were held at the above chapel to commemorate the fifth anniversary of the pastor's (Mr. Pells) settlement. Mr. Pells occupied the chair on the occasion, and expressed his pleasure at seeing so many brethren in the ministry and friends present on such a wet evening. He referred to the unity prevailing in their midst, and stated that during his five years' pastorate 198 persons had been received into their communion. Mr. Belina, one of the deacons, confirmed the statements of his pastor. Brethren Milner, Wyard, Foreman, Bloomfield, and Higham addressed the meeting on most important subjects. Brethren Webb, Edgecombe, Webster, Rayment, and Dondall also took part in the services.



**GLASGOW.—NORTH FREDERICK-STREET.**—On Thursday, Nov. 5, the annual soiree of the North Frederick-street Baptist Church was held, to commemorate the first anniversary of the Rev. T. W. Medhurst's settlement at the above place. During the year 137 members have been received. The present number of members on the church-roll is 322. Earnest and practical addresses were delivered by the Revs. James Paterson, D.D., J. W. Boulding, R. Glover, and A. K. Macallum, M.A., Baptist; and by Rev. Duncan Macgregor, Free Church. The office-bearers of the other four Baptist churches of the city were present by special invitation of the church; which invitation was given with a desire that a closer and more practical bond of union might be formed between the churches of the city.

**QUEEN-STREET, WOOLWICK.**—On Thursday, October 29th, a very interesting meeting was held in the school-rooms connected with the Baptist chapel, for the purpose of taking an affectionate leave of the Rev. J. Allen, B.A., one of the members of the church, on his removal to become the pastor of the Baptist church, Hook Norton, Oxon. The pastor, the Rev. J. Teall, presided. A resolution, expressive of gratitude to God for Mr. Allen's early consecration to the work of the ministry, and prospects for the future, moved and seconded by Messrs. Whitman and Hiscock, two of the deacons, was carried with acclamation. Mr. Allen suitably replied, expressing the hope that in the great work upon which he is about to enter, he might, by Divine help, "make full proof of his ministry." Addresses were subsequently delivered by Mr. Waller, Mr. Pearce, Messrs. Hobbs and Rose, two of the deacons, and other friends.

**REDDITCH, WORCESTERSHIRE.**—The anniversary of the above church was celebrated on Sunday and Monday, Nov. 8th and 9th. On Sunday three sermons were preached by the Rev. J. B. Parker, of Upton-on-Severn. The attendance was good, and the results, in a pecuniary point of view, satisfactory. On Monday evening a cheerful tea-meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. M. Philipin, secretary of the Worcestershire Association of Baptist Churches; who called upon the secretary of the church to read the report, which was of an encouraging character. The total receipts for the year were £63 19s. 3½d. against an expenditure of £57. Considerable importance was given in the report to the contemplated erection of a new chapel on a site already purchased for the purpose. Addresses were delivered expressing sympathy with the movement by the Revs. J. R. Parker, T. James, J. Phillips, B. Burrows (Wesleyan), J. Bowler (Methodist Free Church), and W. Forth (Primitive Methodist). Altogether the meetings were of the most satisfactory character.

**WANDSWORTH.**—On Thursday, October 22nd, a tea and public meeting was held in the new Baptist chapel. W. Olney, Esq., occupied the chair. The object of the meeting was to help in the raising of funds towards the liquidation of the chapel debt. The chairman generously promised to bring in £50 by the new year if the church and congregation would engage on their part to obtain £100 by the same time. The offer was unanimously accepted. The chapel cost £3,000, of which £1,400 has yet to be raised. The pastor, the Rev. J. W. Genders, East-hill, Wandsworth, will be thankful to receive any help from the lovers of Christ's cause. Subjoined is an extract from the recommendation of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon:—"Having, in the name of

my people, already subscribed one-tenth of the cost, I am still ready to do more, and the friends at Wandsworth are working well, but still the burden is very heavy, and a little help from the lovers of our Master's cause would be most timely and acceptable. The work deserves aid: it is no adventure, no work of supererogation; it is an effort to supply spiritual bread to a famishing people—to open a new channel of living water for thirsting souls. I bespeak for this rising interest the practical sympathies of my friends everywhere. The more speedily the help is given, the better."

## BAPTISMS.

**ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, Nov. 1—Five,** by Mr. W. Stokes.

**AYLSHAM, Norfolk, Oct. 22—Six,** by Mr. Timothy Harley.

**BOSTON, Lincolnshire, Sept. 28—One;** Oct. 25, One, by Mr. J. K. Chappell.

**BRIKHAM, Devon, Oct. 31—Five,** by Mr. Laskey. Two of the number teachers in the Sabbath-school. Our prospects are encouraging. Prayer-meetings are well attended.

**CHELSEA, Paradise-walk, Nov. 11—Five,** by Mr. Frank White. One of the above had been a professor 22 years.

**CREWE, Cheshire—Two,** by Mr. E. Morgan.

**GLASGOW, North Frederick-street, Nov. 1—Two,** by Mr. T. W. Medhurst, making a total of eighty-two persons baptized during Mr. Medhurst's first year's pastorate at Glasgow.

**GLYN NEATH, Glamorganshire—We are informed** that eleven have been baptized at the above place during the past year by Mr. T. E. James, the pastor.

**GRANGE, Co. Antrim, Ireland, Oct. 13—Two;** Nov. 2, Five; Nov. 10, One, by Mr. H. H. Bourne.

**HACKNEY, Mare-street Chapel, Oct. 29—Four,** by Mr. J. Russell, for the pastor, Mr. D. Kattens.

**LEICESTER, Arohdeacon-lane, Nov. 1—Ten,** by Mr. T. Stevenson.

—, Carley-street, Nov. 1—One, by Mr. J. C. Smith.

—, Friar-lane, Nov. 1—Thirteen, by Mr. J. C. Pike.

**LLANWYDDEN, Carnarvon, Nov. 8—Three,** by Mr. W. E. Watkins. Our prospects are pleasing.

**LONDON, Grafton-street Chapel, Fitzroy-square, Nov. 1—Six,** by Mr. C. Marshall.

—, Mare-street, Hackney, Oct. 1—Eight, by Mr. W. G. Lewis, for the pastor, Mr. D. Kattens.

—, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, Oct. 19—Eleven members of church at St. John's-wood, by W. Stott, their pastor; Oct. 26, Seventeen, by Mr. Spurgeon.

—, Vernon Chapel, Bagnigge-wells-road—Three, by Mr. C. B. Sawday, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College. One from the Bible-class.

—, Gospel-hall, Brackley-street, August 12—8; Sept. 21, Twenty-one, by Mr. May. Mr. H. May is a missionary, supported by A. J. Vieweg, Esq., a merchant of our city.

—, Gospel-room, Hartshorn-court, Golden-lane, Nov. 3—Four, by Mr. J. Forth. Mr. Forth is a member of Mr. Spurgeon's church, and a missionary.

**MONMOUTH, Sept. 30—Two,** by Mr. R. Davies Smith.

**NEWPORT, Mon.** Stow-hill, Chapel, Oct. 29—Fourteen, by Mr. J. Williams.  
**PADHAM, Lancashire, Oct. 25—Two,** by Mr. R. BROWN.  
**PORTLENNONE, Co. Antrim, Ireland, Nov. 13—One,** by M. H. H. Bourne.  
**PRESTON, Nov. 8—Three,** by Mr. W. H. Payne.  
**PRESTON, Oct. 23, at Fisher-gate Baptist Chapel—Three,** by Mr. Webb.  
**SHEEPSHEAD, Leicestershire, Nov. 15—Three,** by Mr. Lacey, of Loughborough.  
**SOUTHAMPTON, Carlton-hall, Oct. 26—Fourteen,** by Mr. Collins. Though we have a baptistry in the hall we feel very much the need of a chapel at these services. Can none of your readers help us? Contributions of money or articles for our bazaar in the spring will be thankfully received by the pastor, Mr. Jno. Collins, 8, Beckford-terrace, Southampton, or may be sent to Mr. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London.

Canal-walk, Nov. 5 (at East-gate Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion)—Seven, by Mr. W. Chappell. One of them a son of the administrator.

**THURLEIGH, Beds., Nov. 1—Two,** by Mr. W. K. Dexter.

**WANDSWORTH, Oct. 29—Three,** by Mr. Genders, at the new chapel.

**WICK, Scotland—**During the last twelve months Twenty have been added, by baptism, by the pastor, Mr. R. C. Sowerby. [For the future kindly send your report of baptisms at the time they occur.—Ed.]

**DEATHS.**

On October 2, in the 24th year of her age, Miss Ann Ogilvie, younger daughter of the late Mr. David Ogilvie, Elgin, Scotland. Miss Ogilvie (as is natural to youth) was, in her younger days, rather inclined to gaiety and company. At the time of that blessed revival that permeated our land she was greatly concerned about her soul. Soon after this she was baptized and added to the

church. Every one who knew her looked upon her as an intelligent and devoted Christian. About two years ago she was seized with symptoms of consumption, from which she never wholly recovered. Her dying confession was a most noble testimony to Christianity—she wished the world to know that it was *simple faith in a living Christ* that gave her joy in life, and strength in death. Her last words were, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Her funeral sermon was preached to a large concourse of people, from Hebrews iv. 9.  
 On the 10th of October, at 229, New City-road, Glasgow, the Rev. John Shearer, pastor of the John-street Scotch Baptist church, much beloved, as a self-denying and thoroughly devoted man, by all who knew him.

Lately, at the advanced age of 83, Mrs. Evas Reeves, the widow of Mr. John Reeves, farmer, at Ludgershall, Wilts. She was baptized and admitted a member of the church in that place in the year 1818. Her end was peaceful. When the writer, then an Independent minister, had to quit the chapel and the furnished house in consequence of being baptized, she received him, his wife and children, into her home; and they remained there till another house and another chapel were prepared. The Saviour remembers those for good who show their love to him and to his suffering servants. "Them that honour me I will honour." That which this widow hath done shall be written for a memorial of her.

**NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

RECEIVED from Mr. Reynolds, of Miffield, £1—in reply to the appeal for Rev. S. Kevan in our October Number.

OBITUARY of the Rev. James Cubitt in our next. We are compelled to lay aside many poetical effusions.

WILL our friends study the art of condensation as much as possible in notices of meetings, &c.?

We regret the necessity of deferring the insertion of the Rev. G. Elven's, and other contributions, until our January number.

**PASTORS' COLLEGE, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.**

**PRESIDENT—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.**

Statement of Receipts from October 18th to November 18th.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Downes	1	1	0
Part of collections at Loughton, after sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Moleys of collections at Rhyll, after sermons by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	20	0	0
Robt. Wynne, Esq., J.P. (Rhyll)	5	0	0
Mr. J. Lewis (Holyhead)	2	0	0
A Well-wisher (ditto)	0	9	4
Mrs. Alexander, returned collecting-box	0	16	0
Mr. Dodwell	5	0	0
Eph. vi. 18-20	0	2	0
A Clergyman	0	10	0
Messenger	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Goodwin	1	0	0
Mr. Jones (Newtown)	1	0	0
A Friend (Kington)	1	0	0
Ditto (Cinderford)	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Jephth	0	12	0
Mrs. Barker (Cossey, Norwich)	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Oct. 19 20 7	26	25	7
" " Nov. 2 3 8 9	9	16	0
" " " " "	16	31	10
	£176	2	7

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington.

CHAS. BLACKSHAW.

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THE  
BAPTIST MESSENGER:

AN

*Evangelical Treasury*

AND

CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FOR THE YEAR 1864.

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